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SUCH IS HUMAN LIFE, SO GLIDING ON;
IT GLIMMERS LIKE A METEOR AND IS GONE!

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'I need not be missed if another succeed me;
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.'

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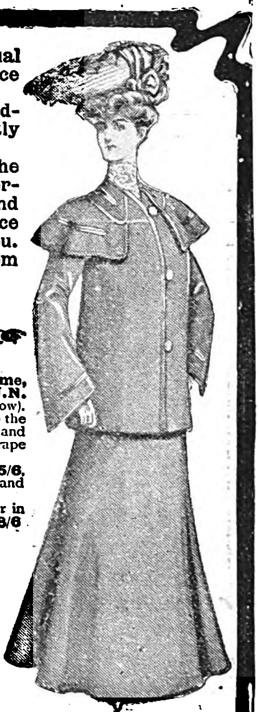

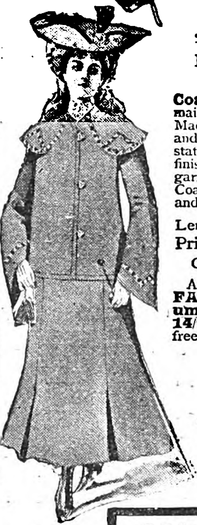

From 9/6 Model 274

Coat-and-Skirt Costume, for maidens blossoming into womanhood. Made in our renowned **Cheviot Serge** and in **Vicuna Cloth**. Colours as stated separately. Front panel of Skirt finishes in inverted pleats, giving the garment a tailored appearance. The Sac Coat is trimmed fancy galon on collar and cuffs. Note the tempting prices:—

Lengths	36 ins.	39 or 42 ins.	46 or 50 ins.
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Carriage, 6d. extra.

Also to measure in **FA Range Costume Fabrics** from **14/9** Measure Guide free with Patterns.

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Lady's Superior Sac-Coat Costume, developed in **J.N. Cheviot Serge** and **J.N. Vicuna Cloth** (colours as stated below). Strappings of silk afford effective relief to the Coat, which is 28 ins. long. The stylish cut and ample proportions of the Skirt cause it to drape the average figure to perfection.

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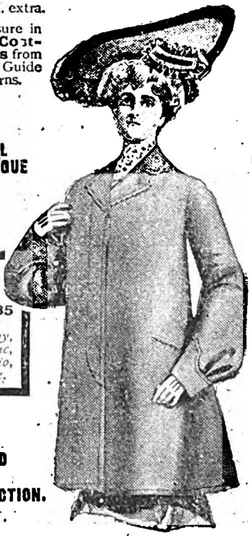

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8/6 A CHESTERFIELD COAT THAT WOULD COST 15/-

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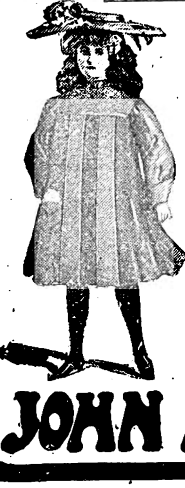

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Improved **KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.** Made in **J.N. Cheviot Serge, Special Zibeline** or **Vicuna Cloth** (colours as above). Front has two box-pleats hanging from tailor-stitched yoke. Patch pocket. The low prices are clearing these Frocks by thousands. Note the figures:—

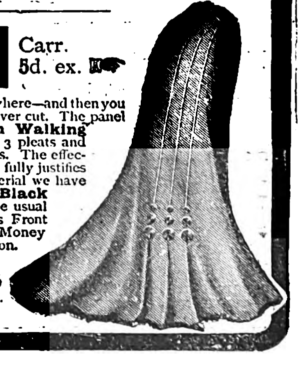
Lengths:	21	24	27	30	33	36	39 ins.
Prices:	**1/6**	**2/-**	**2/6**	**3/-**	**3/6**	**4/-**	**4/6**

Carriage, 4d. extra.

Tam o'Shanter Caps, in Cream, Cardinal, Navy, or Black, **9½d.** and **1/0½.** Post **2d.** ex.

Model 275 5/11 Carr. 5d. ex.

Would cost you 9/11 elsewhere—and then you could'nt get the same clever cut. The panel front of this **Stylish Walking Skirt** is finished with 3 pleats and ornamented with buttons. The effective drape of the garment fully justifies the use of the extra material we have put into it. Made in good **Black** or **Navy Serge**, in the usual sizes: Waist, 24, 26 or 28ins Front length, 38, 40 or 42 ins. Money returned failing satisfaction.



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This is one of the many cures that we are daily adding to the grand list of cases where the Pulvermacher Battery Belt has banished suffering after all else failed. If you are ill or "run down" and have tried drugs without benefit, do not despair. Give Electricity a Trial.

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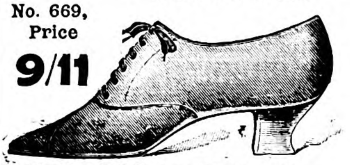

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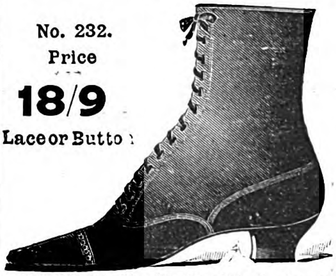

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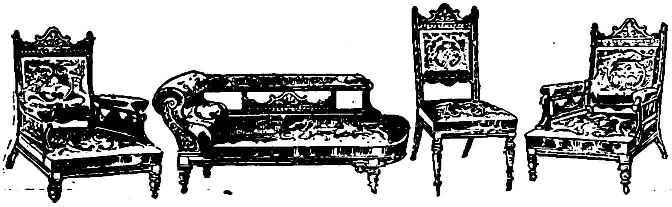

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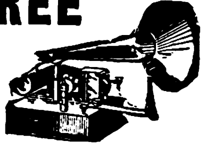

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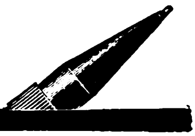

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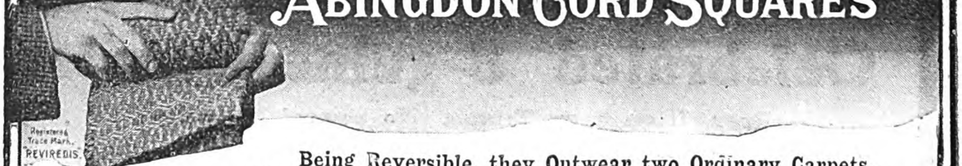

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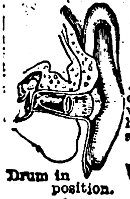

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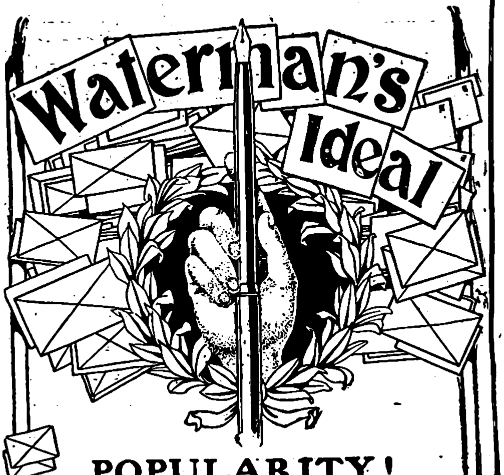

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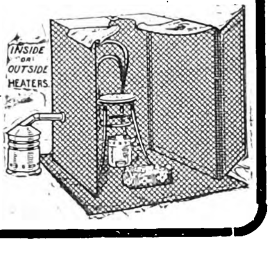

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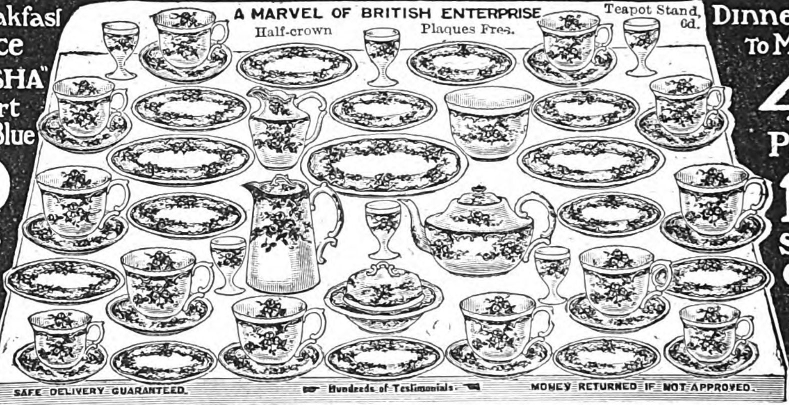
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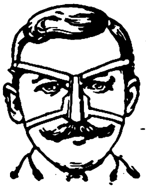

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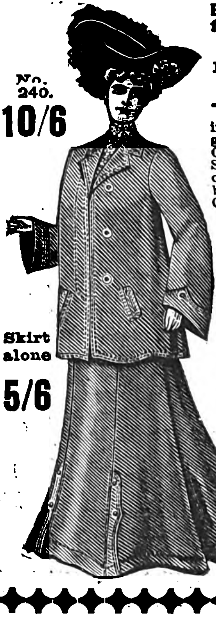

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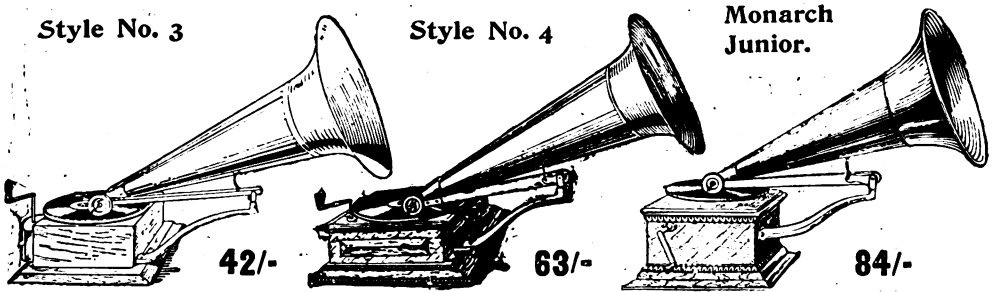

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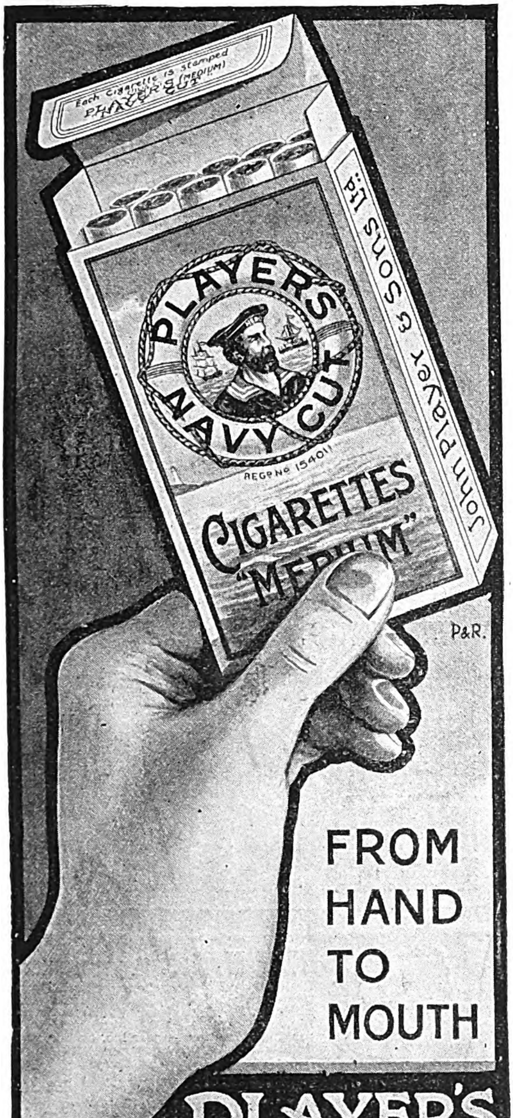

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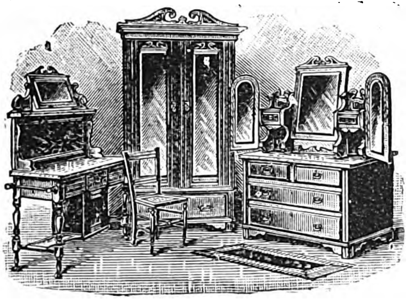

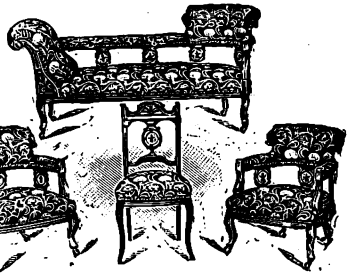

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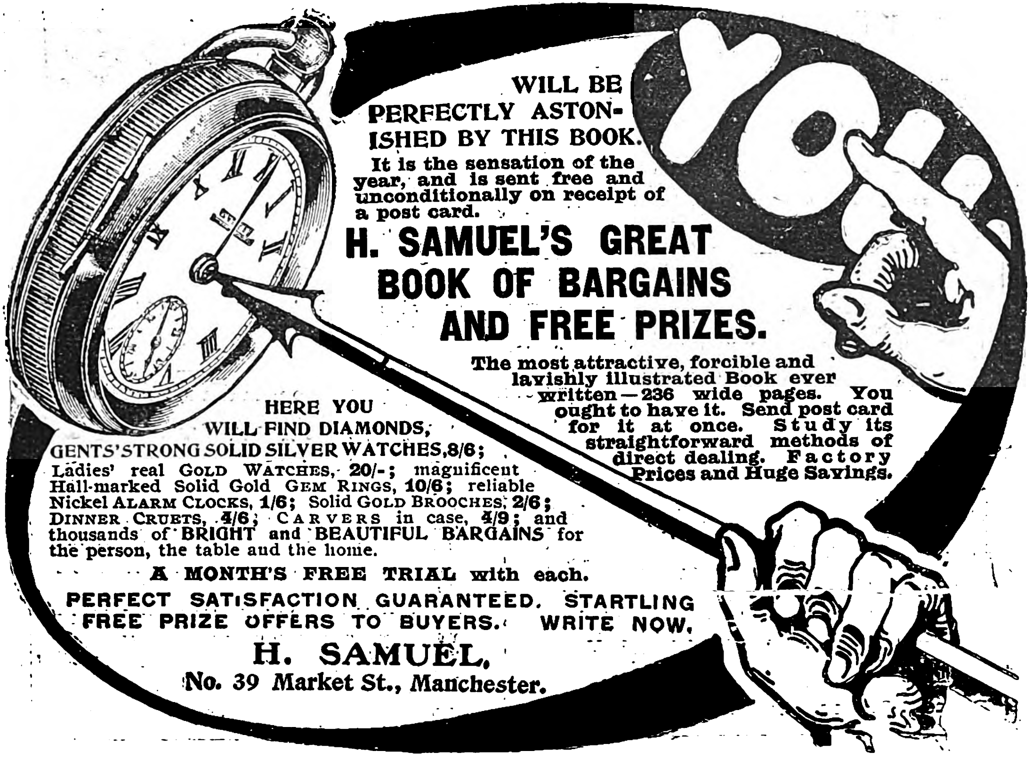

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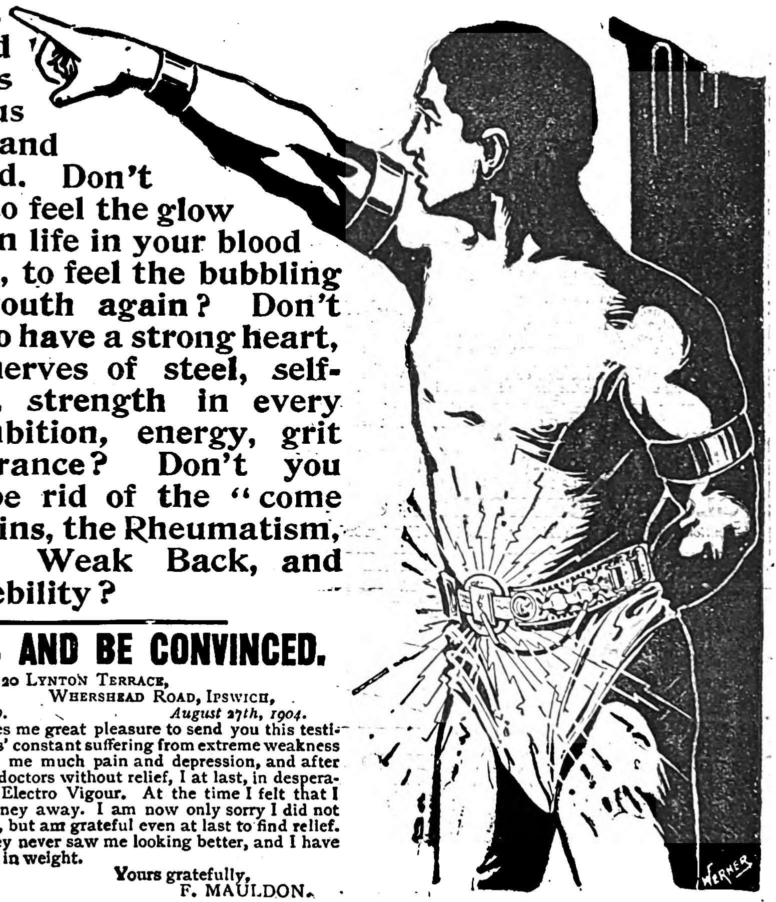

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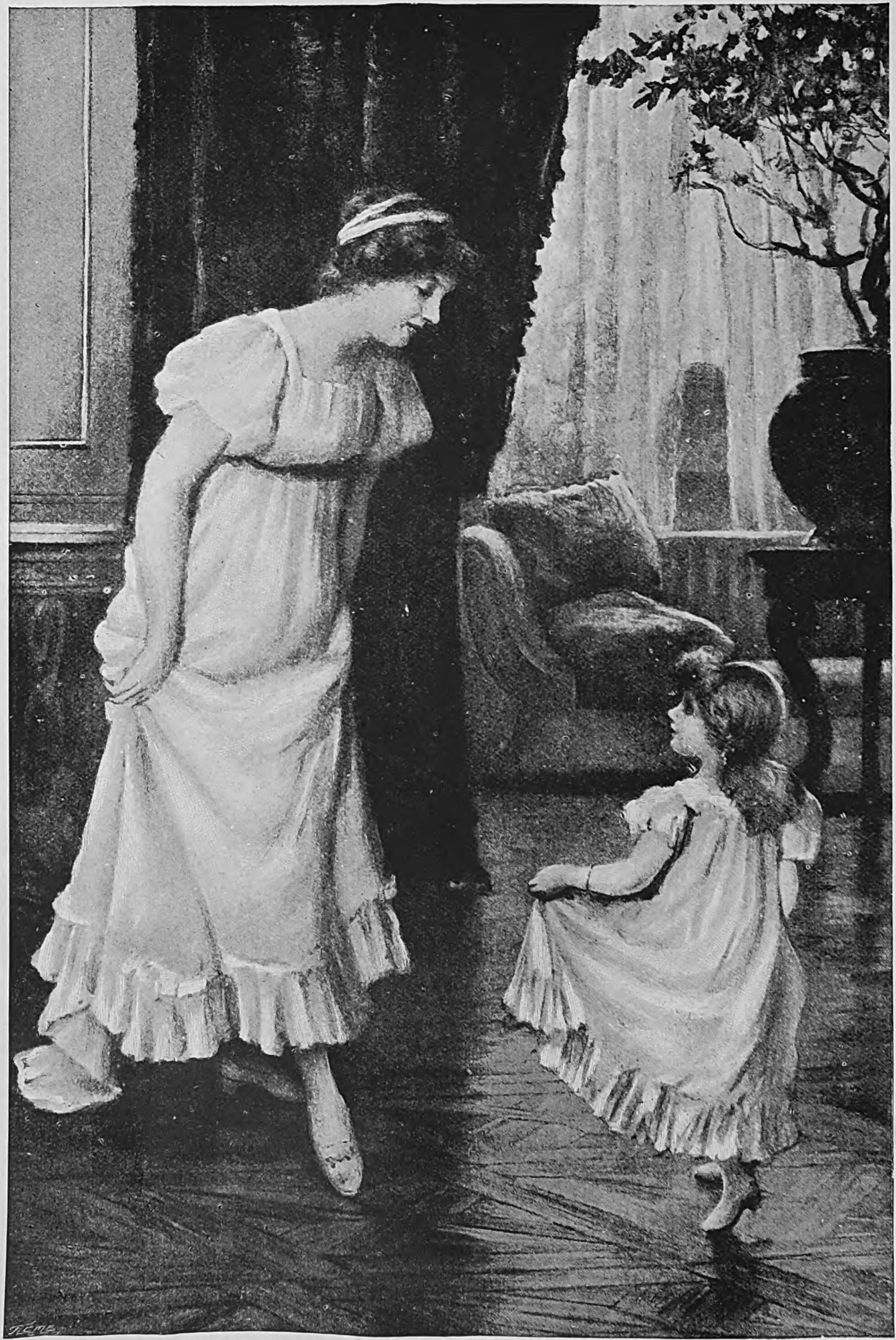
Photo *Ellis and Walery.*

My Lady and Her Furs.



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A DANCING LESSON.

Animals on the Stage.

A Few Four-footed Actors that have Walked the London Stage.

By Bertram Stower.

THE people of this country are admittedly the greatest lovers of animals in the world. "Love me, love my dog," stands as a typical illustration of this. Therefore it is only a national characteristic to appreciate the sight of animals on the stage.

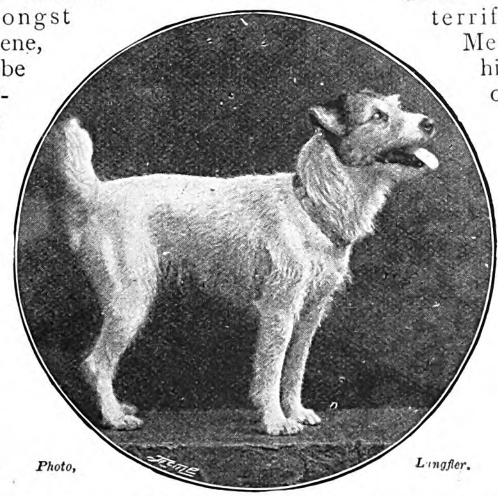
By the stage I do not mean the green ring of the circus. The sight of the strange antics of elephants has become of too common occurrence to attract attention. Neither do I include performing lions, monkeys, birds, or other animals common to music-hall and circus-ring.

But what I do mean are animals and birds that have contributed in no small way to the success of a play.

Photo, *Ellis and Walery.*

Mr. Lewis Waller and his beautiful horse in "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner."

Naturally, the dog takes a prominent part amongst animal actors. A scene, that otherwise would be more or less colourless, is instantly lightened by the introduction of a dog; he seems to add a homely touch of naturalness to the incident depicted. The scene is no longer commonplace; and this effect is brought about entirely by the addition of one small canine actor.



Photo, *Langfier.*

Binkie proved himself to be a clever actor, and was a great favourite in Rudyard Kipling's "The Light that Failed."

One of the cleverest animal actors that ever barked before the footlights was Mr. Aubrey Smith's terrier, Binkie. Binkie took part in every performance of "The Light that Failed," and was a perfect marvel of cleverness, despite the unkind remarks of some critics. But the greatest and most important of all critics—the audience—appreciated him, to judge by the goodly round of applause that invariably greeted Binkie's *entrée.*

Most London theatre-goers will remember Mr. James Welch and his bulldog in "Glittering Gloria." Onions is the name of this canny creature. His sole duty consisted in never for a moment tolerating a red tie. And he never did. Behind the scenes the most terrifying growls issued. Merely Onions expressing his opinion to an admirer of the red tie, his master explained. And then the hero of the incident would appear and cause considerable commotion by placing himself under everyone's feet.

No dog could possibly have played his part better, and after receiving the applause of the delighted audience, Onions trotted off the stage to partake of a juicy bone from his master's hand.

Needless to say,

Photo, Reinhold Thiele.

Mr. Welch and his favourite bulldog, Onions, took part in "Glittering Gloria" at Wyndham's, and the latter created almost as great a sensation as the former.

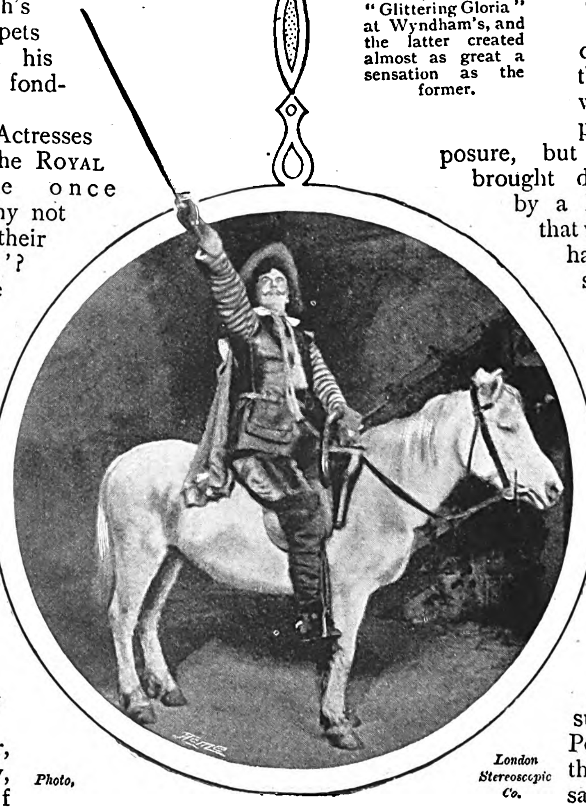
the very natural behaviour of some animals on the stage is attained not without much patience and coaxing. Not a little of Mr. Welch's success with the pets that assist him in his part is due to his fondness for animals.

"You have had 'Actresses and their Pets' in the ROYAL MAGAZINE," he once remarked, "then why not have 'Dogs and their Favourite Actors'? Onions will choose me, I am sure!" And he patted fondly the broad forehead of his pet.

Besides his bulldog, Mr. Welch created quite a flutter by bringing on the stage a donkey, bearing the delightful name of Ping-Pong. This took place at Terry's Theatre, in "The New Clown."

Although his master, who, by the way, took the part of the clown, plaintively came on the stage and assured the audience "that donkey is an awful ass," Ping-Pong proved these words to be very far from the case.

Not only did the donkey go through his part with the most perfect composure, but one night he brought down the house by a little impromptu that was all his own. It happened that some sawdust lay scattered on one part of the stage. Ping-Pong noticed this, and trotting up to it, coolly proceeded to indulge in three or four rolls on his back, to the immense delight of the audience. Indeed, such a success was Ping-Pong's impromptu that ever afterwards sawdust was laid on the stage to tempt him to renew the performance.



Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the part of the Chevalier d'Artagnan in "The Musketeers." The Chevalier is mounted on his famous yellow horse, and creates no end of fun by the numerous duels he fights with all who jeer at the animal.

So Miss Ruth Vincent found when she came on the stage at the Apollo Theatre, in "Veronique," mounted on her donkey, Edna June. At the time, Edna was by no means a novice before the footlights, so there was really no excuse for her to "make such an ass of herself."

Photo, *Bassano.*

Mr. Bertram Wallis and Miss Kate Cutler in the "Love Birds." The little birds within the cage give their name to the play, but it is round the two "birds" outside that the fun centres

Well, Miss Vincent had to sing a pretty little song, seated on Edna June's back.

Why it was, no one could tell, but as soon as Miss Vincent commenced to sing the donkey commenced to prance. All in vain Mr. Lawrence Rea endeavoured to still Miss Edna June. Not even the fact that her namesake was Edna May would keep the mischievous little animal quiet. And it was only with the greatest difficulty that Miss Vincent succeeded in getting through her song

Birds sometimes take a passive, though important, part on the stage. Unfortunately, their intelligence seldom allows them to come under the classification of feathered actors.

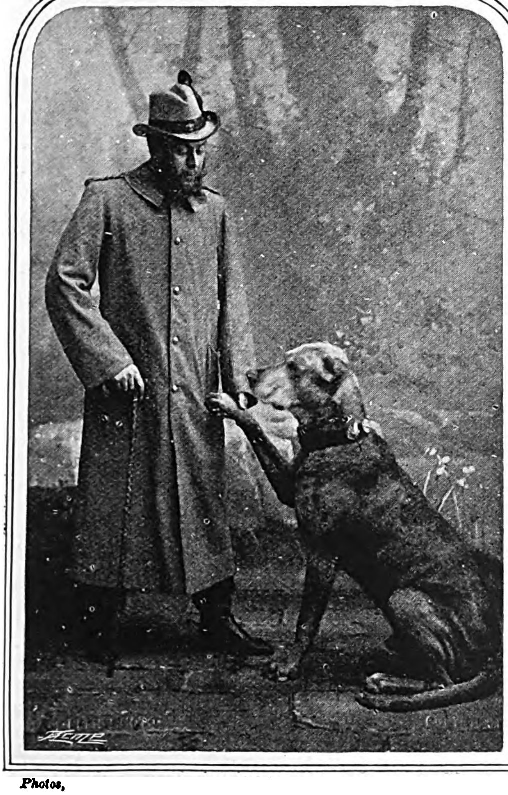
At the Savoy last year "The Love Birds" proved a great attraction. But the introduction of a pair of love-birds, although giving a name to the play, served mainly to show up the escapades of a pair of love-birds by no means so docile, but of a much more substantial and intelligent character.

Many people will remember Mr. Fred Terry's clever impersonation of King Charles II. in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." His dress and general get up was most realistic, but the effect was heightened to an extraordinary degree by the actor invariably appearing followed by two small spaniels.

Mr. Terry spent a long time before he succeeded in finding two spaniels to suit his purpose. The main difficulty consisted, not in getting the little dogs, but in securing a couple that would refrain from bursting into a howl at every song.

The actor relates an amusing story of one of his spaniels. It occurred at that part of "Sweet Nell" where King Charles is about to sign the death warrant. As he was about to do this, one of the little dogs, evidently scenting danger, suddenly sprang from his Royal master's knee, and, careering for a few moments around the stage, finally made his exit by bolting up the chimney.

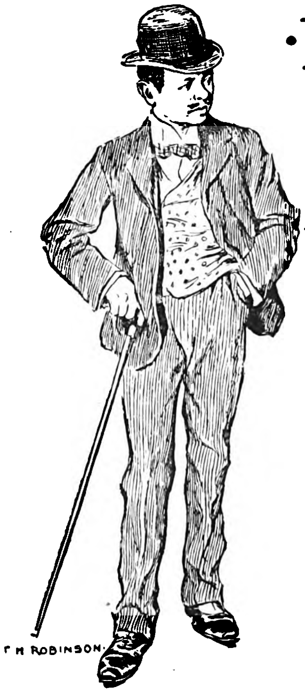
Such an incident must be trying even to the most accomplished actor. Nothing can be more unnerving than to have one's audience convulsed with merriment during the most tragic or pathetic part of the piece, by the extraordinary antics of an animal actor. But the audience is invariably most indulgent on these occasions. Indeed, such momentary diversions delight rather than annoy, and the introduction of animals into a scene makes it decidedly well worth while for the actor to overlook any occasional prank.



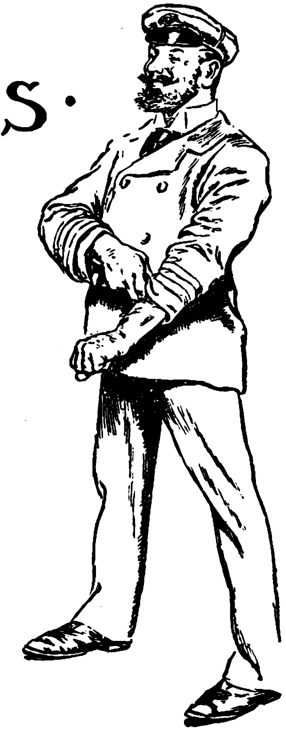
Photos, *Ellis and Walery.*

Boris, Mr. George Alexander's famous hound, that went through his part in "Rupert of Hentzau" with the most perfect decorum.

Whilst taking the part of Charles II. in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," Mr. Fred Terry delighted the audience by coming on the stage followed by two little spaniels.



·MRS TIMMINS'S· TEA· PARTY·



Telling how a Little Strategy Won the Day.

* * *

By Archibald Marshall.

* * *

"'Ave a tea party!" exclaimed Mr. Timmins. "No, you can't have a tea party. What next, I sh' like to know! Here am I earning my living by the sweat of my brow, and hard put to it to find enough for next quarter's rent, let alone the gas and the water, and you want to get in a set of clacking females to guzzle cake and swill tea at my expense. No, thank you. Tea parties off!"

Mr. Timmins was an undersized clerk, with a pimply face and a chronically dirty collar. Mrs. Timmins washed his collars, but she couldn't wash his hands, and as he showed a marked disinclination to perform that office for himself, and was continually fingering his neck, Mr. Timmins's appearance was a constant source of annoyance to his neat little wife.

"But Albert!" expostulated Mrs. Timmins. "I've got the money for it, the five shillings mother gave me at Christmas. I've been saving it up."

"That's it," commented Mr. Timmins bitterly. "Me working my fingers to the bone to keep a roof over our heads, and you hoarding money to spend on pleasure! It's the way of the world. I don't complain."

"Then what do you want to mention it for?" asked Mrs. Timmins, with some show of reason. "I've kept that money in my purse for nearly three months. You have spent twice as much since Christmas on tobacco alone."

"Go it!" pursued Mr. Timmins. "Grudge a man his pipe! After toiling and moiling all day, cut him off his only pleasure!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Albert," said Mrs. Timmins. "You know I don't grudge you any little pleasure that you can afford. And you oughtn't to grudge me. I've been to tea with Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Blake, and Mrs. Telfer, and Miss Oddie and other ladies, and I want to give them some return. I can get a very nice tea for five shillings, and I'm not asking you to pay for it."

"You needn't tell *me* you go gadding about while I'm keeping my nose to the grindstone," said Mr. Timmins. "Very well. I give my permission. Have all the cats in the place to tea, if you want to, but mind this, they'll all be out of the house and everything as usual when I get home at half-past five."

"Well, dear, I'm afraid I can't promise that," said Mrs. Timmins. "We don't have tea till five, and we always work together afterwards and one of us reads a book. They wouldn't go away till half-past six or a quarter to seven."

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"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mr. Timmins. "I thought there was something behind. Well, nobody can say I don't put myself out to give other people pleasure. I can sit in the dining-room till they have gone—I suppose you're going to light a fire for them in the drawing-room, for which I shall have to pay. It will only be for once. I can put up with it."

"Of course you could put up with it, considering we always sit in the dining-room," said Mrs. Timmins. "But I should have to open the doors and throw both the rooms into one. There would be too many of us for the drawing-room."

"And, pray, where do you propose that I shall sit, then?" inquired Mr. Timmins. "In the kitchen with the girl?"

"I thought, dear, you would not mind staying out till half-past six or seven, just for that one evening," said Mrs. Timmins. "You do sometimes go for a walk with Mr. Gollop."

"That's enough," replied Mr. Timmins peremptorily. "I definitely refuse my permission. A nice thing, indeed, after a hard day's work to be turned out of your own home! There will be no tea party at No. 11, Laburnum Villas, Charlotte."

"Oh, but Albert!" expostulated Mrs. Timmins. "It can't do you any harm to let me have just this one little bit of pleasure. And it's lovely weather. I'm sure you would enjoy a country walk with Mr. Gollop. You were only saying the other day that you should ask him to go with you soon."

"When I wish to go for a walk with Jim Gollop, I shall say so," replied Mr. Timmins loftily. "I do not choose to do so on Thursday week." This was the date that Mrs. Timmins had mentioned for her tea-party.

"I think you are very unkind," said poor little Mrs. Timmins. "I'm sure, if it had been you, I should have said 'yes' at once, and done all I could to help you."

"Don't snivel," said her lord and master. "You won't get anything out of me by that."

"You're a brute," said Mrs. Timmins angrily. "And I shall ask my friends to tea whether you give your permission or not."

"Very well," replied Mr. Timmins. "And I warn you that if I come home and find them here, I shall turn them all out."

"You won't dare."

"You'll see."

* * * * *

A few evenings later, when Mr. Timmins came home from his arduous day's work in the city, which was connected with shipping, and involved a good deal of leisurely strolling from one office to another and a long interval for lunch and dominoes, his wife met him with a gratified smile on her face.

"I've had some good news," she said.

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Timmins. "Anybody left you a fortune?"

"I'm afraid not," she replied. "Did I ever tell you about my cousin, Tom Manning?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Timmins. "But you've got so many relations who never do a thing for you that I can't be expected to keep them all in my head."

"Well, he's a sailor," said Mrs. Timmins. "And I haven't seen him, oh! for years. But our families were great friends when I was a girl, and he and I were always together."

"Oh, you were, were you?" said Mr. Timmins.

"Yes. And I've had a letter from him to say he's in England for a few weeks, and he's coming to see me."

"No, he isn't," said Mr. Timmins decisively. "If he comes here I'll punch his head."

"I don't think I should try that," said Mrs. Timmins sweetly, "He stands six foot two in his stockinged feet, and, even as a boy, I've seen him thrash a man twice your size."

"I should like to see him try and thrash me," said Mr. Timmins valiantly. "He wouldn't try twice. But I don't want him here. You can write and tell him you are not receiving visitors."

"He wouldn't take any notice," said Mrs. Timmins. "He says he's determined to come and see me; and I shouldn't like to miss him. He was always very kind to me, though he's some years older. I remember once when I was a little bit of a thing and a rude boy was teasing me in the street, he happened to come round the corner, and he took him by the scruff of the neck and dropped him into a horse pond. He was only fifteen then, and of course he is three times as strong now."

"Oh," said Mr. Timmins. "Well, I'm always one for keeping up family friends. Ask him to come and have a bit of supper here, Charlotte, and I'll bring something home from the City, and a bottle of whisky. We'll show him we know how to treat our relations well."

"Thank you, Albert dear," said Mrs. Timmins. "I've written and asked him to come next Thursday. He sails on Friday.

I didn't say anything about supper, but he will be here when you come home and I ll ask him to stay. I shall enjoy having a talk over old times with Tom. He is sure to want to know all about me, and whether you are kind to me and all that. You can't hide anything from Tom. He gets it all out of you sooner or later."

"Oh, he gets it out of you, does he?" repeated Mr. Timmins, rather uneasily. "Well, I daresay we shall get on all right together. I like sailors. They are so bluff and hearty. And I'll show your cousin I like him. I can talk to him about shipping. What line is he on?"

"He is first officer on the—dear me, I've forgotten the name of the ship. Now what was it? The *Victoria?* No. The—"

"Well, where's his letter? You can tell from that."

"I've sent it on to mother. But it doesn't matter. He'll tell us everything on Thursday. Only I'm afraid he won't want to talk much about himself. It is me he'll be interested in. I shouldn't envy anybody who didn't behave well to me if Tom heard of it. He's fiery, and you never know when he's going to blaze up."

"I hope he won't blaze up here," said Mr. Timmins somewhat uneasily.

"Oh no, dear; there wouldn't be any necessity for it, would there?" replied Mrs. Timmins. "I should like you to know Tom, Albert. He doesn't take to everybody, and if he dislikes a man you never quite know what he will do. He was always a little uncertain in that way. But he is sure to like you. At least, I should think so. You can never tell for certain with Tom."

"What day did you say he was coming?" asked Mr. Timmins.

"On Thursday, about half-past four, he said. We shall be able to have a nice long chat before you come home."

"Thursday. Well now, that's very unfortunate," said Mr. Timmins. "I don't know, but I'm almost certain I shall have to be late at the office on Thursday."

"Oh, Albert!" exclaimed Mrs. Timmins. "I hope not very late, shall you?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Timmins. "I hope not, but it's on the cards."

"How aggravating that is, now! And the only day Tom has got free! Shall I write and ask if he can't manage to make it Wednesday?"

"No," said Mr. Timmins hastily. "I daresay I shall be able to get back. What time will he have to go, do you think?"

"He said he always had to be on board at ten o'clock, so he would have to leave here about nine, I suppose."

"Funny!" commented Mr. Timmins. "A first officer having to be on board at ten o'clock!"

"Perhaps it's something to do with the cargo," said Mrs. Timmins.

* * * * *

Mrs. Timmins talked a good deal about her cousin Tom Manning during the next few days, and the salient points of his character emerged with great distinctness during the course of her conversations. It appeared that he was a person of prodigious muscular power, unaccountable prejudices, and extremely uncertain temper.

But what she laid most stress on was his cousinly devotion to herself. This seemed to have displayed itself during her girlhood in violent paroxysms of rage against anybody who he had reason to suppose, had ill-treated her in the slightest degree. His devotion, indeed, had been something quite out of the common. Mr. Timmins would have been quite jealous of Tom Manning if his opinion of his own personal attractions had been less. On the evening before the proposed visit he discovered, to his great annoyance that his duties at the office would certainly prevent his having the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Timmins's cousin. He was loud in his expressions of regret, but explained that work was work and couldn't be thrown aside. Mrs. Timmins also expressed her regret, but less volubly.

"Well, I suppose it can't be helped," she said. "But now we've once come together again, it won't be the last time Tom will come to see us. You'll have a chance of meeting him when he comes home from his next voyage."

"I shouldn't encourage him to come too much, if I was you," said Mr. Timmins. "We might not get on well together, him and me. There's no telling. However, I daresay you'll give him a good account of your husband."

"Oh, of course I shall, Albert dear," said Mrs. Timmins. "I shall tell him everything about you."

"I'm rough, but I've got a good heart," said Mr. Timmins. "He might misunderstand one or two little things if he didn't know me well. People often do. And I say, Charlotte, I've been thinking over that tea party of yours. I've no objection, if you really want to have it."

"Thank you, Albert," said Mrs. Timmins,

stiffening slightly. "I'm afraid it is too late for that now. The ladies are already engaged for the evening."

"Well, perhaps some other time," said Mr. Timmins. "At any rate you can't say I've refused to let you have it. I shouldn't say anything about it to Tom if I was you."

"I hadn't thought of doing so," said Mrs. Timmins. "But now you mention it I shouldn't wonder if he didn't drag it out of me. He is a terrible one for finding out things, is Tom."

"I hope Tom's ship will go down with all hands on board next voyage. *I* don't want to see the beast," said Mr. Timmins vindictively when he next found himself alone.

* * * * *

It was half-past nine before Mr. Timmins presented himself at home the next evening. He looked jaded. Mrs. Timmins met him in the hall. "Such a disappointment!" she said. "I got a telegram from Tom at the last moment to say he was kept on his ship and couldn't come."

Mr. Timmins uttered an exclamation derogatory to the defaulting Tom. "Then I might just as well have saved myself the—" he began, but checked himself. "And all the supper wasted!" he said instead. "However I can do with a bit of it myself. I'm as hungry as I can be."

"I've only got the cold mutton," said Mrs. Timmins. "I got Tom's telegram in time to go round and stop the other things."

Mr. Timmins gave vent to another exclamation expressive of disgust.

"I thought you said you got the telegram at the last moment," he said, as he went into the dining-room, where a very meagre repast was spread out on one end of the table.

"It came about three o'clock in the afternoon," said Mrs. Timmins.

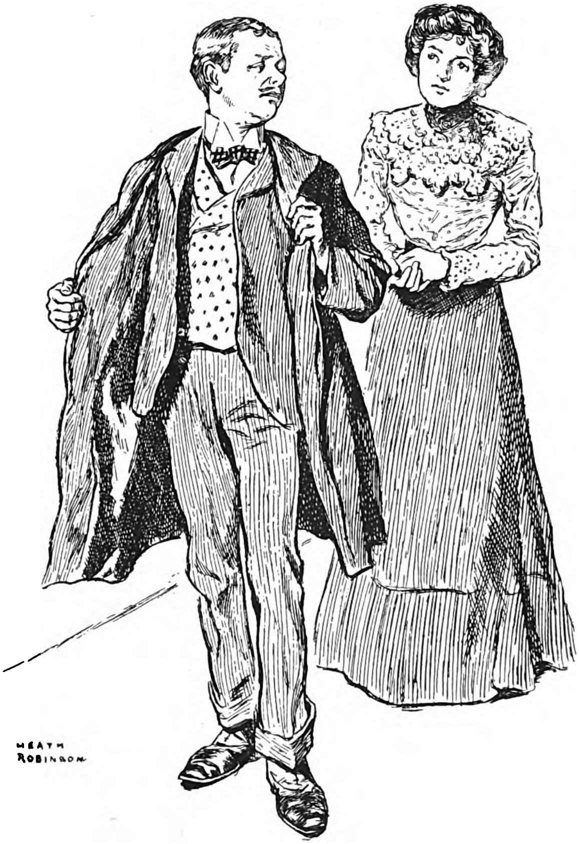
"Where is it? Show it to me?" said Mr. Timmins.

"I burnt it," replied his wife.

Mr. Timmins sat down at the table in no very amiable mood. The slight improvement which had shown itself in his manners during the last few days seemed unaccountably to have departed.

"What's that smell of coffee?" he asked, sniffing suspiciously.

"Is there a smell of coffee?" said Mrs. Timmins, also sniffing. "Well, that's funny! I did have a cup of coffee for my tea, as I'd ordered it."



"I got a telegram from Tom at the last moment to say he was kept on his ship and couldn't come."

"A *cup* of coffee!" echoed Mr. Timmins. "I should think you'd had a bucketful. The place reeks of it! I'll have a cup myself. I'm tired of cocoa. Ring the bell for the girl."

"Oh, I shouldn't to-night, if I were you, Albert," said Mrs. Timmins; "it will take ever so long to make."

"Ring the bell for the girl," repeated Mr. Timmins, in raised tones. "Can't I have what I like in my own house?"

Mrs. Timmins did as she was bidden.

"You wouldn't speak to me like that if Tom was here," she said.

"Well, Tom isn't here," said Mr. Timmins, "and I hope Tom never will be here. I'm sick of Tom."

Mrs. Timmins had no opportunity of replying to this outburst, for "the girl" appeared at that moment in the doorway.

"Make your master a cup of coffee, Sarah, if there's any left," said Mrs. Timmins.

"Yes'm," replied Sarah. "There's plenty left It wasn't all drunk. I'll hot some of it up And, please'm, this was left in the drawing-room. I found it when I cleared up after the ladies had gone."

And she held out an unfinished calico garment with a needle stuck through it.

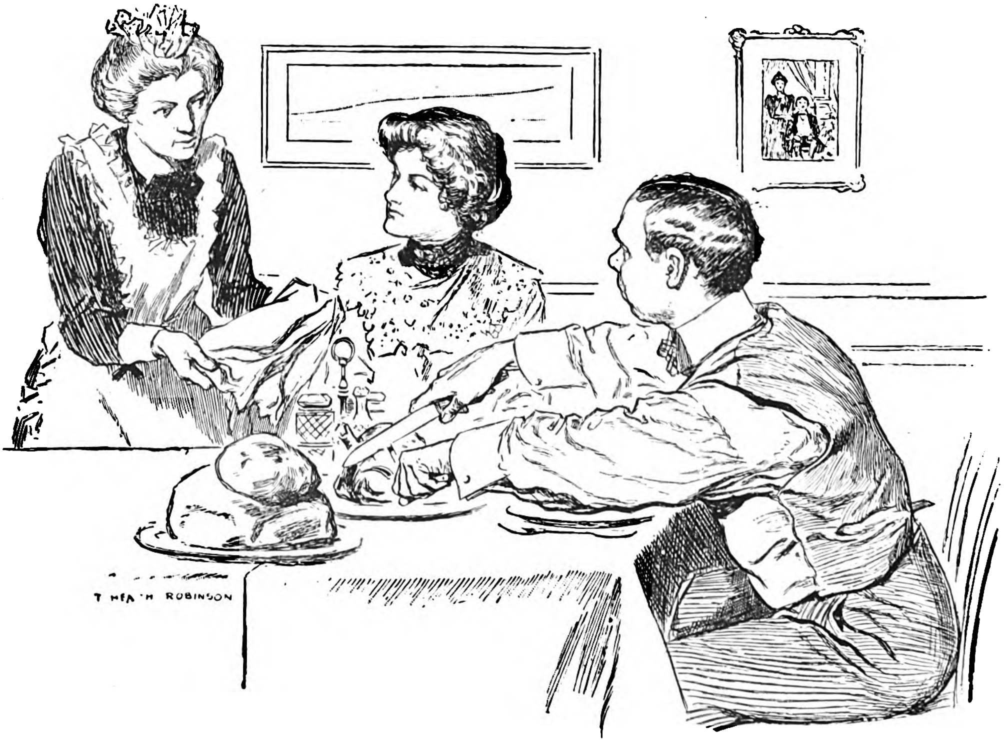
"You can give it to me, Sarah," said Mrs. Timmins, with great dignity and a scarlet face. "And make the coffee as quickly as possible."

"I know what you're going to say," said Mrs. Timmins, almost before the door was closed on the departing maid; "and it's quite true. I did have the ladies to tea this afternoon, and we enjoyed ourselves very much, no thanks to you. And there isn't any Tom, and there never was any Tom. But if there had been you would have been frightened out of your life of him. And I should like to ask a question before you begin. If you've been working overtime at the office, how is it that your boots are covered with mud and your trousers splashed, when it's all pavement between this and the station? Answer me that."

Conflicting expressions chased themselves across the face of Mr. Timmins as this voluble harangue was poured out without a pause. Amazement was followed by anger, and anger by amazement again, while the final state of his features was significant of embarrassment.

"You'd better not deny it," continued Mrs. Timmins, after the short pause which followed her inquiry. "You've been for a long country walk with Mr. Gollop, and you went because you were afraid to meet a man who'd heard about your bullying your wife. If you say you haven't I shall ask Mrs. Gollop after church on Sunday. And I don't want to hear anything more from you about my tea-party. I've had it, as I said I would, and that's enough. You're a coward, Albert Timmins, and I've found it out." And Mrs. Timmins swept out of the room, with as near an approach to stateliness as her inches would allow.

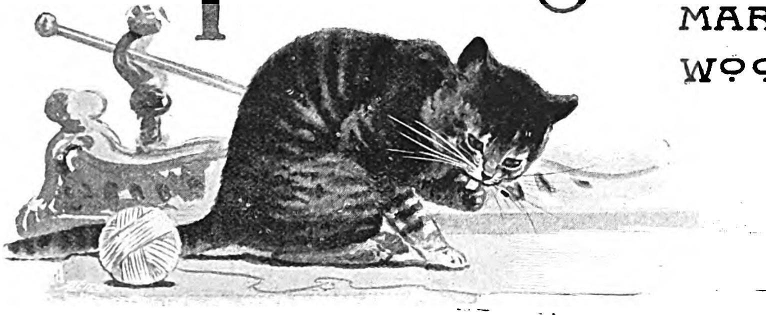
And, strange to say, she never did hear anything further about her tea party from Mr. Timmins. Stranger still, that gentleman's behaviour towards his wife improved from thenceforward. And if ever he showed signs of relapsing into his former attitude, an allusion by Mrs. Timmins to her mythical cousin Tom was pretty sure to bring him to a more becoming frame of mind.



"And please'm, this was left in the drawing-room. I found it when I cleared up after the ladies had gone."

ANIMALS AS WEATHER PROPHETS

BY
MARCUS
WOODWARD


When a cat repeatedly "washes her face" with her paw, rain is in the air.

How to be Weather-wise without a Barometer.

THE household cat, seated at ease beside the fire, carefully applies her tongue to her paw, and then her paw to her head.

"The cat is washing her face—we shall have rain!"

Someone is sure to say this. Children have greater faith in this sign as a certain emblem of coming rain than in any fall of the barometer. Old grandams do not let the sign pass unnoticed. It is the very commonest example of how weather is foretold by the behaviour of animals, though why our fireside tabbies should be at pains to wash their faces when they expect the coming of a natural shower bath is something of a mystery!

The weather-wise reputation that cats have earned in all countries deserves note. So extensive a belief is likely to have a certain amount of foundation, and, as a fact, none can deny that often it *does* rain after cats have washed their faces. The fur of cats is full of electricity, and we may readily believe that atmospheric influences affect their sensitive feelings just as damp weather sets our rheumatic old people groaning.

Cats are domesticated only to a very slight degree. They retain their primitive wild-cat instincts almost unimpaired—see how a cat raises its body and hisses in imitation of a snake when sudden danger arises, just as wild cats do in the forests. They return to a wild condition sooner than any other domestic animal, and go a-hunting with all the skill of a cat that has never seen a human being. And since, to wild cats, weather must be a matter of great moment, as affecting their supply of prey, there is nothing preposterous in supposing all cats to be more or less weather-wise.

The remarkable liveliness and skittishness of cats of all ages, even of the most sedate, when thunderstorms are in the air, has often been noted.

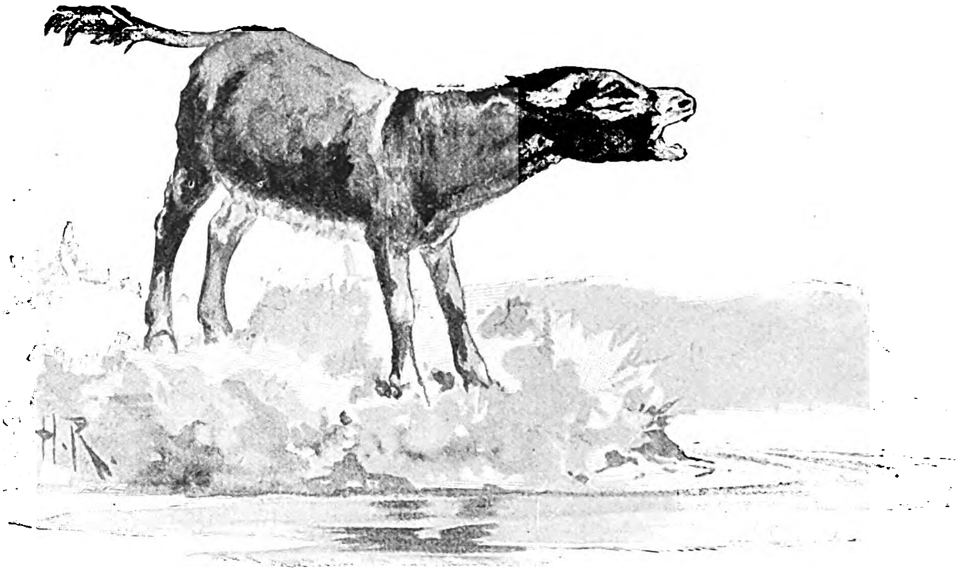
Dogs are more domesticated than cats, and show few signs of weather-wisdom. The weather affects the average dog as it affects a human being. Hot weather makes him sleepy, cold braces, wet depresses.

But some dogs are better weather prophets than others. There is a certain dog who is given a supply of bones every morning, and who has been seen time after time to bury one or more of his store when rain has been in the air.

Many dogs have inherited this instinct from their wild ancestors to hide and save their food against days of bad hunting, and it is certain that many dogs are aware when thunder is in the air, and show their prescience by hiding in sheltered places before a thunderstorm, and by other signs of uneasiness.

Like our other domestic animals, some horses are able to foretell the coming of rain. They then stretch their necks and sniff the air, as if scenting rain; and they start more than usual, and show signs of uneasiness. But horses' temperaments vary so greatly—some being so full of natural instincts and some so thoroughly domesticated and so full of trust in their master's care—that it is impossible to draw accurate conclusions.

For instance, some horses, when loose in a field, will start and gallop at the sound of a clap of thunder, and show every sign of fear.



The loud and incessant braying of the ass tells of the approaching storm.

Others will take no notice of thunder. They may know that a thunderstorm is in the air; but when the thunder roars they hear only a natural sound, which has no terrors for them. I have known a very nervous horse, who, being a trifle blind, would shy at every opportunity, start at any unexpected sight, bolt at a sudden noise, like the rattling of a milk-cart—he turned something like a double somersault when he first met an electric tramcar—but who would endure a sudden thunderstorm with perfect calmness, taking not the slightest notice of flashing lightning or ear-splitting thunderclaps.

When donkeys bray loudly and incessantly, the weather-wise predict rain—and rain, true enough, often follows.

Many are the ideas concerning cows and the weather. Rain may be predicted when cows lie down early in the morning, when out at pasture. Not everyone, however, could give a satisfactory reason for their belief in this notion. Yet there is a very plausible inference. The cows, feeling rain in the air, lie down to keep dry at least as much grass as their bodies can cover. When the rain is over and gone, they can rise and enjoy a dry feed.

At the same time, from a human point of view—which is the worst of all points of view from which to judge an animal's behaviour under any conditions—it is rather absurd of the cows to lie down *before* the rain comes. They might go on munching, at least until the first drop of rain falls. It may be that they act on the promptings of some primitive instinct, which warns them to rest when there is rain about, so that they may not only insure dry spots for future use, but may reserve their strength against the time when the sun shines again, and they may roam and eat to their heart's content.

Once there was a traveller who, when crossing a moor on a brilliantly fine day, was surprised to be warned by a shepherd-boy that he would be wetted to the skin by the rain before he reached his journey's end. This seemed so absurd, considering the beauty of the day, that the wayfarer could only think the boy was laughing at him. However, before he had crossed the moor, sure enough, rain fell, and he was drenched through and through.

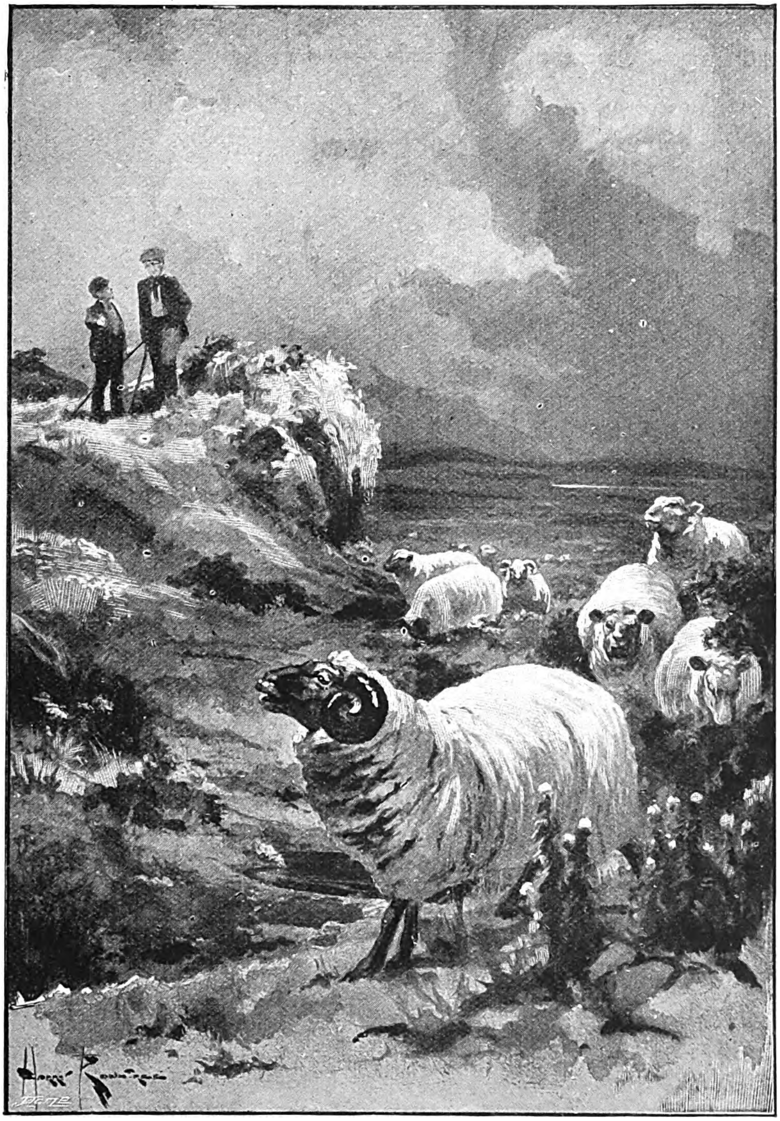
On another day, when passing over the same moor, he met the same shepherd boy. The day was cloudy; there was every sign of coming rain, and when the traveller, questioning the boy, was informed that no rain would fall, but rather that the sky would clear and the sun shine, his astonishment was greater than before. He went on his way convinced that the boy was making fun of him. But, sure enough, soon the clouds disappeared, and the sun shone.

Then the wayfarer sought out the boy to learn the secret of his weather prophecy. But for a long time the shepherd lad refused to say on what he had based his forecasts. At last the traveller offered him a sovereign for the information. Then the boy explained.

"You see that old ram of mine?" he said in effect. "He always knows what weather is coming, for when rain will fall, he turns his tail to the wind, and when the day will be fine, he grazes with his head to the wind. And so I know what the weather will be."

And the traveller came to the conclusion that the boy spoke the truth.

Shepherds generally agree that when their flocks turn their tails to windward, rain will come.



When rain is about to fall, the ram turns his tail to the wind, and when the day will be fine, he grazes with his head to the wind.

Another sign of coming rain or strong wind is evident when a herd of cows gathers together at one end of a pasture, with their tails to windward. Again, when cows are unusually frisky — so that even sedate old grandmother cows caper about the field and butt imaginary objects with their horns, whilst they fling up their heels—often storms are in the air. Cows are sometimes thus playful in the witching hours of twilight — to the terror of nervous ladies who must cross their pastures!

But when, in twilight, cows follow one another along a field-path unpleasantly closely, and gambol unpleasantly around one, fear of a storm need not necessarily add terror to the situation. For cows are very inquisitive, and in the light of twilight like to make careful investigation of strangers, without meaning any offence. Cows show a sign of heat and its accompaniment, annoying insects, when they thus collect together, rubbing themselves against each other—and one might read in this a sign of fair weather ahead.

Shepherds generally agree that sheep foretell the approach of a storm by showing an unusual liveliness. They frisk and gambol, as though determined to make the most of the fine weather while it lasts, butt each other, and go through surprising leaping evolutions, playing the lambs' great game of follow-my-leader, and jump-when-my-leader-jumps, whether there is anything to jump over or not. Another sign of a storm is when pigs cry and run uneasily, and carry their litter in their mouths.

Coming to wilder, freer animals, there is no difficulty in supposing that they are highly sensitive to the changes in the weather. Delicate human bodies respond to atmospheric changes, and aches and nervousness may be laid to the charge of that decreasing atmospheric pressure that precedes a storm. So are animals restless when the barometer falls. And wild animals, of course, are far more sensitive to weather influences than is man, the house-dweller.

Weather means so much to animals and birds. To the lions and tigers, a storm might mean the loss of a meal; to birds, it might mean washed out, ruined nests, if they were absent when the storm broke. To insects, a storm of a few minutes' duration might mean a sudden ending to their little lives. So Nature gives warning to her creatures, through some unknown sense, so that the lion may eat more heartily before the storm that may rob him of food, so that the birds may sit securely on their nests when the sudden floods descend, and so that the wise bees may stay at home, and the dragon flies may save their delicate wings from destruction.

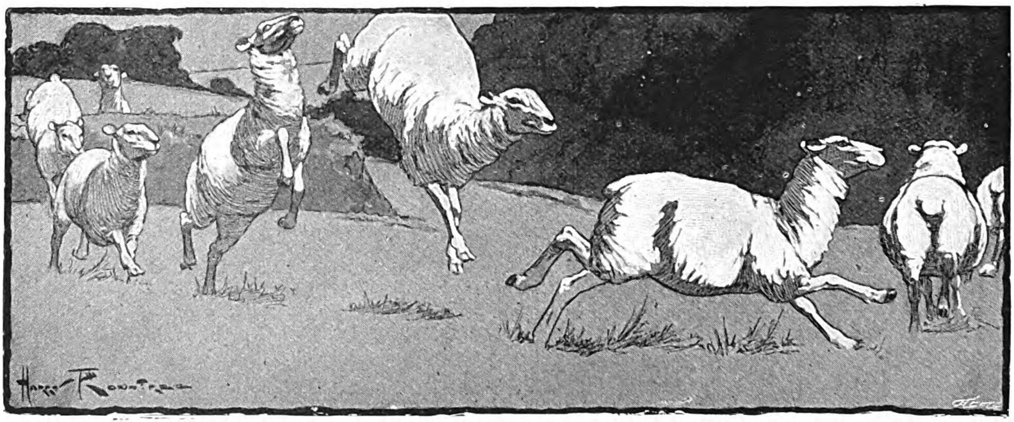
But so far as one can observe, no animals forecast the weather more than a few hours ahead. Their actions are governed by present conditions. When wheatears fly to shelter before the storm, it is because the sky has become covered with clouds, and clouds indicate storms, as every wise bird knows, and wheatears are particularly nervous about rain. If squirrels store their nuts early in the autumn, they do so because the cold has set in early—not because they can foretell that the winter will be long and hard, as folklore would have us believe.

About birds as weather prophets, the Americans have many beliefs.

"Everything is lovely, and the goose honks high."

This is an expressive saying, implying that the geese are flying high because the weather is fine; and the fact that birds fly high may be taken as one of the surest of all signs made by birds that the weather will be fine.

In North Carolina the birds fly south from cold weather, and north from warm weather, and when a severe cyclone is at hand, they are puzzled, fly in circles, dart about wildly, and may be easily decoyed.



Lambs frisk and gambol, and go through surprising evolutions, when a downpour is near.

Change of weather is indicated when geese fly past large bodies of water, not pausing for refreshment. American Indians predict a deep fall of snow when grouse drum at night.

The cuckoo is looked upon as a true herald of spring, and, naturally enough, a herald he is, because he comes in April. Another joyous token of the end of winter is found in the wild notes of the missel thrush, when they ring out like a trumpet call from the swaying tree-top. The screeching of the missel thrush before and during storms has given him the name of storm-cock, for he loves to brave the gale. A still better token of spring is the laughing call of the green woodpecker. Even though snow is on the ground, we may be sure that winter's reign is ended when the yikeing laugh of the woodpecker rings out.

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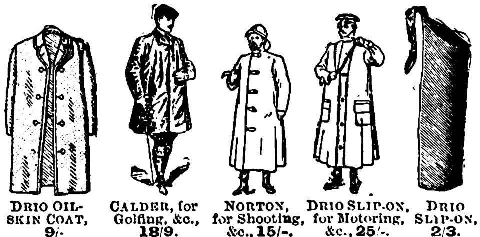

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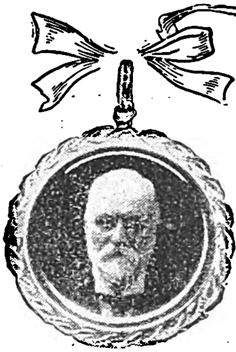

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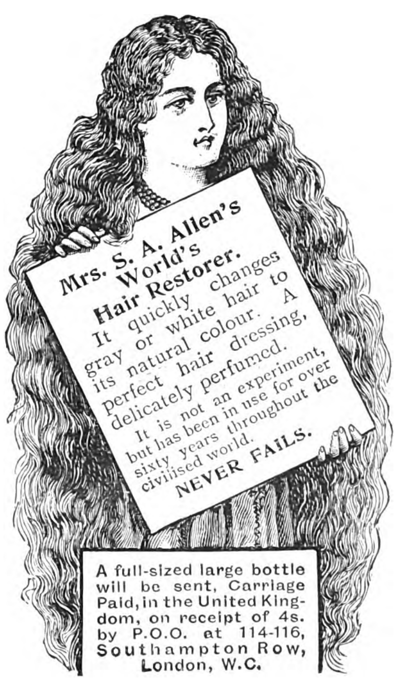

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and where stamps are inclosed will make every endeavour to insure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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Naturaline Hair Stainer is guaranteed not to wash out. Restores the colour at the temples, partings, close to skin, and after use leaves the hair with a natural lustre. No unpleasant smell or stickiness. It is perfectly harmless. Analyst's certificate accompanies each bottle. Brown, Dark Brown, Black, Auburn, Golden, Golden Grey. Sent post free, secretly packed, 1/3, 2/3, 3/3, 5/-, & 10/-. NATURALINE CO., (Dept. 21), 169 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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Equal in size and quality to any machine. Will work by hand or treadle. 4 years' guarantee. To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. If desired, can be paid **5s. Monthly.** Write for terms, designs, samples of work, **Atlas Sewing Machine Co., 184R**, High St., Camden Town, London: or 63, Seven Sisters Rd., and 14, High Rd., Kilburn.

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The musical Indicator enables anyone entirely ignorant of music to play the Piano or Harmonium beautifully and vamp to hundreds of Songs in a week; 135,000 sold, Everyone delighted. Post free 1/9 (per postal order).

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Represents a Musical-box playing Six Popular Airs, and introducing the Chimes, Bugle Calls, Cuckoo, etc. A great novelty; copyright Post free 1/7 (per postal order).

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CURE
Bad Legs,
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CURE
Poisoned
Wounds, Cuts,
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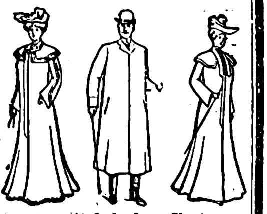

Brighton, from **15/6**   Oxford, from **21/-**   Ventnor, from **13/6**

Proofed with best rain-proofing. Perfectly porous. Free ventilation. Light in weight. Well cut and beautifully tailored. Shower proof when it rains, and stylish garments when it is fine. For cold nights and mornings, for autumn wear and for travelling, it is the very thing. In dark Grey, Greeny Fawn, Green, and all the fashionable colours.

Write for patterns, mentioning that **SHOWRO** patterns are required, and Perfected Easy Self-Measure form will be sent, thus ensuring a perfect fit. All Showro Raincoats are sent post free within Europe and British Empire. Send for Catalogue to-day. **PARKER'S (Dept. 17), LANCASTER.**

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NOW...... PROCEEDING

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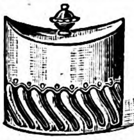
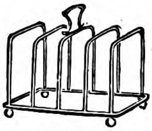
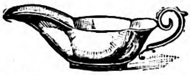


Solid Silver Tea Caddy, oval shape, elegant design, 3ins. high, **17/6.**



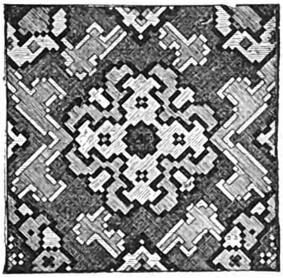
Heavily Silver-plated extra strong Toast Rack, on ball feet, **3/11.**



Solid Silver Sauce or Gravy Boat.

⅛-pt. capacity, 5½ins. long, **10/6.**

¼-pt capacity, 6½ins. long, **18/6.**



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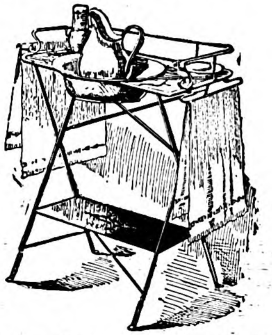
Special prices to clear quarter, half, or whole pieces, so as to leave no remnants.

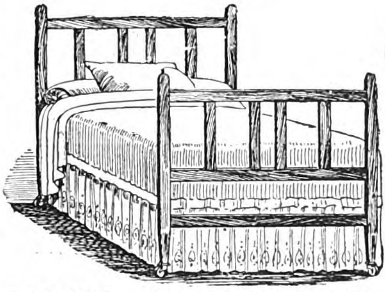
12 square yards for		**15/-**
25	,, ,,	**31/-**
50	,, ,,	**60/-**

INLAID LINO.
Pattern right through to the back, everlasting wear.

12 square yards for		**27/-**
25	,, ,,	**55/-**
50	,, ,,	**105/-**

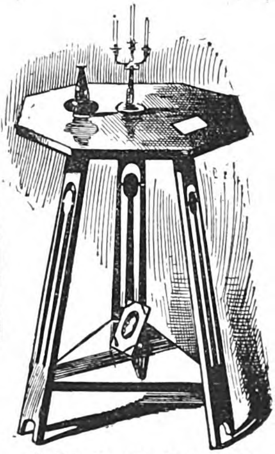


Strong Japanned Iron Wash-stand, with towel rails, white enamelled basin, jug, and soap dish, complete, **5/11.** Usual price, 12/6.



Solid Hardwood Bedstead, stained and polished art green, Chippendale, mahogany, or walnut colour, complete with woven wire mattress.

	£	s.	d.
3ft. wide by 6ft. 6ins. long ...	**1**	**1**	**0**
3ft. 6ins. wide by 6ft. 6ins. long ...	**1**	**7**	**6**
4ft. wide by 6ft. 6ins. long ...	**1**	**12**	**6**
4ft. 6ins. wide by 6ft. 6ins. long ...	**1**	**17**	**6**



Solid Fumigated Oak Octagon Table, 18ins. diameter, **7/6.**

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LEARN JIU-JITSU

The Japanese National System of Physical Training and Self-Defence.

After being jealously guarded as a national secret for over two thousand years, a full exposition of the art of Jiu-Jitsu—the most wonderful and mysterious physical science in the whole world—will be given to English-speaking people.

Jiu-Jitsu embraces a system of physical training which, without artificial means, develops every muscle and tissue, and strengthens every organ in the human body. The Japanese, though small of stature, possess the most perfect physical development of any nationality, and attribute their wonderful strength and power of endurance solely to the practice of Jiu-Jitsu.

As a means of self-defence Jiu-Jitsu is as potent at short range as the most deadly weapon. A knowledge of its self-preserving principles makes the timid man bold, courageous, and self-reliant. There are over three hundred methods of weaponless warfare known to the art, any one of which will enable a man of average strength to dispose of the most formidable antagonist with an ease and rapidity which is astonishing.

When once a person skilled in the art effects one of the Jiu-Jitsu "holds" it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a child of fourteen years to overcome and render powerless a man of thrice his strength.

FIRST LESSON SENT FREE.

Mr. Y. K. Yabe, who has been the most successful teacher of the art in all Japan, has been delegated to give instruction in Jiu-Jitsu by correspondence. He has just written an intensely interesting book which explains the principles of this wonderful system, and describes the evolution of Jiu-Jitsu during the past two thousand years. So long as the edition lasts, this book, together with the first lesson in the art, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated with full page half-tone engravings, and teaches one of the most effective methods known to Jiu-Jitsu for disposing of a dangerous antagonist.

If you want to learn all the closely guarded secrets of this marvellous science which for centuries past have been locked in the breasts of the *Samurai*; if you would know how to defend yourself against any form of vicious attack and render helpless your assailant, you should write for this free book and specimen lesson to-day. It will be sent post-paid by return mail. Address, using a penny post-card, or 2½d. stamp.

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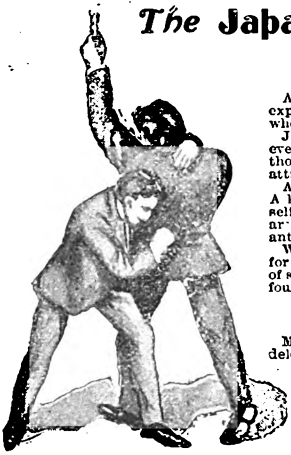

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ONE OF THE 300 EFFECTIVE METHODS KNOWN TO JIU-JITSU FOR DISPOSING OF A DANGEROUS ANTAGONIST

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"MATCHLESS" METAL·POLISH
BRITISH ALL THROUGH·
FREE FROM ACID·POISON AND GRIT·
·PRODUCES QUICKLY A LASTING BRILLIANCY
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"*Admirably adapted to the wants of Infants.*"—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D.
For Infants, Children, Invalids, and the Aged.
Warrant Holders to H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

£100 GIVEN FOR 300 "TUCK's" Postcards

Particulars at all leading Dealers.

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CAN be raised or lowered and top tilted for **READING** or **WRITING** purposes. An **ABSOLUTE NECESSITY** in the **SICK ROOM.**

YOUR DOCTOR will tell you it's the best obtainable. Sold by leading house furnishers and ironmongers. *Write for Illustrated List.*

Price **35/-** car. paid

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TRY HINKSMANS ASTHMA REMEDY OF ALL CHEMISTS 1/-

There is no other way of proving the superiority and relief-giving power of

HINKSMAN'S ASTHMA RELIEVER

than by a personal trial. If this does not convince you, nothing we can say will do so. Hinksman's Asthma Reliever is wonderful in Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and Whooping Cough. Gives instant relief. In tins, of all Chemists, **1/-**, or post free same price from

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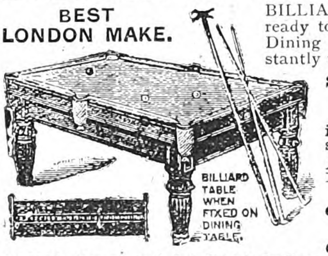
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Remarkable discovery that will interest every woman with superfluous hair. Perfectly safe treatment that permanently destroys the roots, fully described, FREE TO ALL.

Hairy women need no longer despair. Out of the mass of failures has come a genuine success. Their unsightly blemish can be so thoroughly destroyed that they themselves will wonder if they ever really had disfiguring hair. The Capillus Mfg. Company are in sole possession of **a marvellous home method** that removes superfluous hair for ever. It goes to the very root of the hair, and destroys its life, so that it will never grow again. The Company want it understood that this method is different entirely from the many powders, lotions, and cosmetics sold that only remove temporarily and hurt a delicate skin, while this new method removes the hair for all time, and is **simple and harmless**. It is a home treatment that any lady can easily use in her private apartments, and will permanently remove superfluous hair without pain.

By sending your name and address to the **Capillus Manufacturing Company, 29 Century House, 205 Regent Street, London, W.**, you will receive a full description of this simple and remarkable method, which will enable you to remove all superfluous hair at home at a very slight expense.

The description is posted to you free in a perfectly plain and sealed envelope, and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely superfluous hair can be permanently and painlessly removed, and **it will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.**

"The human infant, like all animal young, has a defective digestive apparatus."
Dr. KOCH in "Medicinische Wochenschrift"

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Supplies the defect Dr. Koch describes.
It completes digestive action,
And thereby avoids flatulence, constipation, diarrhœa, and pain.
Increases development.
Renders teething easy.
Establishes the Constitution.

Has been administered for all ailments of infants and children

To Three Generations

CHEMISTS, GROCERS, STORES. PRICE 1/1½d.

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MALTICO
A PERFECT
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SPECIAL OFFER
TO MOTHERS, INVALIDS, AND AGED PERSONS.

Believing it will eventually benefit our trade by convincing the public as to the great benefits derived by using MALTICO as an article of food for every day, we have decided to send every person who has bought a bottle of the 8-oz. size for the first time, at their chemist or dealer, the sum of 1/6, which they paid for same.

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Go to your chemist or dealer and ask him to supply you with an 8-oz. bottle of MALTICO, 1/6, return us the outside wrapper, stating your opinion of this great food; we will then refund you the price paid.

CAUTION.—There are many foods at present on the market, but only one "MALTICO." If your chemist or dealer does not stock, ask him to get it for you at once, you will thus make sure of having the only genuine article and the trouble will be amply repaid by the satisfaction you will receive.

This offer is only available for a limited time, as it must be obvious to everyone such a great expense could not be maintained indefinitely.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Send a post card and we will forward by return a marvellous book, "The Maker of Nations." Every mother and invalid should have a copy, it contains much useful information.

Maltico Food Co., No. 3, Kingston Cross, Portsmouth.

FREE GIFTS TO ALL

Purchasers of our Celebrated Packages, as set out below.

We will give **ABSOLUTELY FREE** a pair of **Beautiful Plaques,** richly decorated in dark blue and gold. Also to the **FIRST ORDER** opened every morning we will present **IN ADDITION** a **Best English China Tea Set** of beautiful design. Every piece gilt.

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DINNER SET as included in our No. 3 Package.

In Rich Brown, Peacock Blue, or Apple Green.

No. 1.	**1 Dinner Set** (6 persons), **1 Toilet Set, 1 Breakfast Set,** and **1 Tea Set,** with Teapot and Hot Water Jug to match	**21/-**	PACKED FREE.
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State number of package required.

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FOR

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The **GOOD HEALTH ALLIANCE** has introduced the genuine cure of the century. **NOT MEDICINE** nor embrocation, but **KINLO'S FOOT DRAFT**, famed for curing the worst cases of **GOUT, MUSCULAR and SCIATIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, etc. KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS** are to be placed upon the soles of the feet. They draw the **URIC ACID POISON** out, and thereby remove the cause. It matters not in what part of the body you are affected, this marvellous invention draws the poisonous acid from your blood, making you well for all time. **QUICK RESULT.** You will feel relieved promptly, and the full cure will follow. **A SCIENTIFIC REMEDY**, with absolutely guaranteed success, or not a farthing to pay for **KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS.**

We know so well that KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS will cure you completely, that we openly offer not merely to send a "sample," but to actually send a **PAIR of KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS.** If after a week's trial you find you are being cured, we shall expect you to pay the trivial price of two shillings and ninepence. If you are not delighted you need not pay us a farthing. Positively the fairest offer ever advertised. No pretended electrical device, but a scientific invention in chemistry.

KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS ARE BEING RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS AND PHYSICIANS

A Harley Street Physician writes: "Please send to Lady —— two pairs of Kinlo's Foot Drafts."

Lady —— writes: "Please send me a pair of your Kinlo's Foot Drafts. I have been recommended to try them by Dr. ——, of Harley Street."

Royalty, several Members of the Nobility, Officers holding high rank in the Army and Navy, Members of the Learned Professions, and in fact people of all ranks and stations in life, have been cured by **Kinlo's Foot Drafts** when every other remedy has failed even to give them relief.

We have just received from Prince —— a cablegram, ordering a further supply of Foot Drafts, and a letter from Mrs. ——, the wife of the Prime Minister of an important British Colony, making a similar request. We have also received thousands of letters from ladies and gentlemen, who, out of sheer gratitude for their cure, have given us the right to publish to the world full particulars of same. Some hundreds of extracts from these letters are sent with each sample pair of Drafts. **The following is a specimen:—**

A WALKING ADVERTISEMENT.

Union Street,
Sandbach, Cheshire.

Good Health Alliance.

Dear Sir,—I have been free from pain during the Summer, but I want to have some Drafts by me in case it should return. I am a walking advertisement for your cure. Ten months ago I could only just get about with crutches, but your Drafts cured me, and I have been following my work since.

HENRY NEWTON.

DO NOT HESITATE, send your name, address, mention complaint, and enclose stamp for posting, and a pair of **KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS** will promptly come. **REMEMBER, IF NO RELIEF, NO PAY**, and we will trust you to decide.

IMPORTANT.—The genuine Kinlo's Foot Drafts can be obtained only at address as under. **BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

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EASILY CURE

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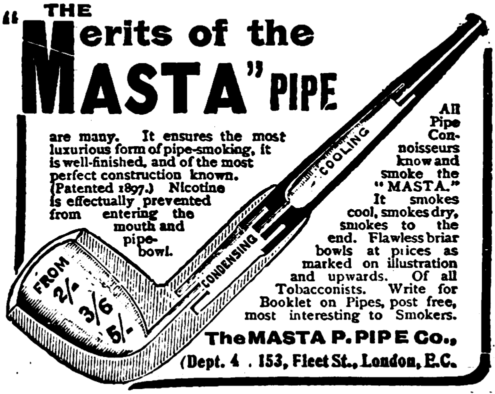

are many. It ensures the most luxurious form of pipe-smoking, it is well-finished, and of the most perfect construction known. (Patented 1897.) Nicotine is effectually prevented from entering the mouth and pipe-bowl.

All Pipe Connoisseurs know and smoke the "MASTA." It smokes cool, smokes dry, smokes to the end. Flawless briar bowls at prices as marked on illustration and upwards. Of all Tobacconists. Write for Booklet on Pipes, post free, most interesting to Smokers.

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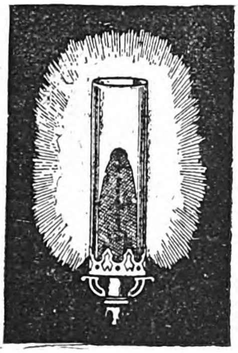

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CUSTARD POWDER

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-Class Custard—Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes.—The unfailing resource of every successful Hostess.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

WHAT A RUN THERE HAS BEEN ON THE 'PROVOST' PORRINGERS!

We have arranged for large additional supplies, and all users of

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2 Pint Porringer free for 30 2-lb. coupons or 2/- cash.
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Children grow up Strong, Healthy, and Robust on "Provost" Oats. They have no equal. They are the best that Scotland produces. American and other imported Oats are far inferior.

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R. ROBINSON, & SONS,
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"Blue Bell" Flaked Rice makes dainty puddings in five minutes. Simply drench the flakes in boiling water and cook in an oven. 3d. a packet.

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Fountain Pen

Time is money. The "SWAN" will save you several minutes in each letter. Really no one knows what rapidity and comfort in writing are till he has owned a "SWAN." It will outlast many a gross of the best steel pens, and thus soon save its cost.

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BRITISH MADE BY BRITISH LABOUR.

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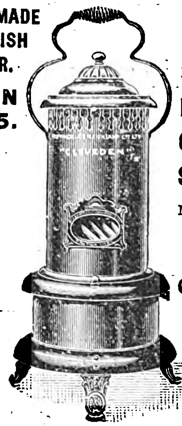

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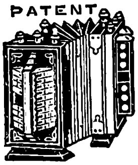

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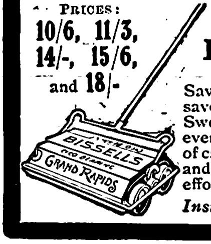

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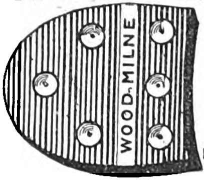
To the Ruptured.

A Printer Cured of a Severe Rupture by W. S. Rice, the Well Known Specialist, who Sends a Sample of His Famous Method Free to All.

There are people who have been torturing themselves for years with trusses. It is hoped their attention will be drawn to this free offer. A well-known printer, Mr. Thomas Levey, 18 Port Vale, Hertford, is one of the hundreds attracted to this generous announcement, and as a result he is now completely cured of a bad rupture. Although so many people told him he could not be cured except by an operation, he was determined to give this method a fair trial, with the result of a perfect cure. He now looks back to the old days of crude methods, and in comparison hails this method as a God-send to the present generations. Mr. Levey writes as follows: "Since discarding my truss four months ago, I have felt nothing of the rupture, therefore I am sure your method has perfectly cured me. I thank you for all your advice to me, and shall be pleased to answer any inquiries from rupture sufferers, if a stamp is enclosed for reply." It is some time since the above letter was received, but there has been no signs of the return of the rupture. By all means write at once to W. S. Rice, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 1727), 8 and 9 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., and he will send you a free sample of his remarkable home cure for rupture. It has met with unparalleled success, and has effected thousands of cures without pain, danger, operation, or loss of time. Don't fail to write at once for a description. Now is your opportunity.

Mr. T. LEVEY.



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BUCHANAN'S "SPECIAL" SCOTCH WHISKY

HYPNOTISM

Its Increasing Use in Daily Life by English People.

No Longer a Secret Art, But Now In the Hands of Thousands.

A London Publishing House Distributing Free Books on Hypnotism.

Some Strange Secrets of Personal Influence Laid Bare.

The London office of a well-known publishing house is creating a deal of surprised interest here in the subject of hypnotism and allied science by the novel method of giving away books absolutely free. By merely writing to the Research Publishing Company, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C., you can, according to their advertisement, receive by return post a most remarkable, fascinating, and instructive illustrated book called "The Power Within." This book and accompanying literature contains some most startling information, setting forth not only how to set about to study hypnotism at your own home, but revealing the fact that this mysterious art is now actually being used by English people in daily life.

According to the publishers, the aim of this startling little free book is to answer such questions as occur to all interested in the mysterious relation between mind and matter.

Such questions as these, for instance:—Can I learn how to hypnotise? Why is the art not more widely known? Just how should I set about it to learn at home, and practise it? Is instantaneous hypnotism possible? What is "personal magnetism," and how is it acquired? What is the mysterious secret of the wonderful success and influence of certain people who seem most ordinary in other ways? Is there really a a scientific mode of life or thought which attracts health, success, and happiness? Is it possible to thus radically change one's whole life in a few days, as many claim to have done? Is it true that humanity in general is, in a sense, hypnotised by conventionality, and thus blinded to splendid opportunities of success and happiness which lie on every hand? What can I do to rouse myself from this "hypnosis of custom," and rise to the attainments which my natural ability would warrant? What must I do to become a hypnotist? To develop a magnetic, attractive, forceful character? To acquire courage, ambition, cheerfulness? To kill fear and worry? To make myself a source of happiness and inspiration to my friends?

The reader will readily see that a book, especially a free book, dealing with such vitally interesting subjects as these, is arousing a lively demand, and the edition provided by the Company is being rapidly exhausted. To obtain this book, which is entitled "The Power Within," it is only necessary to send your plainly written name and address, enclosing a penny stamp for return postage, to the Research Publishing Company (Dept. 301), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.

As the nature of the contents of this book is of such vital interest and importance to many, it is requested that no one write out of mere curiosity. It is desired to upply the book only to those having a genuine wish to be informed on these subjects.

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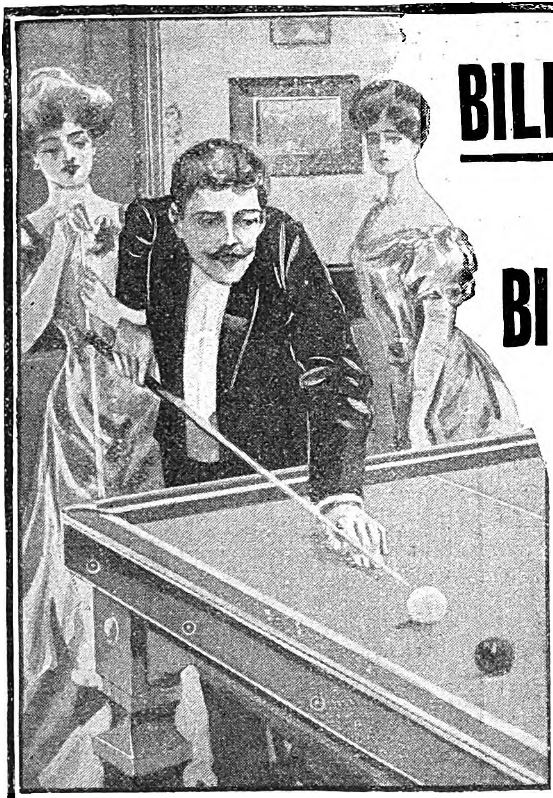

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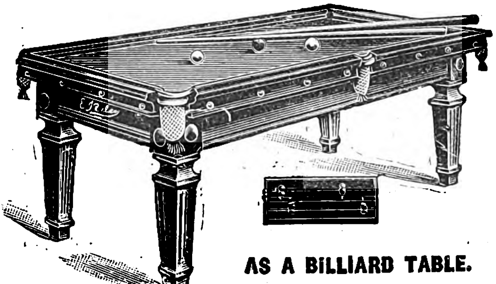
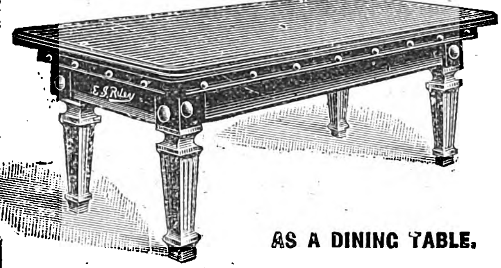


AS A BILLIARD TABLE.



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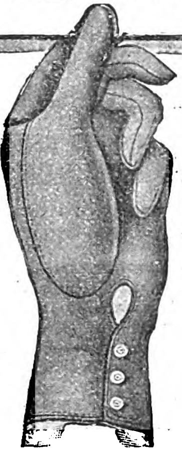

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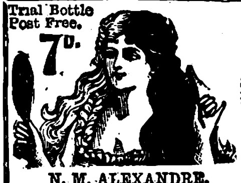

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SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretl packed.) State colour required
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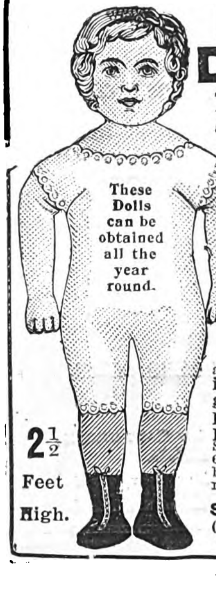
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You can get this Famous Life-size Doll absolutely free for selling only ten packages of SHY-NALL, the Electric Polishing Fabric, at 6d. per package. Something new for cleaning and polishing Jewellery and Silverware, etc. Write to-day and we will send you the Fabric post paid. When sold send us the money (5s.) and we will send you post free this Life-size Doll, which is intended to be stuffed. Dollie is printed with Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid-coloured Body, Red Stockings, and Black Shoes. It is this Century's model of the old-fashioned Rag Doll that Grandma used to make, and would make Grandma open her eyes in wonder. You run no risk, as we take back all packages unsold, and if you do not care to sell our goods we will send the Doll post free on receipt of 2/- postal order. A trial packet of SHY-NALL sent post free on receipt of 6d. Colonial and Foreign Orders must be accompanied by 6d. extra, and remittances made by P.O.O. Address—

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If so, we will send you particulars of our Elevators, which will increase your height 1in. to 4½in. (without detection). Prices from 5/6 per pair. Send stamp for further particulars—PERALIA Co. (Dept. R), 73 Camden St., North Shields, Eng.

NOSE

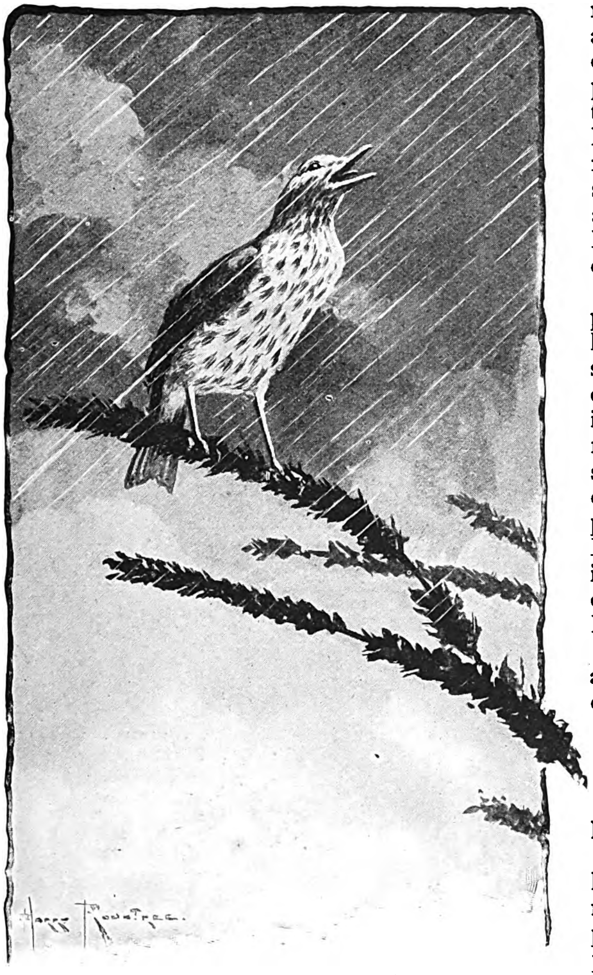
If you have an odd-shaped or red nose, send stamp for further particulars of our 10s. Nose Instruments. PERALIA CO. (Dept. R), 73 Camden St., North Shields, England.

connecting birds and the weather, taken from a collection, from far and near, made by the United States Weather Bureau. Many of the ideas have sound sense in them, or doubtless such a scientific body would not have troubled to record them.

Rain is indicated by rooks, swallows, and martins flying low; by birds ceasing to sing; by fowls rolling in the sand; by cocks crowing late and early and flapping their wings:

If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He'll certainly rise with a watery head.

by guinea-fowls and peacocks squalling; by parrots whistling—"Clamorous as a parrot against rain," quoth Shakespeare—by blackbirds singing much in the morning; by pigeons returning home unusually early; by the loud and long singing of robins; and by birds preening and oiling their feathers.



The screeching of the missel thrush before and during storms has given him the name of storm-cock, for he loves to brave the gale.

When the swallows fly high in the evenings, and chirp merrily, fair weather will follow; when they fly low, it will rain. This is often true—for the reason that when the air is light and dry, gnats and flies soar high; but when the air is heavy and damp, they keep near to earth. When the sea-fowl fly inland, a storm is approaching.

"Every wind has its weather," said Bacon; and to anglers the effects of wind and weather on fishes is a matter of highest importance.

Izaak Walton thus summed up the effect of wind on fishes:

When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the east,
'Tis good for neither man nor beast;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the flies in the fish's mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
There it is the very best.

Rain is to be expected when the fish bite readily and swim near the surface; and wind or rain especially when pike lie quietly on the river-bed. All kinds of fish are most active and sporting before storms; trout then leap high and bite eagerly.

At sea, when porpoises, dolphins, or grampus sport about a ship, chase one another in play, and are numerous on the surface, here are other signs of probable storms. Electrical changes in the air are the cause of their liveliness.

Doubtless approaching thunderstorms are as evident to animals, birds, and fishes as they are to human beings.

When, in the heat of a fine summer day, cock pheasants call particularly loudly and defiantly, here is a very trustworthy sign of a coming storm. But if birds and beasts are aware of the coming of thunderstorms, unlike man—*homo sapiens*, as he calls himself—they show no fear when the storm breaks. The electric cloud, the livid flame, the roar of thunder, leave them calm. They know not the attraction of the tree for the lightning, nor the danger that lurks in the storm.

THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER
F B HICKLING

THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER

VIII.—THE FATE OF THE "ARTEMIS."

By The Baroness Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who explains the mystery to—
The Lady Journalist	Who re-tells it to the Royal readers.
Captain Markham, R.N.R.	A retired merchant captain.
Mrs. Markham	His wife.
Mr. Paulton	Her brother.
Johann Schmidt	A mysterious foreigner.
Mrs. Bowden	Landlady at their lodgings at Portsmouth.
Mr. Carleton	Who made an assault on Captain Markham.
Sir Arthur Inglewood	His counsel.
Jane Mason	Principal witness.
Captain Jutland	Of the *Artemis*.
Messrs. Mills and Co.	Gun manufacturers.

"Well, I'm——!" was my inelegant mental comment upon the news in that morning's paper.

"So are most people," rejoined the man in the corner with that eerie way he had of reading my thoughts. "The *Artemis* has come home, having safely delivered her dangerous cargo, and Captain Jutland's explanations only serve to deepen the mystery."

"Then you admit there is one in this case?" I said.

"Only to the public. Not to me. But I do admit that the puzzle is a hard one. Do you remember the earlier details of the case? It was towards the end of 1903. Negotiations between Russia and Japan were just reaching a point of uncomfortable tension, and the man in the street guessed that war in the Far East was imminent.

"Messrs. Mills and Co. had just completed an order for a number of their celebrated quick-firing guns for the Russian Government, and these—according to the terms of the contract—were to be delivered at Port Arthur on or about February 1st, 1904. Effectively then, on December 1st last, the *Artemis*, under the command of Captain Jutland, sailed from Goole, with her valuable cargo on board, and with orders to proceed along as fast as possible, in view of the probable outbreak of hostilities.

"Less than two hours after she had started, Messrs. Mills received intimation from the highest official quarters, that in all probability before the *Artemis* could reach Port Arthur,

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and in view of coming eventualities, the submarine mines would have been laid at the entrance to the harbour. A secret plan of the port was therefore sent to the firm for Captain Jutland's use, showing the only way through which he could possibly hope to navigate the *Artemis* safely into the harbour, and without which she would inevitably come in contact with one of those terrible engines of wholesale destruction, which have since worked such awful havoc in this war.

"But *there* was the trouble. This official intimation, together with the plan, reached Messrs. Mills just two hours too late; it is a way peculiar to many official intimations. Fortunately, however, the *Artemis* was to touch at Portsmouth on private business of the firm's, and, therefore, it only meant finding a trustworthy messenger to meet Captain Jutland there, and to hand him over that all-important plan.

"Of course, there was no time to be lost, but, above all, some one of extreme trustworthiness must be found for so important a mission. You must remember that the great European Power in question is beset by many foes in the shape of her own disaffected children, who desire her downfall even more keenly than does her Asiatic opponent. Also, in times like these, when every method is fair which gives one adversary an advantage over the other, we must remember that our plucky little allies of the Far East are past masters in that art which is politely known as secret intelligence.

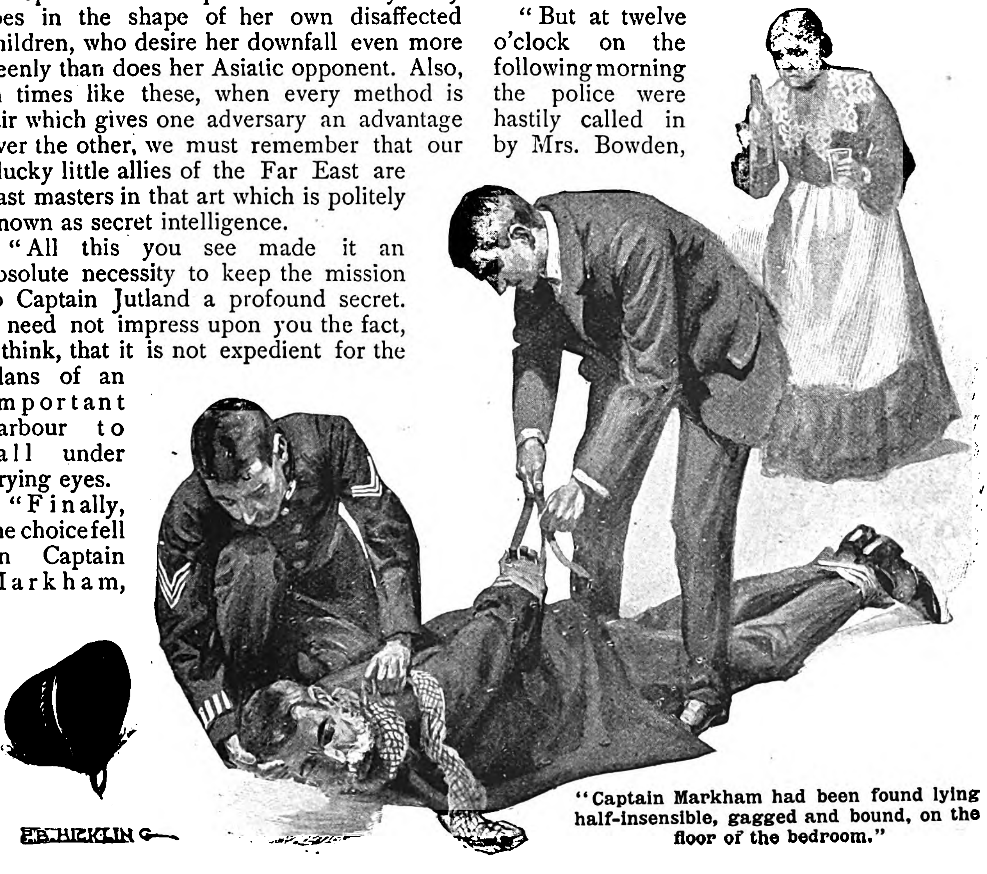
"All this you see made it an absolute necessity to keep the mission to Captain Jutland a profound secret. I need not impress upon you the fact, I think, that it is not expedient for the plans of an important harbour to fall under prying eyes.

"Finally, the choice fell on Captain Markham, R.N.R., lately of the mercantile marine, and at the time in the employ of our own Secret Intelligence Department, to which he has rendered frequent and valuable services. This choice was determined also mainly through the fact that Captain Markham's wife had relatives living in Portsmouth, and that, therefore, his journey thither could easily be supposed to have an unofficial and quite ordinary character—especially if he took his wife with him, which he did.

"Captain and Mrs. Markham left Waterloo for Portsmouth at ten minutes past twelve on Wednesday, December 2nd, the secret plan lying safely concealed at the bottom of Mrs. Markham's jewel-case.

"As the *Artemis* would not touch at Portsmouth until the following morning, Captain Markham thought it best not to spend the night at an hotel, but to go into rooms; his choice fell on a place, highly recommended by his wife's relations, and which was situated in a quiet street on the Southsea side of the town. There he and his wife stayed the night, pending the arrival of the *Artemis*.

"But at twelve o'clock on the following morning the police were hastily called in by Mrs. Bowden,



"Captain Markham had been found lying half-insensible, gagged and bound, on the floor of the bedroom."

the landlady of 49 Gastle Street, where the Markhams had been staying. Captain Markham had been found lying half-insensible, gagged and bound, on the floor of the sitting-room, his hands and feet tightly pinioned, and a woollen comforter wound closely round his mouth and neck; whilst Mrs. Markham's jewel-case, containing valuable jewellery and the secret plans of Port Arthur, had disappeared."

CHAPTER II.

"Mind you," continued the man in the corner after he had assured himself of my undivided attention, "all these details were unknown to the public at first. I have merely co-ordinated them, and told them to you in the actual sequence in which they occurred, so that you may be able to understand the subsequent events.

"At the time, that is to say, on December 3rd, 1903, the evening papers only contained an account of what was then called 'the mysterious outrage at Gastle Street, Portsmouth.' A private gentleman was presumably assaulted and robbed in broad daylight, and inside a highly respectable house in a busy part of the city.

"Mrs. Bowden, the landlady, was, as you may imagine, most excited and indignant. Her house and herself had been grossly insulted by this abominable outrage, and she did her level best to throw what light she could on this mysterious occurrence.

"The story she told the police was indeed extraordinary, and as she repeated it to all her friends, and subsequently to one or two journalists, it roused public excitement to its highest pitch.

"What she related at great length to the detective in charge of the case, was briefly this:

"Captain and Mrs. Markham, it appears, arrived at 49 Gastle Street, on Wednesday afternoon, December 2nd, and Mrs. Bowden accommodated them with a sitting-room and bedroom, both on the ground floor. In the evening Mrs. Markham went out to dine with her brother, a Mr. Paulton, who is a well-known Portsmouth resident, but Captain Markham stayed in and had dinner alone in his sitting-room.

"According to Mrs. Bowden's version of the story, at about nine o'clock a stranger called to see Captain Markham. This stranger was obviously a foreigner, for he spoke broken English. Unfortunately, the hall at 49 Gastle Street, was very dark, and, moreover, the foreigner was attired in a magnificent fur coat, the collar of which hid the lower part of his face. All Mrs. Bowden could see of him was that he was very tall, and wore gold-rimmed spectacles.

"'He was so very peremptory in his manner,' continued Mrs. Bowden, 'that I had to show him in at once. The Captain seemed surprised to see him, in fact, he looked decidedly annoyed I might say, but just as I was closing the door I heard the stranger laugh, and say quite pleasantly: "You gave me the slip, my friend, but you see I have found you out all right."'

"Mrs. Bowden, after the manner of her class, seems to have made vigorous efforts to hear what went on in the sitting-room after that," continued the man in the corner, "but she was not successful. Later on, however, the Captain rang and ordered whiskies and sodas. Both gentlemen were then sitting by the fire, looking quite friendly.

"'I took a look round the room,' explained the worthy landlady, 'and took particular notice that the jewel-case was on the table, with the lid open. Captain Markham, as soon as he saw me, closed it very quickly.'

"The stranger seems to have gone away again at about half-past ten, and subsequently Mrs. Markham came home, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Paulton. The next morning she went out at a quarter-past eleven o'clock, and about half-an-hour later the mysterious stranger called again.

"This time he pushed his way straight into the sitting-room; but the very next moment he uttered a cry of intense horror and astonishment, and rushed back into the hall, gesticulating wildly and shrieking: 'A robbery!—a murder!—I go for the police!' And before Mrs. Bowden could stop him, or even could realise what had occurred, he had dashed out of the house.

"'I called to Meggie,' continued Mrs. Bowden, 'I was so frightened, I didn't dare go into the parlour alone. But she was more frightened than I was, and we stood trembling in the hall waiting for the police. At last I began to have my suspicions, and I got Meggie to run out into the street and see if she could bring in a policeman.'

"When the police at last arrived upon the scene, they pushed open the sitting-room door, and there found Captain Markham in a most helpless condition, his hands tied behind his back, and himself half-choked by the scarf over his mouth. As soon as he recovered his breath, he explained that he had no idea who his assailant was; he was standing with his back to the door, when he was suddenly dealt a blow on the head from behind, and he remembered nothing more.

"In the meantime Mrs. Markham had come home, and of course was horrified beyond measure at the outrage which had been committed. She declared that her jewel-case was in the sitting-room when she went out in the morning—a fact confirmed by Captain Markham himself.

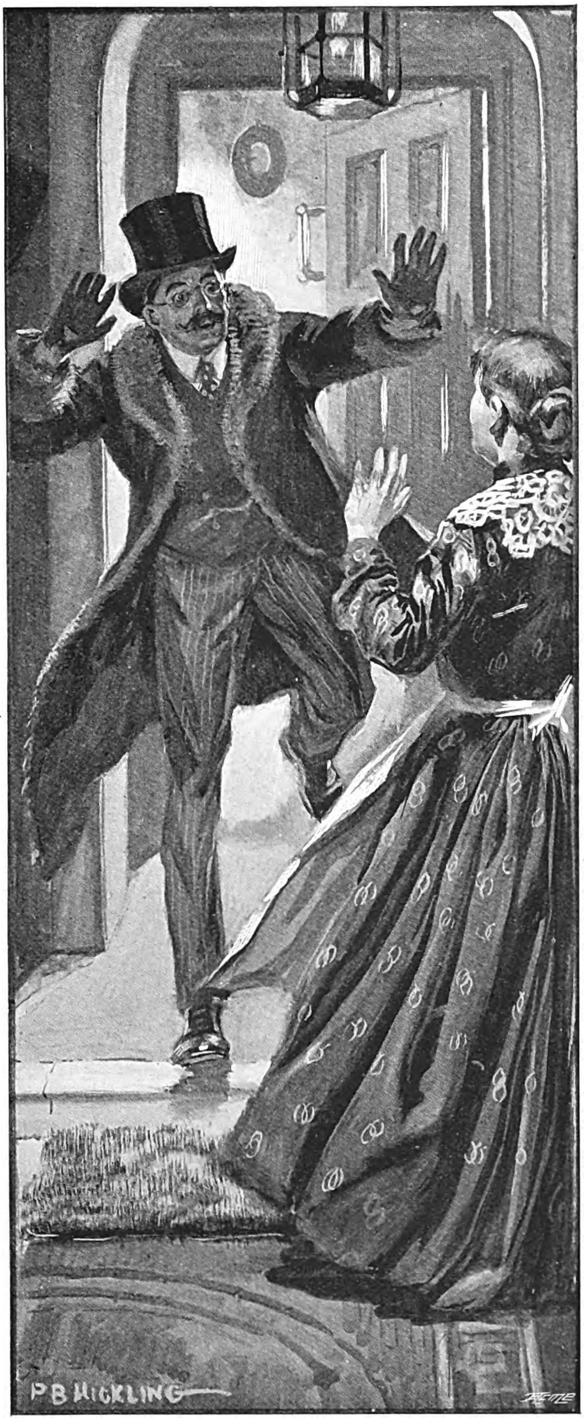
"But here, at once, the police were seriously puzzled. Mrs. Bowden, of course, told her story of the foreigner—a story which was corroborated by her daughter, Meggie. Captain Markham, pressed by the police, and by his wife, admitted that a friend had visited him the evening before.

"'He is an old friend I met years ago abroad, who happened to be in Portsmouth yesterday, and quite accidentally caught sight of me as I drove up to this door, and naturally came in to see me,' was the captain's somewhat lame explanation.

"Nothing more was to be got out of him that day; he was still feeling very bewildered, he said, and certainly he looked very ill. Mrs. Markham then put the whole matter in the hands of the police.

"Captain Markham had given a description of 'the old friend he had met years ago abroad.' This description vaguely coincided with that given by Mrs. Bowden of the mysterious foreigner. But the Captain's replies to the cross-questionings of the detectives in charge of the case were always singularly reticent and lame. 'I had lost sight of him for nearly twenty years,' he explained, 'and do not know what his present abode and occupation might be. When I knew him years ago, he was a man of independent means, without a fixed abode, and a great traveller. I believe that he is a German by nationality, but I don't think that I ever knew this as a fact. His name was Johann Schmidt.'

"I may as well tell you here at once, that the mysterious foreigner managed to make good his escape. He was traced as far as the South-Western Railway Station, where he was



"He pushed his way straight into the sitting-room . . . . gesticulating wildly and shrieking: 'A robbery!—a murder!—I go for the police!'"

seen to rush through the barrier just in time to catch the express up to town. At Waterloo he was lost sight of in the crowd.

"The police were keenly on the alert; no trace of the missing jewels had as yet been found. Then it was that, gradually, the story of the secret plan of Port Arthur reached the ears of the general public. Who first told it and to whom, it is difficult to conjecture, but you know what a way things of that sort have of leaking out.

"The secret of Captain Markham's mission had of necessity been known to several people, and a secret shared by many soon ceases to be one at all; anyway, within a week of the so-called 'Portsmouth outrage,' it began to be loudly whispered that the robbery of Mrs. Markham's jewels was only a mask that covered the deliberate theft of the plans of Port Arthur.

"And then the inevitable happened. Already Captain Markham's strange attitude had been severely commented upon, and now the public, backed by the crowd of amateur detectives who read penny novelettes and form conclusions of their own, had made up its mind that Captain Markham was a party to the theft—that he was either the tool or the accomplice of the mysterious foreigner, and that, in fact, he had been either bribed or terrorised into giving up the plan of Port Arthur to an enemy of the Russian government. The crime was all the more heinous as by this act of treachery a British ship, manned by a British crew, had been sent to certain destruction.

"What rendered the whole case doubly mysterious was that Messrs. Mills and Co. seemed to take the matter with complete indifference. They refused to be interviewed, or to give any information about the *Artemis* at all, and seemed callously willing to await events.

"The public was furious; the newspapers stormed; everyone felt that the *Artemis* should be stopped at any cost at her next port of call, and not allowed to continue her perilous journey.

"And yet the days went by; the public read with horror at Lloyd's that the *Artemis* had called at Malta, at Port Said, at Aden, and was now well on her way to the Far East. Feeling ran so high throughout England that, if the mysterious stranger had been discovered by the police, no protection from them would have saved him from being lynched.

"As for Captain Markham, public opinion reserved its final judgment. A cloud hung over him, of that there was no doubt; many said openly that he had sold the secret plans of Port Arthur, either to the Japanese or to the Nihilists, either through fear or intimidation, if not through greed.

"Then the inevitable climax came: A certain Mr. Carleton constituted himself the spokesman of the general public; he met Captain Markham one day at one of the clubs in London. There were hot words between them. Mr. Carleton did not mince matters; he openly accused Captain Markham of that which public opinion had already whispered, and finally, completely losing his temper, he struck the Captain in the face, calling him every opprobrious name he could think of.

"But for the timely interference of friends there would have been murder committed then and there; as it was, Captain Markham was induced by his own friends to bring a criminal charge of slander and of assault against Mr. Carleton, as the only means of making the whole story public, and possibly vindicating his character."

CHAPTER III.

"A criminal action for slander and assault is always an interesting one," continued the man in the corner after a while, "as it always argues an unusual amount of personal animosity on the part of the plaintiff.

"In this case, of course, public interest was roused to its highest pitch. Practically, though Captain Markham was the prosecutor, he would stand before his fellow citizens after this action, either as an innocent man, or as one of the most dastardly scoundrels this nation has ever known.

"The case for the Captain was briefly stated by his counsel. For the defence Sir Arthur Inglewood on behalf of Mr. Carleton pleaded justification. With wonderful eloquence Sir Arthur related the whole story of the secret plan of Port Arthur confided to the honour of Captain Markham, and which involved the safety of the British ship and the lives of a whole British crew.

"The first witnesses called for the defence were Mrs. Bowden and her daughter, Meggie. Both related the story I have already told you. When they came to the point of having seen the jewel-case *open* on the table, during that interview between Captain Markham and the mysterious stranger, there was a regular murmur of indignation throughout the whole crowd, so much so, that the judge threatened to clear the court, for Sir Arthur argued this to be a proof that Captain Markham had been a willing accomplice in the theft of the secret plans, and had merely played the comedy of being assaulted, bound, and gagged.

"But there was more to come.

"It appears that on the morning of December 2nd—that is to say, before going to Portsmouth—Captain Markham, directly after breakfast, and while his wife was up in her own room, received a message, which seemed greatly to disturb him. It was Jane Mason, the parlourmaid at the Markham's town house, who told the story.

"A letter bearing no stamp had been dropped into the letter-box; she had taken it to her master who, on reading it, became greatly agitated; he tore up the letter, stuffed it into his pocket, and presently took up his hat and rushed out of the house.

"'When the master was gone,' continued Jane, 'I found a scrap of paper, which had fallen out of his pocket.'

"This scrap of paper Jane Mason had carefully put away. She was a shrewd girl and scented some mystery. It was now produced in court, and the few fragmentary words were read out by Sir Arthur Inglewood, amidst boundless excitement:

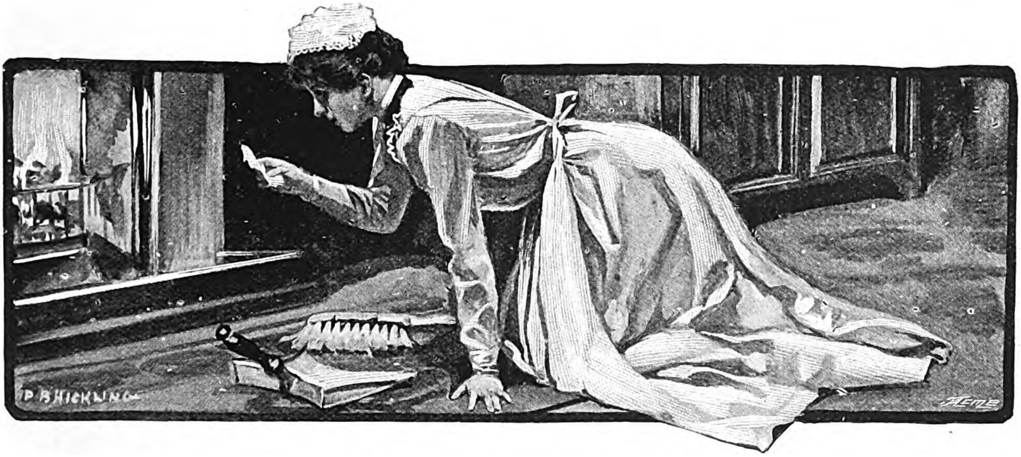
"'. . . . if you lend a hand . . .
. . . . Port Arthur safely . .
. . . . . hold my tongue . . . .'

"And at the end there were four letters in large capitals, 'STOW.'

"In view of all the evidence taken, there was momentous significance to be attached to those few words, of which only the last four letters seemed mysterious, but these probably were part of the confederate's signature, who had, no one doubted it now, some hold upon Captain Markham, and had by a process of blackmail induced him to send the *Artemis* to her doom.

"After that, according to a statement made by the head clerk of Messrs. Mills and Co., Captain Markham came round to the office, begging that some one else should be sent to meet Captain Jutland at Portsmouth. 'This,' explained the head clerk, who had been subpœnaed for the defence, 'was quite impossible at this eleventh hour, and, in the absence of the heads of the firm, I had on Mr. Mills' behalf to hold Captain Markham to his promise.'

"This closed the case for the defence, and, in view of the lateness of the hour, counsels' speeches were reserved for the following day. There was not a doubt in anybody's mind that Captain Markham was guilty, and but for the presence of a large body of police, I assure you he would have been torn to pieces by the crowd."



"'I found a scrap of paper, which had fallen out of his pocket.'"

The man in the corner paused in his narrative and blinked at me over his bone-rimmed spectacles, like some lean and frowzy tom-cat eager for a fight.

"Well?" I said eagerly.

"Well, surely you remember what happened the following day?" he replied with a dry chuckle. "Personally, I don't think that there ever was quite so much sensation in any English court of law.

"It was crowded, of course, when counsel for the plaintiff rose to speak. He made, however, only a short statement, briefly and to the point; but this statement caused everyone to look at his neighbour, wondering if he were awake or dreaming.

"Counsel began by saying that Messrs. Mills and Co., in view of the obvious conspiracy that had existed against the *Artemis*, had decided, in conjunction with Captain Markham himself, to say nothing about the safety of the ship until she was in port; but now counsel had much pleasure in informing the court and public that the *Artemis* had safely arrived at Port Arthur, had landed her guns, and was on her way home again by now. A cablegram *viâ* St. Petersburg had been received by Messrs. Mills and Co. from Captain Jutland that very morning.

"That cablegram was read by counsel in court, and was received with loud and prolonged cheering which could not be suppressed.

"With heroic fortitude—explained counsel—Capt. Markham had borne the gross suspicions against his integrity, only hoping that news of the safety of the *Artemis* would reach England in time to allow him to vindicate his character. But until Captain Jutland was safe in port, he had sworn to hold his tongue, and to bear insult and violence, sooner than once more jeopardise the safety of the British ship by openly avowing that she carried the plans of the important port with her.

"Well, you know the rest. The parties, at the suggestion of the judge, arranged the case amicably, and, Captain Markham being fully satisfied, Mr. Carleton was nominally ordered to come up for trial when called upon.

"Captain Markham was the hero of the hour; but presently, after the first excitement had subsided, sensible people began to ponder. Everyone, of course, appreciated the fact that Messrs. Mills and Co., prompted by the highest authorities, had insisted on not jeopardising the safety of the *Artemis* by shouting on the housetops that she was carrying the plans of Port Arthur on board. Hostilities in the far East were on the point of breaking out, and I need not insist, I think, on the obvious fact that silence in such matters and at such a time was absolutely imperative.

"But what sensible people wanted to know was, what part had Captain Markham played in all this?

"In the evening of that memorable December 2nd, he was sitting amicably by the fire with the mysterious stranger, who was evidently blackmailing him, and with the jewel-case, which contained the plans of Port Arthur open between them. What, then, had caused Captain Markham to change his attitude? What dispelled the fear of the stranger? Was he really assaulted? Was the jewel-case really stolen?

"Captain Jutland, of the *Artemis*, has explained that he was only on shore for one hour at Portsmouth on the memorable morning of December 3rd, namely, between 10.30 and 11.30 a.m. On landing at the Hard from his gig, he was met by a gentleman whom he did not know, and who, without a word of comment, handed him some papers, which proved to be plans of Port Arthur.

"Now at that very hour Captain Markham was lying helpless in his bedroom, and the question now is, who abstracted the plans from the jewel-case, and then mysteriously handed them to Captain Jutland? Why was it not done openly? Why?—why? and, above all by whom?"——

(*Yes, why? Close the* ROYAL *at this point, and try and puzzle out the problem for yourselves.*—ED.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Indeed, why?" I retorted, for he had paused, and was peering at me through his bone-rimmed spectacles. "You must have a theory," I added, as I quietly handed him a beautiful bit of string across the table.

"Of course, I have a theory," he replied placidly; "nay, more, the only explanation of those mysterious events. But for this I must refer you to the scrap of paper found by Jane Mason, and containing the four fragmentary sentences which have puzzled everyone, and which Captain Markham always refused to explain.

"Do you remember," he went on, as he began feverishly to construct knot upon knot on that piece of string, "the wreck of the *Ridstow* some twenty years ago? She was a pleasure boat belonging to Mr. Eyres, the great millionaire financier, and was supposed to have been wrecked in the South Seas, with nearly all hands. Five of her crew, however, were picked up by H.M.S. *Pomona*, on a bit of rocky island to which they had managed to swim.

"I looked up the files of the newspapers relating to the rescue of these five shipwrecked mariners, who told a most pitiable tale of the loss of the yacht and their subsequent escape to, and sufferings on the island. Fire had broken out in the hull of the *Ridstow*, and all her crew were drowned, with the exception of three sailors, a Russian friend, or rather secretary, of Mr. Eyres, and a young petty officer named Markham.

"You see, the letters STOW had given me the clue. Clearly Markham, on receiving the message in the morning of December 2nd, was frightened, and when we analyse the fragments of that message and try to reconstruct the missing fragments, do we not get something like this:

"'*If you lend a hand* in allowing the *Artemis* to reach *Port Arthur safely*, and to land her cargo there, I will no longer *hold my tongue* about the events which occurred on board the *Rid*STOW.'

"Clearly the mysterious stranger had a great hold over Captain Markham, for every scrap of evidence, if you think it over, points to his having been *frightened*. Did he not beg the clerk to find someone else to meet Captain Jutland in Portsmouth? He did not wish *to lend a hand* in allowing the *Artemis* to reach *Port Arthur safely*.

"We must, therefore, take it that on board the *Ridstow* some such tragedy was enacted as, alas! is not of unfrequent occurrence. The tragedy of a mutiny, a wholesale murder, the robbery of the rich financier, the burning of the yacht. Markham, then barely twenty, was no doubt an unwilling, perhaps passive accomplice; one can trace the hand of a cunning, daring Russian in the whole of this mysterious tragedy.

"Since then, Markham, through twenty years' faithful service of his country, had tried to redeem the passive crime of his early years. But then came the crisis: The cunning leader of that bygone tragedy no doubt kept a strong hand over his weaker accomplices.

"What happened to the other three we do not know, but we have seen how terrified Markham is of him, how he dare not resist him, and when the mysterious Russian—some Nihilist, no doubt, at war with his own Government—wishes to deal his country a terrible blow by possessing himself of the plan of her most important harbour, so that he might sell it to her enemies, Markham dare not say him nay.

"But mark what happens. Captain Markham terrorised, confronted with a past crime, threatened with exposure, is as wax in the hands of his unscrupulous tormentor. But beside him there is the saving presence of his wife."

"His wife?" I gasped.

"Yes, the woman! Did you think this was a crime without the inevitable woman! I sought her, and found her in Captain Markham's wife. To save her husband both from falling a victim to his implacable accomplice, and from committing another even more heinous crime, she suggests the comedy which was so cleverly enacted in the morning of December 3rd.

"When the landlady and her daughter saw the jewel-case open on the table the evening before, Markham was playing the first act of the comedy invented by his wife. She had the plan safely in her own keeping by then. He pretended to agree to the Russian's demands, but showed him that he had not then the plan in his possession, promising, however, to deliver it up on the morrow.

"Then in the morning, Mrs. Markham helps to gag and strap her husband down; he pretends to lie unconscious, and she goes out, carrying the jewel-case. Her brother, Mr. Paulton, of course, helps them both; without him it would have been more difficult; as it is, he takes charge of the jewel-case, abstracts the plan and papers, and finally meets Captain Jutland at the Hard and hands him over the plan of Port Arthur.

"Thus through the wits of a clever and devoted woman, not only are the *Artemis* and her British crew saved, but Captain Markham is effectually rid of the blackmailer, who otherwise would have poisoned his life, and probably out of revenge at being foiled, have ruined his victim altogether.

"To my mind, that was the neatest thing in the whole plan. The general public believed that Captain Markham (who obviously at the instigation of his wife had confided in Messrs. Mills and Co.) held his tongue as to the safety of the *Artemis*, merely out of heroism, in order not to run her into any further danger. Now I maintain that this was the masterstroke of that clever woman's plan.

"By holding his tongue, by letting the public fear for the safety of the British crew and British ship, public feeling was stirred to such a pitch of excitement that the Russian now would never *dare* show himself. Not only—by denouncing Captain Markham now—would he never be even listened to for a moment, but, if he came forward at all, if he even showed himself, he would stand before the British public self-convicted as the man who had tried through the criminal process of blackmail to terrorise an Englishman into sending a British ship and thirty British sailors to certain annihilation.

"No; I think we may take it for granted that the Russian will not dare to show his face in England again."

And the funny creature was gone before I could say another word.

MR. —HIS PAGES.

"Mr. X" is deeply indebted to the reader who has sent him a picture post-card, notifying him that he has been placed on the Black List of the Anti-Chestnut League "as an inveterate and incorrigible retailer of chestnuts." There is such a craze against chestnuts that every time "Mr. X" inserts one in his pages he feels that he has performed a public duty. "What," argues "Mr. X," "has the rising generation done that it should not be allowed to hear the capital old jokes that we know so well? Nobody else will tell them because they are chestnuts—I will tell them (occasionally). I like the rising generation; I like the people who hear a joke one day, forget it the next, and roar with laughter when they hear it again. Surely those happy people who have heard every joke under the sun will not grumble because every now and again they find a joke which, old to them, brings mirth to hundreds of others? Perish the thought! 'Mr. X' knows his jolly, generous readers too well."

Puzzle Penknives or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X." and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"Mr. X's" Monthly Prize.

No. 5.

[Answers must be sent in before November 20th, addressed, "Mr. X," care of The Royal Magazine, Henrietta Street, W.C., and marked on the outside "No. 5."]

The competition in which it was required to give a list of six words having many different meanings proved so popular that "Mr. X" now proposes a further test on the same lines. "Mr. X" this month offers a prize of Five Shillings for what is, in his opinion, the best short grammatical sentence in which the same word is used several times with different meanings—words spelt differently but pronounced alike may be used. For example: "He knew the gnu was a new gnu, and not the gnu he knew." "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw like that saw saws, or make one's hand so sore."

* * *

Q. Why is the tail of a dog like the heart of a tree?
A. Because it is furthest from the bark.

* * *

Not what He Meant.

Tiler: "I say, I've noticed a funny thing about you—you never wear an overcoat."

Thatcher: "Well, I don't see anything funny in that; you never were an overcoat either, were you? Certainly I never was."

FIVE ODD NUMBERS WANTED.

In stables five, now pray contrive
To put in horses twenty;
In every stable numbers odd,
And not a stable empty.

* * *

Matches Again.

Take a bundle of wooden matches in one hand, and, holding them out, declare that nobody can take one without taking a second also.

Someone is certain to accept your challenge, and will, of course, take a single match from the bundle without difficulty.

At this you must look rather surprised, make some exclamation of astonishment, and, taking a fresh grip again, hold out the matches to the same person. With a superior air he will at once pull out another—but his superiority gives place to discomfiture when you thank him and point out that, as you said, he would not take one without taking a second also!

* * *

Who Said it was a Riddle?

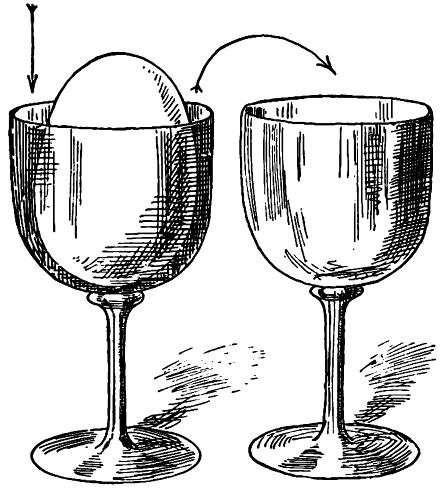
Lucy: "What is the difference between a post-office and a haystack?"

Mary: "I don't know."

Lucy: "Good gracious! Well, I certainly can't give you these letters to post."

The Jumping Egg.

A little patience and a lot of lung power and you can perform the marvellous trick of making an egg leap from one wineglass into another without using your hands. Place a hard-boiled egg in a claret glass (as shown) with a second wineglass close alongside. Now blow sharply down in the direction of the perpendicular arrow, and you will see the egg vault safely into the other glass. A china egg is lighter, better, and, if your egg is not properly hard-boiled, cleaner!



* * *

What a Lark.

Bob: "Wouldn't it be a lark if a sparrow came down the chimney?"

Tom: "Yes, wouldn't it!"

Bob: "No; it would be a sparrow."

* * *

With a Confederate.

Set out playing cards from the ace to the nine; then leave the room saying that your companions may touch any one card, and that you will tell them which it is on your return.

To their mystification you do so easily. The solution is, however, simple. One of their number is your confederate. When you re-enter the room one of his fingers is lying idly on a book or anything square which is on the table. The top line of the book is supposed by both of you to be numbered 1, 2, 3—the 2 in the middle, the 1 and 3 at each corner. The middle line is 4, 5, 6, whilst the bottom line is 7, 8, 9. So that if the lower left-hand corner is indicated, you know that the card chosen is the seven, and so forth.

Making the Part Equal to the Whole.

As two tobacconists were talking at a street corner Mr. George Spendthrift rode by. Said one to the other: "Has Mr. Spendthrift paid you his bill yet?" "Yes," replied the other. "What, the whole of it?" cries the first, for young Mr. George was seldom known to pay his creditors. "Well, he did and he didn't," answered the second. "He sent me less than the total, but I was perfectly satisfied and lost nothing." "He paid you something in kind, then?" "Not at all; he paid me less than the total in hard cash only. Yet, as I said, I was perfectly satisfied and lost nothing. Now puzzle it out for yourself."

The tobacconist is still puzzling. No doubt "Mr. X's" readers are sharper. Anyway, the answer to this little mystery will appear next month.

* * *

JUST THE SAME.

Q: Why is twice ten like twice eleven?

A: Twice ten makes twenty, and twice eleven makes twenty-two (too).

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 2.

RESULT.

In this Competition "Mr. X" asked for "Spoonerisms," and Mr. X got them—by the hundred. So muddled has he become by reading them that he can now hardly open his mouth without perpetrating a "Spoonerism" himself. One noticeable thing about "Spoonerisms" is that certain of them appear to be in common use all over the country. So far as "Mr. X" can judge from his correspondence, there cannot be more than fifty churches in the British Isles wherein someone has not said: **"Excuse me, sir, you are occupewing my pie;"** whilst barmaids at railway restaurants must be positively tired of passengers who rush in to demand **"A bath of milk and a glass bun."**

The prize of 5s. is awarded to Miss Dorothy Dean, Shirley House, Sutton, Surrey, for the following: "An absent-minded man coming home one day when it was raining hard gave his hat to the servant, with the remark: **'Oh, hush this brat, it's roaring with pain.'**" Many other competitors sent this same "Spoonerism" in various forms—the winner's letter is adjudged the best. Puzzle-penknives or puzzle purses are awarded to Mr. W. E. Bridge, 78 Harpes Road, Summertown, Oxford: Miss Margaret Birt, Grove House, Leamington Spa; and Miss Gracie Winn, Holly Hill, Sarisbury Green, Hants.

Here is an amusing selection:

"Yes," remarked a lady, "the shops here are very expensive, but I always **steal at the doors"** (deal at the stores).

The train drew up at the platform. Out leaped a famished traveller and roared to the refreshment boy: **"Coffee for tea and two for one."** (Coffee for two and tea for one.)

In a church, at the conclusion of the reading of the banns: **"If any of you know any jaws or cussed impediments."**

Again in a church: "Many of you, my friends," said the preacher, **"have a half-warmed fish in your hearts"** (half-formed wish).

And another clergyman in another church, holding a service for labouring men: "It is a great honour to me to address **so many tons of soil"** (sons of toil).

"Nothing do I like better," remarked a kindly man, "than sitting by the fire watching my dear wife **hitting the nose of my little ones"** (knitting the hose).

"Well, goodbye, I must get back by **the town drain"** (down train).

College Dean (to undergrad., who has been idling): "Mr. Jones, **you have tasted a worm,** and you will regret it all your life" (wasted a term).

Governess giving a scripture lesson to her little ones): **"St. Stephen was the first martyr; he was stewed to death by the unbelieving Jones."** (St. Stephen was the first martyr; he was stoned to death by the unbelieving Jews.)

"It's eight o'clock, get up!" cried Mrs Smith. "Eight o'clock," said Farmer Smith in amazement, "who says it's eight o'clock? **Run down quick and fight the liar"** (light the fire).

"Ah, me," sighed the gushing lady of certain age, "it is only a few years ago that I, too, was **cappy and hairless"** (happy and careless).

OTHER RESULTS.

The Mathematical Farmer (*page* 523).—The 20 sheep were arranged in the four corners thus: 0, 1, 9, 10. As the farmer walked round, the number of sheep in each pen was nearer ten than the number he had just left, for 1 is nearer 10 than 0; 9 is nearer 10 than 1; 10 is nearer 10 than 9; *nothing* is nearer 10 than 10.

Real Life Romances.

All Readers are Invited to Contribute to this Feature.

The King's Bouquet.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PATRIOTIC COSTER GIRL.

ALMOST any day of the week you can see Margaret Smith standing on the curb-stone in Euston Road selling roses.

And it was roses that got Margaret into trouble, just the same as, four hundred years ago, roses set the whole of England a-fighting.

And, queerly enough, as on that occasion, there was a king concerned in the matter—King Edward VII.

When Margaret heard that the King was going to the City to lay the foundation-stone of St. Bartholomew's Hospital her loyalty knew no bounds.

She determined to take a holiday and to see the King ride by on his way back from the Hospital.

So, the next afternoon, carrying in her hand a large bunch of roses, Margaret took up her stand just where New Oxford Street joins Shaftesbury Avenue.

Presently, right up the crowd-lined street, she heard the sound of loud "Hurrahs!"

The King was coming!

Now, in the dazzling sunlight, she could see the brilliant uniforms of the 1st Life Guards, seated astride their proud mounts, that arched their necks and pranced as if the wooden pavements were honoured by their tread.

And then—then the Royal carriage, drawn by four horses, came into view.

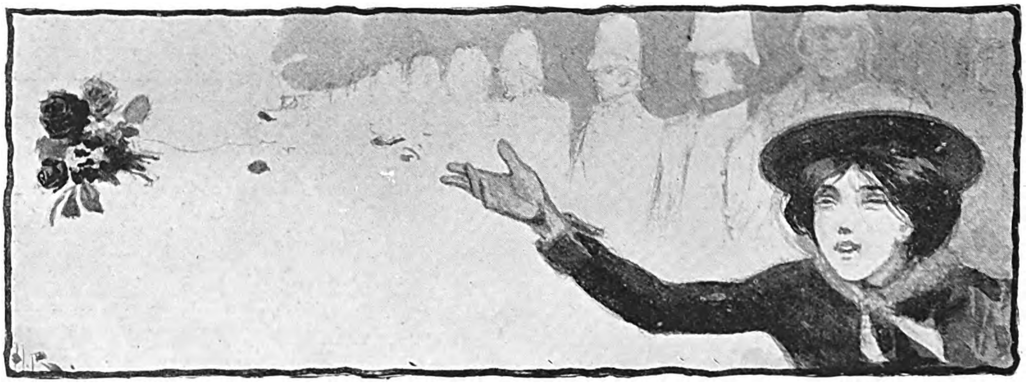
But Margaret had no eyes for these. It was the King and Queen on whom her loyal gaze bent.

Then Margaret felt herself go wild with loyalty. The roses! She must not forget the roses for her King! She raised the bouquet above her head.

"God bless your Majesties!" she cried. And, saying this, she threw the bunch at the Royal carriage.

Swift through the air the red and white roses sped, and, to the horror of the poor flower-girl—struck the King upon the cheek!

A cry broke from Margaret's lips at seeing what she had done. She almost burst into tears. Lifting her head shamefacedly, she looked at the King. And he—he was smiling at her. And as the carriage moved by, she could still see his kindly smile.



But a certain constable had watched the act. Was this an attempted assassination? At the least it was a direct insult to His Majesty.

Determined that such disloyalty should not pass unnoticed, he walked up to the girl and laid a firm hand upon her shoulder.

In vain Margaret protested that it was an accident, and that no one could be more loyal than she. Without more ado, the policeman promptly led her to Bow Street and locked her in a cell.

So this was what her gift to the King had brought—a prison cell!

Presently a sound caught her ears. Footsteps paused before the door of her cell, and an inspector entered.

"You are free to go," he said. "The King has commanded your release."

And home rejoicing Margaret went, as proud and loyal a girl as ever bought flowers at Covent Garden.

A Long Sleep.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A TRANCE.

IN the tales of our childhood there is one that tells of a maid that slept for a hundred years. A mere fairy tale that no one believes, yet one that has its parallel in truth, but, of course, in a lesser degree.

The heroine of this story is a French girl, by name Marguerite Boyenval.

Twenty-one years ago Marguerite earned her living by dressmaking in the little village of Thenelles.

And there a tragedy was enacted.

Marguerite was married. For a time all went well, but one night her husband stole away from the village and was never seen again.

Day after day the poor little dressmaker sat grief stricken, waiting for her husband to return. Then, Gustave was born. For a time Marguerite's grief was assuaged, yet more sorrow was in store for her. A few days after her baby's birth, the little child sickened suddenly and died.

Marguerite was now more prostrated with grief than ever. And then to add to her anguish, some busybody whispered the village rumour in the poor girl's ears: "They say that you murdered your child!"

This part of the story is very horrible; there is no need to dwell further on it. Let it suffice to say that there was not the slightest truth in the village gossip.

A month later Marguerite was well enough to move about her little home. One day, while she was ironing, a neighbour rushed in and playfully cried out: "There's a gendarme coming for you!"

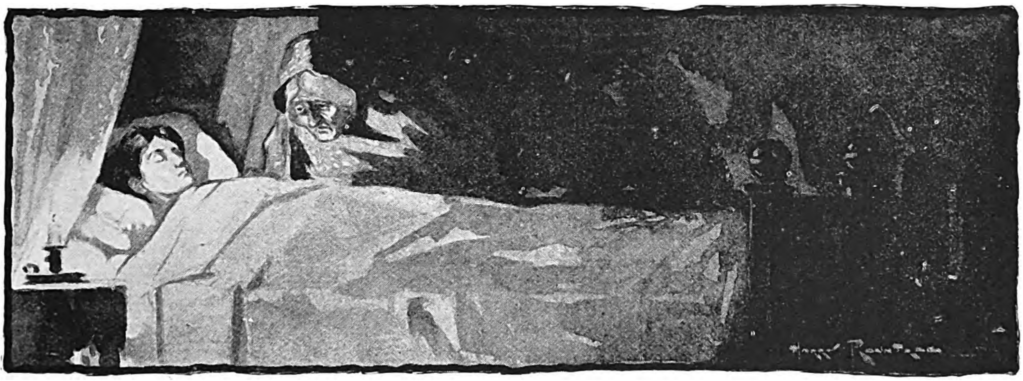
Overcome with fear, Marguerite became hysterical.

Frightened at the turn her joke had taken, the woman carried the trembling girl up to her bedroom. A strange calmness succeeded the hysteria. And Marguerite closed her eyes and—slept.

A night went by—a day—still the girl slumbered on. In vain her mother endeavoured to awaken her from the deep sleep into which she had fallen. Towards evening, filled with anxiety, she sent for the village doctor. But, despite his unceasing efforts, he could not arouse the sleeper.

Weeks went by, months went by, then years went by, bringing no change in that little bedroom. A patient mother sat by the bedside, watching over her sleeping daughter.

Twenty years had gone by since Marguerite first fell asleep. Twenty long years in which her mother watched and tended to her wants. Time had changed nothing in that little bedroom, save the mother. The sleeping girl seemed as young as on the day that she had sunk into the trance. Yet she was forty-two.



One May morning, the mother noticed her daughter move.

A tremor shook the slight frame, Marguerite opened her eyes. Very languidly she looked around. Then, turned her gaze upon her mother.

"Why, mother, how old you look!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

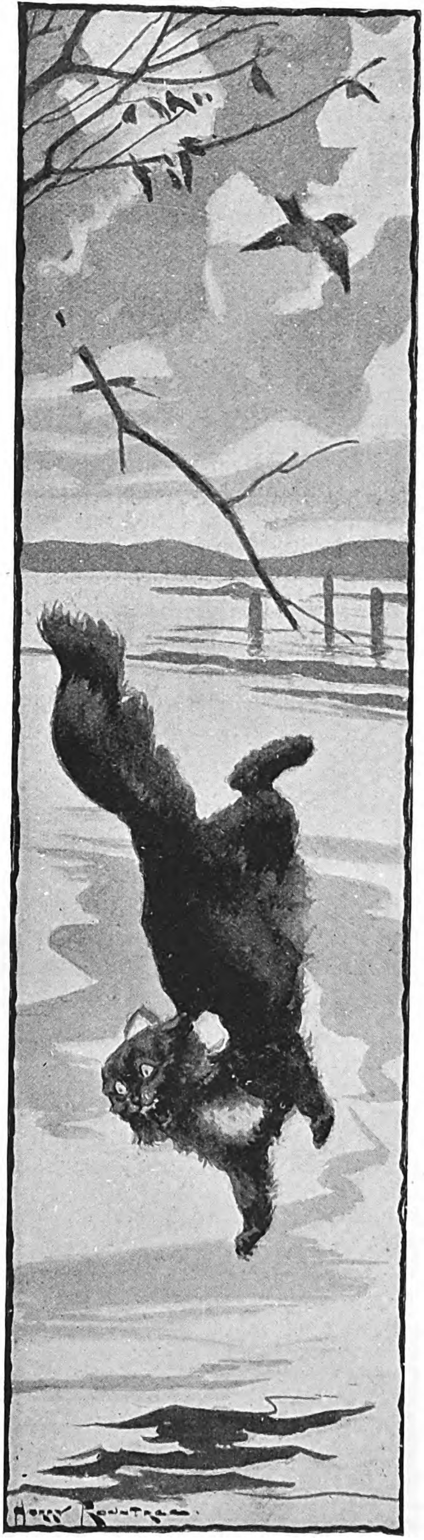
A great lump prevented her mother answering.

"How old am I, mother?"

The aged woman looked at her.

"You are twenty-two," she said, not realising how fast the years had passed.

More must not be said of the mother's joy, and the joy of everyone in the little French village of Thenelles, at the wonderful awakening of Marguerite after her long sleep of twenty years.



Real Friends.

HOW A DOG SAVED A CAT'S LIFE.

SOME of their friends called them Robin Hood and Little John, others David and Jonathan. In this there would be nothing out of the ordinary had Bruno not been a big Newfoundland dog, and Pompey a nigger Persian cat, with pink nose and white front.

When Bruno first met Pompey, Pompey snarled; but Bruno was such a good-natured little chap that they soon made friends.

From then their friendship increased. Pompey, as befitted the dignity of such a cat, took particular care to show Bruno which was master.

So the days went on. Bruno grew into a great, big, handsome fellow, and Pompey became quite proud of him.

One October day, after a whole week of heavy rain, Bruno and Pompey were rambling about on the lawn. Behind the trees, at the farther end of the garden, the river flowed past in a muddy, swirling torrent. Long rains had changed it into a vast lake, and for miles around the fields lay feet below the flood.

On the bank, hanging over the river, grew an old willow tree. Up this Pompey loved to climb; and to-day, after being kept indoors so long by the rain, puss could not resist the temptation.

Away he bounded from the surprised Bruno, scaling the tree in a twinkling. At that moment a sparrow alighted quite close to him.

Pompey could never resist a sparrow, and with one twittering not four feet away on a slender branch—well, Pompey made a pounce.

To give Pompey his due, it was not entirely his own fault that he toppled over. What can any cat do when the twigs to which he is clinging break off? But Pompey did the only possible thing—he fell.

Down he went, and, turning many somersaults, dropped with a splash right into the muddy water.

Cold and bedraggled, the terrified cat did his best to reach the shore; but he could make no headway against the current that was fast carrying him towards the water-mill.

Just then something happened. A great, brown head poked its way through the bushes; its troubled eyes anxiously scanned the stream; then, with a quick bark and a bound, the shaggy body plunged into the river.

Panting hard, it moved swiftly towards the struggling cat. The great, red mouth opened, and gently, but firmly, Bruno had seized the half-drowned Pompey.

And now commenced a battle royal—the great Newfoundland dog against the swift current. Very slowly Bruno forged towards the shore. Sometimes it seemed that the water must succeed and sweep both friends to death.

At last the dog triumphed, and springing to the shore, gently laid his drenched comrade on the bank, little the worse for the adventure.

That Hero "Kettle."

THE TALE OF A HORSE AND CHILD.

YOU know the hero of this romance. His name stands out in big black letters on the top. And there is not the slightest doubt that he quite deserved the place of honour.

It was harvest time. The hay on Mr. Dodd's land was exceptionally good. Bright days had succeeded the cutting, and the grass in the largest field was ready to stack. So the farmer decided at once to hire an elevator, and to set about the task on the morrow.

This great news came to Charlie, the ten-year-old son of the house, at tea-time. The elevator would be in the large field early the next morning, his father said, and Kettle, Charlie's little pony, was to drive it.

Eight o'clock on a bright summer's morning. Charlie had already been up an hour awaiting the arrival of the elevator.

At last it trundled into the field, drawing up not far from the gate, where already the stack stood built up to a height of several feet.

"Now to work, lads!" the farmer cried. And to work with a will it had to be, were those hay-cocks, that lay all over the field, to be stacked before sunset.

So they quickly harnessed Kettle to the elevator, whilst a waggon full of hay was drawn up alongside ready to feed the fire-escape-like machine.

Then, gee-up, Kettle! And off the pony trotted, round and round like a circus horse, setting the long steel teeth in motion. Pitchforks in hand, the men stood by casting the hay into the machine.

Hot and happy, Charlie joined in the fun, throwing great armfuls of hay into the whirring elevator. What fun it was to the little boy! And so exciting, too, watching his own particular armful of hay carried right up the machine by those shiny forks, and then over on to the top of the stack.

How it happened no one saw. Everybody was too busy to keep an eye on Master Charlie. But suddenly a piercing shriek rose above the whirr of machinery.

The men threw down their forks in horror. The farmer felt his heart stand still. Caught on those cruel teeth, with a bundle of hay clutched convulsively in his arms, he saw—his little son.

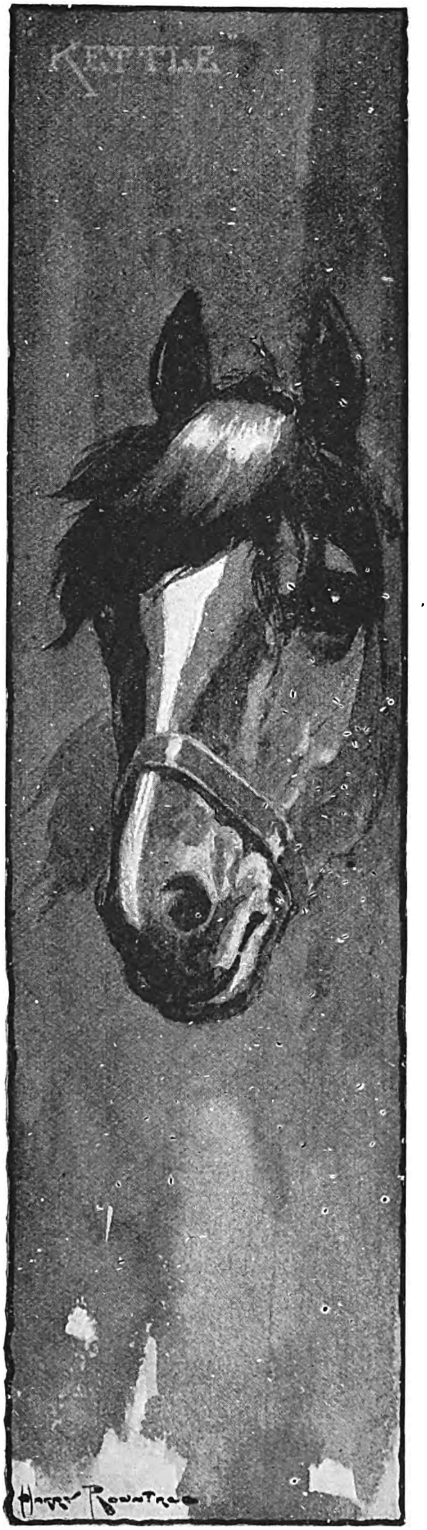
Aghast at the sight, the terrified father rushed forward. Already the elevator was lifting the light body. No power on earth could save the boy, unless the machine were stopped.

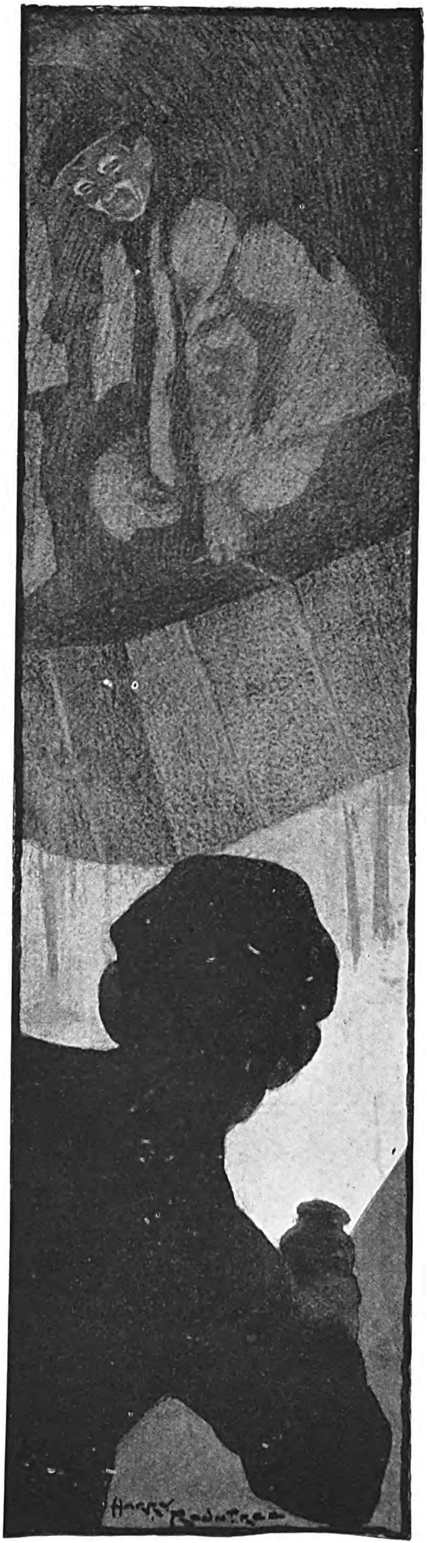
But could it be done in time? Impossible!

Another cry broke from the boy. Then, a miracle, or what appeared to all as a miracle, happened. *The machinery stopped.*

Charlie was saved.

Kettle, his chum and companion, had heard the cry. He knew that childish voice so well, even made shrill in terror. To Kettle was all the glory, for at the sound of his little master's voice he had dug his heels deep into the ground, thus instantly bringing the elevator to a standstill.





For Other Eyes.

HOW TWO BURGLARS MISSED THEIR OPPORTUNITY.

TWO London burglars are the heroes, or rather the rascals, of this romance. Scotland Yard knew them as Billy Shaves and Jack Dobbs; but that has nothing to do with the story.

A short while ago these two determined to pay a nocturnal visit to the left-luggage office of a well-known London railway company.

Accordingly, Shaves laid his plans, and one dark, moonless night he and his companion sallied out. Scarcely a soul was abroad. A sharp walk brought them to the door of the luggage office.

Quickly and silently Shaves tried several keys, until the door yielded to his efforts.

Once inside, with the white light of their lanterns illuminating the office, they found themselves surrounded by all manner of boxes. There were big travelling trunks, small portmanteaus, and a whole host of baskets and tin boxes. But what most took their fancy was a smart-looking trunk.

Here, evidently, was something worth looking into. Shaves drew out a large bunch of keys, and in a surprisingly short time threw back the lid.

The usual tray met their eyes, covered with flimsy lace, and a host of ruffly things. Lifting this out, they discovered a number of new and beautiful dresses.

Then one of the burglars drew out a bulky package. Visions of bank-notes floated before their eyes. Filled with this delightful hope, they untied the package and glanced carefully through the contents.

The light of lanterns fell on one of the letters, for thus the package proved to be. Shaves scanned the contents. Then he burst into a roar of laughter.

What was this he saw? Why, good gracious, it was a *billet-doux!* Not to be left out of the joke, his companion seized hold of the next letter. Then he, too, shook with laughter.

Suddenly, in the midst of reading aloud one exceptionally sentimental passage, a clock chimed out the hour.

An exclamation of surprise burst from both burglars' lips. In another half-hour the office would be opened!

Flinging aside the letters, the two men slipped quietly out and beat a hasty retreat.

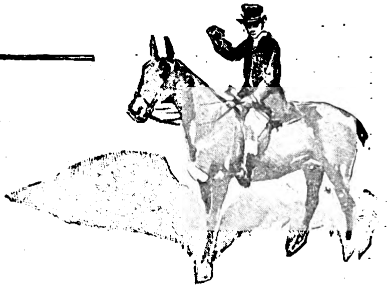
Five minutes later the door of the office was opened by the clerk in charge. Startled at the sight of an unpacked box, he at once realised what had happened.

Something prompted him to look inside the open trunk. He noticed the space from which the letters, scattered around, had been abstracted. A dark leather box attracted his attention.

Hastily opening it, he discovered that the contents had not been touched. Inside, a magnificent diamond necklace lay sparkling, brooches with clusters of precious stones attached, rings, and bracelets.

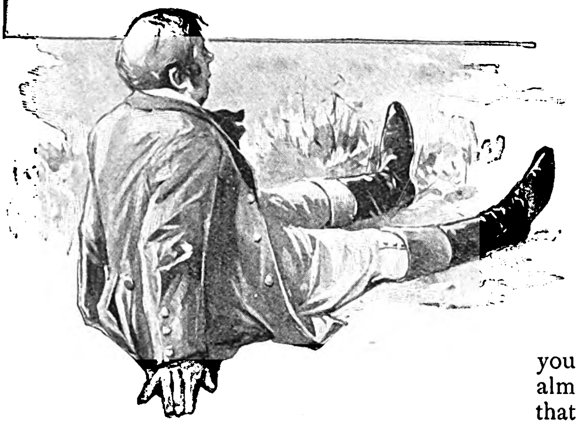
All these had lain within easy reach of the burglars, and would have been theirs, but for the lucky chance that prompted their fair owner to secrete her jewel-case beneath her lover's letters.

Mr. Rousterby's First Hunt.



By Fox Russell.

The Adventure of a Self-made Millionaire on the Occasion of his First Fox-hunt.



Mr. Benjamin Rousterby had been early launched on life's stormy sea, with the assistance of the proverbial half-crown—and his father's boot. For a time he obtained an income by helping in building operations—with a hod. Then he emigrated to Argentina, and after a few years of strenuous labour—in which trowel and mortar played not an unimportant part—he became a sub-contractor on one of the railways. From this he rose by leaps and bounds, turned land speculator, met with almost unvarying success, and finally returned to his native shores—rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Mr. Rousterby was about forty-five years of age, stoutly-built, ginger-whiskered, and slightly inclining to baldness. His daughter, Sarah, was a good-looking girl, more "smart" than refined; but a Brighton boarding-school soon worked a marvellous reformation; and when she left the South coast seminary, and took her place at her father's table, Mr. Rousterby was a very proud man indeed.

Six months after his daughter came home from school, Ben announced to her one day that he was sick of London, and should take a house in the country. He meant, he said, to go in for sport.

Now, sport was a matter which Ben's early training and opportunities had put distinct limitations upon, and, beyond having once owned a terrier dog, famed for his expeditious slaying of rodents, he was a stranger to hunting in any form whatever.

"But," said Mr. Rousterby to himself, "there must be a bit of the sportsman in me; look what a terror I was at skittles!"

He had engaged a gentleman named Frank Power—a hapless "younger son"—as secretary, and it was a fortunate circumstance that this young man was thoroughly conversant with almost every form of sport. Ben determined that the man should teach the master; self-made man as he was, Ben Rousterby was never too big to learn from those qualified to teach.

In pursuance of his scheme for becoming a sportsman, Thurn Hall, a place "in that well-known and salubrious hunting country, Thrustershire"—vide the house-agent's description—was taken, and thither proceeded, in due course, the Rousterby establishment.

"Power," said Ben, the first morning after their arrival, in half-hushed tones, as he gave a sidelong glance at the halberds, pikes, and crossbows arranged on the walls, high up above the grim old men in armour, "I feel something of an interloper amongst these knights of old—these fellers in the tin trousers, you know. But I shall cast off my town manners with my high hat, and then I shall, as a country gentleman, feel more at home."

In a short space of time, Mr. Rousterby—who was liberal and free-handed to a fault—got together half-a-dozen good hunters. These included a smart-looking black, a lean-headed, intelligent grey, two bays, and a brown. When "price is no object"—and Ben never shirked putting his hand in his pocket either for himself or on behalf of a friend—hunters, like many other things in this world, are easy enough to obtain.

He had good-naturedly insisted upon Power having a day's hunting with him, and

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had let him ride the grey. Sarah, well instructed by the Brighton riding-master, looked quite at home on one of the new bays.

That day week, the Flusterby Foxhounds met at Thurn Hall, and Mr. Rousterby made his *début* in the hunting-field, mounted on the pick of his stud, the black horse.

Now, Ben was quite clever enough to keep his mouth shut and his eyes open at first, in order to see what other people did, before committing himself. Accordingly, he sat quietly on his horse—or as quietly as the animal himself would permit, as Black Prince—Mr. Rousterby's name for the new purchase (he thought it sounded feudal)—sidled and fretted considerably, not to mention "barging" into one or two other animals, and generally becoming somewhat of a nuisance as soon as hounds were on the move. Ben had done a bit of riding in Argentina, and sat fairly well, though his hands were hopelessly heavy on a horse's mouth.

But this was the very first time he had ever viewed the scene at covertside, and he found some difficulty in grasping the meaning of several things which met his gaze. However, he "took it all in," and occasionally asked questions in a low tone of his secretary, who looked quite at home on the clever old grey.

When hounds were thrown into covert, Ben was just about to follow them, but Power quietly restrained him.

"Wait here," whispered the secretary; "perhaps we may see the fox break."

"Break be hanged!" exclaimed Mr. Rousterby indignantly; "they're not so brittle as all that! I want to see the beggar *run*, not *break!* What's the good of all my horses, if——"

"Break covert, I meant—get away—start the run," explained Power soothingly.

"Oh, I see." And for nearly half an hour Ben kept quiet; but Reynard was apparently not at home, and at length the millionaire became impatient.

"Why the blazes don't they bring a fox with them? They bring a stag—why not a fox?"

Frank Power grinned; memories of certain "bagmen" flashed across his mind as he answered:

"They do—sometimes."

"And a very sensible plan too!" exclaimed his employer. "Keeping us all waiting in the cold! If it's a question of *paying* for one, why—" and here Ben felt in his capacious breeches' pocket—"why, I'll 'stand Sam' to-day. I'll just go up and tell the Master I'll pay anything if he'll send and buy us a fox."

"For goodness sake, don't!" cried Power in alarm; and before his employer could wonderingly ask "why not?" a holloa at the down-wind side of the covert proclaimed that a fox was on foot.

"Gone away! go-o-ne away!" came the whip's shrill scream, and immediately hats were pressed down, cigars flung away, eager horses had their heads loosed, and away went the whole field, pell-mell, helter-skelter, in pursuit of the pack.

"Steady horse, steady!" cried Mr. Rousterby as the impetuous black, chafing at the the heavy-handed restraint of his rider, reached and bored to get his head, plunging sideways along a greasy chalk path to the big meadow. A low brush fence ran down one side of the path, and had to be jumped before access could be had to a delectable piece of galloping ground beyond.

"Come up, horse!" shouted Ben, and with a bound which might have cleared a navigable river, Black Prince nearly jumped his rider out of the saddle as he surmounted the obstacle, and tore along on the line of chase, soon overtaking and passing Sarah, who had got right away in front, at the start.

Frank Power, on the grey, kept close at hand—as close as the old horse's inferior speed allowed. Black Prince, he very soon found, had "the foot of him."

On streamed the pack, without a check, now running across a splendid line of country, with good, sound fences, all of which the black horse flew in his mighty stride. Ben was very nearly leading the field, only some three or four horsemen being in front of him; the millionaire was in the seventh heaven of delight.

Another ten minutes of this glorious fun, and Ben, sweating and blowing, but still radiantly happy, turned in his saddle and ejaculated:

"Bless my soul! Where's my secretary got to, I wonder? Hope he hasn't come to grief. Hold up, Prince! Well jumped, you! Shook me a bit, landing, though. Believe it's shaken all the silver out of my breeches pockets! Oh, no—that's all right. What's this we're coming to?—a thick hedge? My word! It *is* a thick one, too! Why, there's the Master got stuck in it! And in the only jumpable part, too!"

For the M.F.H.'s horse, not putting on steam enough, had jumped into, instead of over, the stout thorn hedge, and was now swaying about, unable either to struggle back or to fight his way through to the other side.

Ben had been riding so criminally close behind him for the sake of the "lead," that he had no time to pull up. With a whirring rush, the black rose in the air, cannoned right into the M.F.H.'s horse from behind, and the unfortunate rider thought for a moment that he had suddenly become mixed up in an earthquake.

The next instant he and his horse were shot clean through the hedge, Ben's "driving power" acting like a hammer on a nail. The M.F.H.'s animal was thrown on to his nose and knees by the violent impact, whilst the Master himself shot straight over the animal's head into the ploughed field beyond!

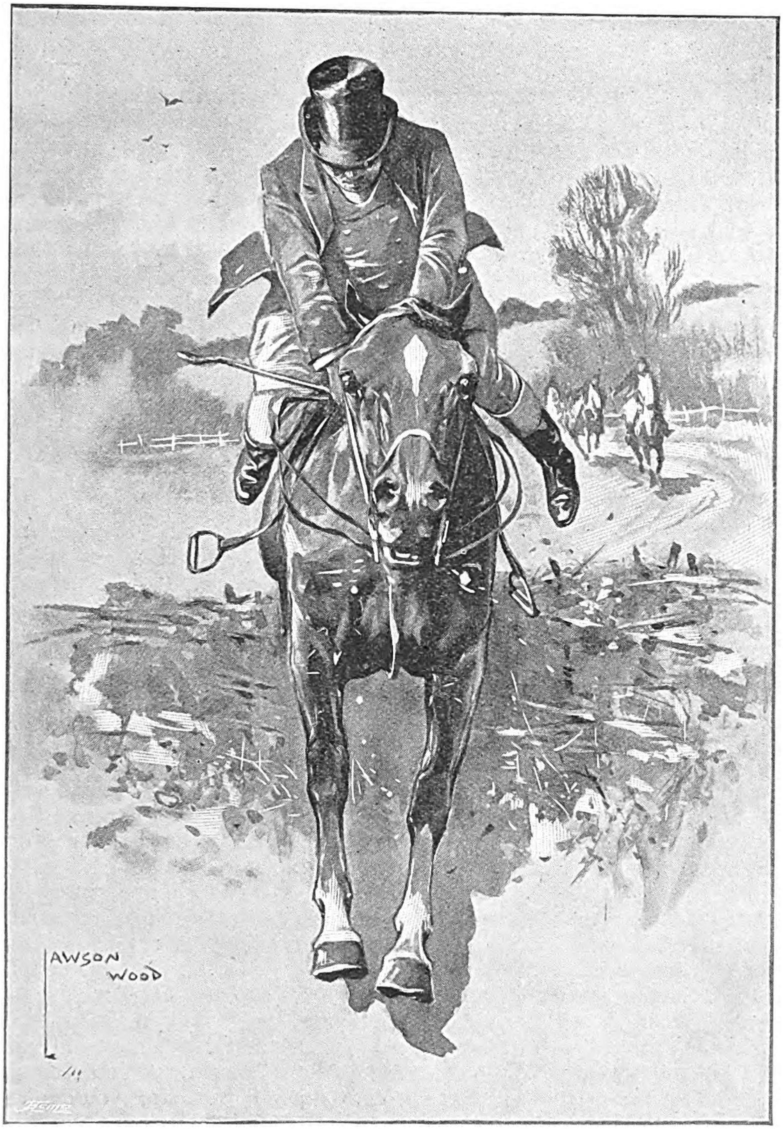
Staggering to his feet again, the justly incensed M.F.H. let drive the whole of the English language after Ben's retreating form. But all in vain, for Black Prince, maddened by the *contretemps*, now took charge of his rider, and bolted onwards like a flash.

The M.F.H. disengaged his hat from his animal's hind fetlock joint—the horse had put his foot right through it—and slowly remounted, determined to interview Mr. Rousterby later on, "and nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

Ben was now going hard, within a few yards of the still flying pack. Suddenly, and without any previous warning, scent failed them, and throwing up their heads, hounds abruptly came to a standstill.

And Ben, still pulling and hauling at his horse, galloped clean through the middle of the pack!

Had he been either one side or the other of the pack no harm would have resulted; but Ben Rousterby is not the only person who has been guilty of this offence—eh, my masters? Oh, the yelping of the hounds, the "cuss-words" of the huntsman and whips! Liberty,



"Come up, horse!" shouted Ben, and with a bound . . . . Black Prince nearly jumped his rider out of the saddle.

Launceston, and Labrador each ran away howling, on three legs; Armourer and Abigail were knocked head over heels in different directions; whilst Rabelais, Roysterer, Runnimede, and Resolute took to flight, and could hardly be cajoled back again.

Now Ben Rousterby was a decent fellow at heart. He was genuinely sorry for the mischief he had done, and, putting his hand deep into his pocket, brought out some loose gold, with which—nobody but the huntsman and whips being up—he mollified those excellent hunt servants and soothed their lacerated feelings.

"As to the lame hounds, there's a cart over in that lane; go and take it, pop the lame ones in, and tell the driver to get back to the kennels with them soon as ever he can, then send the bill in to Mr. Rousterby, of Thurn Hall."

The awkwardness of the situation was somewhat relieved when hounds, almost immediately afterwards, hit off the line and got under way again. Slowly they hunted across some plough, on to the grass beyond, where the pace quickened up, and soon they were once more racing smartly along.

Two or three small fences were jumped, Ben now riding at a respectful distance from hounds, and feeling, if truth be told, a growing uneasiness, as, in the distance behind him, he plainly perceived a man in "pink," with a badly-crushed hat pulled low over his brow, apparently making frantic efforts to overtake him!

And then, descending a gentle slope, a line of lopped pollards soon indicated the presence of water just ahead. A rather spongy "take-off" caused horses insensibly to moderate their pace. Beaming with a joyous confidence, Ben was carried boldly to the charge. Down the sharp descent leading to the water's edge went the twain—right to its very brink. But no further for Black Prince! Water was the one thing he would not jump. Cart ropes and wild elephants wouldn't induce him to face it. Sticking his toes into the ground, he ploughed up two long furrows in the soft turf, which was the equine equivalent for putting the brake on, and came to a dead standstill.

Not so Ben. As though disdaining the contemplation of his steed's pusillanimity, the sturdy figure of the millionaire continued its onward course—shot off the front of his saddle, right up the horse's neck, and over its head. Then he clave the blue empyrean, soaring to regal heights, until, the limit of his momentum being reached, he came again to earth—or, to speak more correctly—water. With a gasp, and a long-drawn "O-o-oh!" Mr. Benjamin Thomas Rousterby was plunged neck-high into the ice-cold, and by no means limpid stream.

With deep gurglings for his breath, Ben was struggling to regain the bank from which he had been projected, and on which his horse, with outstretched neck and firmly-planted forefeet, still stood motionless, when suddenly Mr. Rousterby's eye fell upon the red-coated, crushed-hatted figure of the outraged M.F.H. Ben suddenly changed his direction, and waded over to the opposite side of the stream. The M.F.H. was "saying things!"

"You—you unspeakable ruffian!" cried Mr. Harkaway; "you jumped on top of me, and very nearly killed me! And I hear since, that you've also nearly killed half the pack! You, you—tailor!"

"Excuse, me—bricklayer—(cough)—contractor, I mean," interrupted Ben, now seated, wet and shivering, on the far side of the water, and nursing his knees with his hands.

A further torrent of abuse from the injured Master followed, and then, intent upon coming to handgrips with the insolent destroyer of his dignity and equilibrium, he shook up his horse and galloped off to a footbridge, some fifty yards lower down the stream. By the time he had crossed it and galloped up to Ben, that worthy had drawn a capacious flask out of his pocket, and was making diligent application thereto as he still sat on the ground.

"Will keep the cold out," he said, after a long pull; then, looking up and seeing the M.F.H. galloping up to him, he held the flask up and asked:

"Will you keep the cold out too?"

"No, sir, I will not!" roared the irate Master. "You seem to treat this matter very lightly, sir; you don't seem to recognise the mischief you've done."

"Can pay for it," replied Ben stolidly, helping himself to get another pull.

"You are a pretty cool hand," said the M.F.H., rather taken aback.

"Cool! *Cool* did you say? A pretty cool *hand?* Yes, and cool feet, too! How could I be anything else after tumbling into that brook and then sitting here in a north-east hurricane?"

"The mischief you've done to-day——" began Mr. Harkaway solemnly, when Ben, in business-like style, cried:

"Hold hard, I want my pocket-book, and then me and you'll go through the items together."

The M.F.H. was considerably astonished at Ben's proceedings, but he commenced:

"You've knocked me and my horse through a hedge, and——"

"Damage to horse, five pounds," said Ben, biting the top of his pencil.

"You've ruined my hat—it's crushed out of——"

"Damages to hat, four-and-six," pencilled the millionaire.

"I myself was considerably shaken by the——"

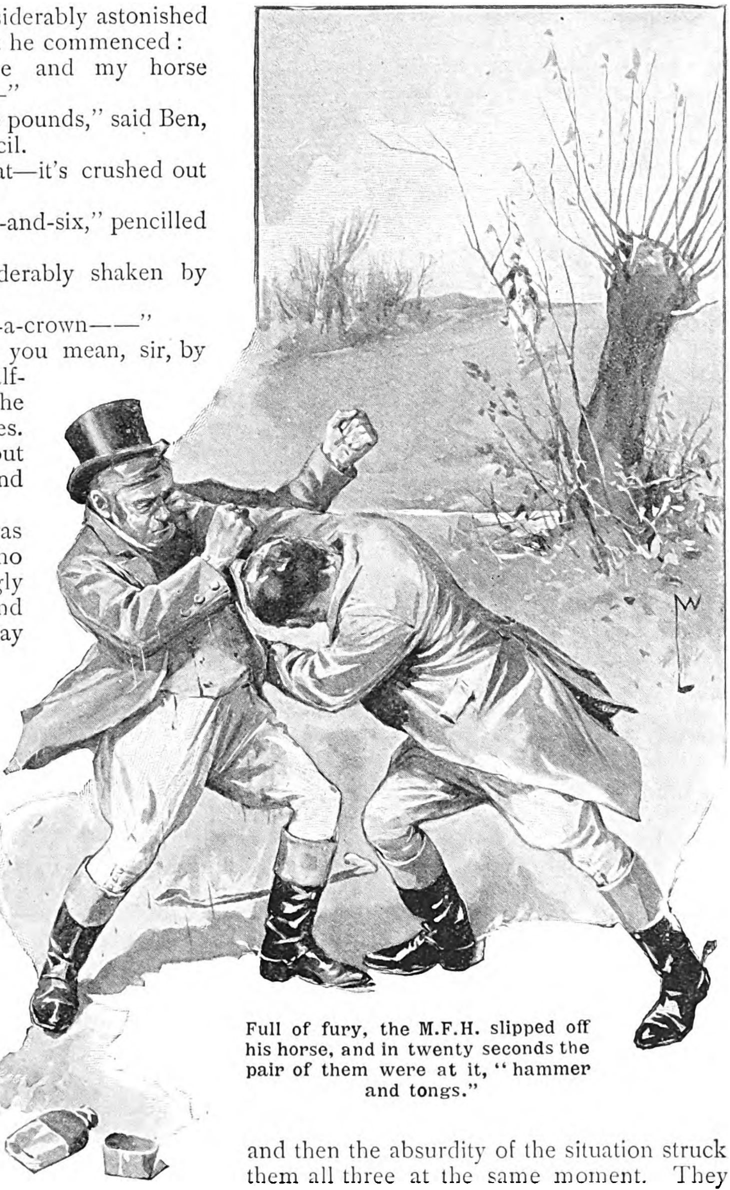
"Damages to self, half-a-crown——"

"What the blazes do you mean, sir, by appraising my value at half-a-crown?" spluttered the M.F.H. in infuriated tones. He raised his crop, let out its six feet of thong, and slashed angrily at Ben.

Now Mr. Rousterby was a good-natured fellow, who knew he had unwittingly done some mischief, and was ready and willing to pay for it. And he had only said half-a-crown for the M.F.H.'s damage by way of a rough, clumsy joke. But to be struck was more than even Ben's imperturbable temper would stand.

"You just come down off that horse, and we'll settle our differences here and now!" he said, rising to his feet as he spoke.

Full of fury, the M.F.H. slipped off his horse, and in twenty seconds the pair of them were at it, "hammer and tongs." In "round the first" Mr. Harkaway "got home" on Benjamin's right eye with considerable effect, whilst "round the second" equalised matters by "tapping the claret" of the Master with a pretty sharp blow on the end his nose; and then, before the already panting combatants, as full of pluck as ever, but woefully scant of wind, could square up for a third set-to, just in the nick of time, Frank Power rode up, jumped the stream, and landed a few yards from them.



Full of fury, the M.F.H. slipped off his horse, and in twenty seconds the pair of them were at it, "hammer and tongs."

He looked comically from one to the other, and then the absurdity of the situation struck them all three at the same moment. They burst into a roar of laughter; and the M.F.H. immediately offered his hand, which Ben shook heartily.

"It was all my fault," exclaimed the M.F.H. impetuously, and thinking only of the whip lash.

"Not being knocked through the fence though," rejoined Mr. Rousterby, with a merry twinkle in his fast-closing eye. "And now let me introduce myself. I'm Benjamin Rousterby, the new tenant of Thurn Hall, and this is Mr. Power, my secretary. I'm going to send a hundred guineas as my subscription to the pack, and that'll help to pay for those lame hounds! And we must have a dinner together to show there's no ill-feeling left, so name your night, sir, and dine with me. I don't suppose my ancestors ever had much to do with Thurn Hall. I made most of my money in Argentina—builder and contractor, you know. But the dinner will taste just as good, I have no doubt, for all that. Wednesday, shall we say? Right, then, at eight o'clock."

Mr. Harkaway, still dabbing at his injured proboscis, clambered up into the saddle again, and galloped on in the wake of the hounds. Power rode again over the water, and soon caught his employer's horse and brought him back, viâ the footbridge. The millionaire, thinking over the scurvy trick played him by the black horse, and contrasting it with the finished performance of the old grey over the water, said:

"Power, *you* get on the black now, and I'll have a shot at the grey. Variety's good for the young."

An hour later, they again came upon hounds, now busy drawing a big covert. Ben stopped to light a cigar, and told his secretary to go on and look after Sarah. Ten minutes elapsed, and then to Ben's delight—for he was feeling very cold after his immersion, and wanted a gallop to put some life into his chilled bones—a fox was holloaed away, hounds poured out of the covert after him, and away went Mr. Rousterby in their immediate train.

For a mile or so it was "plain sailing" over the grass. Ben, who had got a good start, kept his place pretty well; then a small wood intervened, through which hounds drove their quarry fast, though he tried hard to dwell a little.

Hounds then got on a field or two ahead, and Ben, thinking to cut off a corner, rode right-handed of a big patch of gorse, got into a spinney, and temporarily lost sight of the pack.

Rather bewildered as to what he ought to do next, he drew rein; and just at that moment the hunted fox trotted out into the open ride not twenty yards away. Seeing a horseman in this thoroughly unexpected place, Reynard pulled up suddenly, and then turned short back into the wood again.

And Mr. Rousterby was left with the unpleasant knowledge that he had headed the fox.

"Well, hang it all! I *can't* do right!" he cried, in dismay.

And just then some half-dozen horsemen came galloping frantically up to him.

"You must have ridden clean in front of the fox!" cried one.

"I did," replied Ben stolidly.

"How could you be such a fool?" excitedly exclaimed another.

"Don't know," answered Mr. Rousterby, his imperturbability by no means ruffled.

Then, in quick succession, these verbal accusations were fired at him:

"Kicked Harkaway through the fence!"

"And lamed the hounds!"

"And fell into the brook!"

"And fought the Master!"

"And now you've headed the fox!!!"

Mr. Rousterby politely raised his hat, and made them all a comprehensive bow.

"Gentlemen," he began; "I am the man who has done all this. And, for a single day, I think you'll admit that it must be very near a record. I owe my fortune entirely to doing whatever I do thoroughly; and having begun to make blunders out hunting to-day, I've pretty well contrived to cram in most of the mistakes that it's possible for a man to make. But you need not worry yourselves about me in the future. I shan't spoil sport any more, for this is my first and will be my last day's fox-hunting; and if any of you want to buy some useful horses, my stud of hunters is for sale—cheap!"

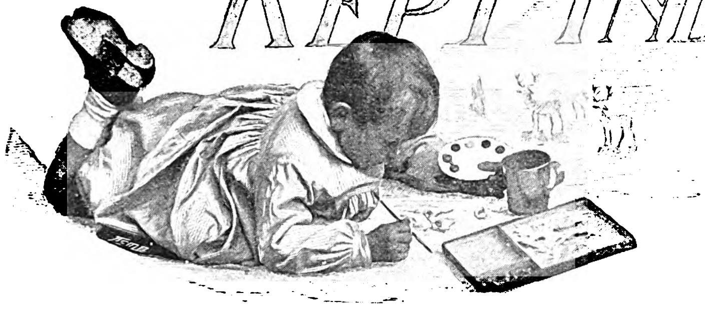
With these words, Mr. Benjamin Rousterby turned, and, without another word to them, set out on his journey back to Thurn Hall.

"P'raps shooting, fishing, motoring, or yachting might suit me better than this," he murmured, as he drew another cigar from its case; "for what with all the mistakes one makes, and the accidents one has, if a man wants to try hunting a *second* time, then I say that that man's an ass!"

"THE HEART OF THINGS."

Under this title a striking series of articles will commence to appear next month in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. *The object of the articles will be to reveal the true conditions of life in London and the great cities for the destitute and for the very poor. Miss Olive Christian Malvery, the well-known and brilliant lecturer and reciter, has given the subject her deepest attention, and she has spent many days and nights with the poor of London—on the Thames Embankment, in the casual wards of workhouses, and in shelters: and she has worked with them in factories, or at selling fruit and vegetables in the streets. Her writings will be found full of human interest—and, still more important, full of truth.*

KEPT INDOORS



Many Ways of Making Sunshine in the Nursery upon a Rainy Day.

By E. D. Ross.

Children, like butterflies, are happiest when it is fine. To begin with, there is so much more to do on a nice, bright day. There is the morning walk along the green-lined lanes, with, perhaps, a glorious half-hour tumbling about in the dry, scented hay. And then there is the fun of going shopping with mamma. And the fun of digging and planting in one's own particular little garden. And, dear me! there is no end to the fun—all when the sun is shining.

But, alas! the sun does not always shine. The days will dawn when great black clouds sweep overhead, and the rain patters fast against the nursery windows.

Then poor Jackie is disconsolate. His temper—most small boys' tempers are quite out of proportion to their size—is very much outside. The rain has upset all his plans. Mamma had promised to take him out to gather marguerites, if he were good. And he had been good; but now he has to stay in just as if he had been naughty. Jackie walks around the nursery in disgust. Presently he tries to relieve his feelings by going for a canter on his dapper grey rocking-horse. Having traversed a few thousand miles, Jackie dismounts, and seems to derive some comfort by venting his feelings on one of the table-legs.

"When's it going to stop, mummie?" he asks petulantly, at the end of the fifteenth kick. "I do want to go out."

His mother rises and goes to the window. Not a break in the clouds. She sighs, and glances at the clock. Only eleven! How ever she will manage to amuse him she has not the remotest idea.

This is a picture of many a nursery on a wet day. Of course, it is very different where there are, perhaps, five or six children. Then they can romp together, and play all manner of round games. Very different, indeed, to the lonely little boy who has only his toys with which to amuse himself. To him a rainy day is a very serious matter.

I know one mother who is a perfect genius at amusing her little boy. He is the happiest youngster you ever saw on a wet day; and an only child, too!

One drenching day Jackie's mother was on the verge of despair. Jackie could not be pleased. He wanted to play in the fields—catch frogs, and do all manner of things in the rain. Well, at last, his mother took him on her knee, and began to tell him of a time when it rained and it rained for days and days. And the water rose higher and higher until it covered the houses and trees and everything. Jackie got immensely interested, especially when the rain pelted down faster and faster.

And then his mother told him of Noah; how some months before this happened he had built an ark, and when the water got too deep to be comfortable, he had driven in the animals and birds, and then shut himself up with all his relations and sailed about merrily till the flood dried up.

By the time the story was finished Jackie was simply brimming over with excitement. He *wanted* it to rain harder. Jackie had got an idea. He, too, would build an ark. So his mother told him just to make a plan of his ark, like Noah did. And then, if the water *did happen* to rise up to the nursery window-sill, she would take the plan to the nearest carpenter, and he would build the ark. And Jackie, mamma, and papa would all sail in it together.

Well, you can guess the result. Not two minutes later a busy little boy was kneeling on a high chair at the nursery table making all arrangements. The animals bothered him most. Jackie was not sure whether Pompey—Pompey is a cat—would be willing to share a corner of the ark with Nap and Nod—two dormice, by the way. But mother thought Pompey would be quite agreeable.

Children love to build their own toys. These are bought already cut out, and put together quite easily.

Every ten minutes Jackie would jump up and have a look to see how the "flood" was getting on. The faster it rained, the happier he got.

And when next morning the sun beamed down from a cloudless sky—Jackie *cried*.

A small boy will not sit still and listen to tales for long. He is such an active little mortal. If his legs are not employed his fingers must be. He is perfectly aware that he is quite the most important personage in the house, and that the sole duty of everyone is to amuse themselves by amusing him.

And he has a perfect right to think so. The mother that cannot amuse her child, and derive pleasure in doing so, is, indeed, a strange mother.

Have you ever noticed how delighted children are to think that they are doing something useful, "helping mother" they call it? Jackie is always most anxious to join in the fun of putting mummie's work-box tidy. (Alas, it is often untidy, but what does it matter?) He will do anything so long as it is impressed upon him what a help he is to mother.

"Daddy will be back at six o'clock, and there is not a single spill left for him to light his pipe," says mother to the little boy.

And Jackie is tremendously sorry, and wants to set about at once filling all the jars in the study with spills.

So mother takes him on her knee, and shows him just how the strips of paper ought to be twisted. One or two trials, and the nimble little fingers curl the paper into as neat a lot of spills as one would wish to see.

The imaginative child, if you once set about it in the right way, is far easier to amuse than the unimaginative child. And most children have a deal of the "let's pretend" faculty hidden in their small minds. Do you

Jackie likes to be useful, and to make paper spills for daddy to light his pipe with in the evening.

Here is a grand way to amuse a small boy on a rainy day. All the things necessary to make the basket are bought for a shilling.

suppose that Master Jackie cares a scrap for riding on his *wooden rocking-horse* after the first few times? Certainly not! The little boy will take scant notice of his new rocking-horse unless mother sets his imagination astir.

Let her deck the little man in huntsman's cap and jacket; let her place whip and horn in the small hands, and mount him on his prancing steed. "Tally-ho!" he shouts, and, lashing furiously, is off. The tales that mother has told him, and the coloured pictures he has seen of reynard and the hunt, rise up before him. He is a huntsman. The gay wall-paper is no longer there. Instead green fields arise, the fox—and "Tally-ho, tally-ho!" he is happy, be it raining ever so hard outside.

I do not doubt that some will think that what I have said of a child's imagination is very far-fetched. But watch Master Jackie when, perhaps, in "taking a ditch" he meets with a spill. A prolonged wail naturally follows. He is frightened, and one chubby knee is grazed. Mother rushes to him. If she sympathises aloud with him, he will sob away for half-an-hour. But let her, when she picks him up, say:

"Oh, Jackie, no real huntsman cries when his horse kicks him off!"

Then the little boy looks up with tearful eyes. His mind is considering what his mother has just said. He suddenly remembers that he, too, is a huntsman. So, hastily brushing a small, red sleeve across his eyes, and with an "I'se not crying," and a merry "Tally-ho!" he mounts his rocking-horse and once more gallops off in the fair imagination of the hunt.

To give another instance, listen to the chatter of a tiny girl with a doll. In her eyes it is no longer a wax or a china image, but a real live baby, metamorphosised in the realms of fancy. Dolly must be dressed and undressed, washed, combed, and fed, in precisely the same fashion as her living counterpart. She may grow ugly, an eye may unaccountably drop out, the hair become thin and scraggy, yet the little girl's affection will still cling to the old china doll.

A boy's imagination cannot soar up to a china doll. He is a more volatile little scamp than his sister. In all his playthings there must be action. He revels in the clockwork train that rings a bell or whistles loudly as it dashes onward. A regiment of lead soldiers inspires him with martial thoughts. He divides them into armies. Their cannon shoot peas or small marbles. The two armies must fight. To-day they are Japanese and Russians.

Jackie soon learns how to fix the little sticks into the cardboard foundation, and then to weave the plaited straw in and out of them.

Watch the battle raging across the nursery table. First, five rounds from the Russian cannon. A lucky shot, and half-a-score of Japs have bit the table-cloth. Then, round Master Jack scampers to the Japanese position, and five more shots awake the echoes—or is it the baby?—with a springy click.

What a chance this is for the mother to make him happy on this wet morning! Let her take the "Russians." Oh, no, it would never do for her to lead the "Japanese!" They are the favourites. It is her sole duty to hit as few of them as possible. Watch how he enjoys the fun! Listen to the delighted shrieks as the Yalu fight is fought again. You could never imagine that the vivacious little figure in white socks, navy knickers, and overall, was standing but half-an-hour before at the nursery window, droning to the rain-drops outside:

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day.

But such is the change wrought when mother joins in the game and sets the ball a-rolling.

Well, by the time Master Jackie has generalled his "Japs" to victory, he wants to fight upon the sea. Oh, yes, Jackie knows all about the big battles on the seas! Papa has told him all about them.

Now, what is to be done? It is quite another thing to transform the nursery table from a gory battlefield into a mighty ocean.

But a wonderful change can be wrought by a green tablecloth, and a few pounds of the "let's pretend" instinct of a child. Mix these well together, and Master Jackie will have a rolling ocean as broad and deep as ever whale spouted in.

And as for ships—no real boy cares a rap for a toy that he cannot knock about. It is not the slightest good using a solid toy shop model of a warship, against which the little marble cannon ball patter harmlessly. What is wanted is a ship that can be knocked to pieces, and crippled, be rebuilt within two minutes.

Nothing can beat a box of dominoes for ship-building. With these any mother, exercising a little ingenuity, and using the lid of the box as a keel, can build a very passable man-of-war. Master Jackie will soon learn how to make his own battleships. And then, when mother has finished hers, and manned it with a score or more of "Russians," such a fight will rage that would put Togo himself all of a-tremble, and set him seriously considering whether the marble cannon ball was not more deadly than the Whitehead torpedo.

Such games as these appeal to a small boy. Let any mother who looks with fear on rainy days put these suggestions to the test, and if she herself takes a real interest in the games, her efforts will be rewarded with as joyful shrieks and sunny smiles as when young Jackie goes a-romping beneath a cloudless sky.

Bubbles.

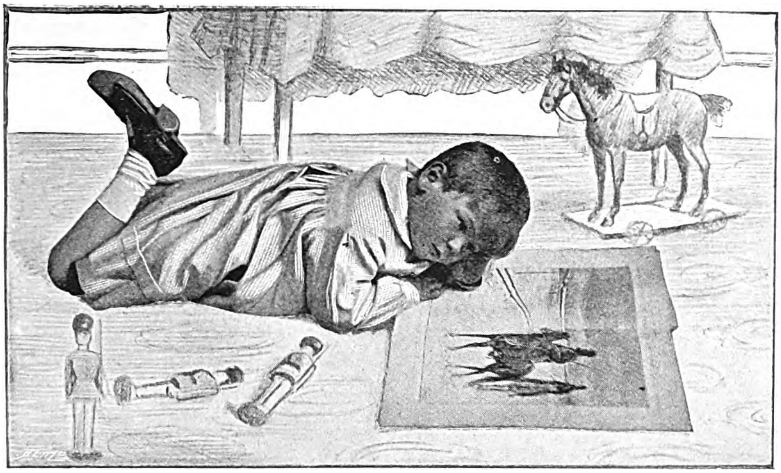
But now we have another point to consider. Master Jackie may have a baby sister that wants just as much attention as he does himself, even though it be such a wet day. His mother cannot then engage in a big naval battle with a baby on her knee (Just imagine if a cannon ball should hit the baby on the head!) And Mademoiselle the Baby is an autocratic little queen, who will not nap unless she chooses.

So mamma must cast around for something to amuse Jackie. It must be something quiet, for baby must on no account be roused from her siesta, unless a thunderstorm is to add variety to the pattering rain outside.

Not long ago, a little boy I know had a blackboard given to him on his birthday. What a queer present, you will say—so unappropriate! But not a bit of it! Young Jackie was more delighted with the blackboard than with all his other presents put together—and he had a good many!

I cannot say how many happy hours he spends on wet days drawing and writing on his tiny blackboard. And his skill with the chalks has improved immensely.

One day, after reading an article on ambidexterity, his mother decided to test the truth

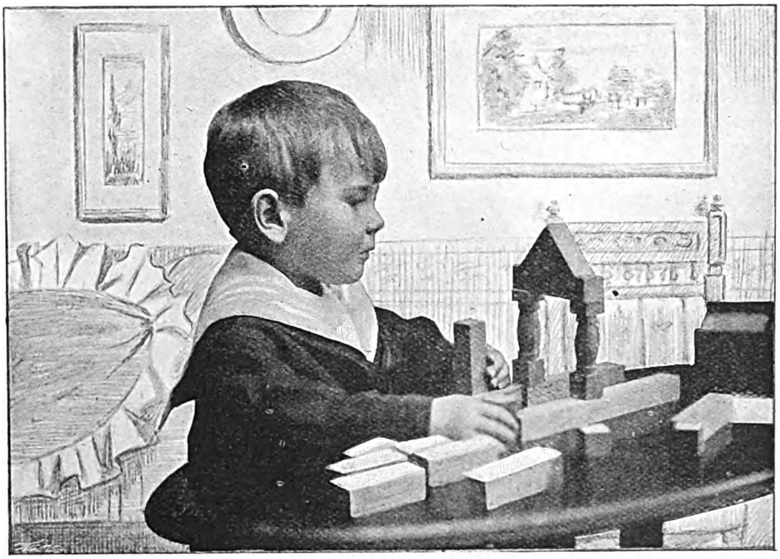


On wet days pictures of soldiers always interest children, especially boys.

of it on Jackie. So she placed a stick of chalk in both his hands, and, incredible as it seems, the little boy in a short while learned to draw and make his letters with equal ease, using either hand, or both simultaneously. There is no trickery about this. Indeed, any mother can put what I have said to the test without the slightest fear of failure.

Most small boys will readily tell you what they are going to be "when I'm a man." Herein lies another secret of making sunshine in the nursery when there is none outdoors.

Begin by telling a story of another little boy that spent all his time painting pictures, and when he grew up sold them for thousands of pounds apiece. Master Jackie will be at once filled with a desire to do the same. Then, out come paint and water. A spice of romance has been added to the fun. And so upon the nursery floor he lies, palette in one hand, brush in the other, a veritable Rubens in embryo.



Jackie loves to try and build things he has seen. He is here busily engaged in making a lichgate that mummie has pointed out to him during one of their rambles.

Sooner or later Master Jackie will begin to tire. He is quite ready to sit down for half-an-hour, provided there is something for him to do. Bubbles, nice shiny, soapy bubbles—they are the very things to let him amuse himself with. Seated on a stool, with a bowl of warm and very soapy water that mother has mixed for him, and with a clay pipe in one hand, he is as happy as the day is long.

Let his mother tell him to see how many little bubbles he can blow and keep floating in the air at the same time. That little idea adds no end to the fun, and, besides, the game is good exercise for the lungs.

But in spite of all the novelty and romance one can put into the games, Master Jackie will eventually grow tired of play. He wants to go out for a walk. After all, why shouldn't he? A little rain will do him no harm, provided that he is well wrapped up.

Ten minutes later, clad in long coat, cap on head, water-tight boots right over the white socks, and clinging with both hands to a very large umbrella, he sallies out. And doesn't he enjoy himself!

Now his mother sets her thoughts to work, considering how she shall make Jackie's walk out in the rain interesting. Puddles—that is her idea this time. Jackie loves puddles, and as there are plenty about to-day, he is at once interested in the subject. So his mother leads him to a nice muddy lake, at the least two feet in breadth. Side by side they stand, whilst with her umbrella she points out how many little streams there are trickling in, all helping to keep the puddle full. Jackie likes this hugely, and he soon sets to work with the end of daddy's umbrella making a lot more streams until the water runs quickly into the "lake."

Oh, it's glorious, the rain! Such a change from the hot, dusty days, and the little boy loves to be out in it!

Then his mother shows him the water rushing along the gutter beside the pavement, until it vanishes down a thick iron grating. Curious Jackie wants to know where it goes to. In simple words he is told that after it drops in the hole it passes into the river.

Lower down the road five sparrows are splashing gleefully in a puddle. Again Jackie is interested. They like the rain, his mother says, because it gives them a chance to wash their dusty feathers. The perky little sparrows, when they want a bath, cannot go into the bathroom and turn the tap on, like Jackie can, they have to wait for the rain to make a puddle, no matter how dusty and grimy they may be from always hopping about the road.

And thus, with simple tales on the things that are around, the raindrops glistening on the trees, the water in the gutter, or swirling down the flood-gate hole, Jackie's walk out in the rain becomes quite a trip to fairyland, and he trots back to tea, perfectly contented to see it rain again the next day.

Just off for a walk in the rain.

In a nursery where there are three or four children to amuse, shadow-plays act like magic in charming away a merry hour or two.

A white sheet is stretched across the room at one end. Meanwhile, Master Jackie and his small comrades lower the blinds until not a bit of the rainy day can there be seen.

By this time Mother has placed a strong lamp behind the sheet—not one of the tip-up-easily-and-explode-promptly sort. But a good heavy lamp on a very strong table.

Now that the room is in darkness, save for the brightly illuminated sheet, Mother whispers to two of the little actors to go behind the sheet and play "Little Miss Muffet."

Soon the fun begins; no one outside knows the subject of the play except Mother, and that is a profound secret she shares with the little actors. On the sheet Jackie's tiny sister appears in silhouette, seated on a cushion with a big basin in her lap.

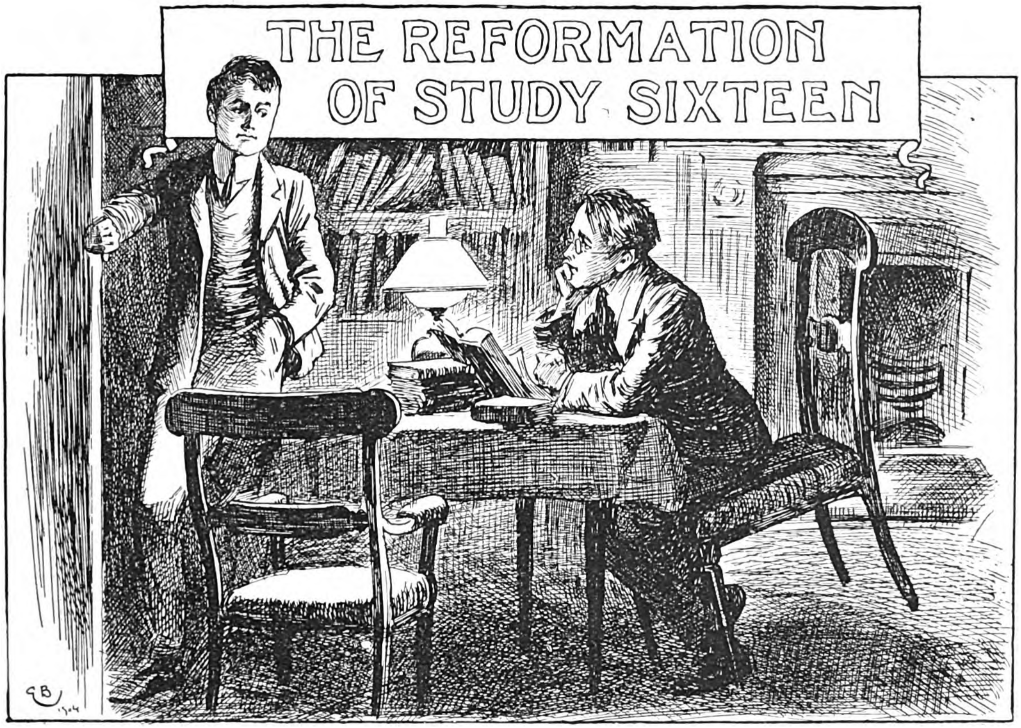
Presently a queer creature (Master Jackie on all fours) creeps in. The little girl looks up in alarm, and, quickly setting down the basin, toddles off as fast as her chubby legs will carry her. Left in possession, the "spider" prances round, and finally marches off with the curds and whey.

"Now, what were they playing?" Mother asks, in turn to the little ones beside her.

If the tiny audience guesses rightly, they go behind the sheet and act, whilst the small performers of the last piece take their place as onlookers and guessers.

The main drawback to this game is that it requires, at least, three or four children to join in. All the same, I give it, as it may prove useful when Mother lets Jackie invite a few of his six year-old friends to tea.

THE REFORMATION OF STUDY SIXTEEN



Another School Story of Wrykyn, Relating how Bellwood and Davies of Study Sixteen were Outmatched by the Captain of the Football Fifteen.

By P. G. Wodehouse.

"What they want, of course," said Clowes, "is exercise."

"They get out of that with their beastly doctor's certificates," said Trevor. "That's the worst of this place. Any slacker who wants to shirk games goes to some rotten doctor in the holidays, swears he's got a weak heart or something, and you can't get at him. You have to sit and look on while he lounges about doing nothing, when he might be playing for the house. I bet Bellwood and Davies would both make good enough forwards if one could only get them on to the field. They're heavy enough."

"I don't wonder, considering the amount they eat and the little exercise they take. I should say there was about twice as much of Bellwood as there ought to be. And he's the sort of chap you don't want more of than's absolutely necessary."

Study Sixteen was under discussion, not for the first time. Bellwood and Davies, its joint occupants, had been a thorn in Trevor's side ever since he had become captain of football. It was bad enough that two such loafers should belong to the school. That they should be in his own house was almost more than he could bear.

It was his aim to make Donaldson's the keenest and most efficient house at Wrykyn, and in this he had succeeded to a great extent. They had won the cricket cup, and were favourites for the football cup. Everyone in Donaldson's was keen except Bellwood and Davies. They, sheltered behind doctor's certificates, took life in their own slack way, and refused to exhibit any interest whatever in the doings of the house.

"It's a rummy thing about that study," said Clowes, "it's always been like that. I believe anybody who's a slacker or a bad lot goes there naturally; wouldn't be happy anywhere else. Do you remember, when we first came to the house, Blencoe and Jones had it? They got sacked at the end of my first term. After that it was Grant and Pollock. They didn't get sacked, but they ought to have been. Now it's these two. Let's hope they'll keep up the tradition and get turfed out at their earliest convenience!"

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"It makes me so sick," said Trevor poking the fire viciously, "to think of two heavy chaps like that being wasted. They might make all the difference to the House second. We want weight in the scrum."

In addition to the inter-house challenge cup there was a cup to be competed for by the second fifteens of the houses. Donaldson's had a good chance of this, but were handicapped by a small pack of forwards. Seymour's, their only remaining rival, were big and weighty. Clowes got up and stretched himself.

"Well," he said, "I don't think you'll get much help from Bellwood and pard. They remind me of the man who slept well and ate well but who, when he saw a job of work, was all of a tremble. They won't do a stroke if they can help it, and I don't see how you can get at them in the teeth of their certificates. Well I must go and work. I like to do a Greek book unseen if possible, but the 'Agamemnon' is too tricky. I shall have to prepare it. By the way, have you got a copy to spare? I left mine over at school."

"I'm afraid I've only got one, and I shall be wanting that. You can have it if you'll give it up at half-past nine sharp."

"No, it's all right, thanks. I'll borrow one from Dixon. He's sure to have one. I believe he's got every Greek play ever written."

Clowes went off to Dixon's study. Dixon was a mild, spectacled youth who did an astonishing amount of work, and was about as much of a hermit as anyone can be in a public-school house. He was nervous and anxious to oblige when he was not too deep in his own thoughts to understand what your request was.

"Hullo," said Clowes, as he entered Dixon's room, "this door seems pretty wobbly. What have you been doing to it?"

He moved it to and fro by way of illustration.

It was very rickety indeed. It was, in fact, almost off its hinges.

"I'm afraid it *is* a little," assented Dixon. "The fact is, fellows have been running against it, and I think that has made it a little shaky."

"Running against it!" said Clowes. "What did you do?"

"I—er—well, the fact is, I didn't do anything. You see it was an accident. They told me themselves that it was."

"It only happened once then? Must have taken a good strong chap to rush a door almost off its hinges at one shot."

"No. They stumbled against it rather often."

"Stumbled is good," said Clowes. "I suppose they didn't say how they came to stumble?"

"Oh, yes, they did. They tripped."

"And you mean to say you believed that?"

"I couldn't very well doubt their word," expostulated Dixon.

Clowes smiled pityingly.

"I didn't want to hurt their feelings," Dixon went on.

Clowes smiled again.

"Who are the sensitive trippers?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know that I ought to say, but I suppose it will be all right. They were Davies and Bellwood."

"So I should have thought," said Clowes. "How do you find that sort of thing affects your work?"

"Well the fact is," said Dixon eagerly, "I *do* find it a little hard to concentrate myself when I am continually interrupted by bangs on the door."

"So should I. I think you'd get on better if you didn't study Bellwood's feelings so much. Do you mind if I borrow this 'Agamemnon' for a couple of hours? I've left mine over at the school, and we've got a beastly hard chorus to prepare for to-morrow."

"Oh, certainly, do," said Dixon. "Splendid play, isn't it?"

"Not bad. I prefer 'Charlie's Aunt' myself. Matter of taste, though. Thanks. I'll return it before I go to bed."

And he went back to his own study.

It was in the afternoons, after school, that Bellwood and his companion Davies found time hang so heavily on their hands. To lounge in one's study and about the passages was pleasant for a while, but it was apt to pall in time, and then it was difficult to know how to fill in the hours.

On the afternoon following Clowes' conversation with Dixon, Bellwood found things particularly slow. In ordinary circumstances he and Davies would have been at the school shop eating a heavy, crumpety tea. But to-day an unfortunate passage of arms with his form-master had led to that youth's detention after school; and he was not yet out. Bellwood was one of those people who do not like to tea alone.

Besides, it was Davies' turn to pay; and to go and have a meal at his own expense would have been so much dead loss.

So Bellwood haunted the house, feeling very much out of humour.

After wandering up and down the passage a few times and reading all the notices on the house notice board, it occurred to him that the half hour before the return of Davies might be well spent by ragging Dixon. It was for the purpose of keeping their betters from becoming dull, that people like Dixon were put into the world; and Dixon would in all probability be working—which would add a spice to the amusement.

He collected half-a-dozen football boots from the senior day-room. The rule of the house being that football boots were not to be brought into that room, there was always a generous supply there. Then he lounged off to Dixon's study.

The door, as he had expected, was closed. He took a boot and flung it with accurate aim at one of the panels. There was a loud bang, and he grinned as he heard a chair pushed back inside the study and somebody jump up. That was all right, then. Dixon was at home.

He was stooping to pick up another missle, when the door opened. It was only when the second boot got home on the shin of the person who stood in the doorway, that he recognised in that person not Dixon, but Trevor. It was just here that he wished he had tried some other form of amusement that afternoon.

And, indeed, the situation was about as unpleasant as it could be. Even in moments of calm Trevor was a cause of uneasiness to Bellwood. And here he was unmistakably angry. It so happened that Bellwood's boot had found its billet on the exact spot on which a muscular forward from Trinity College, Cambridge, had kicked Trevor in the match of the previous Saturday.

"Oh, I say, sorry," gasped Bellwood.

"What the blazes are you playing at?" asked Trevor.

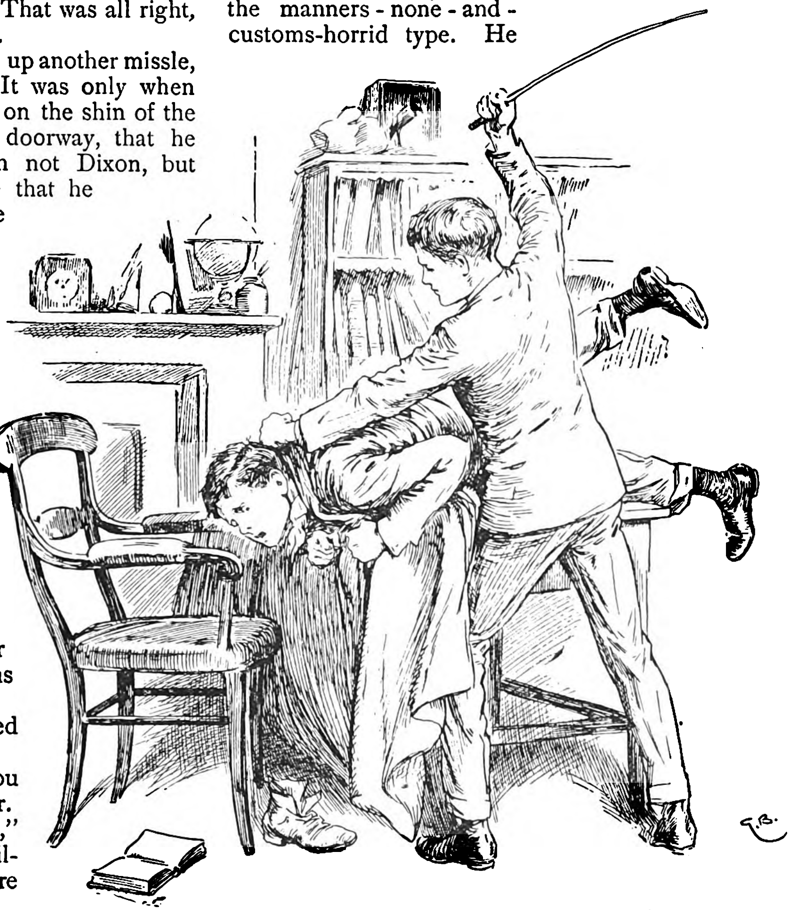
"I'm frightfully sorry," said the demoralised Bellwood; "I thought you were Dixon."

"And why should you fling boots at Dixon?"

Bellwood, not feeling equal to the explanation that it was the mission in life of people like Dixon to have football boots thrown at them, remained silent; and Trevor, having summed up Bellwood's character in an address in which the words "skunk, worm," and "disgrace to the house," occurred with what seemed, to the recipient of the terms, unnecessary frequency, dragged him into the study, produced a stick, and taught him in two minutes more about the folly of throwing football boots at other people's doors than he would have learned in a month of verbal tuition.

Bellwood slunk away down the passage, and half-way to his own study met Davies, released from the form-room and full of his grievances.

To judge from his remarks, Davies did not think highly of Mr. Grey, his form-master. Mr. Grey, in his opinion, was a person of the manners-none-and-customs-horrid type. He



Trevor . . . taught him in two minutes more about the folly of throwing football boots at other people's doors than he would have learned in a month.

had a jolly good mind, had Davies, to go to the headmaster about it.

In a word, Davies was savage. Bellwood, eyeing his wrathful friend, was struck with an idea. Trevor's stick had stung like an adder.

"Beastly shame," he agreed, as Davies paused for breath. "It was jolly slow for me, too. I've been putting in the time having a lark with old Dixon. I can't get him to come out, though I've been flinging boots. And his door won't open. I believe he's locked it."

"Has he, by Jove!" muttered Davies, "we'll soon see about that. Stand out of the way."

He retired a few paces, and charged towards the door. Bellwood took cover in study twelve, the owner of which happened to be out, and listened.

He heard the scuffle of Davies' feet as he dashed down the passage. Then there was a crash as if the house had fallen. He peeped out. Davies' rush had taken the crazy door off its hinges, and he had gone with it into the study. He had a fleeting view of an infuriated Trevor springing from the ruins. Then, with Davies' howl of anguish ringing in his ears, he closed the door of study twelve softly, and sat down to wait till the storm should have passed by.

At the end of a couple of minutes somebody limped past the door. The remnants of Davies, he guessed. He gave him a few moments in which to settle down. Then he followed, and found him in a dishevelled state in their study.

"Hullo," he said artlessly, "what's up? What happened? Did you get the door open?"

Davies glared suspiciously, scenting sarcasm, but Bellwood's look of astonishment disarmed him.

"Where did you go to?" he inquired.

"Oh, I strolled off. What happened?"

Davies sat down, only to spring up again with a cry of pain. Bellwood recognised the symptoms, and felt better.

"I took the beastly door clean off its hinges. I'd no idea the thing was so wobbly."

"Well, we ragged it a bit the other night, you remember. It was a little rocky then. Was Dixon sick?"

"Dixon! Why, Dixon wasn't in there at all. It was Trevor—of all people! What the dickens was he doing there, I should like to know?"

Bellwood's look of amazement could not have been improved upon

"Trevor!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"Am I sure! Oh, you—!" words failed Davies.

"But what was he doing there?"

"That's what I should like to know."

It was really quite simple. Clowes had told the head of the house of Dixon's painful case, and suggested that if he wished to catch Bellwood and his friend "on the hop," as he phrased it, an excellent idea would be to change studies secretly with Dixon. This Trevor had done, with instant and satisfactory results. The ambush had trapped its victims on the first afternoon.

Study Sixteen continued to brood over its misfortunes.

"Beastly low trick changing studies like that," said Davies querulously.

"Beastly," agreed Bellwood.

"That worm Dixon must have been in it. He probably suggested it to Trevor. And now he'll be grinning over it."

This suspicion was quite unfounded. Dixon had probably never grinned in his life.

"I tell you what," said Bellwood suddenly, "if they've changed studies, Dixon must be in Trevor's den now. He's always in the house at this time. He starts swotting directly after school. What's the matter with going and routing him out and ragging him now? He wants it taken out of him for letting us down like that. Come on."

"We'll heave books at him," said Davies with enthusiasm.

And the punitive expedition started.

Trevor's study was in the next passage. They advanced stealthily to the door and listened. Somebody coughed inside the room. That was Dixon. They recognised the cough.

"Now," whispered Davies, "when I count three!"

Bellwood nodded, and shifted a Hall and Knight's algebra from his left hand to his right.

"One, two, three."

He turned the handle sharply, and flung open the door. At the same moment Bellwood discharged his algebra. It was a snapshot, but Dixon, sitting at the table outlined against the window, made a fine mark.

"Oh, I say!" cried Dixon, as the corner of the projectile took him on the ear.

"Go on," shouted Davies from behind the door, as Bellwood paused with Victor Hugo's "Quatrevingt-treize" poised. "Sling it in!"

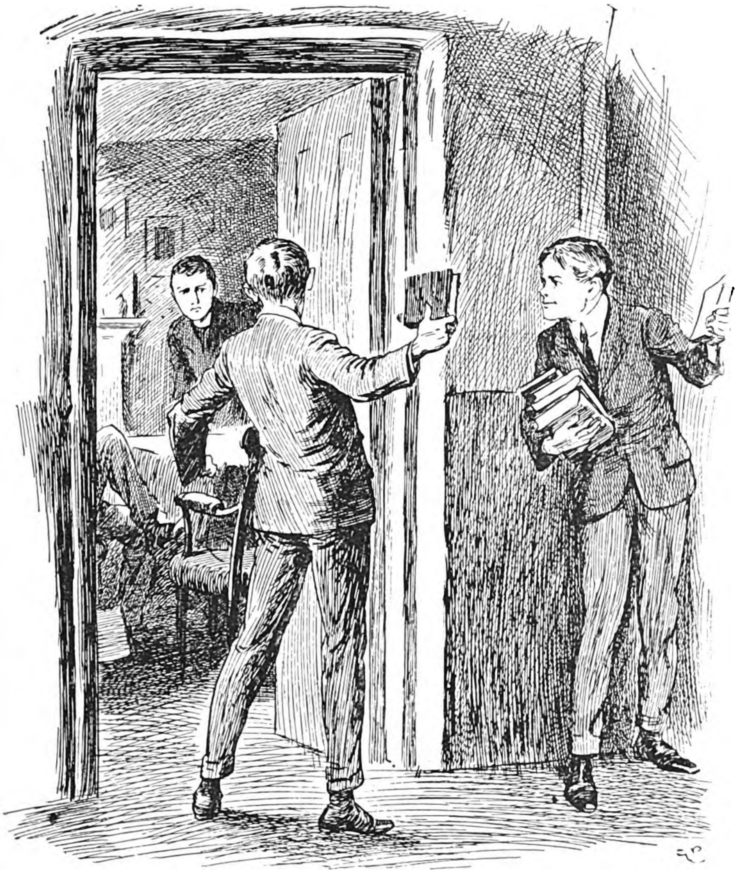
But Bellwood did not throw. The book dropped heavily to the floor. Just as his first shot found its mark he had caught sight of Trevor, seated in a deck-chair by the window, reading a novel.

Finding Dixon's study somewhat uncomfortable after Davies had removed the door, he had taken his book to his own den, where he could read in peace (so he thought) without disturbing Dixon's work.

This third attack was the last straw. The matter had become too serious for summary treatment. He must think out a punishment that would fit the crime.

It flashed upon him almost immediately.

"Look here," he said, "this is getting a bit too thick. You two chaps think you can do just as you like in the house. You're going to find that you can't. You're no good to Donaldson's. You shirk games. You do nothing but eat like pigs and make bally nuisances of yourselves. So you can just choose. I'm going out for a run in a few minutes. You can either come too, and get into training and play for the house second against Seymour's, or you can take a touching-up in front of the whole house after tea."



"Go on," shouted Davies from behind the door, as Bellwood paused. . . . "Sling it in!" But Bellwood did not throw.

Davies and Bellwood looked blankly at one another. Could these things be? For three years they had grown up together like two daisies of the field: they had toiled not, neither had they spun. For three years the only form of exercise they had known had been the daily walk to the school shop. And here was Trevor offering them, as the sole alternative to a house licking, a beastly, violent run. And Trevor was celebrated for the length of his runs when he trained, and also for the rapidity of the same. The thing was impossibe. It couldn't be done at any price. Davies bethought him of the excuse which had stood by him so well for the past three years. This was just one of those emergencies for which it had been especially designed. But even as he spoke he could not help feeling that Trevor was not in just the proper frame of mind for medical gossip.

"But," said Davies, "our doctor's certificates. We aren't allowed to play footer."

"Doctor's certificates! Rot! You'd better burn them. Well, are you coming for the run?"

Bellwood clutched at a straw.

"But we've no footer clothes," he said.

"You'd better borrow some, then. If you aren't back in this study, changed, by half-past five, you'll get beans. Now get out."

At ten minutes past five a tentative knock sounded on the door. Trevor opened it. There stood the owners of study sixteen garbed in borrowed football shirts and shorts.

Of the details of that run no record remains. The trio started off in a south-easterly direction, along the road which led to Little Poolbury. From this it may be deduced that the spin was not a short one. Whenever

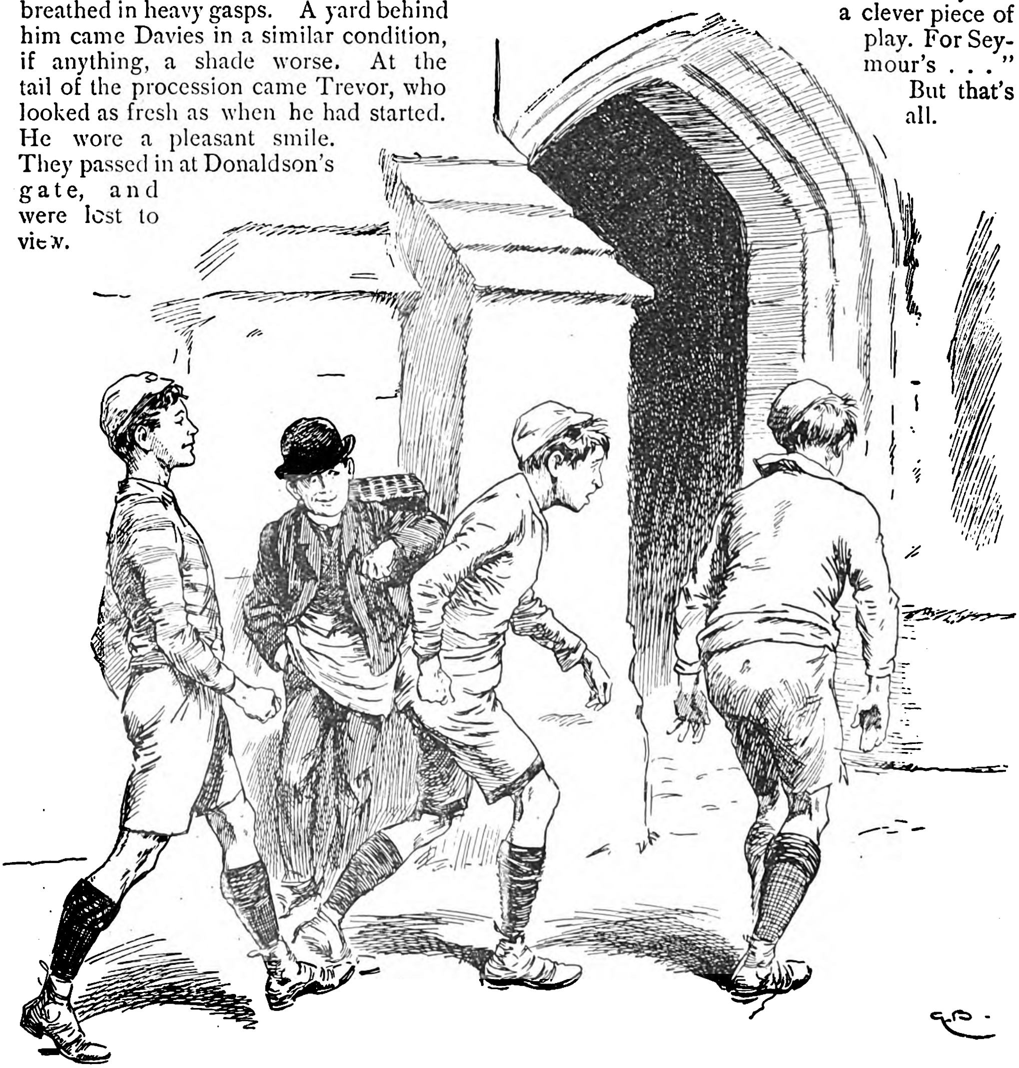
Trevor had chosen this direction for one of his training runs on previous occasions he had worked round through Little Poolbury to Much Wenham by road, then across difficult country (ploughed fields, brooks, and the like) to Burlingham, and then back to the school along the high road, the whole distance being between four and five miles. There is no reason for supposing him to have chosen another route on this occasion.

At any rate, as six struck from the college clock, a procession of three turned the corner of the road which ran past the school. Bellwood headed the procession. He was purple, moist, and muddy, and he breathed in heavy gasps. A yard behind him came Davies in a similar condition, if anything, a shade worse. At the tail of the procession came Trevor, who looked as fresh as when he had started. He wore a pleasant smile. They passed in at Donaldson's gate, and were lost to view.

Study sixteen was subdued that night, but ate an enormous tea, and looked ninety per cent. fitter than it had done for years.

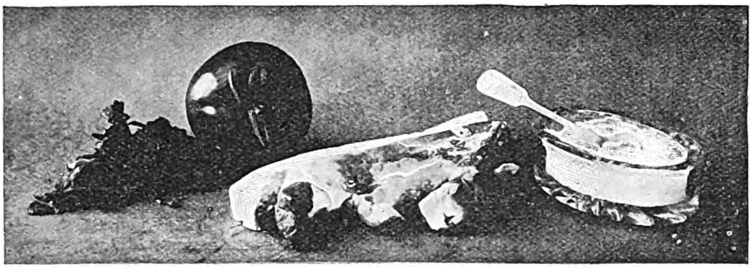
And in the last paragraph of the one hundred and eighteenth page of the eleventh volume of the "Wrykynian," you will find these words to be written:—"Inter-House Cup (Second Fifteens), Final. Donaldson's *v.* Seymour's.—This match was played on Saturday, March 10th, and resulted in a win for the former, after a good game by one goal and two tries to a penalty goal. For the winners Kershaw played well at half, and Smith in the centre. The pick of the forwards were Bellwood and Davies. The latter's try was a clever piece of play. For Seymour's . . ."

But that's all.



As six struck from the college clock, a procession of three turned the corner of the road which ran past the school. Bellwood headed the procession. He was purple, moist, and muddy, and he breathed in heavy gasps.

WHERE DEATH LURKS!



Tomatoes, pork, and salt are said by many doctors to bring on cancer, and should not be eaten to excess.

Tea and——

Food that Endangers Human Life.

By Lewis Perry.

Photographs by J. Godfrey Ancell.

To those who merely eat to live, and who listen to the opinions of their friends on the subject of diet, it must be rather puzzling to decide what food may be partaken of with perfect safety to health.

The progress of that dread disease cancer, which claims thousands of victims each year—victims whose numbers increase with the passing of every twelve months—is a mystery which is engaging the thoughts of many clever men, with very little success up to the present.

There is a section of the medical profession disposed to condemn certain kinds of food, which, in their estimation, are responsible for the growth and spread of the terrible scourge.

For instance, it is not so very long ago that the flesh of the pig, in any shape or form of cookery, was denounced as a very likely cause of cancer in the human body. The reasons given, however, were no more convincing than many others have been, and seemed to get very little beyond the statement that amongst those persons who, owing to religious views or otherwise, never eat pork, cancer is almost unknown.

The excessive use of salt by men and women is declared to be a further custom worthy of the suspicion of scientists in connection with the spread of cancer. It has been observed that salt, for many years past, has become more and more used in cookery, and as an addition to most fresh food.

Another thing that has been deemed worthy of notice is the fact that many cancer patients are extremely fond of salt. Fresh meat, potatoes, eggs, are simply overdosed with salt by most people who are afflicted. For these

——coffee should be treated carefully—they produce heart disease.

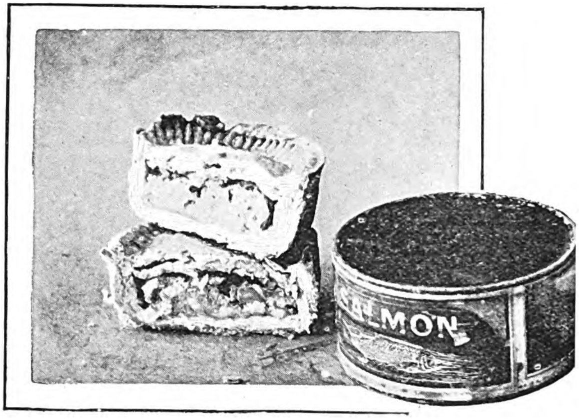
reasons the scientific eye is resting with much anxiety on the salt-cellar.

About two years ago the tomato attracted the attention of the scientists in the same connection.

Why?

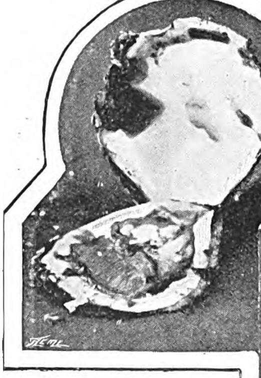
Well, cancer has been spreading alarmingly for the past ten or twelve years, while the increase in the sale and distribution of tomatoes throughout the United Kingdom, owing to the triumphs of cold storage, was noticeable for the corresponding period.

Could there be any connection? Was the eating of uncooked tomatoes by the multitude attended by such terrible risk? So science took up the tomato, turned it inside out, so to speak, analysed it closely, and—said nothing definite, but enough to make people understand that it would, on the whole, be safer to eat as few tomatoes as possible.



Pork pies and tinned meats and fish are often guilty of ptomaine poisoning—avoid them.

Chocolate may be dangerous—only eat that of reputable manufacturers.



Oysters, as everyone has heard, cause typhoid fever; but people still eat them, and a few survive.

Cheap ices are worse than oysters in threatening typhoid.

For many years the tea-caddy and coffee-grinder have been under the ban of a wide section of the medical profession. It is declared that these beverages are often the cause of the development of heart disease.

The "quacks" who advertise strange nostrums as cures for heart affections take good care to drive the statement home with the hammer of catch-penny dodges. They declare that our ancestors were not much troubled with their hearts. Why? Because they didn't drink tea or coffee in the good old days!

If we follow the advice of the sensation-mongers, to enjoy sound, steadily-beating hearts we must eschew the comforting matutinal cup of tea or coffee. If not, it is almost a certainty that we shall acquire hearts which will rival ping-pong balls in jumping all over the shop.

They are brave men and women who, despite oft-reported cases of ptomaine poisoning, calmly continue to enjoy meals in which any sort of canned goods whatsoever forms a part. From Land's End to John o' Groats come reports of deaths of scores of people owing to their having partaken of food—fish or flesh—sold in a tin.

Were England anything but a sober-minded, lethargic nation, with a great objection to fright or panic, the manufacturers and importers of canned fish or meat would have some difficulty in escaping the inconveniences of a happy dispatch by lynch law, for there are very many fanatical folk who endeavour with might and main to lash the forbearing Briton into a fury of passion against a Government that allows a people to be poisoned. But John Bull buries his dead quietly, and bans the canned death-trap from his table in future.

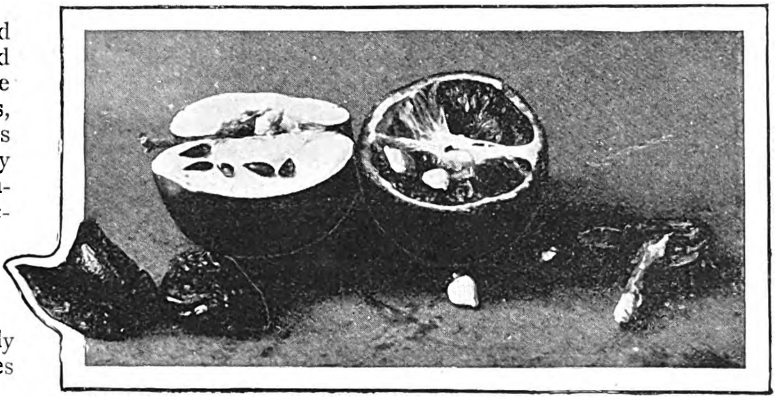
It is not only within the tin of fish that the deadly ptomaine lurks, awaiting the coming of some confiding human victim. The pork-pie recently established its reputation as a germ producer, capable of killing men and women.

Another thing the public has been warned against as a ptomaine producer is the cheaper chocolate in its various forms. That innocent sweetmeat may be the means—if it has not been already—of slaying its hundreds.

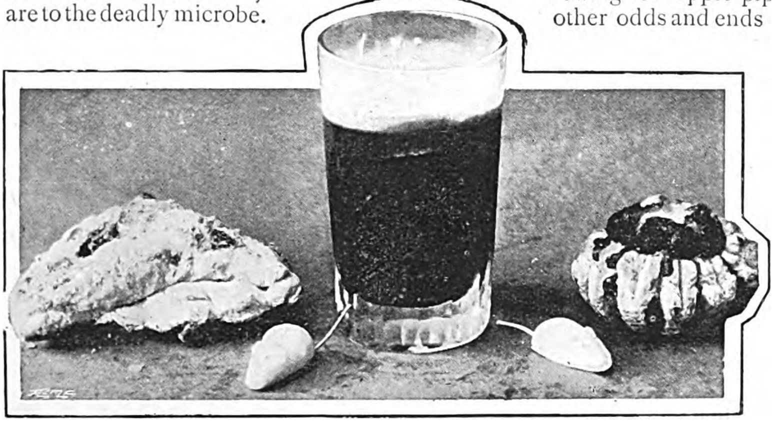
But where canned fish, pork-pies, and cheap chocolate have slain their hundreds, the delicate oyster is claimed by the faculty to have killed thousands, being the effective means of introducing the deadly typhoid microbe into the human system. Periodically the oyster scare makes its appearance.

A man dies of typhoid fever. It is found out that previous to the attack he ate some oysters. An enterprising newspaper editor hears of the case, and it is not his fault if the unfortunate oyster isn't left alone by an unappreciative public for the usual nine days. But the oyster soon becomes a favourite *bonne bouche* again. All the horrors of typhoid will not restrain the epicure from the indulgence of his daily dozen.

Few people who, when the sun is hot, indulge in cheap ices are aware how near they are to the deadly microbe.



Nuts, dates, oranges, and apples are all declared by doctors to threaten their consumers with appendicitis.



Cheap pastry, cheap sweets, and beer, unless by a known maker, are likely to contain arsenic.

It is not so very long ago that several persons were laid low by typhoid fever, whose attack was traced to some penny ices. And, for the one case that "gets into the papers," there are hundreds about which the public know nothing. Cheap sweets and pastry, too, are a fruitful source of poisoning.

Beware also of restaurant vegetables, cabbage especially, for typhoid germs are said to have a partiality for them, if they lie for any length of time after being cooked—and freshly-cooked greens are not the rule in *all* establishments that cater for the hungry public.

Is it merely a coincidence that appendicitis has become so common amongst the King's loyal subjects since His Majesty's regretted illness? At any rate, it seems time to banish seedy and stoned fruit from family bills of fare, so as to prevent the involuntary swallowing of apple-pips, prune stones, and other odds and ends held to be responsible for the painful malady to which many seem so liable.

If you would avoid arsenical poisoning, it will be necessary for you to refuse to drink beer, unless you know that it has been brewed by a firm of good repute—for some brewers, as has been proved at the cost of many lives, are not particular as to the quality of ingredients used.

AUNT MARIA'S HANDKERCHIEF

TOLD BY ITSELF

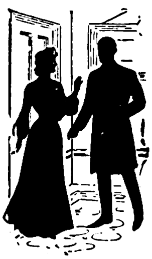
EDITED BY MRS TOM GODFREY

The Story of a Lover's Quarrel.

"PLEASE, Auntie, can you lend me a handkerchief?"

"Certainly," said my mistress, handing me to a pretty girl. "Don't lose it, for it's one of my best."

The best, I thought. For I know what she has in her scented handkerchief-case, where I'm unique in texture and hand-embroidery; though she does pretend those finicky, lace good-for-nothings are better.



"At last!" he exclaimed.

Phœbe's dainty fingers tucked me into the pouch of her thin silk blouse. That, I can assure you, was a pleasant exchange for Aunt Maria's dark, hot pocket, which isn't exactly a bed of comfort, especially when she sits down. Besides, from behind the rose-coloured walls of this new abode, I could now view life; a chance I made the most of, as Phœbe ran quickly down stairs, and entered the drawing-room.

"At last!" he exclaimed, coming towards her. "How sweet you look, darling!—But, I say, what's up?"

For, as he came nearer, Phœbe threw out a repelling hand, and something behind me began to thump so loudly that I quivered all over.

"What's—" repeated the young man.

"We're no longer engaged," interrupted Phœbe.

"Why not?" he exclaimed, drawing himself up as though an iron had passed over him.

"Need you ask?" she inquired.

"Well, you can't expect me to accept this electric decision without asking for some explanation; however illogical it may be."

"Perhaps *this* explanation is illogical," she replied, holding out a piece of paper. As it was as crumpled and ragged as an old handkerchief, I wasn't surprised to see the look of disgust on his handsome face.

"Where did you get it?" he asked in a queer, jerky voice, which made me think that the machinery behind *his* waistcoat must be thumping as hard as hers.

"It was in the pocket of the coat you gave me for old Sime," she said. "The coat you wore when you proposed to me, and I was too foolish to guess at your motive for

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doing so! But since Sime brought this back, I have discovered that your love is nothing but cupboard love."

She whisked me out quickly, as he ejaculated:

"Do you really believe that, Phœbe?"

"Of course I do," she replied, dabbing me on her eyes. "You can't deny that that's a list of the rich women you meant to propose to, can you?"

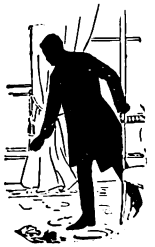
He shook his head dolefully.

"And," she continued, rolling me into a ball with feverish, angry fingers, "you had the impertinence to put me among those ugly, frumpy creatures! 'Phœbe Dane, £50,000,' there it is.—You don't deny that, do you?"

"No," he muttered, "only you're not *among* them, you know. You head the list."

"Oh!" she cried, tossing her pretty chin. "So that's why you tried me first—or, had you tried all, you mer—mer—mercenary wretch?"

"Phœbe, darling!" he pleaded, trying to take the hand I was in. "It's true I wrote those names with the intention of having whichever would take me—only, I met you first and loved you there and then. Had you been poor I should have loved you just the same. Won't you believe me, sweet?"



"Hallo! what's this?"

"How can I, since I am not poor?" she retorted hastily.

"Darling," he implored. "I know I deserve it . . . . but, I love you."

"As you could love Selina Gem with her idiotic smile, or Fanny Reay with her squint; or . . . . but why need I go on? Failing me, you meant to go on to the next one. Oh, it's horrible! I can never forgive you, never, never. And it's not a bit of good your saying anything more. Go and see the second on your list—Anna Ducane, who's old enough to be your mother, and has double my fortune!" I slipped out of her hand, as she burst from the room, and rolled—yes, rolled—instead of floating gracefully, to his feet.

"By Jove!" he murmured despairingly, "I'm a brute. To love where money is may be all right; but that list was a fatal mistake! For, of course, she can't believe that I no longer care for her money. How can she, with that damning evidence of my purpose to secure a rich wife? Hallo! what's this?"

And pouncing forward he picked me up and unrolled me almost as gently as Phœbe could have done.

"Poor little girl!" he added, patting me pensively.

"I suppose she's crying her eyes out."

And with another sigh he tucked me into his breast pocket. I was flabbergasted, and most distressed. For, what would Aunt Maria say when she discovered that her *very* best hand-embroidered linen *mouchoir* was really lost?

* * *

I had never visited a man's pocket before and I found it a queer place. There wasn't the roominess of Aunt Maria's black pit, nor the luxurious comfort of Phœbe's. And there were other things in it, the greatest of all being a bulky green note-book.

"So you come from Phœbe the divine?" he said, as I leaned against him.

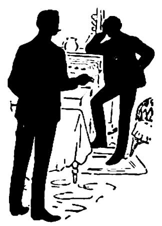
"Your master has stolen me," I gasped.

"Nonsense," he shouted. "You're a love trophy!"

"Really!" I muttered. "But I belong to Phœbe's aunt, and ——"

"What a joke!" he exclaimed, nearly bursting his elastic band with laughter. "Jack thinks you're Phœbe's."

"So I was for the moment, and I'm still damp with her tears and crushed with her emotion." I replied, reflecting sadly, that the only place I was fit for now was the dirty linen basket.



"He got a friend to give him the names of girls."

"Jack Tyndall isn't in love with the aunt!" said the note-book, growing serious.

"I wonder at that!" I exclaimed spitefully. "She's heaps richer than Phœbe."

"Ha, ha! I twig your meaning!" he laughed. "But, in spite of it, Jack loves Phœbe for herself, though he *had* set out to marry a rich girl, whether he cared for her or not. Fate, however, decreed that he should love Phœbe, and not care a rap for her money."

"Tell that to the soap-suds!" I murmured.

"Well, it's true," he replied soothingly. "When first I met Jack he was the keenest money-hunter I know. Being well off, himself, he meant to marry money and leave all other sentiment out of the bargain. He said that women nowadays want so much — so many dainty etceteras: like yourself, for instance — that he couldn't afford to marry and retain his present comforts, unless the wife he chose had money. So he got a friend to give him the names of girls or—er—youngish women, whom he might honour with an offer of marriage. Your Phœbe happened to be number one, and Cupid happened to be in her wake—and you know the rest."

"Well, it's over now," I sighed.

"Not it!" he exclaimed saucily. "'Never say die,' is Jack's motto, and now he sticks as much to love as he meant to stick to money, and here he is," he added, as Jack's hand suddenly appeared, "I suppose he's going to gaze at Phœbe's photo which is inside me," and he slipped out with a little laugh. But he soon came back again, laughing louder than ever.

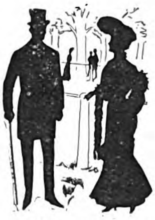
"He's just given me the charge of a letter from Phœbe, in which she tells him what she really thinks of him!" he explained. "And he's in no end of a temper, and said——"

"Yes?" I murmured anxiously.

"That Phœbe and her £50,000 can go to Timbuctoo!"

As I was about to answer we heard voices, and the note-book whispered that the strange one belonged to Phœbe's brother, who was Jack's friend.

"We may hear something fresh," he added.



"Will you let me pass, Mr. Tyndall?"

And so we did. Phœbe, it appeared, had quarrelled with Aunt Maria about a paltry handkerchief—paltry indeed. Aunt Maria had said hard things, and Phœbe had retorted, and now both were at Coventry with one another. My hopes sank. If they had gone away how on earth could I ever return to my scented bed in Aunt Maria's drawer, how see sweet Phœbe again? At that moment Jack's hand pulled me out of his pocket with a jerk, and his fingers twisted me round till they got to Aunt Maria's monogram, which I'm jolly proud of.

"Yes, hang it, it's old Maria's," he cried disrespectfully, flinging me on the table.

Then, as I lay quivering in horrified fear, he picked me up and pushed me back into his pocket, saying: "After all, it gives me the chance I seek."

The note-book and I wondered what he meant by that when I told of my adventure. And we concluded that all we could do was to lie low and keep our ears open. At last, after long hours of suspense, we guessed that Phœbe was in sight when the machinery behind us—the pocket-book said it was Jack's heart—began wildly thumping.

We both listened eagerly, and I recognised Phœbe's voice. She said:

"Will you let me pass, Mr. Tyndall?"

"No," said Jack bravely, though his heart told us another story. "Not until you have listened to me, Miss Dane —— Phœbe, darling! I want to tell you——"

"What I have no desire to

hear," she replied a little weakly.

At that moment, Jack pulled me out of my hiding-place and I saw a fierce-faced Phœbe standing before him, yet so charming, so bewitching in her anger, that all my sympathies went out to Jack, who was fighting so hard for her.

"Is this yours?" he asked, holding me out.

"Oh!" she gasped, taking me with trembling fingers. "This is the handkerchief Aunt Maria made such a fuss about! But, how did you get it?"

"I picked it up," he said quietly.

"Where?" she asked, dropping her eyes to me. And I saw that all the anger had died out of them.

"I—I thought it was yours," he murmured, in so strange a voice that I knew his heart must be beating a veritable tattoo on the notebook's uncomplaining side.

"I shouldn't have thought it sufficiently valuable to interest you!" she said, her lip curling, whilst I felt so indignant that I fluttered out of her hand to the floor. I had cost—well, never mind what!—enough for Aunt Maria to make a fuss about my loss.

Jack picked me up, saying: "You are very cruel, Phœbe." And I echoed his words from hem to hem.

"You were worse to me!" she cried. "You deceived me, and made me care for you, and—and——."

"I adore you!" he replied. "That's why I stole this handkerchief the day you sent me away. And now, although it isn't yours, I still mean to keep it in memory of you, and——"

"But *why* did you take it?" she asked, blushing rosily.

"Because you had touched it—held it—worn it!" he murmured, in a low voice.

She moved closer to him.

"Then you did love me a little, after all?" she whispered, her eyes full of tears.

"I adore you!" he replied, drawing her to him.

"I adore you!" he replied.

As the tears gushed from Phœbe's eyes, Jack pressed me to them, and all my anger against her vanished.

And although Aunt Maria still talks about her loss, I have found my home in a beautiful velvet-lined glass case in Jack's study. And if sometimes life seems monotonous there, I console myself by reflecting that no other handkerchief can boast of having caused the life-long happiness of such a handsome couple as Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tyndall.

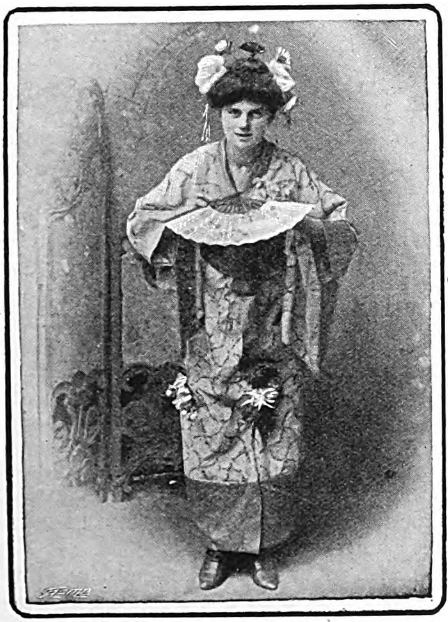
But I *often* wish I could hear what has become of that jolly pocket-book.

MASQUERADING!

BY MARY FARRAH

LIKE THE PEOPLE IN JAPAN,
WITH HER PARASOL AND FAN
THIS MERRY LITTLE MAIDEN FLIRTS AND DANCES;
SHE CAN SMILE AND LOOK SO GAY
THAT SHE'LL STEAL YOUR HEARTS AWAY
BEFORE YOU KNOW THERE'S DANGER IN HER GLANCES!

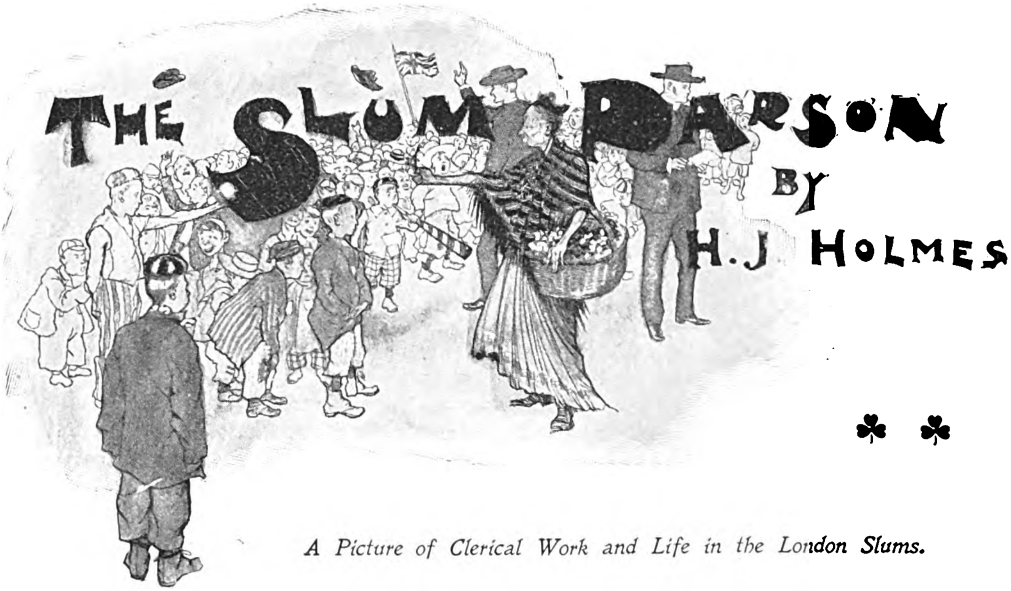
THOUGH SHE SEEMS, YOU MUST CONFESS,
IN HER QUAINT KIMONO-DRESS
SO VERY MUCH AT HOME, IN FACT QUITE EASY,
YET SHE'S JUST LIKE YOU AND ME,—
SHE'S "REAL ENGLISH", AS YOU SEE,
AND ONLY IN HER COSTUME JAPANESY!



SO SHE FLIRTS HER DAINTY FAN
LIKE A LADY FROM JAPAN,
IN HER JAPANESE DISGUISE YOUR HEARTS INVADING;
BUT NO GEISHA YOU COULD MEET
IN JAPAN IS HALF SO SWEET
AS THIS LITTLE ENGLISH MAIDEN MASQUERADING!

THE SLUM PARSON

BY H.J HOLMES



A Picture of Clerical Work and Life in the London Slums.

"You've got a nice soft job!"

And the loafer's resentful eyes glared savagely at the clergyman who had gently, but firmly, refused any further help.

"You've a fine black coat on your back; you get a good dinner every day; and you have a comfortable bed to sleep on. You've got a nice soft job! What can *you* know about work?"

The man thus attacked is rector of a parish which has been referred to as the "sink of London." It is the poorest and perhaps the most wicked portion of the metropolis.

In an area of about seventy acres there are 25,000 people herded together. One-eighth of the entire population find a "home" in common lodging houses, of which there are more within its boundaries than in any other parish in the kingdom. It has a street with fifty-four dwellings sheltering 1400 inhabitants; an alley containing ten houses with fifty-one rooms and 254 people.

As the human wreckage of the continent drifts towards London, the remorseless current of poverty drifts that wreckage to this over-crowded district. On every single acre of the seventy-four, comprising the parish, more than 300 people are packed.

It was the clergyman whose duty it is to work for the betterment of such a multitude who was considered by the loafer-critic to have "a nice soft job."

The fact is, it would be extremely difficult to find anybody who has so much to do, and whose duties are so trying, as the slum parson. Fifteen and sixteen hours a day are spent at work amidst the most difficult and discouraging surroundings, dealing with people many of whom have fallen as low as it is possible for human beings to descend.

"Ill-born, ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clad," said the Rev. W. H. Davies, rector of this Spitalfields parish, "many of them at best are poor animals and 'inefficients' by birth degeneration.

"The conditions under which they are herded together make decency and respectability almost impossible.

"Yells and curses that would horrify most men and women scarcely disturb the children's play. A murder is little else than a passing sensation. Dark staircases, even at noonday; unlighted landings at night; high rents, and consequent overcrowding and indiscriminate mingling of the humanity; street doors never fastened throughout the year, admitting to stair and landings used as sleeping-places by homeless men, women, and children; the reigning squalor on every hand; the shifting character of the people—these are things that baffle and perplex us at every turn."

And who can doubt that the poverty, the daily struggle for food, the never-ending tales of sorrow and sadness, form a strain of incessant demand upon the sympathy of those who work among the poor?

The parish-room of an East-end slum on any morning provides many instances of the varied duties of the clergy and their helpers. A little crowd comes day after day, the numbers varying from a dozen up to sixty, to make appeals of all sorts:

"Bread for my children."

"Please send 'nuss'; mother's awful bad."

"Boots for my boy, sir. He ain't got none, and can't go to school, and the School Board's sent me a summons."

"Ain't seen my husband for three weeks, an' me an' the children are goin' to be turned out."

"If you'd lend me a bit to buy stock."

"To know if you'll go bail for my boy that's in a bit of trouble."

"Me and her ain't goin' straight, and we thought, perhaps, you'd marry us free."

"D'ye mind renewin' my 'awker's license? Yer did it last year, didn't yer? An' ain't I kep' my promise I made yer?"

"I thought p'raps you'd help me to a bit o' black to foller 'im respectable to the grave."

"These and such as these," said the rector of Spitalfields, "are the incessant appeals, involving constant investigation and care; revealing sometimes cunning, cheating, and dishonesty, and at others filling us with enthusiastic admiration at the devotion, the patience, the resignation of many of the poor in their life-long struggle under hard conditions."

Here it may be stated that there are frequent indications, on the part of even the roughest, that acts of kindness are not altogether forgotten. "One good turn deserves another," is a sentiment remembered even in the lowest stratum of life. Sometimes the "turn" given in exchange for a good one assumes rather a questionable shape, as the following incident will show:

"I once was trying," relates Mr. Davies, "to prevent an ugly row in the street. A hostile crowd gathered, and there were indications that I was in danger. However, I gained my point. As I hurried homewards, a woman crept up to me and whispered, 'I was at your elbow all the while, sir; and if anybody had touched you, *I had my hat-pin ready!*'"

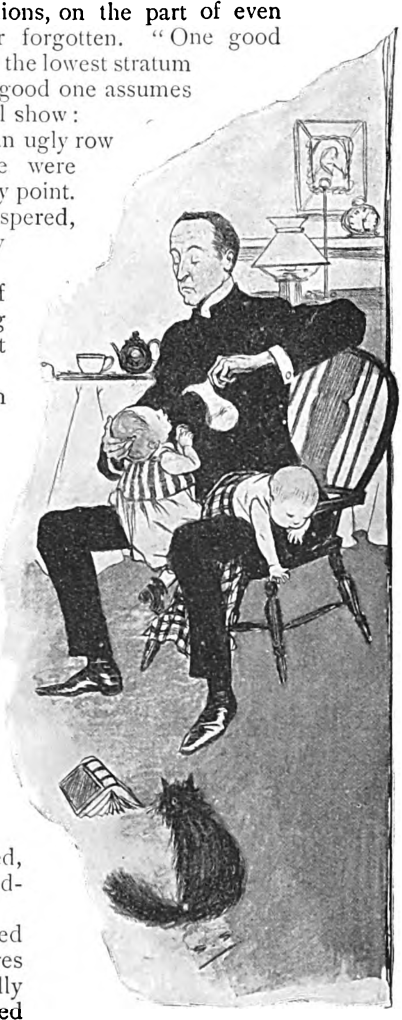
Mr. Davies also tells a story of the gratitude of youth. To start on their summer excursion to Epping Forest, the poorest of poor children had gathered at the appointed rendezvous.

"Ill-clad and ill-fed" was the stamp upon many. On the pavement a woman was trying to sell bunches of some simple flowers at a halfpenny each. One of the most ragged boys of the company had managed to save two farthings, to be spent lavishly in the Forest on that great day.

Outside the building he paused. He looked at the flowers, then at the farthings. He decided to buy. With a face beaming with pleasure, he entered the hall, went straight up to the lady worker in whose district he lived, and said: "Please pin this in your dress, miss, and wear it all day."

In the daily experiences of slum clergymen, comedy is not altogether absent on occasion. Once, in a certain parish still further east, a mother called at the lodgings of a newly-arrived and too-trustful curate. She had two babies with her, and these she succeeded in inducing the young man to take charge of "just for a tick," she explained, whilst she ran to the docks with her husband's mid-day meal.

The curate, having taken over the responsibility, tried his hand at providing amusement for his pair of charges whilst their mother was away. The "tick" gradually lengthened, until at last the alarmed clergyman was forced to call in a policeman and hand the yelling babies over to his official care for conveyance to the workhouse.



The curate . . . . tried his hand at providing amusement for his pair of charges whilst their mother was away.

A little bribe failed to keep the grinning constable's tongue silent, for the mother never appeared again to claim her offspring, and the story of the curate's indiscretion had to be told to the infuriated guardians. Slum babies have ever since been regarded with little interest by that budding archbishop.

Many people are under the impression that the slums of Whitechapel far excel in depravity those of any city in the United Kingdom. This is a mistaken idea. The Whitechapel slum may be depraved, and abound in much vice, but for downright depravity their condition is incomparable with those of Southwark and Bermondsey. Strange as it seems, these two places have neither the Whitechapel class of Jew nor the alien and scum of Europe to corrupt their morals, yet for debased poverty, aggravated by drink, Whitechapel, comparatively speaking, has a clean sheet.

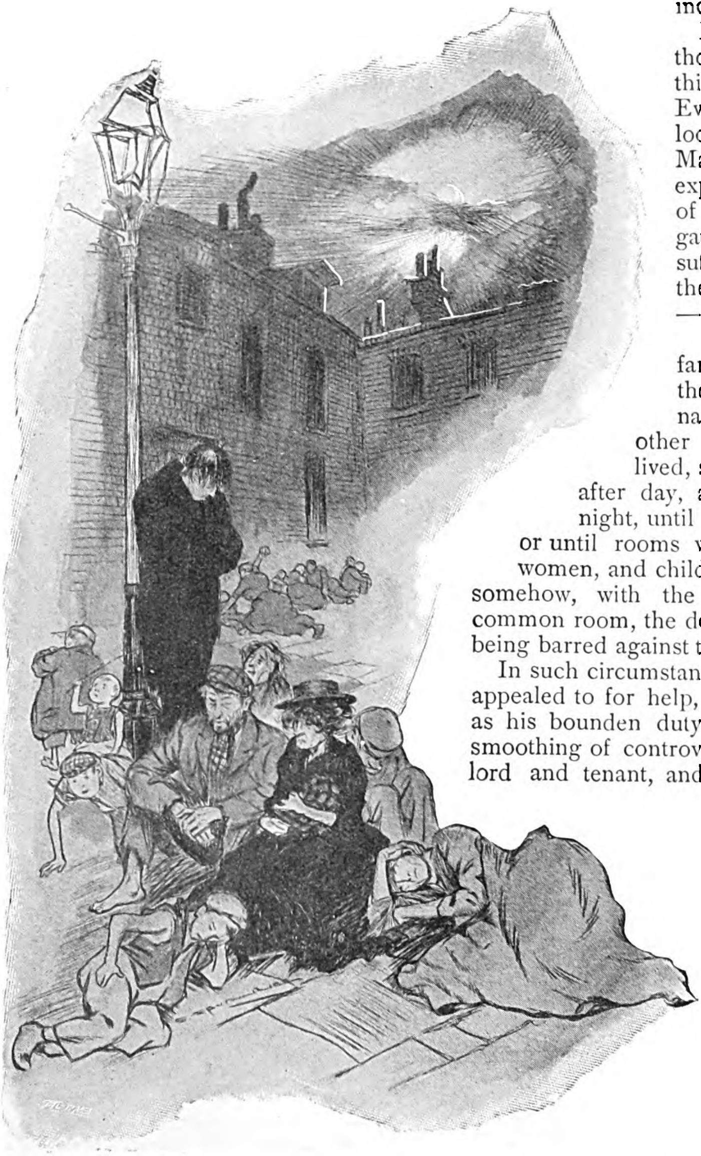
A bad character, certainly. Combine it with "ingrained apathy and contentment, pervading life to the very end," and one is inclined to say "hopeless!"

But this is not the view of those who preside over the thirteen centres of parish work. Even with 20,000 people to look after, they do not despair. Many a painful ordeal has to be experienced. Homes stripped of furniture, fireless grates, gaunt forms and haggard faces, suffering, starving children, and the hopeless moan, "no work"—all have to be faced resolutely.

A little while ago fifteen families were evicted from their miserable homes in a narrow court. They had no other place to go to, so they lived, shelterless, in the court day after day, and slept there night after night, until they managed to find rooms, or until rooms were found for them. Men, women, and children, they managed to exist somehow, with the unroofed court as their common room, the doors of their former homes being barred against them.

In such circumstances it is the parson who is appealed to for help, and he is often expected, as his bounden duty, to take upon himself the smoothing of controversial matters between landlord and tenant, and even to procure fresh and more congenial lodgings.

It was a parishioner with such views who once called upon a curate and requested to be vaccinated. This happened during the small-pox scare of 1902. It may have been that the man had noticed the long queue of people who stood outside the local parishroom (temporarily used as a surgery) every morning waiting their turn with the doctor, and so imagined that the art of inoculating was included



They lived, shelterless, in the court day after day, and slept there night after night until they managed to find rooms.

among the duties of the clergy. Such ignorance is only too prevalent in the slums.

The rector of Bermondsey tells a rather amusing story in this connection :

" One woman presented herself with the complaint that she had been vaccinated before, but the operation did not take. Accordingly, three good insertions were made. As she was going away the officer asked, ' When was it you were vaccinated last? '

" ' Two days ago,' was the reply.

" ' Then,' said the doctor, 'you are in for it now. You will have two nice arms before long.' "

Another woman expressed the hope that the doctor had a nice baby for her child to be vaccinated from.

" We don't take lymph from babies now; we take it from the calf," was the official explanation.

"Then I'm off," exclaimed the woman. "I didn't come here to have my child vaccinated from a wild beast! " and she fled.

Here is a novel reason for withdrawing a child from Sunday-school.

" I like the discipline at St. Andrew's, but you see, sir, you always have wet weather for your excursions at St. Andrew's, and so I have sent my child to the Ragged School."

" I haven't held a sovereign in my hand for two years," said a most respectable poor widow, on receiving a grant from a local relief charity. " It makes me feel so queer. . . . . Bermondsey looks quite different to me now. It was a dull place before; now it seems quite nice again."

In Bermondsey there are many factories; girls are largely employed in these. They are, as a rule, a rough lot. No one who has not lived amongst them can realise fully what " a girl of the slum " is. Reared amidst the roughest surroundings, gentleness and maidenly speech are virtues she rarely possesses.

It is no uncommon incident, on pay days and other festive occasions, for a couple of these young women to quarrel in the street during their homeward journey. There is generally a short way of settling disputes. They fight.

Sometimes they square up and box in the approved fashion of their mankind. But mostly the proceedings are of the rough and tumble order, accompanied by the most appalling yells and shrieks, the pulling of hair, the tearing up of hats, and other feminine methods, adopted as the best means of getting even with an opponent, in which finger-nails and hat-pins play prominent parts.

Suddenly, perhaps the cry of " Here's the parson! " is raised. Most of the cowardly on-lookers slink off. And it becomes the unpleasant duty of the clergyman to separate the two wretched girls, who have fought on, oblivious to his coming, in their paroxysm of passion.

There is a certain curate "down East" who carried about with him for weeks the marks of finger-nails, forming a double set of lines from brow to chin. They were the only reward he got for acting the part of peacemaker in a scene such as that described above.

From time to time rather readable paragraphs are published, in a certain section of the daily press, describing the muscular encounters of the "fighting parson" with ruffians of more or less herculean build.

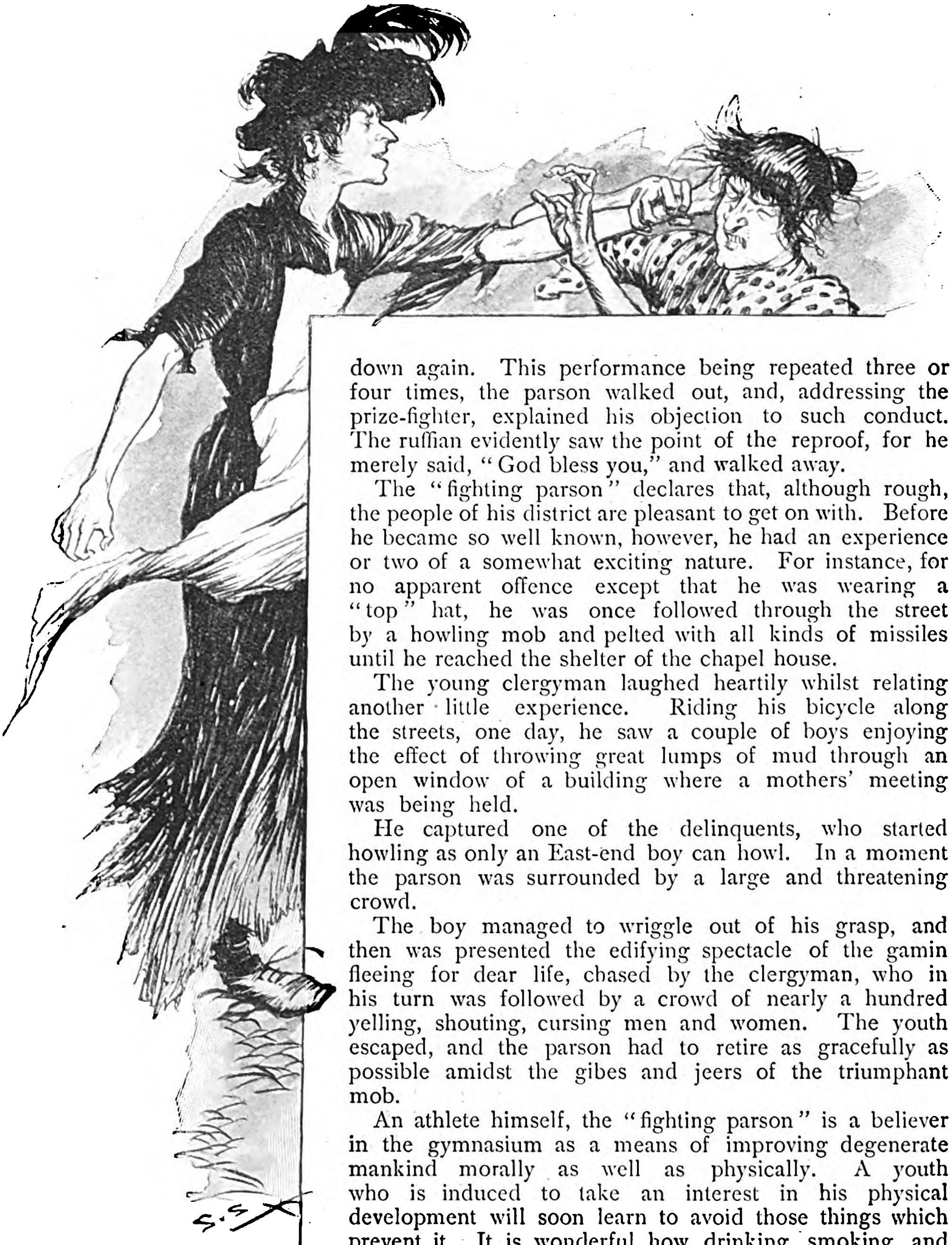
During an interview with a clergyman, who is known as "the fighting parson" in the East-end, the present writer learnt that, so far as the "fighting parson" was concerned there is little, if any, truth in such statements. He does not pose as an exponent of muscular Christianity at all; nor has he ever knocked down a man, good, bad, or indifferent. The reports are gross exaggerations, based on rumours, having no foundation in fact!

He is certainly called the "fighting parson," but the one and only reason he sees for the bestowal of the *sobriquet* is that when at college he was rather efficient in practice with boxing-gloves, and he still takes some interest in the art of self-defence during attendance at his parish gymnasium.

As for facing some burly ruffian and using his fists, instead of the more peaceful arguments of the cloth, it is out of the question. No clergyman would adopt such unpleasant means of taking the law into his own hands.

Of course, he has had some experiences. Some time ago he was walking down a low street of his parish, when, hearing a series of awful shrieks, he paused. Through a partly opened door he saw a man beating an unfortunate woman on the head with a chair. He interfered and saved the woman from further assault, but he did not proceed to administer physical chastisement to the wife-beater, as he was afterwards credited with doing by the irrepressible penny-a-liner of the evening press.

On another occasion the " fighting parson " interfered when a brutal prize-fighter amused himself, just outside the door of the chapel house, by knocking down a much smaller man, and waiting until his victim arose to knock him



There is generally a short way of settling disputes. They fight.

down again. This performance being repeated three or four times, the parson walked out, and, addressing the prize-fighter, explained his objection to such conduct. The ruffian evidently saw the point of the reproof, for he merely said, "God bless you," and walked away.

The "fighting parson" declares that, although rough, the people of his district are pleasant to get on with. Before he became so well known, however, he had an experience or two of a somewhat exciting nature. For instance, for no apparent offence except that he was wearing a "top" hat, he was once followed through the street by a howling mob and pelted with all kinds of missiles until he reached the shelter of the chapel house.

The young clergyman laughed heartily whilst relating another little experience. Riding his bicycle along the streets, one day, he saw a couple of boys enjoying the effect of throwing great lumps of mud through an open window of a building where a mothers' meeting was being held.

He captured one of the delinquents, who started howling as only an East-end boy can howl. In a moment the parson was surrounded by a large and threatening crowd.

The boy managed to wriggle out of his grasp, and then was presented the edifying spectacle of the gamin fleeing for dear life, chased by the clergyman, who in his turn was followed by a crowd of nearly a hundred yelling, shouting, cursing men and women. The youth escaped, and the parson had to retire as gracefully as possible amidst the gibes and jeers of the triumphant mob.

An athlete himself, the "fighting parson" is a believer in the gymnasium as a means of improving degenerate mankind morally as well as physically. A youth who is induced to take an interest in his physical development will soon learn to avoid those things which prevent it. It is wonderful how drinking, smoking, and other vices go down before the horizontal bar and the dumb-bell exercise.

The parish gymnasium is now regarded as a necessity for the betterment of the population.

Great were the difficulties at first experienced by slum parsons in forming and "running" gymnastic classes. Enthusiastic young curates have been lassoed by their pupils and hauled up to the ceiling, there to hang in all sorts of inconvenient and distressing positions until the pleasure of their tormentors allowed them to return to the floor.

Men, instead of performing musical drill, have preferred to play the piano with their feet, and have torn the instrument to fragments, scattering the broken hammers, wires, and ivory keys about the gymnasium in a mad, destructive freak. Nevertheless, the gymnasium conquers in the end. Authority and order gradually take the place of chaos, and lads and men become quite a new set of beings.

By the formation of clubs for men and women, the slum clergy wage war against the counter-attractions of the gin-palace. Frequently the greatest difficulty is found in getting people to take part in the rational attractions of a church clubroom; they seem to dread anything that aims at respectability.

Some men only join a club on the understanding that they will be allowed to turn up "just as they are," without the trouble of what is considered unnecessary washings and tidying of person.

On one occasion a rather ambitious member appeared on the club premises wearing a clean collar! There was almost a mutiny. The wearer was peremptorily requested to remove the offending article. He refused to do so. His critics settled the matter by charging him *en masse*.

Although the victim made a gallant stand in the interests of his laundry, his collar fell into the hands of the Philistines, and was immediately consigned to the fire. But things have changed since then. Most of the members would now scorn to be seen without the once-offending neckwear.

Amongst the lowest classes there prevails a strong desire to shield those that injure them the most.

"I well remember," said one clergyman, who for some years periodically worked amongst the lowest parts of Sheffield, "walking one day down a narrow slum of the great steel city.

"As I moved along, the, alas! not uncommon sight of a crowd of doorstep loungers, evidently enjoying the spectacle of some quarrel, attracted my attention.

"The sound of blows, accompanied by the shrill voice of a woman, and an occasional shriek caught my ears. Hastening up I pushed my way through the cowardly crowd of loafers.

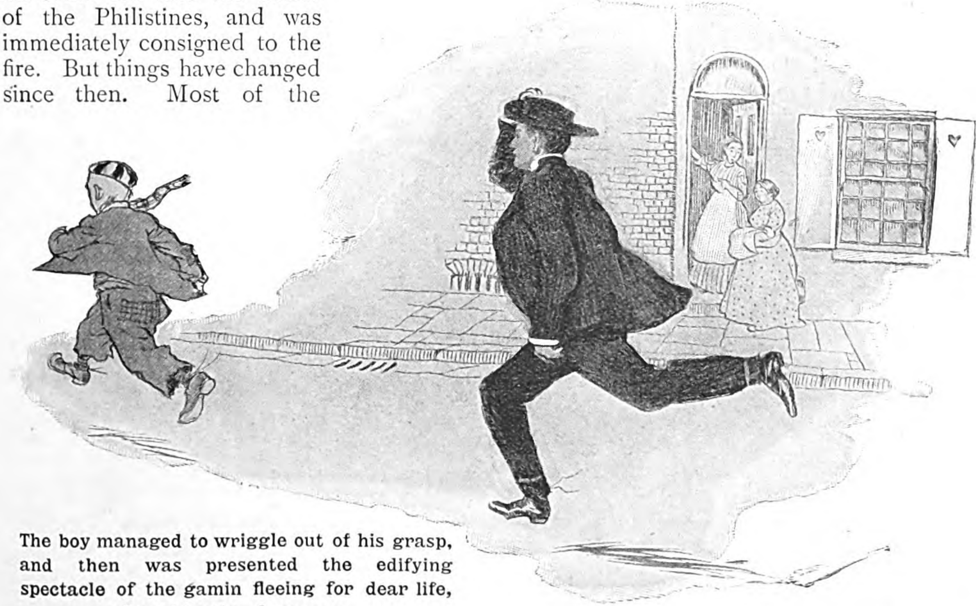
"A man and woman were struggling on the ground. Already the heavy blows of the great brute were having their effect on the woman.

"Laying my hand on his shoulder I ordered him, in no measured tones, to desist.

"Disdaining altogether what I had said, he aimed a terrific blow at the woman.

"Boiling with indignation, I seized him around the shoulders, and big man though he was, I dragged him some yards down the street, amidst the jeers of the onlookers.

"Up sprang the infuriated ruffian, instantly aiming a blow at my face.



The boy managed to wriggle out of his grasp, and then was presented the edifying spectacle of the gamin fleeing for dear life, chased by the clergyman.

"Here, I am afraid, my temper got the better of me. My knowledge of boxing proved more than a match for the fellow's brute strength. I struck him to the ground. The next instant I felt myself violently seized by the hair, sharp finger nails tore into my cheeks, and above the roar of the delighted crowd a voice rang shrilly in my ears: 'I'll teach you to knock my poor husband about.'"

The late Father Dolling, in his immortal slum-work, had many experiences similar to those which fall to the lot of present-day toilers among the lower classes.

In a Landport street, on the first Sunday of his ministry in Portsmouth, he saw two girls performing a sort of wild cake-walk with a couple of sailors.

One of the girls got knocked down. Father Dolling went to lift her up, and no doubt remonstrated with the grinning bystanders, who promptly responded with a shower of stones, and the good man had some difficulty in escaping serious injury.

The famous slum parson has related his first experience with the boys of the parish.

"I had looked forward," he relates, "to seeing the sort of material I should have to work upon, and when the first crowd of boys invaded my church, I knew that my task would prove no mean one. In the middle of the service two of them started to smoke, producing their cigarettes and striking their matches with a *sang-froid* that would no doubt have been amusing anywhere else than in church.

"I saw it was a case of 'now or never,' so I instantly seized the delinquents by the back of the neck and ran them out of the church, taking care to knock their heads together to emphasise my objection to their disgraceful behaviour.

"Their language during the enforced retirement was simply of a horrifying nature, coming from the lips of mere children, and they resisted with all their might; but I got them out and closed the door."

Just before the service concluded, the two ejected ones appeared, reinforced by their respective mothers.

In language compared with which their boys' previous ejaculations were simply as water is to wine, the two women asked Father Dolling "what he meant by knocking their poor children about?"

A soft answer produced no satisfactory effect. The pair of viragoes waited for him, and "I soon after headed a procession down the street on my way home, with the mothers of the injured innocents immediately behind me pouring out vials of fury on my head, whilst all my Sunday scholars, drinking in every word the women made use of in my disparagement, brought up the rear.

"And so we marched, until the shelter of my lodgings was reached, and I was free from the awful tirade of evil tongues."

It is the aim of every clergyman in the slums to personally know all his parishioners. When these, however, number from twenty to thirty thousand, the undertaking is a formidable one. Still, he manages, at any rate by proxy, to call upon every one of his flock.

In making these calls, many a dreadful and heartrending scene has to be witnessed. Starving children, drunken mothers and fathers, incidents of the most degrading character, fights between husbands and wives, between women, old and young, cursing and blasphemy of the most awful description, screams and yells of pain and passion.

* * * * *

And all these people are types of the class with which the slum parson has to deal, day after day, year after year.

"A nice soft job!"

A Revolution in Music.

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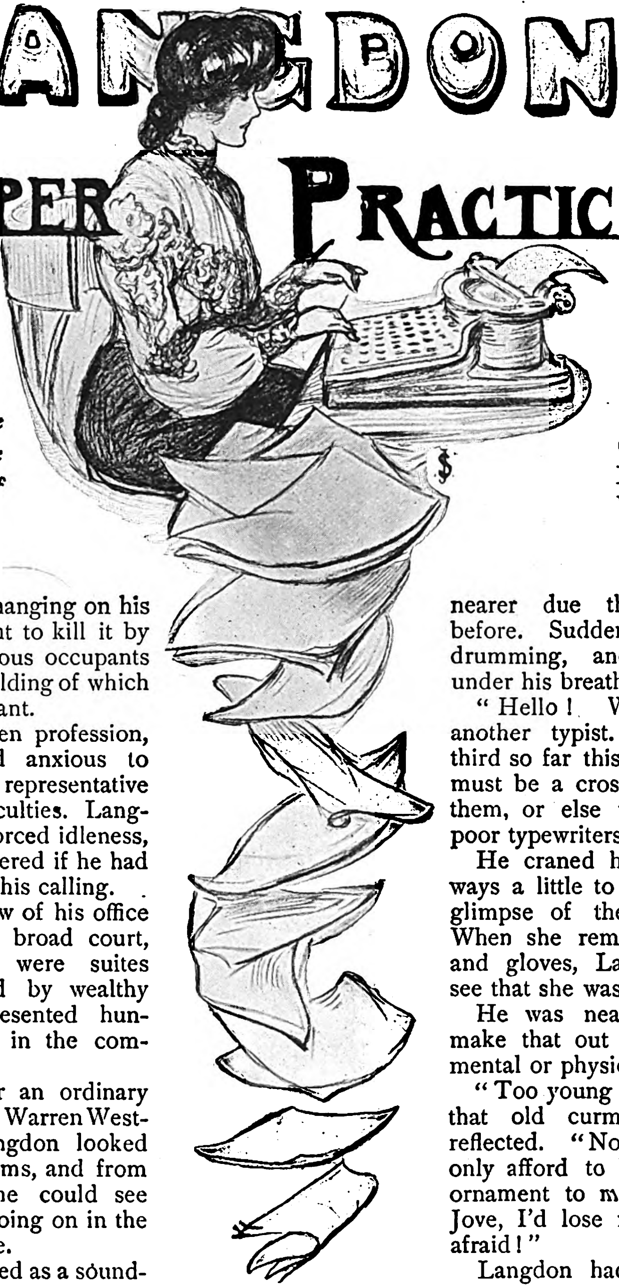
"PEARSON'S SIXPENNY MUSIC,"

under which general title it will continue to appear at frequent intervals. The first piece, "HOMEWARD," specially written and composed by GERALD LANE, is now on sale at all Bookstalls and Music-shops.

You will recognise it by its tasteful blue and red cover.

LANGDON'S PAPER PRACTICE



A Young Lawyer, the New Typist, and the Surprise that Each of them had.

By
George . .
Ethelbert .
Walsh. . .

Langdon had time hanging on his hands, and he sought to kill it by watching the numerous occupants of the great office building of which he was a humble tenant.

Law was his chosen profession, but no one seemed anxious to choose him as their representative to untangle legal difficulties. Langdon chafed at his enforced idleness, and frequently wondered if he had not, after all, missed his calling.

The narrow window of his office looked out upon a broad court, surrounding which were suites of rooms occupied by wealthy financiers who represented hundreds of thousands in the commercial world.

On the third floor an ordinary suite was occupied by Warren Westfield — banker. Langdon looked down upon these rooms, and from his vantage point he could see everything that was going on in the banker's private office.

The great court acted as a sounding board, too, and on warm days when the windows were opened to admit the air, the voices speaking loudly in the office could be distinctly heard by Langdon.

It was a pleasant June day when Langdon watched by his window, drumming on the sill, and wondering if his first case was any nearer due than the day before. Suddenly he stopped drumming, and exclaimed under his breath:

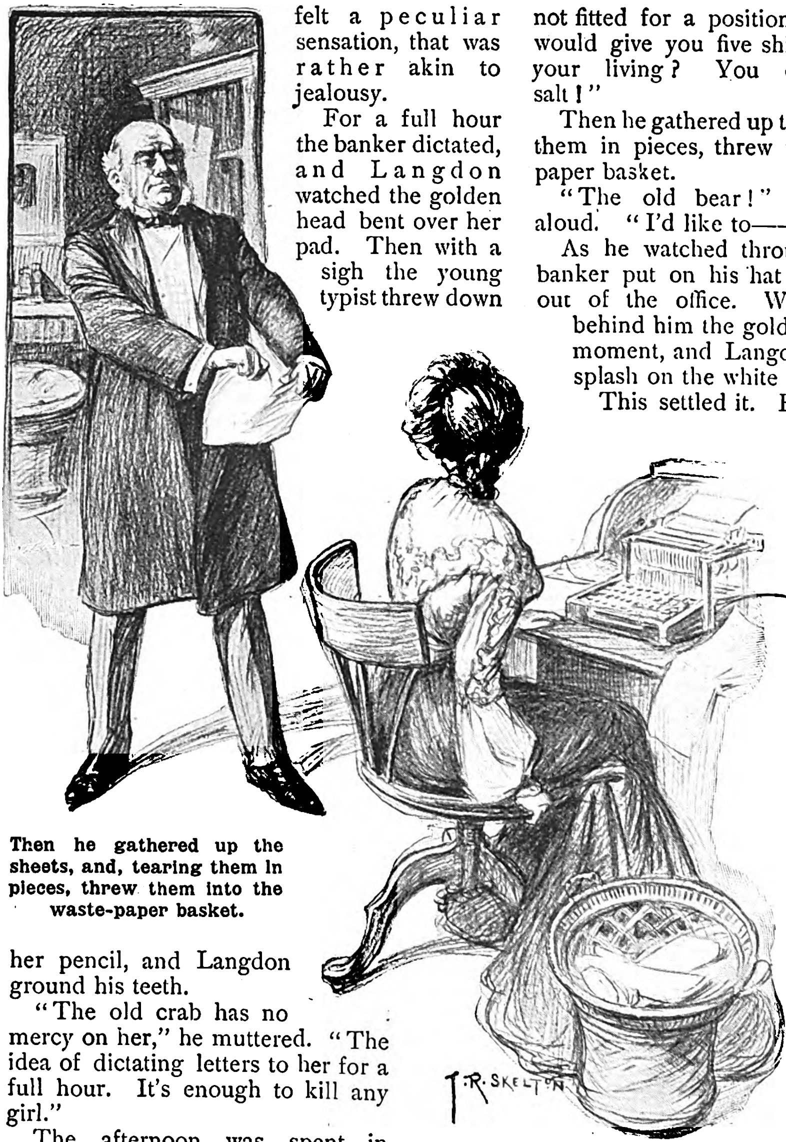
"Hello! Westfield has another typist. That's the third so far this month. He must be a cross old bear to them, or else they're pretty poor typewriters."

He craned his head sideways a little to catch a better glimpse of the new typist. When she removed her hat and gloves, Langdon could see that she was pretty.

He was near enough to make that out without great mental or physical effort.

"Too young and pretty for that old curmudgeon," he reflected. "Now, if I could only afford to have such an ornament to my office! By Jove, I'd lose my head, I'm afraid!"

Langdon had risen from his half-reclining position on the window sill, and, with fascinated eyes, he watched the girl take her position at the machine. This was close to the window, so that her profile could be distinctly studied by him. When Westfield took his place near her and began to dictate letters, Langdon



Then he gathered up the sheets, and, tearing them in pieces, threw them into the waste-paper basket.

felt a peculiar sensation, that was rather akin to jealousy.

For a full hour the banker dictated, and Langdon watched the golden head bent over her pad. Then with a sigh the young typist threw down her pencil, and Langdon ground his teeth.

"The old crab has no mercy on her," he muttered. "The idea of dictating letters to her for a full hour. It's enough to kill any girl."

The afternoon was spent in transcribing her notes, and Langdon, still clientless, tried to read by his window and at the same time to watch the figure in the window below. Towards night the letters were finished, and the crusty old banker glanced over them before placing his signature at the bottom of each.

Suddenly there was trouble. Langdon saw it coming in the scowl of the man. The face darkened, and the voice spoke sharply and loud enough to be heard on the fourth floor.

"They're all wrong," he was saying. "You didn't get my meaning at all. Why, you're not fitted for a position like this. No man would give you five shillings a week. Earn your living? You couldn't earn your salt!"

Then he gathered up the sheets, and, tearing them in pieces, threw them into the waste-paper basket.

"The old bear!" exclaimed Langdon aloud. "I'd like to——"

As he watched through the window, the banker put on his hat and walked hurriedly out of the office. When the door closed behind him the golden head was bowed a moment, and Langdon could see a tear splash on the white paper

This settled it. He jumped to his feet and grabbed his hat.

"I'll rescue her," he exclaimed. "That crusty old beast won't have the chance to browbeat her again."

Down one flight of stairs he hurried and before he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to know what course of action to take he was knocking at the private office of Warren Westfield.

A gentle, musical voice bade him enter. He stepped inside to face the vision of his day dreams.

"I beg pardon," he stammered, uncertain what to say now that he was there! "Mr. Westfield is not in, I see."

"No, he's just gone out," was the quiet answer. "He will be in at six. Shall I take a message for him?"

"No, I think not, I'll call again. The fact is, I'm in great need of a typist and I thought Mr. Westfield could help me. He's an old friend of mine"—a deliberate lie—"and I thought—now, well—— "

He stepped nearer the girl and finished with his eyes fixed intently on the face that still showed recent tear stains.

"Now, you might help me out. You must know some stenographers among your friends."

"No, I don't know any," she answered sweetly, shaking her head. "I'm sorry that——"

This was Langdon's opportunity and he seized it.

"Then perhaps you would like to change your position," he began, but stopped short at the sudden change in the eyes.

"I thought you said Mr. Westfield was your friend," he heard her say. "I did not know that—that it was quite honourable to——"

"Oh, don't misunderstand me," Langdon interrupted. "I was merely going to offer you the position in the event of your deciding to leave. Mr. Westfield is a hard one to suit, and he has turned away three good typists the past month, any one of which would suit me. Rather than let another good one escape, I thought I would put in an application before it was too late."

This explanation appeared to satisfy the girl. She raised her eyes and looked at him frankly. Langdon answered the queries promptly.

"I am a lawyer and my office is nearly opposite. My name is Harold Langdon—good family, but poor—ambitious, but with a small and growing practice. I pay two pounds a week—hours from ten till—till four o'clock, or earlier if something special comes up."

When he had delivered his explanation, she replied demurely:

"Then I'll accept the position. I'll come to-morrow morning. Mr. Westfield will not miss me, and, besides, I want to——"

"Yes, I see," Langdon replied with a laugh. "You want to get even with him. Well, I'll help you. He is an old bear."

"I did not say that," she promptly answered, holding herself with unexpected dignity. "Mr. Westfield may be cross at times, but he's been very good to me."

"What an angel!" Langdon said under his breath as he walked away. "Standing up for a man who told her she wasn't able to earn her salt!"

The dawning of the morrow impressed Langdon with a new sense of life's responsibilities. He had increased his expenses by forty shillings a week, and his first case was still in the air.

All the same, he walked jauntily down to his office. It was only when he entered and saw the vision of golden hair that he lost his self-confidence. For the first time the question occurred to him: What could he give her to do?

In extreme emergencies Langdon was sometimes resourceful. He now proved equal to the supreme test of his professional life. For half an hour he dictated important letters to fictitious clients. There was hardly an important case in the courts of his city which he did not at least incidentally refer to in his correspondence.

He grew so interested in his work that he waxed eloquent, and excited the admiration of his typist.

Finally he halted and said: "There, that will do for one day. I'm afraid I've given you too much work. If so, leave some of the letters for to-morrow."

"Oh, no, I must earn my two pounds. I'll transcribe them all to-day."

He pushed his chair up to his desk at a certain angle where he could watch her profile. For three hours she ticked away on the old typewriter, and Langdon furtively gazed at her and read law books.

Then when she had finished the correspondence, he pushed the letters aside, saying: "I'll run over them later and sign them."

"But I haven't directed the envelopes yet," she replied.

"Oh, well, for that matter," stammered Langdon, "I can do it when you're gone. The fact is, I am out of stamps and envelopes. I'll stroll around to the post-office and buy some when you go."

A walk in the outdoor air by her side was exhilarating exercise. When they parted at the post-office, he forgot to purchase stamps and envelopes, but instead wandered around the streets, and finally returned to his office.

"Those letters must be destroyed," he muttered grimly, "or they'll get me into trouble."

There was an open grate in his room. In that he had deposited the letters which the fair hand of his typewriter had written for him.

"Poor little girl," he murmured. "It does seem an abominable shame to finish off her day's work in this fashion. There's no doubt about it, I am a frightful cad."

As the flames licked them up, a spasm of pain shot through him. With the legal business that the letters indicated, he would be in a position to face the world and ask another to share life with him.

From his idle dreams he rose with a sigh. Then he smiled and paced his office.

"Something must be done," he said. "I can't keep this farce up for ever. I must either find clients, or tell her all, and ask her to marry me. But I'll get my client first."

Thereafter Langdon dictated upwards of a dozen or two fictitious letters every morning; but not one was ever sent through the post. It kept him busy inventing excuses for attending to his own posting.

They were always short of stamps, or he was anxious to carry the letters home to run through them a second time before posting.

A week later Langdon burst into his office, his emotions bubbling over in words that seemed somewhat incoherent.

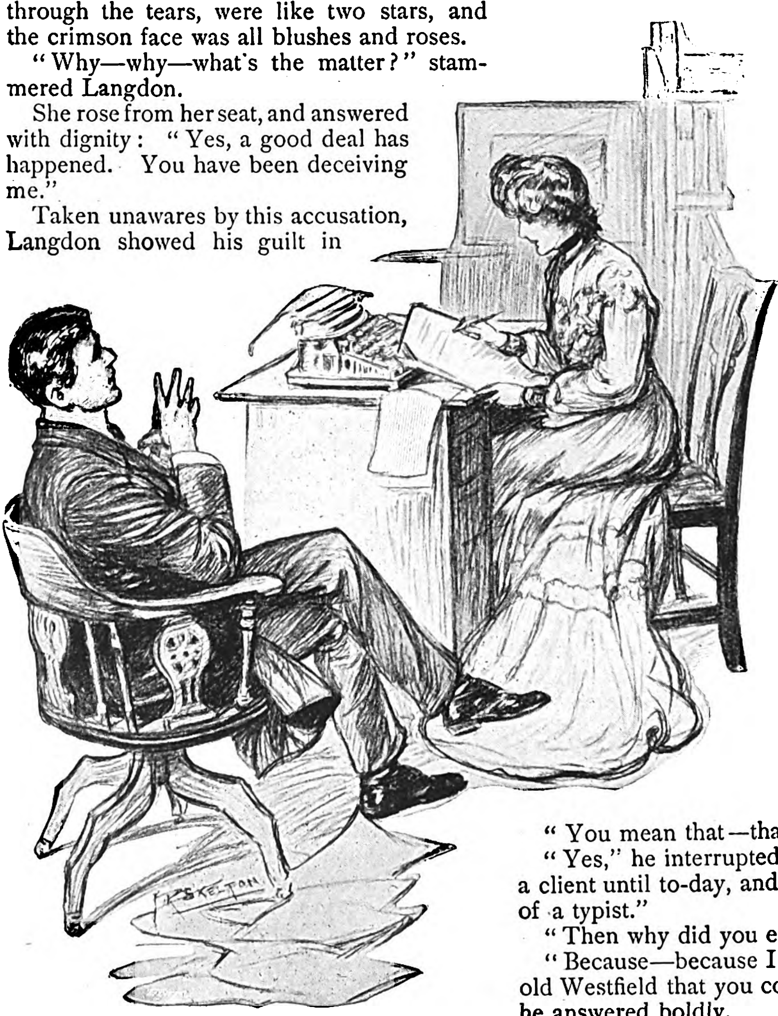
"I've got my client at last! Yes, and he's simply rolling in money! Why, Miss Starr, it will——"

Then he stopped short. Miss Starr was staring at him with a face suffused with tears. She had been crying, and she was not trying to conceal the fact. Her eyes, shining through the tears, were like two stars, and the crimson face was all blushes and roses.

"Why—why—what's the matter?" stammered Langdon.

She rose from her seat, and answered with dignity: "Yes, a good deal has happened. You have been deceiving me."

Taken unawares by this accusation, Langdon showed his guilt in his face, and he could only falter: "But I intended to explain all. Indeed I did, Miss Starr. I—I came here to make a clean breast of it."



Langdon dictated upwards of a dozen or two fictitious letters every morning.

"It isn't necessary," she answered haughtily, picking up her gloves and pulling them on. "I'm going to leave at once. When I found those half-burnt letters in the grate it all flashed over me. I did not think you were so mean. If I couldn't do the work properly you might have told me. It wouldn't have hurt nearly as much as—as this. I'm not a child to be treated so."

Langdon looked puzzled; then after a beseeching glance at the grate, he began to understand.

She was not in possession of all his deception after all. She had only guessed part—the ludicrous part.

He burst out laughing.

"Don't," he said, raising a hand as she looked haughtily at him. "Let me have my little joke. It won't hurt you."

Then, as she showed no signs of appreciating it, he added more seriously: "You're mistaken, Miss Starr, in thinking that your letters were not correct and satisfactory. They were models of correspondence. But—but they were fictitious on my part. I made them up to—to kill time, and keep you busy. That is why I burnt them every night. Why, if I had mailed them I would be in no end of difficulties before now."

"You mean that—that——"

"Yes," he interrupted, "that I haven't had a client until to-day, and that I had no need of a typist."

"Then why did you employ me?"

"Because—because I wanted to prove to old Westfield that you could earn your salt," he answered boldly.

Her face turned crimson, and then white;

but a moment later she laughed softly and said: "And that is why I took the position."

Then they both laughed. Langdon looked at her, and began again in a trembling voice: "But there was another reason. I promised myself that I would never tell you that until I found my first client, and now I am at liberty to speak——"

"Please tell me about him," she interrupted. "You said when you came in that you had one. Who is he?"

"It is a case against old Westfield. I'll get even with him for insulting you. I'll teach him how to treat a lady. I'll——"

"You mustn't," interrupted Miss Starr. "I—I—it won't do."

Langdon looked at her admiringly.

"You are the most forgiving woman I ever met," he said slowly. "After telling you to your face that you couldn't earn your salt, you stand up for him. That is the height of unselfishness. Great Scott, I wish we all had more of such a spirit!"

"But don't you see? It's different now," she replied. "He will—I've been telling him about you—about your extensive practice, and—and—he's going to call on you to give you some of his work. He's had a quarrel with his own lawyer, and—and——"

Langdon was staring in open-mouth wonderment. His expression was incomparable. She held up a protesting hand.

"If you stare like that I shall either cry or laugh."

"I wish you would do one or the other," he said. "I think it would bring me back to my senses. I've gained my first client only to lose him. You ask me to give him up, and not take the case?"

"Yes, for then you would lose my—Mr. Westfield's patronage."

A curious change came over Langdon's face, and he asked:

"What is Mr. Westfield to you? Have you seen him lately?"

There was a jealous rage in his heart, and his eyes were aflame; but she smiled back at him saucily and answered:

"I thought you would have guessed before, He is my father, and I—I am Laura Starr Westfield. Papa wanted me to study stenography and typewriting so that I could be independent if anything should happen to him. I went to a school, and then tried to practise doing his correspondence when—you—you——"

Langdon's jaw had dropped, and his eyes had lost their brilliancy. There was no mirth in his smile.

"I see it all now," he murmured. "I was deceived more than you. But now it is all over, and—and——"

A gentle hand fell on his arm.

"You were going to give me another reason for—for employing me," she said softly.

He turned and glared fiercely at her.

"Yes, but I can't now," he replied. "Things are changed—everything. Before, I loved you, and hoped to win you. But now——"

"Well?" she breathed hesitatingly.

"Now—now," he repeated, "I love you—and have no hope to win you."

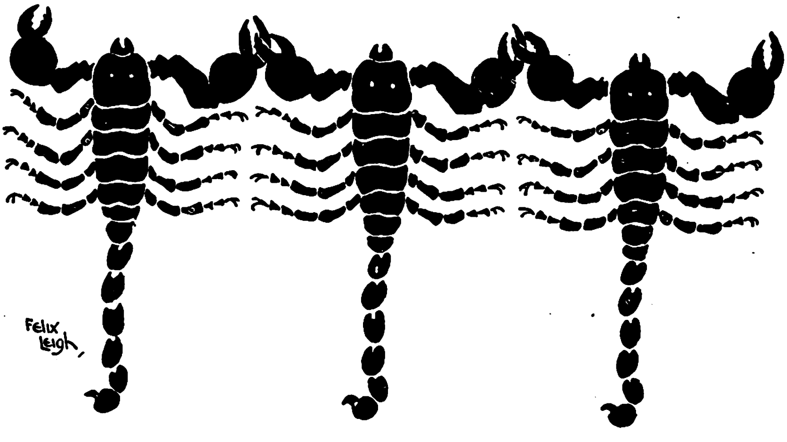
"Why not? Because I have made you lose your first client?"

She was laughing and blushing with such bewitching enchantment that Langdon could not resist the temptation.

"I can't wait for my first client, after all," he murmured, crushing her to his bosom. "But your father will have to pay for it."

"I think he's willing," she answered with a gentle laugh, "for he has great respect for your extensive legal practice."

Langdon laughed, and kissed her fair hair again.



THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES

No. IX.—THE SOLDIER'S POINT OF VIEW.

The Appearance of Things from a Soldier's Point of View are Vividly Described—First at Review; then in Barracks; and Lastly Amidst the Din of Battle.

By A. E. Johnson.

I.

On Laffan's Plain is spread an immense array of men, the sunlight glinting on their burnished arms and accoutrements. Troops there are of every arm—guns, horse, and foot—and great splashes of colour they make upon the dun coloured carpet, scarlet, blue, khaki, black and grey. A gorgeous sight is a royal review.

The officer in command inspects us. We fix and unfix bayonets, port, examine, slope, and present arms, listen to his special orders for the occasion in hand, order arms, stand at ease, and stand easy. It is early yet, and it will be an hour or more at least before the King arrives, and the review begins.

Meanwhile I have to endure the broiling sun as best I can, and wait patiently for further commands. It is a wearisome business, and the opinions freely expressed in the ranks upon the subject of reviews are pithy and to the point.

But, at length, the appointed hour approaches. Everywhere the troops are called to attention.

"*Fix bay'n'ts!*" comes the order. On all sides sounds the rattling click—like a subdued volley of musketry—as the shining swords are clapped on to the muzzle ends.

Then ensues again a period of waiting. But the King is due, and the signal is momentarily expected. Every man stands to his front, rigid, immovable. All eyes are fixed upon the distant flag-staff. Suddenly, faint but clear, a far-off bugle rings out upon the expectant ear.

"*Present arms!*"

There is a rhythmic clatter as the whole array, like one man, goes through the three motions of the "present." For an instant the sunlight flashes brilliantly upon a ribbed sea of fiery metal, as the burnished steel blades are twirled in the air and brought to the salute.

Simultaneously the bonds of the dark ball at the masthead are broken with a jerk, and the Royal Standard shakes out its broad folds to the breeze. The massed bands blare forth the National Anthem.

Soon after, we get the command to move. Already the continuous march past of the troops has begun, and by slow steps we make our way to the end of the long parade ground. Battalion after battalion ahead of us marches away down the broad stretch before the Royal marquee, and the dense crowds of spectators, till at length our turn arrives.

Some distance ahead the battalion immediately in front of us strides jauntily on, each company spread out in two wide ranks, with the company officer some paces in advance. The bands are playing a lilting march, and the men go swinging along in fine style. As they near the saluting base, I see the heads of the rear company jerked to one side with such a simultaneous movement that I half expect to hear a *click* following it.

As the battalion passes on, the saluting base comes clearly into view. The Royal carriage is plainly to be seen, drawn up in front and surrounded by a brilliant retinue of staff officers and foreign attachés in glittering and resplendent uniforms.

Now comes the critical moment. How shall we compare with the rest? What sort of a show shall we make? As I brace myself for the ordeal, I might be the colonel, such is my anxiety.

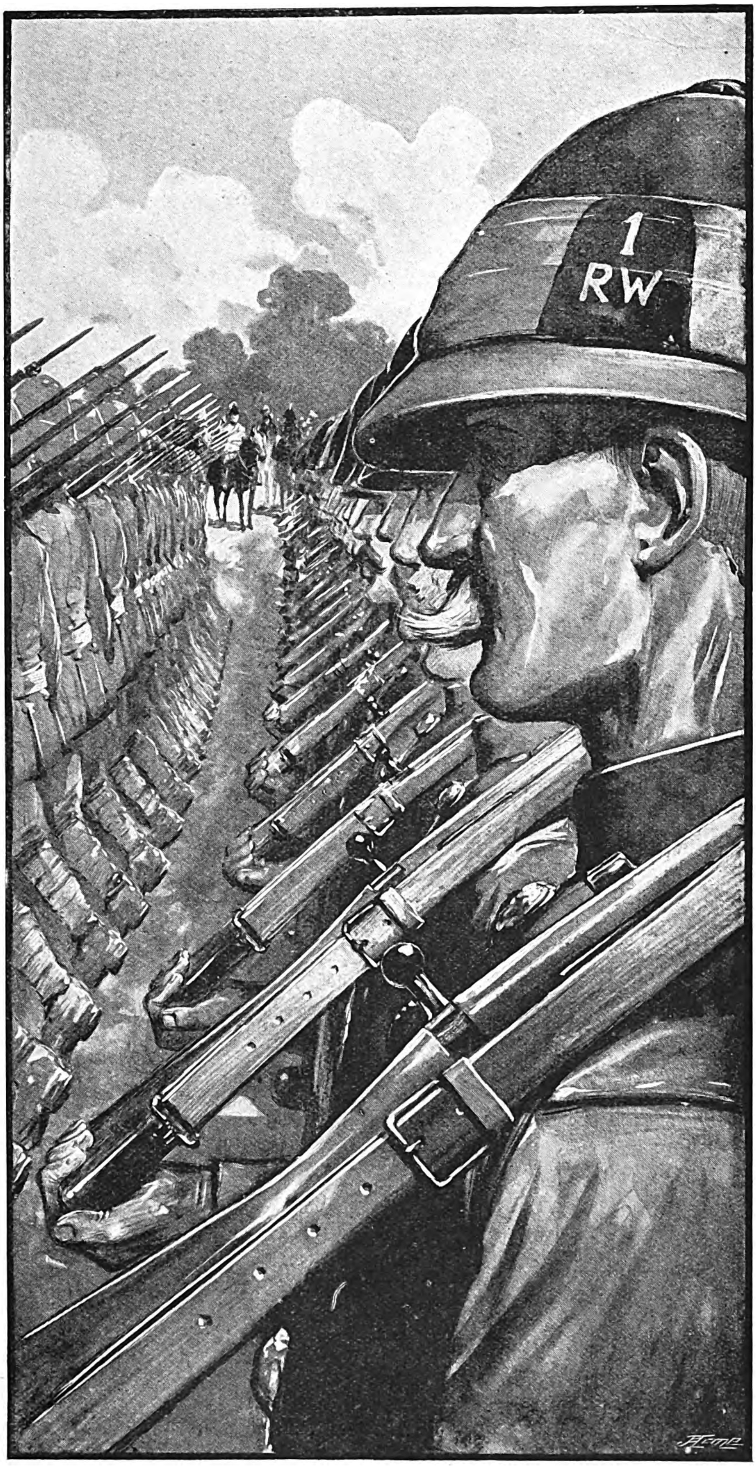
On every left shoulder the rifle is sloped with perfect precision, with clockwork smoothness and regularity every right arm swings to and fro in time with the music and the step. A rattle of applause from the spectators near the saluting base greets us as we approach. But not a man moves a muscle. The company is set—wound up, if you like.

In this fashion it would march unswerving, did occasion require, right up to the mouth of a Maxim gun.

"*Eyes right!*" comes the captain's ringing command, as he brandishes his sword and lowers it in the salute. Every head is slanted sharply and every glance is turned obliquely towards the Royal Standard. From my place in the rear rank I gaze down the even row of profiles. The alignment is perfect. One could lay a fishing rod along the bridges of the noses. Out of the left-ward corner of my eye I catch the rhythmic movement of the front rank's legs. Their regular motions are more like those of some many-legged human centipede than of a composite body of independent individuals.

But the eye takes in these things only as a general impression. The gaze centres upon the Royal carriage and its occupants. The King's hand goes up to his hat as he returns the salute, and the Queen beside him leans forward and bows her acknowledgements.

It seems to me, as I look at them, that they are returning my glance personally. Some sort of idea flashes through my mind that it is at *me* they are looking. The thought squares my shoulders and throws out my chest



As the soldier "marches past" he sees the regular swinging motion of his comrades in the front rank, and their puttie-clad legs moving with clock-work precision, and on his right an endless succession of profiles and rifle-butts.

even more smartly than before. I am determined to create a favourable impression. Brass and drums are crashing out the regimental air, all eyes are turned in silence upon us. The credit of the regiment is at stake. Who would not march as he has never marched before?

II.

It is curious that, for all the glamour which overhangs a soldier's life, but little is known by the civilian of what that life really is. Perhaps if more were known the glamour would be less.

Life in barracks, for instance; how differently from the civilian the soldier orders his affairs—or, rather, has them ordered for him! Consider briefly the daily round of the trooper in the "room."

At half-past five or six in the morning the blare of trumpets wakes me from my heavy sleep. There is no snoozing, no "forty winks more" for me. Get up I must, and to the stables to attend to my horse. My beast first, then myself—this the order of a trooper's cares.

Stables over, my bed put up, and my kit in order, there follows breakfast—but only so much breakfast as the regulations allow me.

Should I wish for more—and the healthy Tommy has usually room inside for much more than the bare necessities of life—I must buy it myself.

If the food be *bad*, I may, when the orderly corporal heralds the approach of the officer of the day with a sounding thwack of his whip upon the table or door, and calls the room to attention with a stentorious "*'Tshun!*" I may, in reply to the terse inquiry "Any complaints?" express my dissatisfaction as to its quality; but to complain of the *quantity* of my rations is useless.

This much and no more, saith the War Office, shall a man have to keep body and soul together. And no more he gets, save at the expense of his own pocket.

After breakfast, the parade, either in the field, on the march, or in the barrack-square. And all the time I am under strict command. Whithersoever I am told to go, I go; whatsoever I am bidden to do, I do. There is no escape—I MUST. In brief, I learn the meaning of *discipline.*

From parade to dinner. That meal over, there comes a welcome slack period, when I pull down my bed and snore away the afternoon in a well-earned "flat." Stables again in the late afternoon, and after tea I am free to "walk out" and enjoy myself as I choose.

But "Last Post" will sound at ten o'clock, and before that—unless I have special leave—I must return to barracks, soberly and in good order. Otherwise the guard will ask questions, and next day there will be pack drill, cells—or worse.

What is the effect of the soldier's mode of life upon the man called upon to experience it? It is hard to say. No two men, one might remark, are affected alike. According to birth, education, social status, and so forth, it may elevate or degrade.

Speaking broadly, perhaps, its most noteworthy feature is the absence of women-folk and their influence. We leave the married quarters out of consideration; we are concerned for the moment only with the point of view of the average private soldier. His dealings with women are apt to produce the falsest of impressions. He knows nothing of their real part in social life, he feels but little of their softening influence; and, speaking plainly, it is to be feared that his general experience of them is not apt to increase his respect for the sex. "The girls they dote on a scarlet coat," runs the song—an undeniable fact which the girls of a certain class are at no pains to conceal.

But the life in common which the soldier enjoys has many fascinations. Why the good soldier is enamoured of his calling he would probably be the least able to say. As well ask a sailor what magnet it is that draws him back to the salt waves after he has "chucked the sea." But one primary reason, it is assured, lies in the spirit of fellowship, the *esprit de corps* in the best and most literal sense of the phrase, which military life engenders.

To the true soldier, undoubtedly, the heart-and-soul "Tommy," the man whom Kipling, for all that author's unpopularity with the rank and file, has faithfully depicted, his regiment is father, mother, wife, and child. Allegiance to his regiment rather than to his country is the keynote of the soldier's ethics. There are tales told in the canteen of inter-regimental pride and jealousy that would astonish the "civvy."

But most remarkable of all aspects of military life is its effect on the moral character. There is a popular supposition that the army is the best reformatory possible for a bad, or at least indifferent, character. The supposition is not *always* justified.

Incorrigibles there are, of course, to be met with, but, as a general rule, there is no gainsaying the bracing moral effect of military discipline.

The Army teaches a man self-respect—the first qualification of the straight man. It sets the waster to do a *man's* work; moreover, it *makes* him do it. He kicks at first, but, being compelled, learns in time the pleasures of honest employment, and ends with a pride in the performance of his duty. Then the life in common teaches him that the respect of his comrades is a desirable thing; to attain that he must first learn to respect himself. Gradually he works out his salvation, and attains his moral manhood.

Not always, it must be admitted, is the influence for good. The case of the gentleman-ranker, associated on equal terms with those who *should* be his social and intellectual inferiors, is a ticklish one. If he has the right stuff in him, he may yet rise superior to his environment, no matter how grave his past indiscretions. If not——

III.

To turn, however, to the grim side of soldiering, and a picture of war, red and terrible.

There is muttered rumour in the battery that the hills yonder are occupied by the enemy. As we halt for a moment on the crest of the hill, suddenly the spattering sound of rifle fire snaps the stillness of the morning air. The noise pulls me up with a jerk. My half-finished sentence ends abruptly, and I feel a shock within me as of a tug upon my heart-strings. The talk has ceased on the instant. A curious silence falls upon us, broken only by a hoarsely-whispered, "We're in it!" from a comrade.

My emotions are hard to analyse. It is not exactly fear I feel, but rather a kind of uncomfortable expectancy. I dare not look my fellows in the face. To do so would seem, I feel, like impertinent curiosity. But a furtive glance shows me each man bolt upright in his place, with features set and hard.

The chatter of a Maxim upon the left swells into a clattering chorus the irregular rattle of the rifle fire. In the cold grey of dawn it is a chilling, deadly sound. Then, with a thunder of thudding hoofs, a staff officer gallops up.

"*Walk—march!*" The sharp command acts like a spark that fires the stiffened frame to life. "*Trot!*" and, with a jingle, jingle of accoutrements, the teams, their wicked-looking guns lopping behind them, plunge downwards to the plain. The battery is itself again. Action quickens the sluggish pulse, and in the excitement of the descent the ugly jabber of the Maxim falls on deaf ears.

At the bottom of the slope is an awkward gully, through which the teams scamper helter-skelter, and come up with a gallop on the level under a heavy fire. "*Action front!*" In a trice the guns are wheeled round and unlimbered.

Now for the first time I begin to be conscious of the fire under which we are acting. All round I see little spurts of dust kicked up from the ground by some invisible agency, like gobbets of dry sand thrown up by the impact of colossal rain-drops. Momentarily I hear the mellow *whing*—like the deep, vibrant note of a banjo's tight-strung base—of an unseen bullet flying past me. An uncomfortable sensation seizes me in the pit of my stomach, a kind of sickness that is hard to describe in precise terms.

Quoth Henry at Agincourt:

> "And he that hath no stomach to this fight,
> Let him depart."

Gladly would I depart, but that a sense of shame would keep me, even were escape possible, at my post. It needs greater courage to openly fly than to stay.

Yet it is not physical fear which lays hold of me. To feel that, one must needs confront an actual, tangible foe. It is rather a mental terror with which these invisible missiles of death fill me. There is no combating them. They come from nowhere, as it seems, and no man can say where they may find their billet. I am helpless. I can but stand still in my place, waiting, with sickening expectancy, to see whether I shall be hit.

A gunner beside me falls. It is sudden and quick. Without warning, his arms are flung wildly up into the air, and, with a hideous, gurgling groan, he collapses. For a few seconds his limbs jerk convulsively, his hands tearing at the tufts of grass, and his teeth savagely biting the dust. As suddenly, the movements cease, and the lifeless corpse lies where it dropped.

My gorge rises, and all things squirm within me.

But things are not always thus. A man there was who described his experiences of the South African campaign as "a long period of deadly monotony, relieved by intervals of blue funk." But most men get speedily used to the sensations of being under fire. He is a callous soldier who can go unmoved through his first ordeal, or, for

that matter, can face in contemptuous mood the early stages of any action. But once through his baptism of fire, or warmed to his work, the soldier recks little of bullets and shells. Use is everything.

Thus later, when I have become participant in a score or more of fights, I find my early emotions gone entirely, or at least so modified as scarcely to be worth consideration. A spirit of fatalism has succeeded those agonies of anxiety. It is impossible to *dodge* the bullets. I am here, and the enemy's fire is thick and hot upon me. If it is fated that I am to be hit, hit I shall be. If not—*tant mieux*! I come to disregard the singing bullets, and begin to have even a contempt for cover.

If I wish to move from one point of vantage to another, I no longer cast about for the seemingly safest route. I am as likely to be hit one way as another, and I go straight in consequence. What will be, will be. *Kismet.*

It happened once in South Africa that during an action the General in command, walking round his dispositions on a tour of inspection, came upon a gun that had temporarily been ordered out of action. Seated on the trail, scorning cover, was a gunner deep in the blushing pages of a well-known sporting contemporary. The General paused and gazed for a moment. Then he turned to the staff officer who accompanied him. "Modern warfare!" he remarked, pointing to the unconscious gunner, and passed on.

Use, it has already been remarked, is everything. What wonder that the deadly monotony of life on active service, of engagements even, makes the soldier callous?

Think of the infantryman, lying prone for hours, it may be in the same place, while the bullets fly, twanging over his prostrate body. He dare not disobey orders by raising his head. With his eye to the ground he looks along the level of the plain to where the sky line rims it, or the hills from which the enemy's fire is coming inclose it. For foreground he has some coarse grass, the blades of which he idly tries to count again and again; and for middle distance the inartistic boots, perhaps—if in close order—of a comrade lying some few feet ahead to right or left.

Steadiness under fire, however, is not the only thing which the soldier must learn. War holds other things to shatter the toughest of nerves. We speak not of certain sights and sounds which those who have witnessed and heard them will recall to mind. This is not the place to paint too vividly the horrors of battlefield and hospital. But heaven grant the soldier may never have to face a charge of cavalry. To stand and watch the wild rout of demoniac horsemen sweeping onward; to hear the swelling thunder of hoofs as the vengeful horde rushes down upon him; to catch with unfaltering eye the glint of bare steel brandished fiercely; these are the things at which the stoutest heart may quail.

Worse still the foot soldier's plight when the square of which he forms a part breaks up in disorder and stays not to receive the shock of the charge. Panic seizes him. His self-control is gone. Reason deserts him. Flight, *flight*, FLIGHT, is the one idea that rages in his mind.

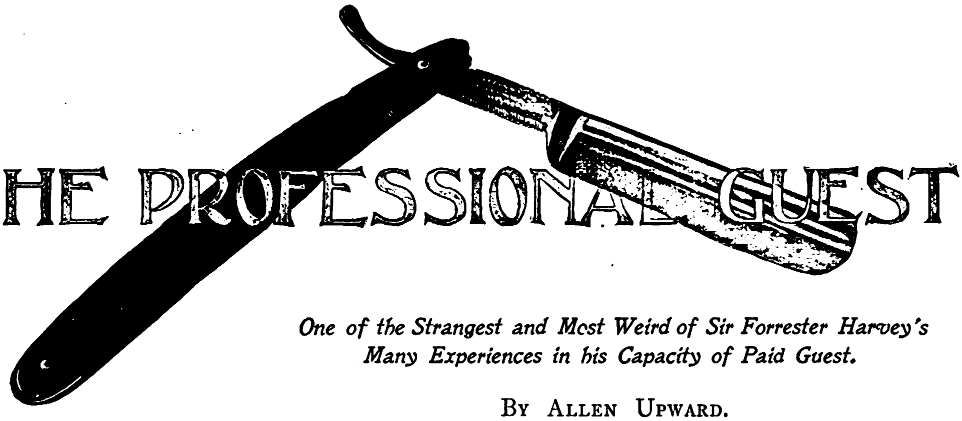
Like a startled hare he turns and flees—whither he knows not. Hot-foot the cavalry pursue. He hears the thudding of the hoofs behind him, and, screaming in his agony of terror, he flings away rifle, bandolier, and belt, in his blind endeavour to escape. Louder and louder drum the thudding hoofs in his ears. As he stumbles on he throws a glance of terror over his shoulder. His pursuer is on him now. He sees the snorting nostrils and blood-shot eye of the giant war-horse as it seems to prance above him, and peering round its neck the fierce face of his enemy, with grim, set features, distorted into a frightful look of inhuman savagery.

His eye catches the gleaming of burnished steel, and as he looks along the levelled lance that points towards him so unerringly, he sees the elbow crooked to launch the vicious thrust. His heart seems near to bursting, his head is singing, and his mouth is parched and dry. He hears the deep panting of the horse behind him, and as he feels its hot breath upon his neck, he staggers, lurches forward . . .

With a wrench of the wrist the horseman gallops on.

The soldier's point of view! 'Tis an unfamiliar one indeed. He sees much that is strange, more that is gruesome, and his standpoint is one—since to prate of what he has seen would be, he vaguely feels, indecency—that the lay mind can but feebly appreciate. And the final chapter, when he lies wounded, with shrivelled tongue and throbbing head, upon the stricken field—what then do his glazing eyes behold?

> The jackal an' the kite
> 'Ave an 'ealthy appetite,
> An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!



THE PROFESSIONAL GUEST

One of the Strangest and Most Weird of Sir Forrester Harvey's Many Experiences in his Capacity of Paid Guest.

By Allen Upward.

VI.—THE MAN WITH THE RED THROAT.

I have had some doubts as to whether I ought to relate the following experience. I do so in the hope that no one will recognise the incident, and that my readers will refuse to treat the narrative as anything but fiction.

The secretary of the Agency, through whose medium I had obtained my various positions, sent for me one morning to meet a client at her office. I arrived at the hour appointed, and found a distinguished-looking man, who was introduced to me as General Brudenel.

The General, whose manner was that of a man suffering under some form of nervous depression, was some time before he explained his object in wishing to see me. At length, having sounded me in a way which had nothing offensive about it as to my position and character, he came to the point.

"I am living in a very quiet part of the country. My place is called St. Osmund's, near Bungay, in Suffolk. I haven't many neighbours, and as I am in shaky health, I see very little company. My only near relation is a nephew, and I haven't seen him for six months. I don't even know where he is. Now I find the solitude is getting on my nerves; and as I don't feel strong enough to face the idea of going anywhere else, I thought the best thing I could do was to try and induce someone to come down and stay with me for a bit."

I bowed, and the secretary nodded sympathetically. General Brudenel seemed to need some encouragement to proceed.

"I don't want you to do anything, of course," he said with a slightly shamefaced air, "except amuse yourself in your own way. There's shooting and hunting, and plenty of coarse fishing, if you care for that, and a billiard-table."

"You want company, without the bother and formality of having to look after your guests. I take it that is your idea," I said.

The General looked relieved.

"Yes, that's just it," he said heartily. "When my nephew lived with me he practically took his own way, while I took mine; and you can do the same."

I surmised that some misunderstanding had arisen between the uncle and nephew, resulting in the young man's departure from General Brudenel's roof; but naturally I did not venture on any allusion to the subject.

Satisfactory terms were arranged through the medium of the secretary, and before a couple of days had elapsed I found myself installed at St. Osmund's.

The house was all that could be desired, and I had every reason to think myself well off. General Brudenel, it is true, was not a very cheerful companion. He spent a good deal of his time moping in the library. At dinner he took more wine than is usual in these days of temperance, and after dinner he generally showed a strong desire to keep me in the room with him till his man came to put him to bed.

I attributed this behaviour to lowness of spirits, probably due to the estrangement with his nephew, to whom he scarcely ever referred.

It was the valet who gave me the first hint that there was something more behind his master's hypochondria.

One morning after I had been waiting in the breakfast-room some time for my host to appear, this man, whose name was Croft, stole in quietly, and said in a low voice:

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"The General's compliments, Sir Forrester, and will you kindly not wait for him? He is having his breakfast taken up."

I expressed a hope that the General was not indisposed. Croft came a step nearer, as he answered:

"I don't know quite what to say to you, sir, about my master. He's not himself, and yet he isn't exactly what you call ill. He won't see a doctor, and he's angry if I notice him—but I'm sure there's something wrong."

"The General's nerves seem very much shaken," I answered. I hardly knew what was the proper attitude for me to take up. I did not wish to meddle, but, on the other hand, it was clearly someone's duty to interfere if anything serious were the matter.

The valet was evidently anxious to have someone on whom he could shift the burden of responsibility.

"I hope you won't tell my master I've spoken to you, sir, but the fact is I'm afraid sometimes he's going wrong in his head. He has fancies."

"Fancies? What sort of fancies?"

"He thinks he sees things, sir, at night."

I started. So that was the reason why General Brudenel sat drinking after dinner, and why he was so reluctant to be left alone.

"Has he told you what he sees—or fancies he sees?" I asked.

Croft shook his head. It seemed to me that he knew more, but had suddenly become afraid to speak.

I forbore to question him, but after some consideration I decided that it was my duty to try and win the General's confidence.

Accordingly at lunch that day, after other topics had been handled and dismissed, I began to discuss the age of the house, from which I worked round to a dissertation on old houses in general, finally touching on the subject of those said to be haunted.

Carefully as I had prepared the way, General Brudenel saw through me.

"That fellow Croft's been talking to you, I see, Harvey," he said suddenly.

I blushed as I responded:

"I hope, General, that you will pardon the anxiety we both feel to see you in better health."

The General made a gesture with his hand, as though dismissing the subject, and we finished the meal in a silence which made me apprehensive that I had offended him.

After dinner, much to my relief, he resumed the conversation of his own accord.

"Do you believe that any of the ghost stories they tell are *true?*" he demanded, apropos of nothing.

I considered for a moment. As a matter of fact, I had always been a complete sceptic on the subject, but I had sense enough to see that to proclaim my state of mind at this stage might deprive me of my host's confidence, so I answered with deliberation:

"Well, I have hardly had the chance to form an opinion. I have never come across a case in my own experience. I may say that I have an open mind."

General Brudenel nodded as if satisfied.

"That's a sensible answer. Now, you haven't noticed anything in this house, I suppose?"

"Certainly not."

"Suppose you were to—do you think it would make you afraid to stay on?"

"I can't imagine its doing so. I'm not a nervous subject."

"Then I tell you what I wish you would do. Sleep in my room to-night, instead of me, and see whether anything happens."

The manner in which he made this proposal showed me that General Brudenel's mind was still perfectly rational, whether his nerves were disordered or not. Evidently he had seen something of a character which caused him to distrust his own senses; and he wished to test the reality of the phenomenon through me.

I gave my consent to the course proposed with some reluctance. However slight might be the chance of my witnessing anything uncanny, the mere possibility was enough to make me uncomfortable.

When Croft arrived on the scene as usual, his master suddenly informed him that we were to change places for the night. I thought he watched the valet's face rather closely as he sprang the announcement on him. However, Croft betrayed no emotion beyond a little natural surprise.

As arranged, I went straight upstairs, took my sleeping-suit, and repaired with it to the General's room, leaving him in possession of mine. As far as I can judge, all possibility of trickery was excluded.

I lay awake for some time, feeling rather nervous, but at last I dropped off to sleep.

How long my slumber lasted I have no means of knowing, but I started out of it rather suddenly, to be conscious of a vague sense of someone else being in the room.

I looked round, and my glance fell on a pale white outline, taking the distinct shape of a human figure, which seemed to be approaching the foot of the bed. As I gazed, the figure became more solid in appearance. It was that of a man in evening dress, with the head thrown back, the face being so foreshortened as to be unrecognisable. Then all at once I perceived the horrid character of the apparition.

The throat of the unknown was cut right across!

I lay perfectly rigid while this ghastly picture printed itself on my memory. Then I sat up in bed with a jerk, to find myself staring into the darkness of the room.

A dream, the incredulous will say—a dream brought about by the conversation at the dinner-table, and the mental excitement in which I had fallen asleep.

Such was, in fact, the explanation with which I tried to quiet myself at the time. Ashamed of my own weakness, I lay down in bed again, as though nothing had happened, and resolutely closed my eyes. But it was some hours before I slept again, and I woke in the morning feeling decidedly out of sorts.

The moment I encountered my host at the breakfast-table he saw that I had gone through an experience similar to his own.

"Tell me, what did you see?" he inquired anxiously.

"I can hardly claim to have seen anything," I answered, trying to pass the matter off lightly. "I had an unpleasant dream certainly."

The old gentleman shook his head.

"It was no dream," he said with conviction. "You have seen what I have seen—a man with his throat cut."

I could not evade this direct challenge.

"Yes, that is what I saw. Do you know of any tradition or superstition connected with that room?"

The General shook his head.

"There is no tradition—how should there be? You did not recognise the face?"

"No; it was impossible."

"I did not recognise it the first time," General Brudenel proceeded, "but I recognised it the next morning when I was being shaved. It is my own face."

I uttered a cry of horror. The other man threw back his head, exactly as the apparition of the previous night had done, and I instantly saw that he had spoken the truth.

For some minutes we sat without speaking. I felt it would be impertinent to offer the usual remarks about hallucinations. To be haunted by such a spectre was terrible enough, however it was accounted for.

General Brudenel declared that he had seen the apparition during the night, as usual, but we were unable to fix the time so as to decide whether it had appeared to us both simultaneously.

Later on in the day, finding that I was genuinely anxious about him, General Brudenel took me into his confidence.

First pledging me to secrecy, he made me acquainted with the following circumstances:

His nephew, whom he had adopted many years before, and to whom he had been very strongly attached, had turned out a young man of violent and ungovernable character. Compelled to resign from the army on account of persistent insubordination, he had gone on the turf and lost large sums of money.

Time after time his uncle had come to his rescue, paying his debts and extricating him from various unpleasant scrapes, till at last he realised that it was hopeless to try and save him. Accordingly, six months before, he had decisively and finally refused to have anything more to do with his nephew as long as he was alive.

Unfortunately, he had not had the strength of mind to alter his will, and in their last interview he had been imprudent enough to say:

"I am an old man, and when I am gone you will have everything. You must wait till then."

The nephew, furious at the prospect of having to earn his own living, had thereupon retorted:

"It would serve you right if I were to come back some night, and cut your throat!"

Knowing the man's reckless and callous disposition, his uncle took this as a serious threat. I was inclined to think that he must have brooded on the words when in bed at night, and thus formed a picture in his mind which gradually assumed the character of an hallucination.

By his own account, however, the apparition began to present itself quite suddenly a week or two before my arrival; and the General professed that he had entertained suspicions that it might be the outcome of a plot to terrify him.

In the face of my experience, he dismissed this last conjecture. Unhappily, he now took the view that the spectre was a warning in the nature of a presentiment, and that his end was not far off

I exerted myself to dissipate this idea, and urged him to at once alter his will, and then take a trip abroad. But he steadily resisted my persuasions, and continued to regard himself as *fey*.

The end came sooner than I expected.

One night, about a month after my first arrival at St. Osmund's, as I was in my room just beginning to undress, there was a knock at my door, followed by the hurried entrance of Croft, before I had time to say "Come in."

The valet's face was wrought with terror, and he gasped as he spoke:

"Will you come to the General instantly, sir? He has cut his own throat."

As we hastened along the corridor, the trembling man explained to me that his master had sent him out of the room immediately on coming upstairs, with orders to return in half-an-hour. The valet had gone downstairs accordingly to wait the allotted time. On coming back he had found the General lying on the floor with a gash in his throat.

I made no comment on this extraordinary story till I had reached the scene of the tragedy. On advancing into the room I saw the unhappy man lying where he had fallen, at the foot of the bed, exactly at the spot where I had seen the apparition a week or two before.

Kneeling down hastily, I tore away the shirt, which the frightened servant had not touched, and placed my hand on the victim's heart. It still beat faintly.

"Go instantly and send someone for a doctor," I ordered. "And then come back and bring some brandy."

I did not dare to move the body, but tried to staunch the wound with a towel dipped in cold water, and waited.

The razor by which the gash had evidently been made was held in the right hand of the sufferer, whose fingers were tightly closed over it. This circumstance, coupled with the direction to the valet to leave him alone for half-an-hour, pointed to the wound having been self-inflicted.

As I glanced round the room, my eye was caught by a red spot on one of the door-plates, just above the handle. I walked over and examined it, but the mark was too slight and blurred to tell any tale. No doubt it might have been made by Croft, as he hurried out to summon me. Still, it left a faint seed of doubt in my mind.

In a minute Croft returned with the brandy. He was followed by several of the other servants, whom I sharply ordered to remain outside in the passage.

I poured some brandy between the lips of the sinking man. He opened his eyes and made a movement as though to lift his head.

"Lie still, General," I urged him. "A doctor has been sent for. You had better not move till he gets here."

A look of disbelief gleamed in the General's eyes. He whispered:

"No doctor can save me. I am dying. Get paper and ink."

Believing that he wished to make a will, I snatched writing materials from a table in the room, and knelt down on the floor, so as to be able to place my ear close to his lips.

"This is my dying deposition," dictated the sufferer, in tones so feeble that I could barely catch the syllables. "I inflicted the wound on myself. I did not know what I was doing. No one was with me at the time."

I ceased writing, and gazed with a strange surmise into the eyes of the dying soldier. He held out his hand for the pen, and just managed to splutter a cross on the paper. Obedient to his evident desire, I wrote his name against the mark, and then I and Croft signed as witnesses.

The General made one more attempt to speak, but this time the words only came in fragments.

"Christian burial?" he gasped, with an imploring look. I nodded, to assure him on that point. Then with a look of relief he murmured—"No one guilty—punished—honour of—family," and closed his eyes.

He had been dead for some time when the doctor arrived.

The police, who invaded the house the next morning, took the General's deposition from me, expressed their satisfaction at the case being so clearly explained, and made no further inquiries.

But the last words of the dying man were, for my mind, an enigma, which I was determined to solve.

That peculiar sentence in the deposition itself—"No one was with me at the time"—did it not sound like an attempt to contradict beforehand a suggestion which no one had yet made?

And that reference to the honour of the family—did it not hint that the dying man had taken the heroic resolve to submit to the brand of suicide, in order to screen one who bore his name—who was still dear to him, perhaps—from a far more terrible opprobrium?

In my mind I could conjure up the whole scene; the nephew, rendered desperate by waiting for his uncle's death, creeping into the house by some private way, to keep a secret appointment; the fierce demand, followed up by a murderous blow; and the stricken uncle retaining just strength enough to urge his murderer's flight, with the promise of immunity for the sake of the family name.

In the most cautious manner I made a few inquiries of the servants, which satisfied me that the younger Brudenel, on his leaving St. Osmund's six months before, had in all probability retained the key of a small garden door, by which he had formerly been accustomed to let himself into the house at all hours of the night.

It was thus possible that the whole series of visions which had so alarmed and shaken the late General Brudenel might have been cunning devices to kill him by sheer fright.

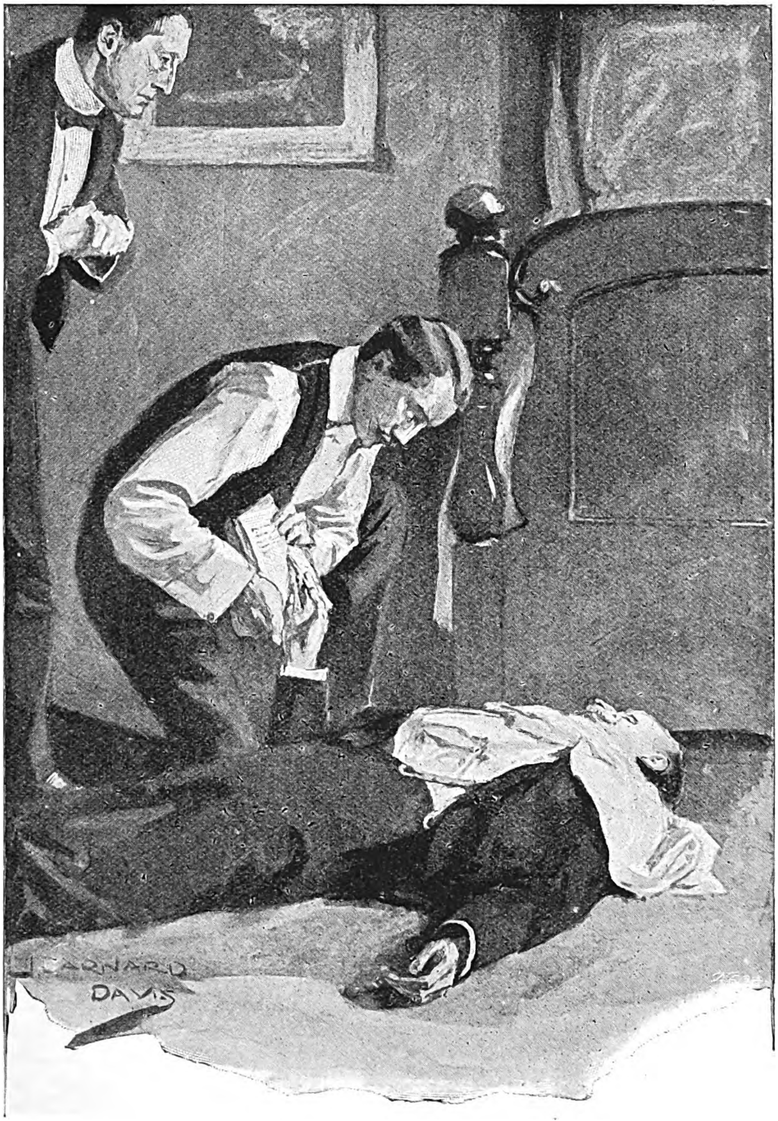
The chain of evidence was complete, in my own mind, but, alas! I realised that it was far too slender to submit to a court of justice, which demands something more solid than suspicions and inferences. Moreover, I felt that I should be betraying my employer's last wish, if I took a part in publicly exposing the crime.

In this dilemma, unwilling to let the man whom I believed to be a murderer escape altogether, I decided to apply a test of his guilt, suggested to me by the spot of blood on the door, from which all my doubts had originated.

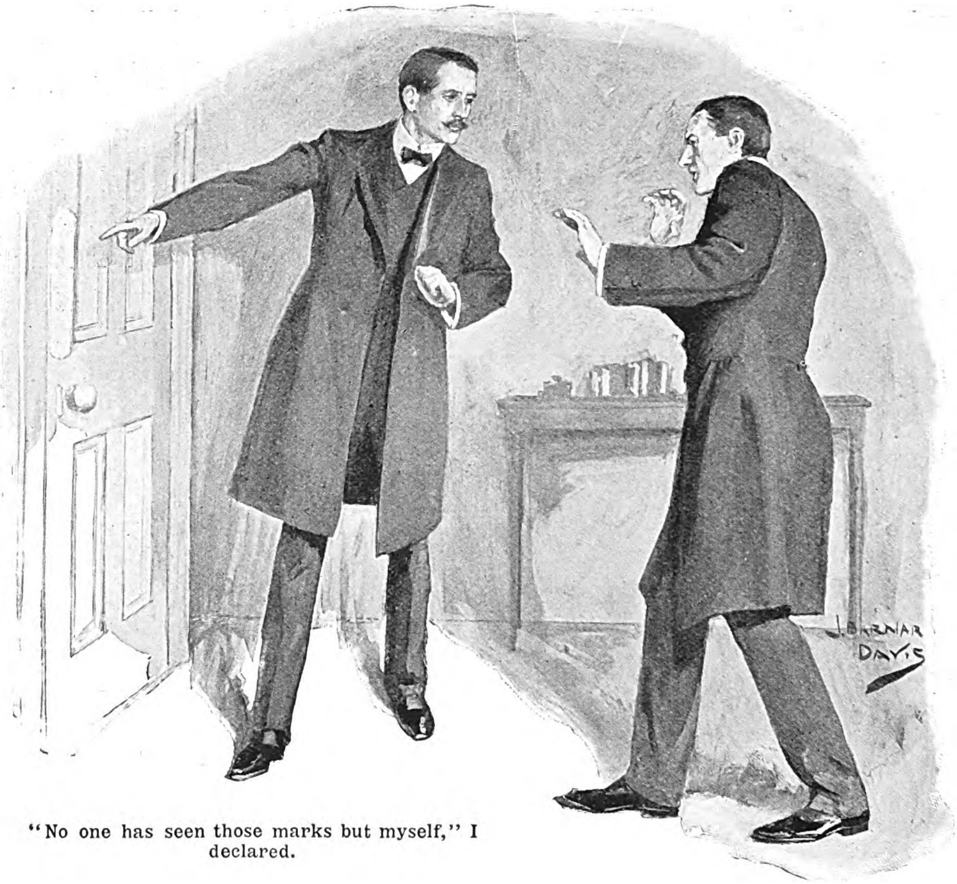
The moment the police were out of the way, I dipped my own fingers in the blood of the murdered man, and printed them on the door-plate.

On the day fixed for the inquest, the younger Brudenel appeared on the scene, dressed in deep mourning. I met him in the hall, and requested him to accompany me upstairs to the deceased's room, the key of which I had been careful to retain in my own custody.

The nephew, who seemed half inclined to bluster and half to conciliate, followed



He held out his hand for the pen, and just managed to splutter a cross on the paper.



"No one has seen those marks but myself," I declared.

me reluctantly into the presence of the corpse. The moment we entered, I closed the door and placed my back against it.

"Walter Brudenel," I said, looking him full in the face, "your uncle has made a dying declaration that he committed suicide."

Brudenel eyed me suspiciously, but before my stern gaze his eyes sought refuge on the floor.

"Why recall the painful circumstances of my poor uncle's fate?" he mumbled, with well simulated sorrow in his voice.

For a moment it crossed my mind that, after all, my suspicions might be groundless. But, I reflected, if Brudenel were a scoundrel, he would be a clever scoundrel. No doubt he had prepared himself for an emergency, and was ready to brazen matters out until completely brought to bay.

"I have good reasons," I answered, determined to carry out my original intentions, "for saying what I did. Although your uncle may have declared that his death was the work of his own hand—I believe you to be his murderer!"

The accused reeled, as he well might, beneath this sudden blow, and turned all sorts of ghastly hues.

"How dare you?" he panted out.

I stood aside from the door, and pointed to the red finger-prints.

"No one has seen those marks but myself," I declared. "Are you willing to have your finger-prints compared with them?"

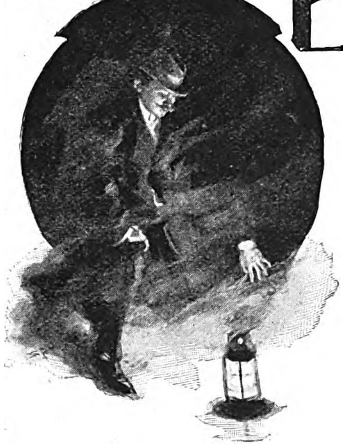
The murderer fell backwards with a groan.

I dared not stay to extort a confession, which might have involved me in the duty of a public denunciation. As soon as I had effaced the stains which had produced so overwhelming an effect, I left the unconscious man where he had fallen. I have never seen him since.

It only remains to add that he seems to have fled within an hour from the house and neighbourhood, and that the news of his death was reported not long afterwards to the late General Brudenel's lawyers, from whom he had never ventured to claim the inheritance.

THE PRISON BREAKER

By Walter O. Hawes.



The Story of how a Notorious Criminal Nearly Succeeded in Escaping from Prison.

The remand of Crabbe, charged with the kidnapping of Lord Monmouth's heir, necessitated the prisoner being temporarily consigned to the "Old Jug."

That brown stone edifice, it may be recalled, stood upon waste ground beyond Friar's Street. To it Crabbe was driven under strong escort, and at its portals he alighted, manacled, and grinning like a death's-head, and so came into our keeping.

That evening I found the Governor in a distressing state of nervous tension.

"The presence here of that notorious prison-breaker is a disquieting fact," he remarked with a shaky laugh. "Dartmoor's the only place that has held him so far. Second-rate gaols aren't a bit of good; and the 'Old Jug' isn't even second-rate. What *is* a chap to do?"

"If I may offer a suggestion," I began, "clear the fire-proof strong-room and furnish *that* for him. It's a temporary stay."

The Governor was pleased with the idea, and gave the necessary orders. Yet, I'll be bound, few of the responsible officials of the gaol slept much that night. I half expected to find the bird flown by the morning; but, no—he was still secure in the strong-room, though not particularly well. The doctor visited him at eleven, found him in a high fever, prescribed drugs and left.

By three the fever had so much increased, and the fellow looked so horribly death-like, that admission to the infirmary was granted. Being unable to stand, he was carried in on the cell pallet.

This sudden upsetting of our carefully-laid plan for securing Crabbe increased the Governor's panic. He instructed the day and night nurses never to relax their vigilance. He saw personally to the security of the doors and windows of the ward.

Thus a week of tension passed. The patient had recovered rapidly; was so far convalescent, in fact, as to be permitted walking exercise in the prison yard. There he would rest, looking as weak as water, and as thin as broomsticks, lazily watching the workmen engaged upon repointing the twelve-feet walls and relaying the asphalt worn and broken by the daily recurring tramp of the prisoners.

The November air was damp and chill, however; while the little flesh he did possess afforded him but slight protection. So he would crawl slowly back and forth between the two warders for an hour, and finally crawl back to the infirmary.

About this time occurred a welcome break in the monotony of the prison-round. I refer to the visit of the descriptive writer and photographer for the comprehensive work on modern prisons recently projected by Government. To me, as secretary, fell the pleasurable duty of escorting these two gentlemen through the "Old Jug," spinning its history and indicating its points of interest.

The camera-man took numerous pictures of the buildings which were picturesque; and of its inmates, who were simply human, and departed. With their departure the dull round of prison duties recommenced.

November the 20th broke raw and dark. Towards the afternoon a dismal fog rolled up in dun-coloured masses from the sea and settled slowly over the town.

About 9.30 in the evening, having drawn up the usual weekly report, I carried the documents to the Governor's room for his approval and signature.

"It seems a most fortunate thing, Amesbury," remarked my chief, raising his greying head and turning his clean-shaven, pallid face and nearly colourless eyes in my direction, "that number 54—Crabbe—should have sickened directly he arrived here. His illness, I am convinced, has kept him secure, where our utmost labour and forethought might have gone for naught. He is still so weak that we may reckon upon holding him for another day or two at least, by which time he will be fit to return to the strong room. Yes; I am feeling more at ease now."

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He ran his pale eyes over the report. "I see here that you make a point of the fact that he is still secure. It's a curious item in a prison report, but in the case of a felon with such a reputation as Crabbe, quite legitimate I think."

"His latest exploit is said to have enhanced that reputation," I remarked.

"It has greatly. It was a characteristic piece of work, too. Crabbe was lodged at Chelmsford in a room which, after conversion, had done duty as a cell in times of crowding. There is invariably a weak spot in a prison-cell, though one must be extraordinarily acute to discover it. The power to find that spot instinctively is the chief of Crabbe's abilities. The second is his facility in taking advantage of it when found. Well, Crabbe quickly discovered that the one point of weakness in his Chelmsford cell, was a walled-up chimney. After being plastered and white-washed, no sign of the opening remained. In fact, no one suspected its existence until Crabbe had gone, but then the passage the clever rogue had forced was sufficiently obvious."

"He possessed an implement then?"

"Undoubtedly; though it was never discovered. Apparently, when the way was clear, Crabbe enticed a warder on a solitary round into the cell on the plea of sudden illness, stunned him with a stool, and donned his clothes after stripping from them the buttons and other distinguishing marks."

"And then?"

"Then Crabbe climbed the flue to the roof. It is not exactly clear, however, in what manner he left the roof. The theory accepted at the time was that, being a feather-weight he went hand over hand along the private telegraph wire, and slid down the first pole outside the prison precincts. The wire was sagged considerably."

"Altogether a brilliant and daring piece of work," I commented.

"It certainly was."

The Governor had scarcely uttered the words when Green, the new warder, rushed breathlessly into the room. His eyes were round with excitement, while his scrubbing-brush of a beard positively bristled.

"Sir," he panted; "'e's broke out agin!"

"Who's broke out? You don't mean——"

"Fifty-four, sir; yes sir."

"Crabbe gone! I'm disgraced!"

The Governor rose unsteadily; his white face twitching.

"Yes sir. Five minutes ago the electric lights in the infirmary went out. One of us groped to the switch, and when we looked round agin, blest if fifty-four was in 'is bed. Clean vanished, sir."

Without comment or question the Governor hurried to the sick-ward, Green and I following close upon his heels. Though utterly dismayed by this complete inversion of his ideas, the Chief retained sufficient coolness to give hurried directions as he went, for search parties to immediately patrol the outer walls and neighbourhood.

In the ward we found the night-nurses gathered in a confused group by the bed that Crabbe had occupied. His clothes lay piled by the bedside, and the mattress was yet warm. But no sign of his skeleton frame and parchment-covered skull remained.

In dismay we stared at one another and around the long bare room. The electric switch appeared by the opposite door from that by which we had entered; quite a dozen feet from the bed.

"Were the doors fastened?" demanded the Governor.

"Both were fast, sir," replied Green; "and the window-bars are secure."

"What other way of egress can you suggest, Amesbury?"

"The chimney," I replied. "It is narrow; but so is Crabbe."

"That roaring fire's sufficient guarantee he didn't choose the flue," decided the Governor. "Any other suggestion?"

I had noted one other possible way of escape, which, curiously enough, had hitherto been overlooked. Two or three of the patients were leaning upon their elbows, watching and listening to all that passed, so I drew the Chief out of hearing, and whispered my suggestion.

"Im—possible!" exclaimed the Governor on hearing it.

"Not so," I contradicted. "Would it not be advisable, at any rate, to search the exercise yard and the buildings fronting upon it?"

"You are right, Amesbury," replied the Chief, on consideration. "However he escaped from the ward, he must have chosen the yard as the quick way to freedom. There are too many locked doors towards the front of the building."

A lantern was quickly procured, and by its feeble light, enfeebled further by the dense fog which blanketed the district, we examined the base of the outer wall of the infirmary. The wire netting usually covering the mouth of one of the shaft ventilators we found had been torn from its fastenings.

"By Jove, Amesbury," cried the Governor at the sight, "I verily believe you've solved the mystery."

"Not quite," I hastened to correct; "though Crabbe's movements may be surmised with fair accuracy. His bed, you will remember, is the third from the end wall; quite a dozen feet from the switch of the electric light. I imagine him slipping swiftly under the intervening beds during a temporary distraction of the warders' attention, and switching off the light. This ventilator, as you may judge, is the one nearest the switch. Like the others it is a shaft pattern; a flattish oblong tube reaching half-way up the inner wall, and provided with a flap lid. It curves at the base through the wall and so communicates with the outer air."

"And by that narrow route Crabbe left the ward! It doesn't seem possible."

"It may not, but—it has been accomplished. De Latude—our own Jack Sheppard—squeezed through even narrower apertures."

"Ah! true; true. Then you imagine Crabbe swiftly mounting a chair in the dark, and wriggling his attenuated frame down the ventilator."

"Facing the ward so as to permit the curving of his legs and body when negotiating the outward bend of the tube, this frail wire-netting, of course, offered no great opposition, but it's burst fastenings prove that my theorising has great probability to back it."

"I can see it clearly," muttered the Governor, with suppressed excitement trembling in his tone. "Here are other lights. Let us separate and search the yard and buildings around; the fellow's as good as caught."

I seized a lantern and obeyed in silence, while the rest of the party scattered in various directions seeking some clue to the direction which the prison-breaker had taken. I judged I had discovered such a clue, and after heading once or twice off the track, fetched up by the flagstaff in the centre of the yard.

Presently I heard the Governor's voice calling:

"Without there, Joyce!"

"Hullo!"

"Have you any success?"

"None whatever, sir. It's as dark as the black cells out here."

The voices reached me muffled and confused. Thick gloom was about my face, while the lantern at my feet shed a stifled yellow glare about the pole-foot. Gazing down I perceived an object in that narrow circle of light that set me thinking vigorously, and sent the chilling blood racing afresh through my veins. It was a tiny object, yet it proved to me that Crabbe had once more laughed at locks, bars, warders, and prison walls.

I picked up the lantern and moved across to where the Governor was still pursuing his fruitless search.

"Yes," I answered his look of inquiry; "I believe I can put you on the track of the man we're seeking. We may even lay hands upon him again."

"Do you mean Crabbe has got clear of the 'Old Jug'?"

"I do; and that it's probable we may happen upon him in a certain quarter of the town to which I can lead you."

"Should this be true, Amesbury—" the Chief replied, but left the sentence unfinished. The outlook must have appeared hopeless to him. "We mustn't waste words here," he resumed quickly. "As we go you can relate whatever it is you have fathomed. Come along."

Hurried directions were left with Joyce, and then, warmly clad, the Governor and I plunged across the waste land that encircled the prison. The damp and heavy murk encompassed us. What few sounds reached us through that cloaking fog came dull and rounded to our ears. In vain we sought to penetrate the obscurity.

At length we ran with startling suddenness upon the first block of houses that lined the common. A few steps further and we trod familiar paving-stones. It was at this point I pieced together for the Governor the clues which chance had thrown in my way, and the meaning of which faculties of observation and deduction had rendered clear to me.

"After bursting his way into the yard," I began, "the movements of Crabbe were directed towards the flagstaff. In the scarcely-set asphalt are the imprints of his bare toes, and at the foot of the pole they stop. There are no tracks *leaving* the pole. The obvious conclusion is that Crabbe climbed the pole."

"The dickens!" exclaimed the governor. "But—man alive! The fellow was as weak as a baby; the pole smooth and wet!"

"Precisely; but he had assistance."

The Governor laughed aloud at the idea. "Assistance!" he scoffed.

"Certainly. The polished surface of the

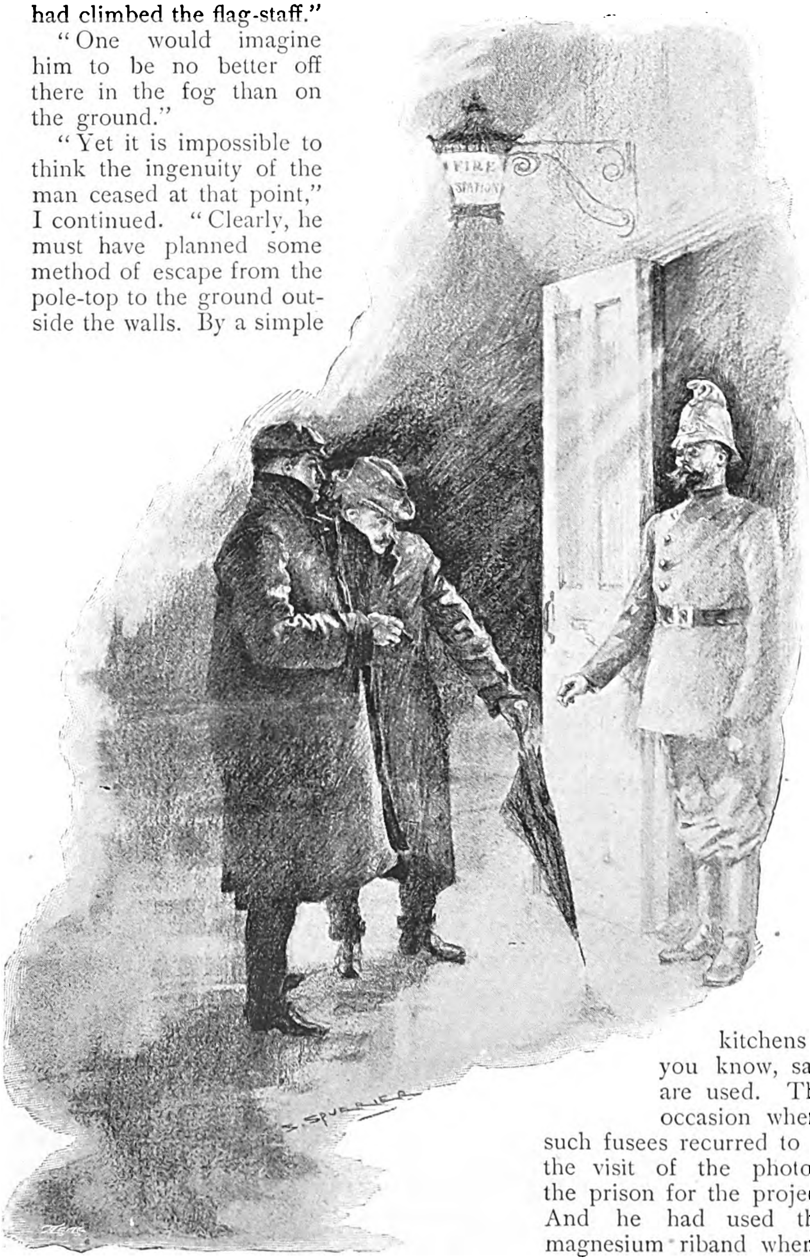
pole I found to be scored at intervals as though a curry-comb had been applied. Fish is an item of infirmary diet, and dried fish skins fastened to the knees would give a grip."

"Why not sand-paper?" laughed the governor.

"Fish-skin or sand-paper," I answered, "it was obvious Crabbe had climbed the flag-staff."

"One would imagine him to be no better off there in the fog than on the ground."

"Yet it is impossible to think the ingenuity of the man ceased at that point," I continued. "Clearly, he must have planned some method of escape from the pole-top to the ground outside the walls. By a simple calculation you will find that the distance to be covered would be about fifty feet in a straight line."



"Has the fire-escape returned?" I inquired

"A rope!"

"Impossible in the fog, I should say. There is no evidence that Crabbe possessed such a thing, and however skilful an accomplice might be with a lasso, it would be next door to miraculous to succeed in casting the line immediately and accurately, even in daylight, to a point forty feet above ground and fifty feet from his standing-point. Crabbe could not have earned his reputation as the most cunning and successful of prison-breakers had he trusted to such vague chances as that. No; he had arranged, either while free, or through one of the workmen, a much more certain method."

"This gets interesting," observed the Governor. "Fire ahead."

"From the foot of the pole I picked up a half-burnt braided fusee. It's presence there puzzled me, because the 'Old Jug' has electric-light installation, and smoking is forbidden. In the kitchens and elsewhere, as you know, safety matches alone are used. Then memory of the occasion when last I had seen such fusees recurred to me. It was during the visit of the photographer to picture the prison for the projected official volume. And he had used them to ignite the magnesium riband when photographing the interior views. Magnesium riband! No sooner had I recalled the facts than the whole puzzling matter was clear. How was it possible for Crabbe accurately to signal his position to his waiting accomplices, unless he possessed the means of guiding their eyes in the darkness? A piece of magnesium riband and a match would solve the difficulty. I suspect the riband and match were purloined in the dark at the time the infirmary was being photographed. However that may be, it appears certain Crabbe possessed the means of indicating his exact position on the pole. Finally as to his descent to outside *terra firma*, a ladder would appear to have provided the prosaic means."

"A fifty-foot ladder!" exclaimed the Governor.

"An unusual length, I admit."

"All this is extremely ingenious, Amesbury; but where are you leading me to? Are we heading for the fifty-foot ladder?"

"Direct for it, sir," I replied. "In fact we have now reached it."

We paused outside the George Street Fire Station.

"*An escape!*" ejaculated my companion, directly his eyes fell upon the red lamp.

"An escape *by* an escape," I replied smiling.

A booted and helmeted figure answered our ringing.

"Has the fire-escape returned?" I inquired.

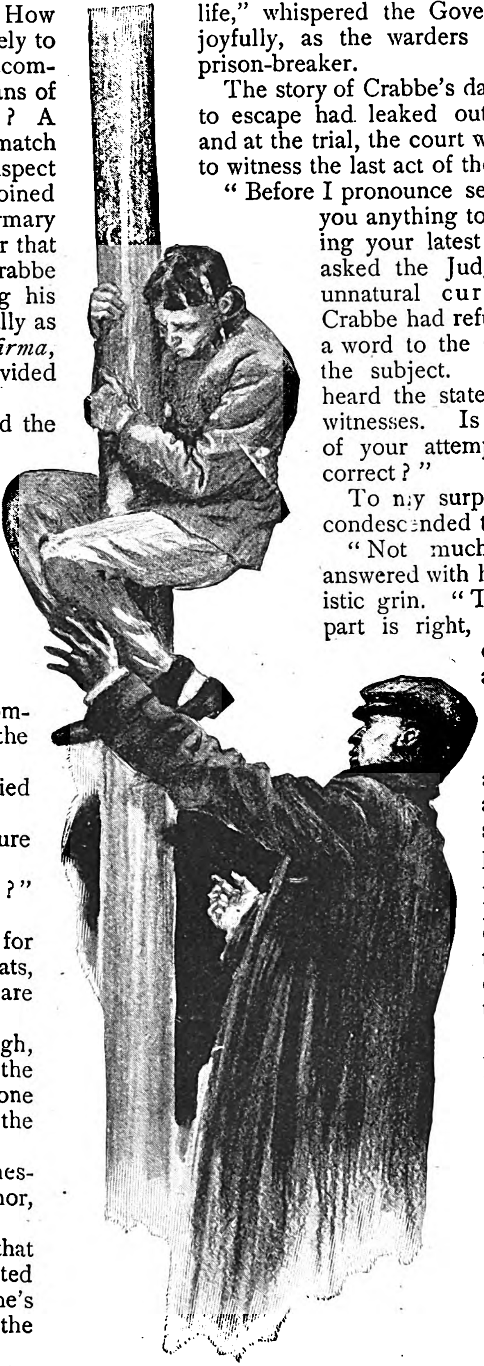
"No, sir. It left an hour ago for South Town. Big blaze at the flats, I understand. You can see the glare from the roadway."

We stepped out, and sure enough, in a direction entirely away from the "Old Jug," a dull yellow light shone through the fog. I was aghast at the discovery.

"What does this mean, Amesbury?" demanded the Governor, gazing sternly at me.

"It signifies," I stammered, "that Crabbe's friends have disappointed him at the call of duty, and that he's still waiting in airy apparel at the top of the pole."

And when again we reached the prison, Crabbe himself furnished confirmation of my surmise by slipping down from his chilly perch into the Governor's arms.



When again we reached the prison, Crabbe himself furnished confirmation . . by slipping down . . . into the Governor's arms.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," whispered the Governor to me, joyfully, as the warders secured the prison-breaker.

The story of Crabbe's daring attempt to escape had leaked out, of course, and at the trial, the court was crammed to witness the last act of the drama.

"Before I pronounce sentence, have you anything to say respecting your latest escapade?" asked the Judge, with not unnatural curiosity, for Crabbe had refused to utter a word to the Governor on the subject. "You have heard the statements of the witnesses. Is their theory of your attempted escape correct?"

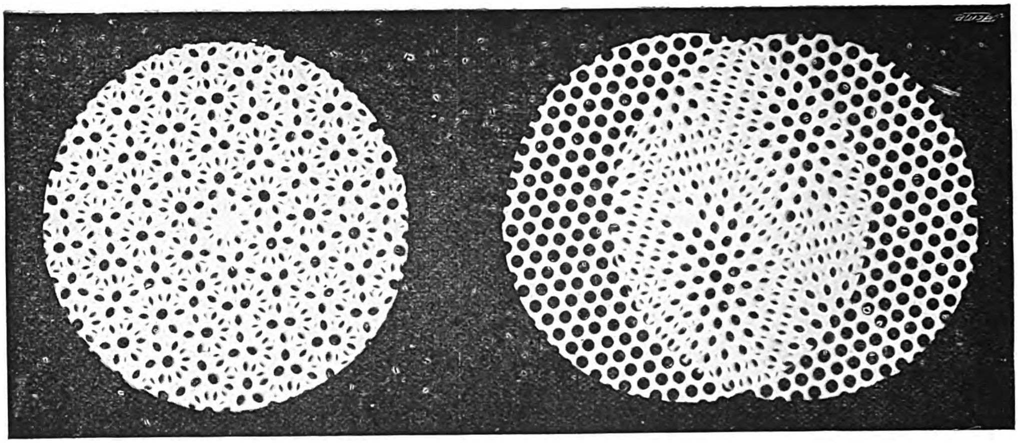
To my surprise, Crabbe condescended to reply.

"Not much of it," he answered with his characteristic grin. "The ventilator part is right, as any fool could see, and of course I went up the pole because I came down again. But as to the fish-skin and fusee part ——" A most expressively contemptuous shrug completed the sentence.

"How, then, did you hope to escape from the pole-top?"

"Easily enough, by coming down when the hue and cry was over and finding another way out.

And that was the last Crabbe would say upon the subject.



The pretty effect shown in the picture on the left is obtained by overlapping two discs of perforated zinc, and holding them up to the light.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Quaint and Curious Photographs are Acceptable for this Feature.

A PRETTY DEVICE.

THE first of the two pictures above, appears not unlike the flower, commonly called the snowball. But no flower of any sort was used to obtain this photograph.

The pretty effect was arrived at by merely overlapping two discs of perforated zinc, and then making a shadowgraph. This is done by placing the discs in an ordinary photographic printing-frame with a piece of sensitised paper behind them.

Besides it being possible to produce an almost unlimited variety of designs by slightly changing the position of the zinc discs, the combination of the two metal circles forms an excellent "revolving wheel" slide for a magic-lantern. The effect is, of course, immensely enhanced by carefully covering each disc with a coloured transparency.

Anyone who cares can produce results equally as charming as those shown in the illustration.

A RAISER OF SEA-LOST TREASURES.

To make the sea give up the wealth that she has swallowed up, has been the dream of many.

But to Cavaliere Guiseppe Pino this is a dream no longer. By a clever and simple machine of his own invention, called "The Elevator," he has proved the possibility of raising wrecks, and, indeed, anything from the sea-bed. In fact, as far as raising goes, there is nothing that it cannot "elevate," from a cockle-shell to a huge battleship.

The Elevator consists of two steel platforms, buoyed up by cork. To them a number of long air-bags are attached. The size of the Elevator in operation is governed by the weight and bulk of the object to be raised.

Having located the sunken wreck, the elevator is lowered down to it in a deflated condition. Divers next make it fast to the hulk. Compressed air is then pumped into the bags. When, presto! up rises the wreck.

A clever invention of Cavaliere Giuseppe Pino, for the purpose of raising wrecks and other objects from the depths of the sea.

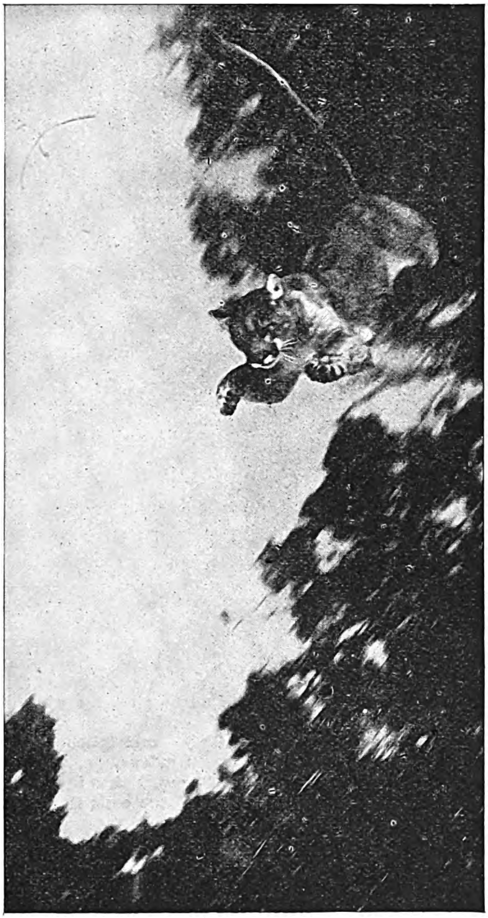
WHEN THE PUMA HUNTS.

HERE, in England, the farmer dreads most the appearance of foxes in his neighbourhood. But Master Reynard's depredations amongst geese and fowl are insignificant compared to what the farmer in South America suffers from the puma.

This cunning and fierce animal seldom goes far from his home in the forest; preferring, however, when he does, to visit some farm lying in the vicinity. There he plays sad havoc amongst the sheep, killing sometimes thirty or more apparently from mere wantonness.

When not on a marauding expedition the puma catches his prey by the simple expedient of concealing himself in a tree and springing on to the back of the first animal that passes beneath. Terrified at the sudden onslaught the unfortunate creature runs until it drops dead from the many wounds the puma has inflicted during the mad flight for life.

The photograph is of particular interest, as it was taken in the jungles of South America, and shows the puma making a headlong dive at some innocent animal browsing quite twenty feet below.



A unique snap-shot of a puma in the act of springing from a tree on to an unfortunate animal beneath.

A NOVEL METHOD OF LIFTING STEEL.

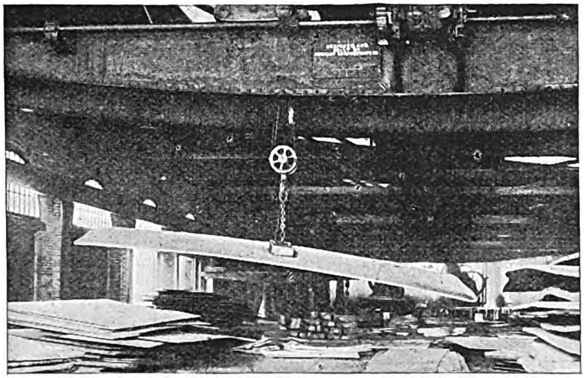
WHO amongst us has not at some time or other possessed a magnet? That little horse-heel-shaped piece of steel to which pen-nibs and nails cling as if by magic power has always interested us.

One can easily imagine how very different it would be picking up huge sheets of iron by this means. Yet it is to this purpose that the magnet has now been put.

The giant magnets employed are of rectangular shape, and present a flat surface to the plates that it is required to raise.

From a huge crane the magnet is suspended by chains. When in use it is lowered until it touches the steel to which it instantly attaches itself. No adjustment is necessary, as in the old system. This alone affords an immense saving in labour and time.

Besides this, what is of more value, the magnet is capable of lifting steel plates in a heated state. Hitherto this has been considered a well-nigh impossible undertaking. The lifting power of these wonderful magnets is extraordinary, one weighing no more than three hundred pounds is actually capable of lifting four-and-a-half tons.



A giant magnet that lifts steel plates as easily as its penny counterpart picks up pen-nibs and nails.

CAP AND BELLS

THE IDEAL.

There's a girl that I'm in love with,
Just an outdoor English maid;
She is not too sentimental,
Nor too flippant, nor too staid.

She's too beautiful for telling,
Hair of gold and eyes of blue;
She's a charming, gracious manner,
And her age is twenty-two.

Outdoor games are her vocation,
And she loves all forms of sport;
She never plays the violin
Or the pianoforte.

With gun in hand, or dog at heel,
She's never at a loss.
She still detests a motor car,
And dotes upon a horse.

She's a champion at tennis,
Where she has some killing strokes;
She's a perfect sense of humour,
So she understands my jokes.

She's a maid of moods and tenses,
Sometimes grave as well as gay;
And she really can be silent
When she hasn't much to say.

When she dances she's a fairy
With a fairy's airy tread;
And she doesn't waltz the polka,
But she sits it out instead.

And about this charming maiden
I have only one regret:
I admit that she is perfect,
But I haven't met her yet.

G. W. M.

HALFPENNY WHIFFS.

Lipsley: "You know those cigars Miss Beacon sent me for Christmas?"

Lapsley: "Yes."

Lipsley: "Well, I gave a lot to my friends, and now I haven't any left."

Lapsley: "What, cigars?"

Lipsley: "No, friends!"

* * *

'TWAS EVER THUS.

If you earn a thousand nearly,
You think two thousand yearly
Would be just the proper figure to make your happiness complete;
But your income when it doubles
Only multiplies your troubles,
For the outgo then increases, and the ends they still don't meet.

* *

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

Employer: "I have noticed, Mr. Johnson, that you, of all the clerks, seem to put your whole life and soul into the work; that no detail is too small to escape your critical attention, no hours too long to cause you to repine."

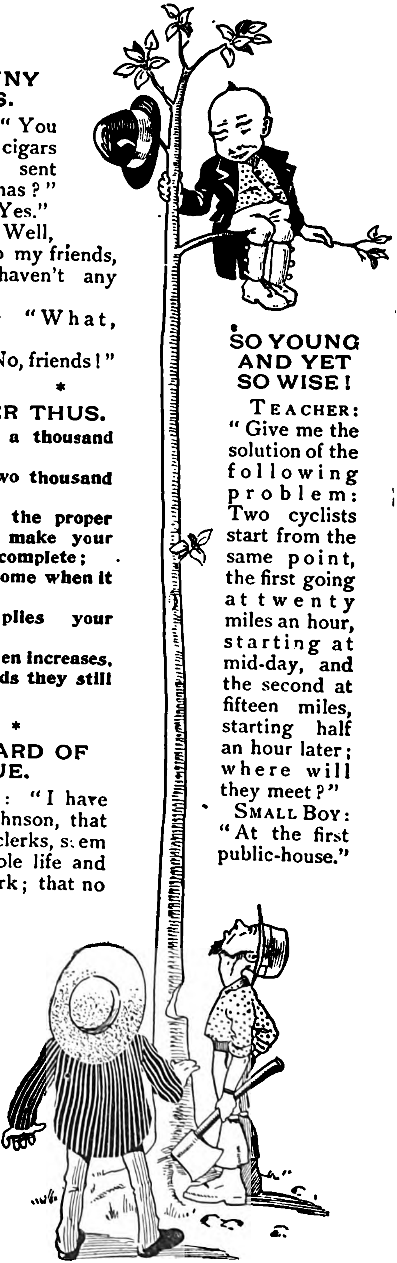
Clerk (joyfully): "Y—yes, sir."

Employer: "And so, Mr. Johnson, I am forced to discharge you at once. It is such men as you that go out and start rival establishments after they have got the whole thing down pat."

SO YOUNG AND YET SO WISE!

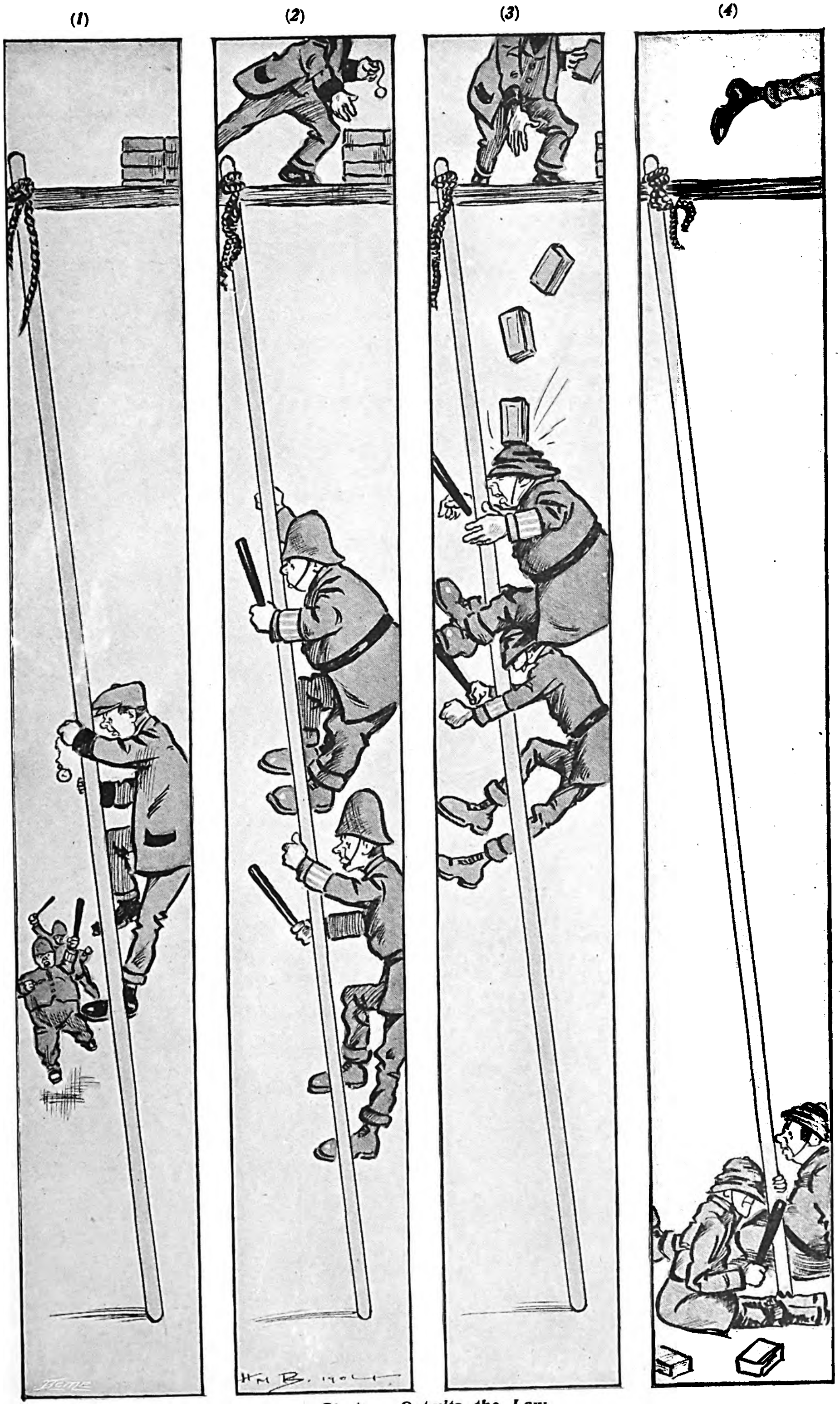
Teacher: "Give me the solution of the following problem: Two cyclists start from the same point, the first going at twenty miles an hour, starting at mid-day, and the second at fifteen miles, starting half an hour later; where will they meet?"

Small Boy: "At the first public-house."



"Whatever are you doing right on the top of that tree, Mike? Don't you see that it's being cut down?"

Mike: "Yes, your honour; the last time ye had a tree cut down it fell on the top of me, and, begorra, I'll be safe this time."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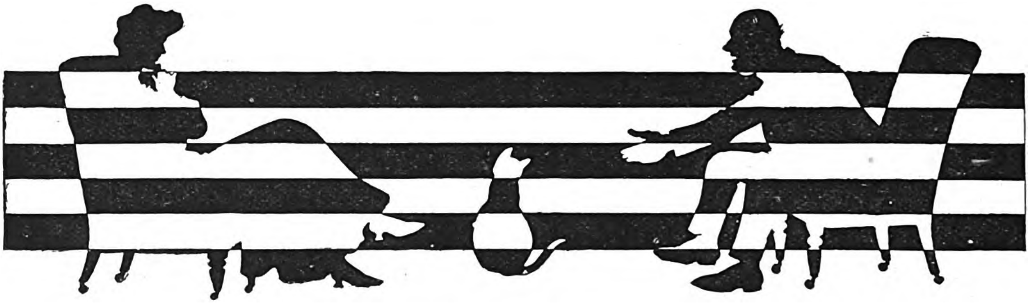
Strategy Outwits the Law.



PAPA APPRECIATES A GOOD THING.

Kind Father: *"My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart. He really and truly loves you."*
Daughter: *"Are you sure of that, Papa?"*
Kind Father: *"Yes, indeed. I've been borrowing money of him for six months, and still he keeps coming."*

* * * * * * * * * *

MUSIC APPRECIATED.

MISS THUMPP-HARDIE: "Did you ask Mrs. Nextdoor if my piano-playing disturbed her baby?"

SERVANT: "Yes, mum; and she said the baby liked it, and she was much obliged to you fer playin' so much."

MISS THUMPP-HARDIE: "Did she, really?"

SERVANT: "Yes, mum. She said it saved her the trouble of poundin' on a tin pan."

* * *

HE WAS EXCUSED.

"You bust excuse be this evydig, Biss Billigad," said Mr. Addlethwaine, "if by peech is a liddle thick, for I have a terrible cold id by head."

"I see you have," Miss Milligan replied, "and that reminds me that you ought by all means to call on Sue Dallington while you are in your present condition."

"Why so, Biss Billigad?"

"She told me, the other day, that she was sure you had nothing in your head. Now you can prove that she made a mistake."

* * *

WISDOM OF THE M.D.

Anxious Wife: *"What do you think of my husband's case?"*

Physician: *"Oh, he'll pull through all right. What he needs is rest, so I have prescribed an opiate."*

Anxious Wife: *"How often shall I give it to him?"*

Physician: *"Don't give it to him at all. Take it yourself."*

QUITE ANOTHER MATTER.

INDIGNANT LANDLORD (to tenant of flat): "I thought you said that all your children were grown up, and here you've got these noisy babies in the house."

TENANT: "Yes; these are my grandchildren."

* * *

GIVING AND TAKING.

HOBSON: "I understand your daughter is taking great pains with her singing."

THE POOR FATHER: "Taking is not the word; giving is more like it."

* * *

VIRTUE REWARDED.

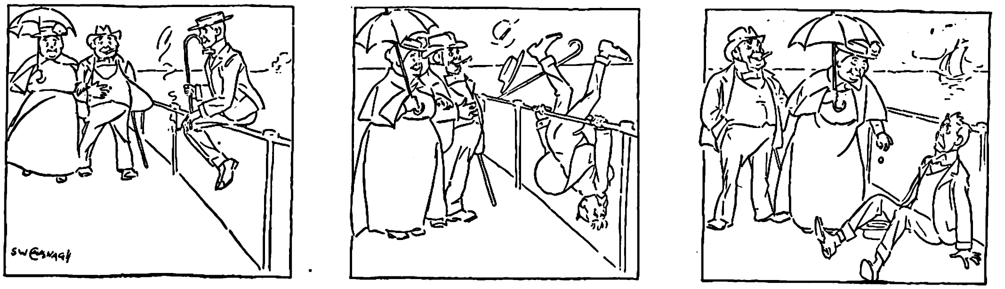
THE MANAGER: "How came you to leave your last place?"

APPLICANT: "I was discharged for good behaviour, sir."

THE MANAGER: "Discharged for good behaviour. That's unusual, isn't it?"

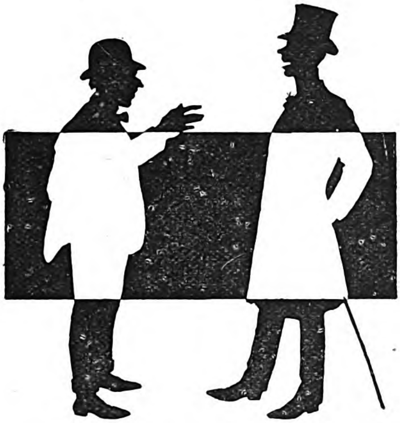
APPLICANT: "Well, you see, good conduct took three months off my sentence."

* * *



HE WASN'T AN ACROBAT.

Mr. Masher had seated himself on a rail on the Esplanade the better to see and be seen, when he lost his balance, but managed to hold on. A passer-by said to his wife: "Well, here's another of those acrobats, John—here are a rare lot in this place. I'll give the poor fellow a penny."



A LITTLE MISTAKE.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Jackson. "What a stupid fellow that jeweller is!"

"How so?" inquired his friend.

"Why, I told him the other day that I wanted engraved on the engagement ring the letters 'From A. to Z.'—From Arthur to Zenobia, you know—and the idiot went to work and put in the whole alphabet!"

* * * * *

These are hard days for good temperance people. They can't prevent their noses from bearing a suspicious appearance, and even the thermometer takes a drop occasionally.

* * * * *

NO LAUGHING MATTER.

STRANGER: "You are the only gentleman in the room."

GUEST: "In what way, sir?"

STRANGER: "When I tripped in the dance, and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh."

GUEST: "The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress."

FROM THE SHOULDER.

JUDGE (to prisorer): "Your statement does not agree with the evidence of the last witness."

PRISONER: "I don't wonder. He's a bigger liar than I am."

* * * * *

MATRIMONIAL CLOUDS.

OLETIMER: "Family troubles, eh? Doesn't your wife trust you?"

NEWLYWED: "Why, yes. But, confound it, the butcher won't."

* * * * *

KNEW THE CAUSE.

GIGGLETON: "I nearly died with laughter last night."

PARKER: "Which one of your jokes were you telling?"

* *

BIASSED.

SHE: "Oh, yes, I quite believe there's a fool in every family. Don't you?"

HE: "Well—er—my opinion's rather biassed. You see, I'm the only member of the family."

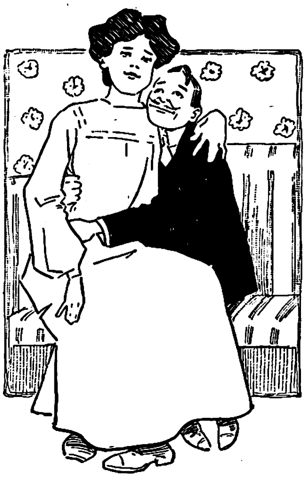
* *

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

MRS. PLUTUS: "John, I want you to take Fido for a walk on the parade."

JOHN: "If you please, mum, Fido won't follow me."

MRS. PLUTUS: "Well, then, you must follow Fido."



HAD DONE IT.

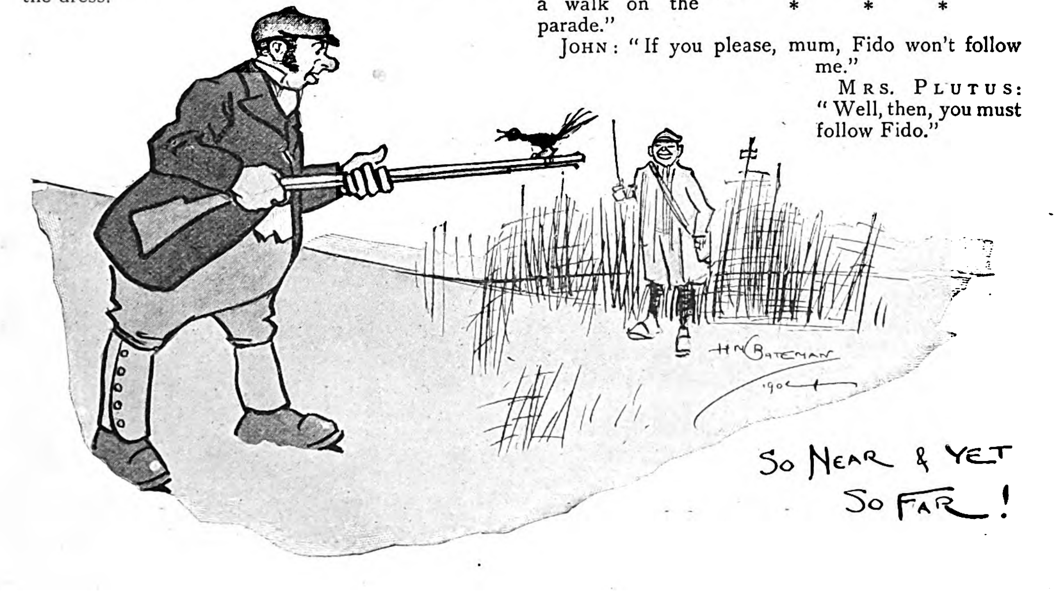
Paterfamilias: "And could you support my daughter, sir?"

Her Lover: "I have two strong arms."

Paterfamilias: "But can they support her?"

Her Lover: "They often have, sir."

* * *



So Near & Yet So Far!

MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Don't Miss this Page simply because it's the Last in the Number.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

It's time you began saving your sixpennies, for the grand enlarged Christmas number of The Royal makes its stately entry into the world on the 22nd of November. I'm an old-fashioned person, and, consequently, a great believer in keeping my best for Christmas, and this year I've a very satisfactory bill of fare to put before all my readers.

Personally, though it gave me considerable work and trouble, I thoroughly enjoyed thinking it out and getting it together. My idea has always been to make a Christmas number as varied in interest as possible—not to harp too persistently on the one string: Christmas topics. I have at least one typically seasonable article, an aspect of Christmas never before treated, so far as my memory serves, and two or three charming Christmas stories—one by Owen Oliver, and about the prettiest of that popular writer's work.

More I won't say, as I prefer the rest to come as a pleasant surprise, although I should like to tell you some funny details concerning the Christmas article in "The World Through Other Eyes" series. Never mind, you'll hear everything next month.

THOSE MUSICALLY INCLINED

Should be very interested to hear that we are making a revolution in the publication of music. One shilling and fourpence or two shillings is the lowest price you have hitherto paid for songs. You can now get them for sixpence, under the general title, **Pearson's 6d. Music,** and without the fag of going to a musicseller or publisher. These songs can be had at any bookstall, or can be *ordered* through any newsagent. You can get them at Smith's stalls with your evening paper.

Personally, I am not a musician, and know very little about music, but I have plenty of musical friends, and they thought the idea an excellent one, especially when I told them that each song was in two keys, so as to suit different voices. They wanted to know how the publishers were going to make the songs pay. How, indeed! I am sure I don't know.

The first of this new series, "Homeward," written and composed by Gerald Lane, is now on sale. Let's hear what you think of it.

THE RIVAL PAPERS.

I heard an amusing and perfectly true story a short while ago. Two men were travelling in the same railway carriage. One of them was reading a certain popular weekly paper which I will call *The Germ*, the other the most redoubtable rival of that paper, which you may know as *The Microbe.* After a while those fellow-travellers fell into conversation, and the weather and the war having been duly discussed, Mr. A. (he who was engrossed in *The Germ*) alluded to weekly papers generally and soon the rival merits of *The Microbe* and *The Germ* became the subject of a lively argument. Now, strangely enough, Mr. A., although he had purchased *The Germ* at the railway station, thought it about the rottenest paper he had ever set eyes upon, and, equally strange to say, Mr. B., in spite of the penny he had given for *The Microbe*, affirmed that he had never read such bosh as that paper contained weekly.

And again, strange to relate, both these gentlemen heartily disagreed with each other, Mr. A. declaring *The Microbe* to be a really fine publication, Mr. B. being of the firm conviction that *The Germ* was impossible to beat. The argument was fast becoming acrimonious, and nasty insinuations were being thrust back and forth, when Mr. A. thought to clinch the argument with: "After all, I speak from special knowledge being an editor myself."

"And so am I," said Mr. B.

They both disbelieved the other.

"What's your paper?" asked Mr. A.

"Er—well," replied Mr. B.—"what's yours."

"Er—*The Microbe*," said Mr. A. with a flush.

"And mine, *The Germ*," confessed Mr. B.

Do you understand

he immense importance of the unique superiority of Odol? While all other preparations for cleansing the mouth and teeth are effective only during the few moments of application, the antiseptic and refreshing power of Odol continues gently but persistently *for hours afterwards.* Odol penetrates the interstices of the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth, to a certain extent impregnating them, and leaving an antiseptic deposit on the surface. In this manner a continuous antiseptic effect is secured, by means of which the whole oral cavity, to the minutest recesses, is completely freed from and protected against all fermenting processes and injurious bacteria. Owing to this characteristic, *peculiar only to Odol,* fermentation is absolutely arrested and the healthy condition of mouth and teeth assured. Sold by all Chemists at half-a-crown the full size, and eighteenpence the half-size flask.

By the authorities
of Modern Science
Odol
has been proved
the best
for Mouth and Teeth
PRICE 2/6 per b
ODOL CHEMICAL
LONDON. S.E.

Odol not only cleanses the teeth but also insures them against decay.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE

"VASELINE"

The Original Screw Cap Bottles have the Company's name stamped on the glass.

2 oz. size, 3d. 5 oz. size, 6d.

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The Development of the Advertising Profession.

An Instructive Article for Young Men and Women.

By Thomas Dixon.

When you study the advertising of the present day, it must be apparent that a significant change has taken place in the public attitude concerning the broad business value of a first-hand knowledge of this science. Only a few years ago it was almost universally held that a knowledge of advertising was the exclusive province and property of the advertising expert, and that the ordinary business man not specially or directly charged with the oversight or preparation of advertising matter, had no call to concern himself with the art of advertisement writing.

To-day the tables are completely turned. While the profession of the advertising expert has been steadily and rapidly expanded, and its standard consistently elevated, until its foremost exponents receive salaries and fees which make their earnings equal to those of the executive of large business enterprises, it is felt that a thorough grounding of the art of advertising is no longer the monopoly of the professional expert.

ARTHUR TAYLOR,
Ad-writer to "Cycling," the well-known cycle journal.

A. H. CLARKE,
Midland Representative of well-known London Papers.

This striking change in the public attitude towards advertising has been co-extensive with the adoption of those vital qualities in publicity which make its appeal more convincing and at the same time more sparkling and suggestive. This element is as yet in its infancy, but the near future will see its development in the revolution of the old methods. It involves a richer strain of originality expressed in more telling style. Its widening scope is daily opening up the prospects of greater success in every field, while its possibilities urgently demand that every progressive business man, and especially the younger generation, who are pushing forward for higher places and improved positions, should have a practical knowledge of the art. The change of public opinion is of vital interest and importance. Its history can be traced directly and distinctly to the growth and expansion of the pioneer school of instruction in the art, the Page-Davis Correspondence School of Advertising, 195 Oxford Street, London, W. This remarkable institution was the first to conceive the startling idea that the art of advertising could be successfully taught, and the first to say and prove that this kind of instruction could be successfully given by means of correspondence.

A. SOMERTON,
Ad-writer to The Chiswick Soap Co., Manufacturers of the famous Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

Fully seventy-five per cent. of the students of this School are active business men in various branches of mercantile and commercal pursuits, and a very considerable proportion of them hold executive positions of responsibility and importance. The reason why many students do not adopt advertising as a profession is simply due to the consideration that they undertook the study of it as an essential part of the equipment of an all-round business man. It is indisputable that this acquisition repays them a hundredfold in practical efficiency in all that relates to the upbuilding of success.

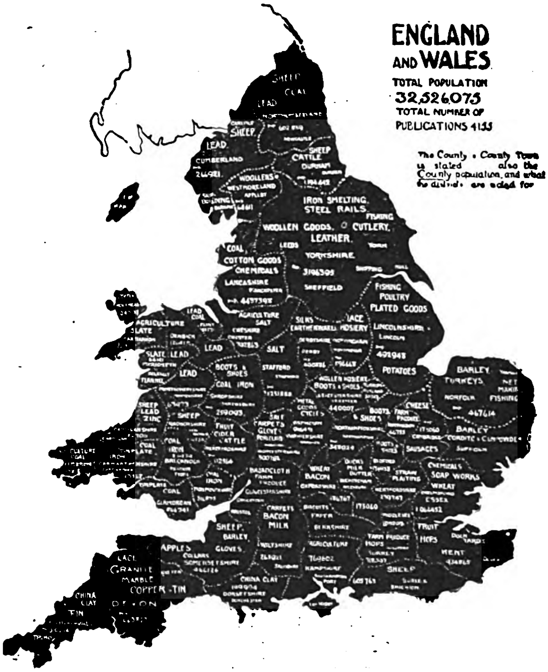
With an average amount of business foresight men cannot fail to appreciate that advertising plays a prominent part in the world of keen commercial competition; but comparatively few realise the value of a working knowledge of this art to the man who does not intend to follow the advertising profession, but is determined to use his knowledge of this department of business activity as a lever with which to lift himself into higher positions and larger responsibilities.

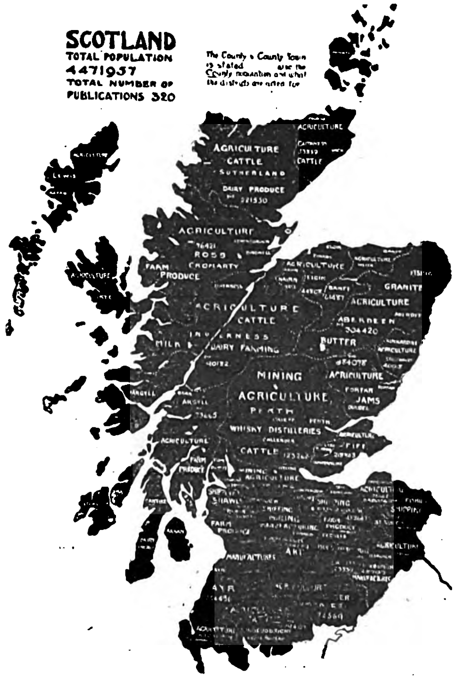
Unexploited Advertising Territory.

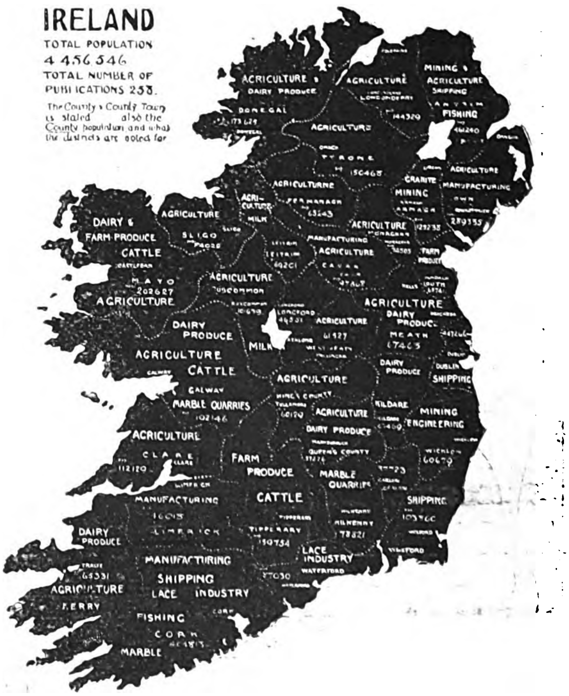
It has not yet been recognised by the young men of the country that in their own localities or towns they have ground to work upon which has never been covered. No matter where a young man may be residing there are manufactures, either the outcome of the hand or of the ground, which can be advertised successfully. There are tradesmen in every neighbourhood who advertise, and who go on in the same old crude way simply through lack of a guiding hand to show them successful methods. Young men should think of the many merchants in their own locality who would be glad of assistance; several of these under a student's care would add considerably to their profits.

Study the above maps for your own particular ground. With the space at our disposal we cannot enter fully into the various manufactures, but supplementary information, which can be obtained from any local directory, will convince you of the many commodities which can be advertised, and the many merchants who are willing to branch out in this essential part of their business, if you will only offer them the guidance of a specially trained mind in the way indicated by the Page-Davis School.

It is scarcely possible that any man can to-day be found who will not instantly admit that advertising is one of the most vital and important elements of business in this age of fierce competition, which has made the words "publicity and promotion" familiar to every ear. Nor will any bright business man of to-day question the statement that the clerk, the accountant, or the employé of any kind who knows the value of advertising, the comparative values of the various advertising mediums, the proper construction of a successful advertisement, the details of reproduction processes, of *papers, newspapers, rates,* and, above all, of how to express himself in crisp and convincing language, is of far greater value to his employer than the equally bright employé who is uninformed on these particulars.


ENGLAND AND WALES
TOTAL POPULATION 32,526,075
TOTAL NUMBER OF PUBLICATIONS 4155
The County & County Town is stated also the County population, and what the districts are noted for
SHEEP
COAL
LEAD
CUMBERLAND
CATTLE
IRON SMELTING. STEEL RAILS.
WOOLLEN GOODS. CUTLERY. LEATHER.
YORKSHIRE
SHEFFIELD
FISHING
COAL
COTTON GOODS
CHEMICALS
LANCASHIRE
SALT
LACE
HOSIERY
LINCOLNSHIRE
SLATE
AGRICULTURE
POTATOES
BARLEY
TURKEYS
NORFOLK
FISHING
BOOTS & SHOES
SHEEP
LEAD
ZINC
FRUIT
CIDER
CATTLE
SUFFOLK
BACON
CHEMICALS
SOAP WORKS
WHEAT
ESSEX
SHEEP
BARLEY
BACON
MILK
HOPS
KENT
SHEEP
APPLES
GLOVES
CHINA CLAY
LACE
GRANITE
MARBLE
COPPER
TIN
DEVON


SCOTLAND
TOTAL POPULATION 4471957
TOTAL NUMBER OF PUBLICATIONS 320
The County & County Town is stated also the County population and what the districts are noted for
AGRICULTURE
CATTLE
SUTHERLAND
DAIRY PRODUCE
AGRICULTURE
ROSS
CROMARTY
FARM PRODUCE
AGRICULTURE
GRANITE
AGRICULTURE
CATTLE
ABERDEEN
INVERNESS
DAIRY FARMING
BUTTER
MINING
AGRICULTURE
PERTH
WHISKY DISTILLERIES
CATTLE
ARGYLL
AYR


IRELAND
TOTAL POPULATION 4 456 546
TOTAL NUMBER OF PUBLICATIONS 258.
The County & County Town is stated also the County population and what the districts are noted for
AGRICULTURE
DAIRY PRODUCE
DONEGAL
AGRICULTURE
MINING
AGRICULTURE
SHIPPING
FISHING
TYRONE
AGRICULTURE
FERMANAGH
MINING
AGRICULTURE
MANUFACTURING
DAIRY & FARM PRODUCE
CATTLE
AGRICULTURE
SLIGO
MAYO
AGRICULTURE
AGRICULTURE
DAIRY PRODUCE
MILK
AGRICULTURE
MEATH
DAIRY PRODUCE
DUBLIN
SHIPPING
AGRICULTURE
CATTLE
GALWAY
MARBLE QUARRIES
AGRICULTURE
KILDARE
MINING
ENGINEERING
AGRICULTURE
CLARE
FARM PRODUCE
CATTLE
MARBLE QUARRIES
SHIPPING
MANUFACTURING
LIMERICK
DAIRY PRODUCE
TIPPERARY
LACE INDUSTRY
MANUFACTURING
SHIPPING
LACE INDUSTRY
AGRICULTURE
KERRY
FISHING
CORK
MARBLE

A. LE PINE STRANGE,
Of Strange Bros., Eastbourne.

It is strictly within the truth to say that scores and even hundreds of promotions have been made because employers have learned that those in their service have volunteered ideas in relation to advertising which have been of practical and immediate value. These same employers have also discovered that the persons making these helpful and intelligent suggestions acquired their knowledge of advertising through a course of correspondence instruction.

The Directors of large Public Companies are continually on the look-out for young men who are anxious to learn, and when they see them taking up a course of instruction such as the Page-Davis study, they are only too glad to encourage them, as they recognise that they will not only be working for their own benefit, but also for the furtherance of the Company's Interests.

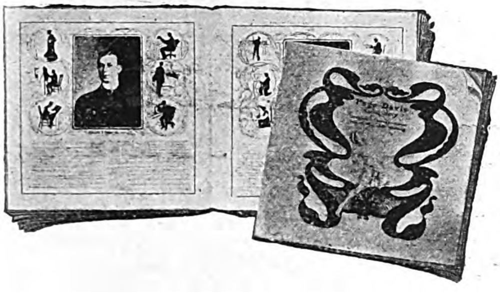
H. C. PRIESTLEY,
A successful South Coast Student.

There can be no doubt that a large element in the confidence which the public has shown in this School is due to the fact that the institution does not assume to teach the art of advertising in any arbitrary number of lessons, or within a given time-limit, but realises the fact of human nature that the usual endowments and industry of some students will enable them to acquire a thorough working knowledge of the subject in a fraction of the time demanded to place the less industrious or less favourably equipped student at the same stage of development. This emergency, arising through the different circumstances surrounding the various pupils and the difference in their natural endowment, has been met by the School's adoption of the rule that the payment of enrolment fee entitles each student to pursue his studies until he has reached a satisfactory degree of proficiency. As already mentioned, business men have taken up the study to enable them to control and guide their advertisement departments more efficiently. These men cannot devote all their time to this department of their business, and the School has been able to introduce students of promise who have carried out and improved upon their ideas. This service is at the disposal of any business firm in the country, as there are always a number of students on the books of the School who would be an acquisition to any firm.

E. E. KING,
Manager to the Tyne and Wear Billposting Co.

Well, now, what are you going to do? Make up your mind to study the subject of advertising. No observer can study the methods of the Page-Davis School without being impressed as never before that not only is this the age of advertising, but that a knowledge of it is a great aid to advancement in commercial life.

The writer of this article will be only too pleased to enter into correspondence with any Business House or reader who is interested in the subject. He will be glad to consult as to the methods of improving an already existing department, to introduce a capable student, or to enter into details with any bright and ambitious young man who is desirous of obtaining a sound knowledge of the subject of advertising.



CUT THIS OUT.

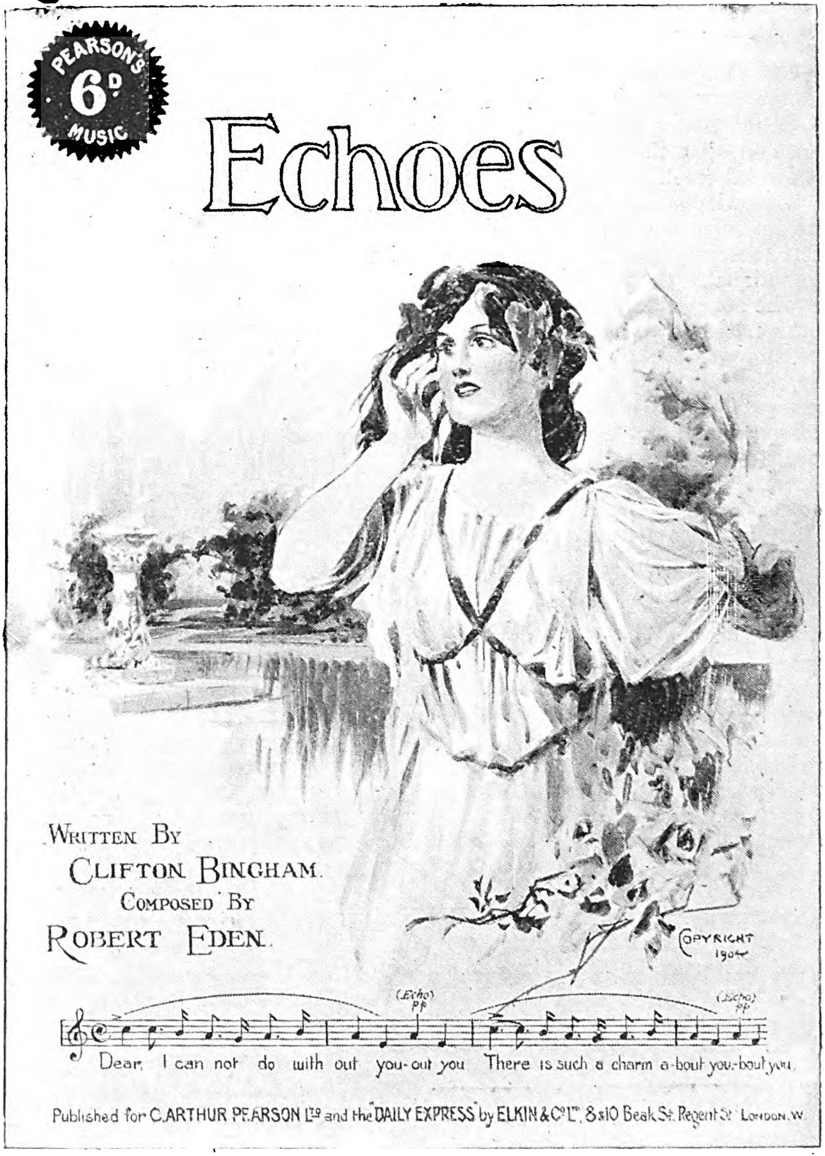
Cut out this form and post it to the Page-Davis School of Advertising. Fill in your name and address; and they will give you a complete understanding of the possibilities of your position and the attainment of an advertising knowledge. Thomas Dixon, Page-Davis Co. (Dept. R.P.), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

Please send me your free prospectus showing the various successes of your tuition. I am interested in the subject and would like to have complete particulars.

Name..................

Date.......... *Address*....................

The Second Piece



PEARSON'S 6D. MUSIC
Echoes
(Echo) pp
Dear, I can not do with out you-out you There is such a charm a-bout you-bout you
(Echo) pp

Written By
Clifton Bingham.
Composed By
Robert Eden.

Copyright 1904

Published for C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd and the "DAILY EXPRESS" by ELKIN & Co Ltd. 8 & 10 Beak St. Regent St. London. W.

of

Pearson's Sixpenny Music.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE NOV. 1.

(This song may be heard at any of the Agencies of the Gramophone & Typewriter Co., Ltd.) . . . . .

"Sound" advice for a hostess

GRAPHOPHONE

Have a
COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE
to entertain your friends.

An outfit (with gold-moulded COLUMBIA RECORDS, now reduced to One Shilling each) will provide endless fun for your guests and will also make your home more attractive to your growing sons and daughters.

GRAND PRIX
PARIS 1900

GRAPHOPHONES *are sold from* ***18/6*** *to* ***£15 15s.***

CYLINDER AND DISC STYLES. *From any of our* 10,000 *dealers.*

"Grand Opera" Records can now be had at no extra charge. Our handsome illustrated Record Catalogue (new edition) FREE on request.

Write for "Price Book C."

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Genl.,

89, Gt. Eastern St., London, E.C. 200, Oxford St., W. Glasgow—50, Union St. Cardiff—96, St. Mary St.

MAKES WOMEN BEAUTIFUL.

Marvellous Development accomplished by the new and wonderful Diano method of enlarging the female bust.

Thin women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested; but those who by some unfortunate circumstances of health or occupation are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called DIANO, and is controlled by the well-known ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. There is no doubt about the marvellous power of this new treatment to develop the bust to a gratifying extent. Any lady who wishes to know more about DIANO should send her name and address to the ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. They will send free in plain sealed envelope by post a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life, showing the actual development induced, and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists, and prominent ladies, all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of DIANO to enlarge the bust, no matter how flat the chest may be. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need to do is to send name and address and a stamp to pay postage. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address—**LADY MANAGER, A.T. ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY (Dept. 109), 203a Regent Street, London, W.**

"The desire to possess Beauty is keenest where refinement is strongest."

Massage to prevent adhesions; Strengthen muscles, etc. **The R.E.P. Book.** also treats of Gouty Synovitis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Back Ache, Sprains, Common Ailments, etc.

ELLIMAN

THE
R·E·P
BOOK

HUMAN TREATMENT **The R.E.P. Book.** (256 PAGES. Illustrated). Post free throughout the world in exchange for postal order or stamps (Foreign stamps accepted) to the value of 1s. or Post Free throughout the world upon receipt of Three booklet covers enclosed for the purpose in the cartons of 1s. 1½d. or One booklet cover from 2s. 9d. bottles of Elliman's UNIVERSAL Embrocation; or order of your bookseller 1s. net. ELLIMAN, SONS & Co., SLOUGH, ENG.

RHEUMATISM
CURED
BY ABSORPTION

Magic Foot Drafts (the genuine) are a wonderful scientific discovery, which is curing thousands of cases both acute and chronic.

Send your name to-day and get

4/6 WORTH FREE

Rheumatism is a blood disease caused by the presence of uric acid. MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS (the genuine) possess the remarkable property of being able to draw out and absorb this acid through the pores of the feet. Our FREE BOOKLET explains and illustrates in colours how this is done.

R. A. OLIVER,
Secretary.

The process is simple but wonderful, and the discovery is of vast importance to this country, so burdened with the curse of rheumatism. Here is one of hundreds of letters we are receiving daily:

"Magic Foot Draft Co.,
"Dear Sirs,—I have used your MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS, and they have wrought a perfect cure. It seemed as though they drew the pain from the hips and legs to my feet. I am over 60 years of age, and I think it is wonderful. You are at liberty to use my name as reference.—Very truly yours, (Signed) M. J. LIDDELL, Granville Road, Middlesboro'."

MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS (the genuine) cure to stay cured, for when the acid poisons are once removed the cause of pain is gone. The treatment is guaranteed absolutely harmless and safe. Send your name to-day. Return post will bring a pair of Drafts absolutely free, post paid, and **you will never be asked to pay a penny for them.** Remember this treatment is guaranteed to cure. Write to-day to MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., 1135 Victoria Chambers, 65 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM

(clotted); absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids; ½lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.; 2lbs., 4s. 4d., free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, etc., by **Mrs. Conyers, Chagford, R.S.O., Devon.**

"CRYSTALATE" BILLIARD BALLS.

Five Professionals, including H. W. Stevenson, broke their records with "Crystalate" last Season.

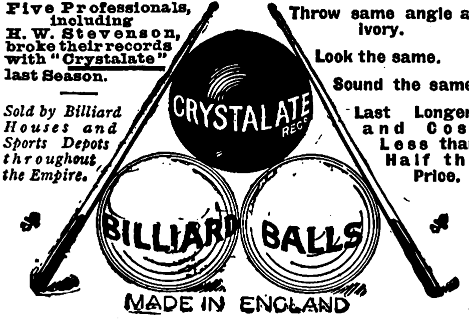
Sold by Billiard Houses and Sports Depots throughout the Empire.

Throw same angle as ivory.

Look the same.

Sound the same.

Last Longer, and Cost Less than Half the Price.



MADE IN ENGLAND

THE ENDOLITHIC MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.,
POMONA BUILDINGS, FORE ST., LONDON, E.C.

WORLD'S Cycling RECORDS

HAVE RECENTLY BEEN MADE
on
A Bicycle fitted with the

FAGAN
TWO-SPEED
HUB

	H. M. S.
100 Mile Midland Cycling and Athletic Club's Road Race in	5 15 9
100 Mile Bath Road Cycling Club's Road Race in...............	5 5 23
100 Mile Southern Counties Road Record in	5 18 50

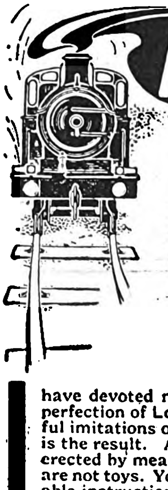
The Fagan Hub is fitted with the famous Hyde Clutch, Freewheeling on both Speeds.

Write at once for Booklet, post free, Dept. 6

EADIE MFG. CO. LTD.,
REDDITCH.

"INTEREST YOUR BOY IN ENGINEERING."

MODELS



Model RAILWAYS
LOCOMOTIVES
YACHTS
ENGINES

In fact, Models of all kinds, sizes, and prices, will be found depicted in our SPLENDID NEW CATALOGUE of over 240 pages, fully illustrated. Just ready—Post free, 7d.

IT is safe to say that nobody, from youth to age, is insensible to the charms Working Models give. We have devoted many years of careful study to the perfection of Locomotives, and wonderfully faithful imitations of the Engines of various Railways is the result. A complete Railway System can be erected by means of these Working Models, which are not toys. You can combine pleasure with profitable instruction during the long winter evenings.

Full particulars on application to

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & Co.,
NORTHAMPTON.

"A PASTIME TO-DAY—A BUSINESS TO-MORROW."

From the moment you buy a packet until the last flake is cooked you have

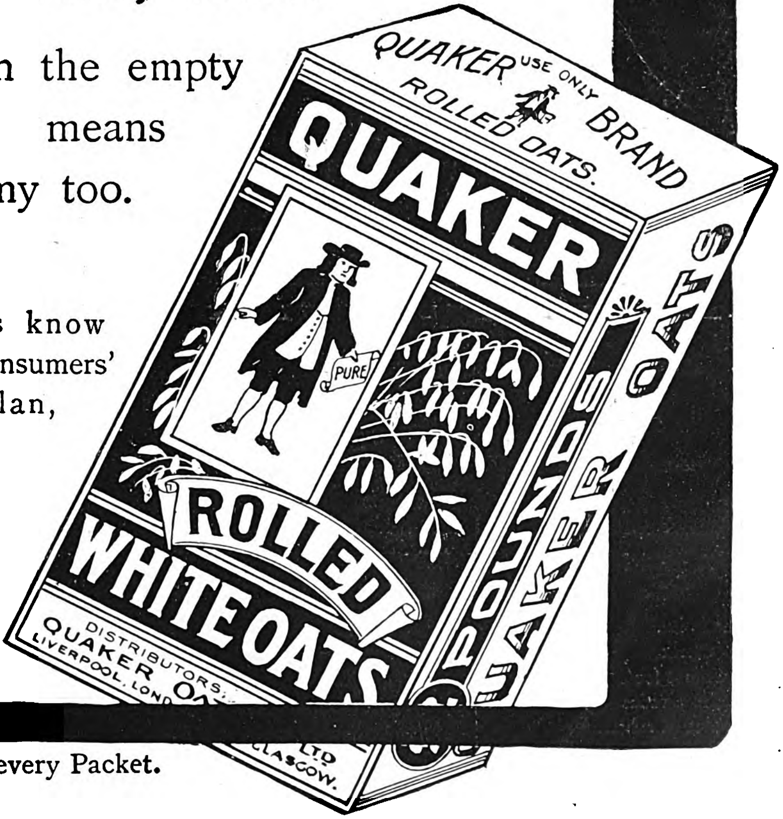
Quaker Oats Economy!

More nourishment, more real strength and vitality than from any other food.

More porridge, better porridge, a richer nutty flavour.

Even the empty packet means economy too.

Thousands know about our Consumers' Benefit Plan, and save money—do you?


QUAKER USE ONLY BRAND
ROLLED OATS.
QUAKER
PURE
ROLLED
WHITE OATS
DISTRIBUTORS:
QUAKER OATS LTD
LIVERPOOL, LONDON, GLASGOW.
POUNDS
QUAKERS OATS

See Circular in every Packet.

PEARS' ANNUAL

CHRISTMAS, 1904.

Ready Nov. 21st.

A Picture Gallery FOR 6d. ONLY.

Will contain a series of Christmas Tales from Dickens's Works, entitled—

"CHRISTMAS DAYS WITH CHARLES DICKENS."

Selected by PERCY FITZGERALD.

Illustrated with reproductions, in COLOURS, of the Drawings in the Original Text by PHIZ and JOHN LEECH. Supplemented by Additional Pictures in Dickensian Spirit, by CHARLES GREEN and FRANK DADD.

WITH THE ABOVE ARE

3 LARGE PRESENTATION PLATES

Printed in Colours in the Best and Most Artistic Style of the Chromo-Lithographic Art, viz.:

1. Alice in Wonderland. From the ORIGINAL PAINTING by FRED MORGAN, R.I. (Size 28 by 19¼ins.) Printed in 13 Colours.

2. Study of Fruit and Flowers. From the ORIGINAL PAINTING by E. LADELL. (Size 23¼ by 18ins.) Printed in 13 Colours.

3. A Lively Measure. From the ORIGINAL PAINTING by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A. (Size 16¼ by 11¾ins.) Printed in 13 Colours.

The whole entirely printed in England.

Price SIXPENCE, Postage British Isles FOURPENCE

Sold by Booksellers and Newsagents all over the World.

Cocoas treated with alkali and chemicals have a medicinal scent, and being darker when in liquor, present a fictitious appearance of strength.

"CADBURY'S is universally considered by the leading medical authorities as the highest type of a pure Cocoa."
United Service Gazette.

Cadbury's

"The finest example of Cocoa manufacture, absolutely pure. Essentially the food-beverage for strenuous workers."
Civil Service Gazette.

"Cocoa in itself is an excellent and nutritious food. . . . the practice of adding foreign substances should be condemned."
Dr. Andrew Wilson.

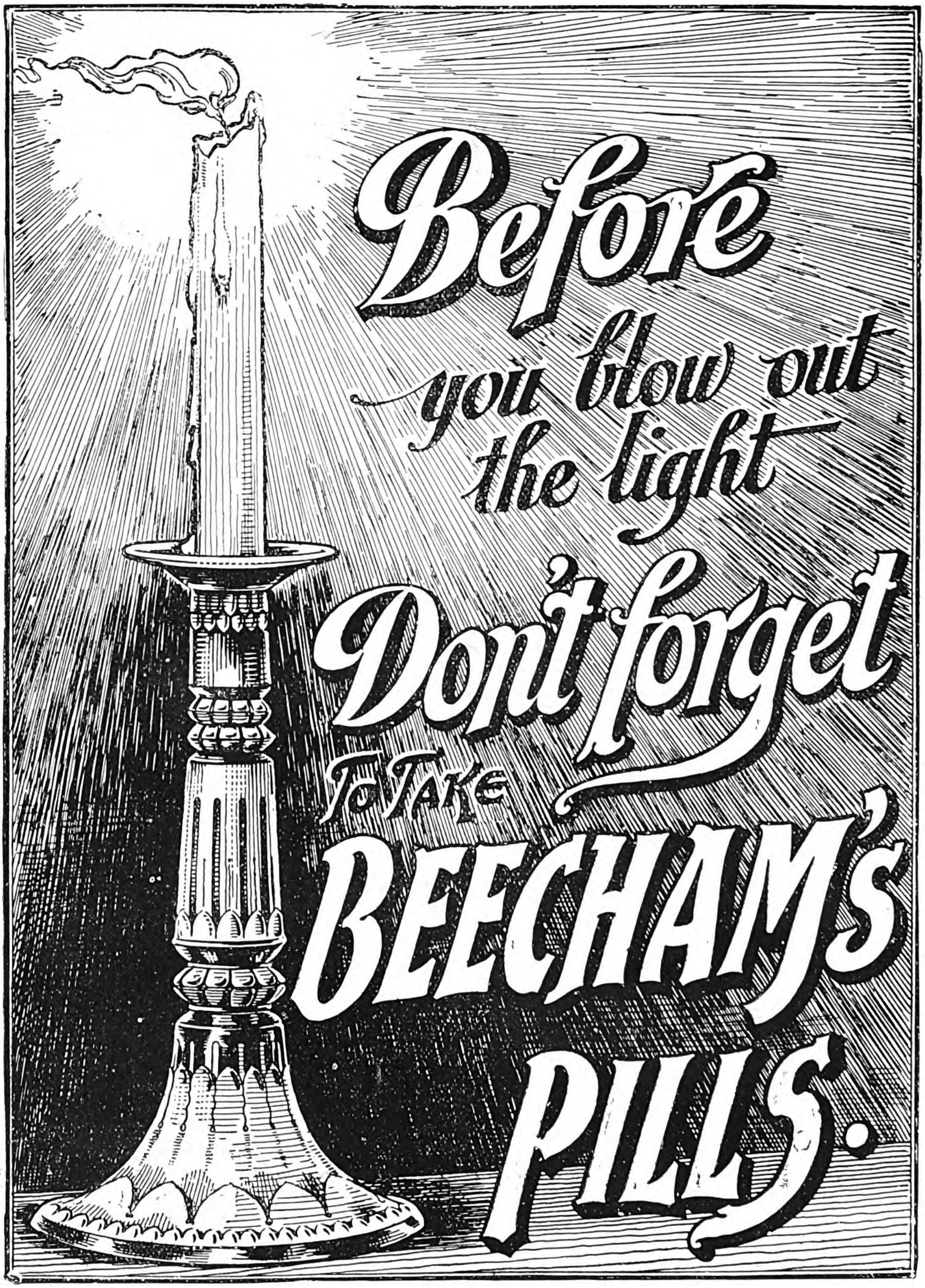
"CADBURY'S is the standard of highest purity at present attainable in regard to Cocoa."
The Lancet.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., H[illegible]tta Street, London, W.C.
All Advertisements to be addresse[illegible]rtisement Department, 17, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE XMAS

SIXPENCE

ROYAL


Before
you blow out
the light
Don't forget
To Take
BEECHAM'S
PILLS.

YOU WILL SLEEP WELL

BECAUSE Beecham's Pills gently calm irritation of the Nervous System, while by their stimulative and cleansing action upon the Liver and Kidneys, Digestion proceeds with normal regularity, so that at night the tranquillised mind and body are prepared for "Nature's sweet restorer"—peaceful slumber. Should one feel restless after an exciting or convivial evening, a dose of BEECHAM'S PILLS will quickly induce refreshing sleep.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, price **1s. 1½d.** (*56 pills*), *and* **2s. 9d.** (*168 pills*).

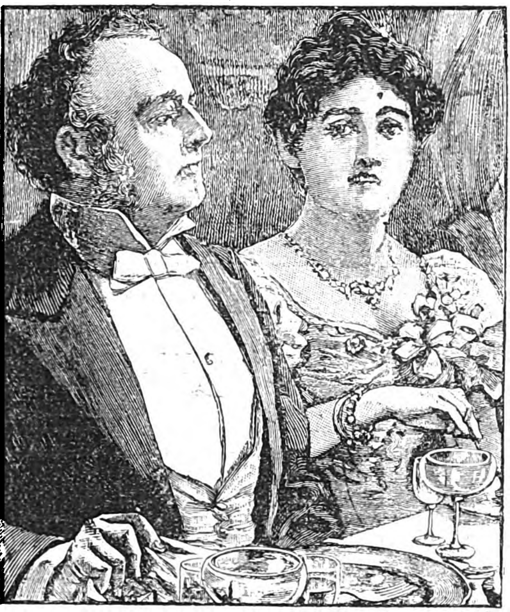
BODLEIAN
22 11 1904

What Do We Live For, If Not to Make Life Less Difficult For Each Other.—GEORGE ELIOT.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill ;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.
And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.—WHITTIER.

Light When Thou Else Wert Blind !

SYMPATHY.—Strength When Life's Surges Rudest Roll.



Millais' Great Xmas Heart!

Millais himself was occasionally induced to repeat the following anecdote, which is said by a personal friend to be new : "I found myself," said the late P.R.A., "seated one evening at a rather grand dinner, next to a very pretty, gushing girl, to whom I had not been introduced. She fired into conversation directly she had finished her soup, and, as it was May, began it with the inevitable question, 'I suppose you've been to the Academy ?' I replied that I had. 'And did you notice the Millais'? Didn't you think they were awful daubs? I can't imagine how such things ever get hung —!' She was going on gaily in the same strain, while I sat silent, when suddenly the amused smiles of those around her and the significant hush brought her to a sudden *stop.* She coloured rather painfully, and whispered to me in a frightened voice, 'for Heaven's sake what have I done? Have I said anything dreadful? Do tell me.' 'Not now,' I replied. 'Eat your dinner in peace, and I'll tell you by-and-by. She did so, rather miserably, vainly trying to extract from me at intervals what the matter was, and when the dessert came I filled up her glass with champagne, and told her to gulp it down very *quickly* when I counted three. She obeyed without protest, and I took the opportunity when she *couldn't speak. I grasped her hand and said, 'I am Millais, let's be friends.'*"

MORAL.—*Never to blend our Pleasure or our Pride with Sorrow of the Meanest thing that feels.*—WORDSWORTH.

And such is Human Life—So Gliding on; It Glimmers like a Meteor, and is Gone!

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN ?

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Did the world stand still, or did the generation that is to be, benefit very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world-famed 'FRUIT SALT.' *It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.* In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however arduously won or freshly gathered ; and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this Magazine to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' *Residents in fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics,* the *bon vivant* no less than the man to whom the recommendation, 'Eat and be merry,' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous.

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' upon any Disordered, Sleepless, and Feverish Condition, or for Sea-sickness, &c., &c., is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and is an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J.C. ENO'S Patent.

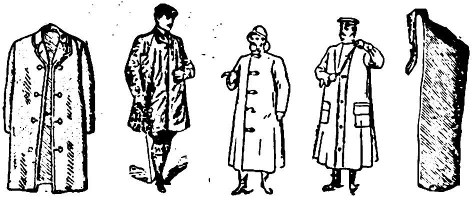
2000 SITUATIONS

At good salaries, and with excellent prospects, are annually secured by students of PITMAN'S METROPOLITAN SCHOOL. You can

STUDY AT HOME

and be coached in Commercial Subjects which will ensure a good position, or improve your present one. "Hints on Home Study" sent free. Address The Secretary, Pitman's Metropolitan School, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

PARKER'S DRIO OILSKINS.



DRIO OILSKIN COAT, 9/-

CALDER, for Golfing, &c., 18/9.

NORTON, for Shooting, &c., 15/-.

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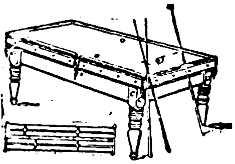

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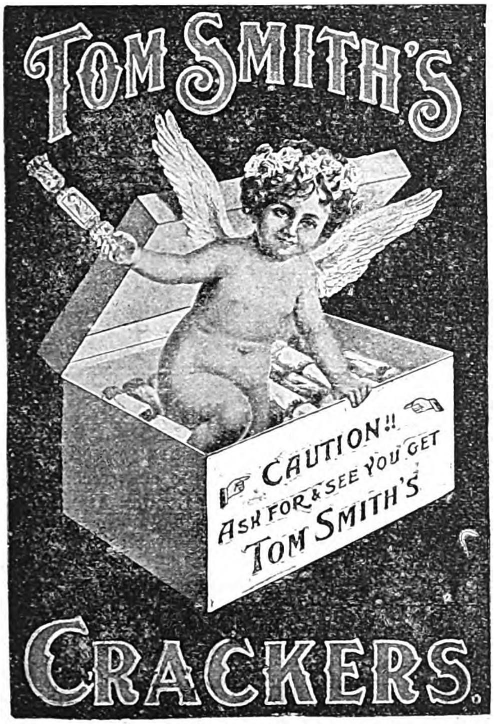

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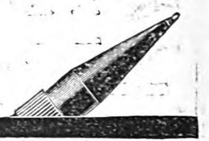

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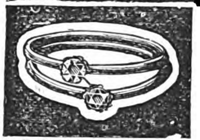

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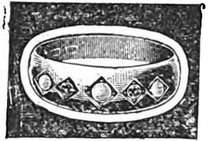

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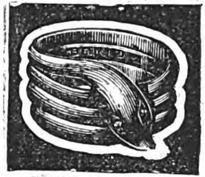

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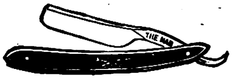

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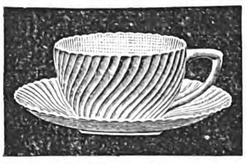

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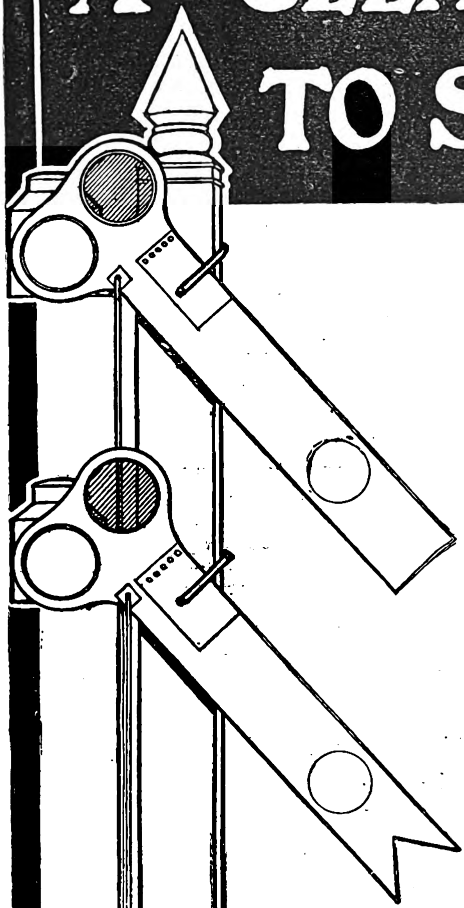

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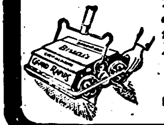

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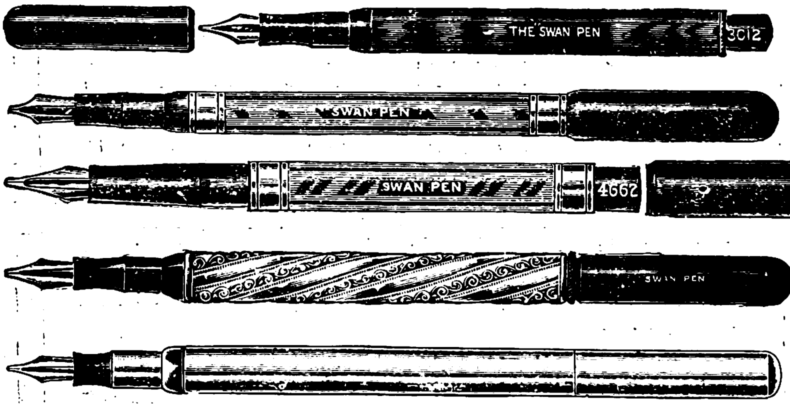

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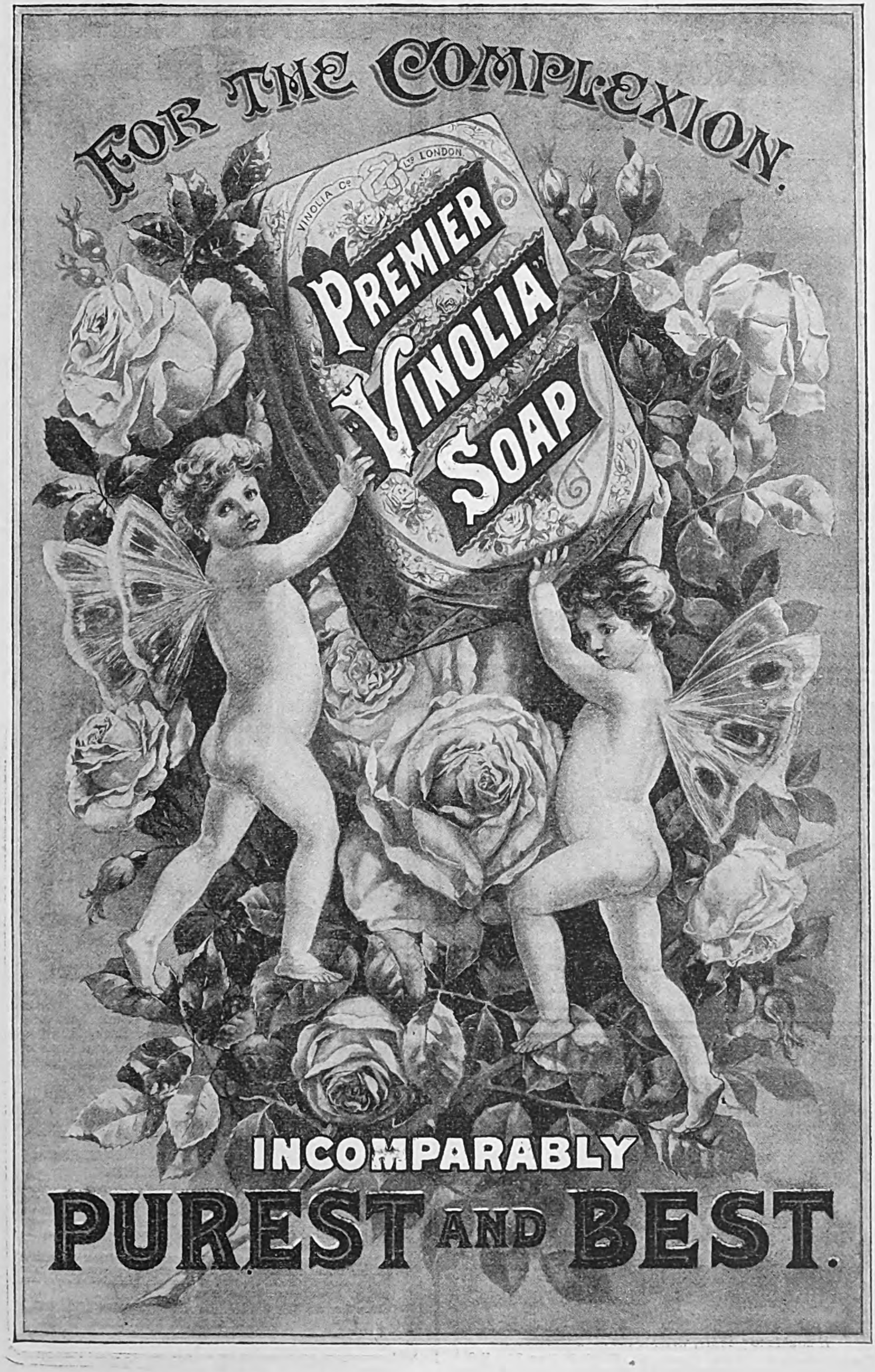
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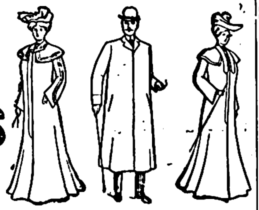

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IT IS GUARANTEED TO REDUCE WEIGHT A POUND A DAY

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Hundreds of others are reported, even the worst cases where the habit seems to have blotted out the last remaining spark of self-respect. Tears and prayers are of no use. Pleading, pledges, loss of social or business position are unavailing to stem the tide of absolute depravity.

This famous remedy has re-united thousands of scattered families; it has saved thousands of men to social and business prominence and public respect; has guided many a young man into the right road to fortune; has saved the father, the brother, the son, and in many cases, the wife and daughter too. Such a godsend to the home should be known to everyone.

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they will post a free package of the remedy to you, securely sealed in a plain wrapper, also full directions how to use it, books, testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace. Send for a free trial to-day. It will brighten the rest of your life

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A Printer Cured of a Severe Rupture by W. S. Rice, the Well Known Specialist, who Sends a Sample of His Famous Method Free to All.

There are people who have been torturing themselves for years with trusses. It is hoped their attention will be drawn to this free offer. A well-known printer, Mr. Thomas Levey, 18 Port Vale, Hertford, is one of the hundreds attracted to this generous announcement, and as a result he is now completely cured of a bad rupture. Although so many people told him he could not be cured except by an operation, he was determined to give this method a fair trial, with the result of a perfect cure. He now looks back to the old days of crude methods, and in comparison hails this method as a God-send to the present generations. Mr. Levey writes as follows: "Since discarding my truss four months ago, I have felt nothing of the rupture, therefore I am sure your method has perfectly cured me. I thank you for all your advice to me, and shall be pleased to answer any inquiries from rupture sufferers, if a stamp is enclosed for reply." It is some time since the above letter was received, but there has been no signs of the return of the rupture. By all means write at once to W. S. Rice, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 1727), 8 and 9 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., and he will send you a free sample of his remarkable home cure for rupture. It has met with unparalleled success, and has effected thousands of cures without pain, danger, operation, or loss of time. Don't fail to write at once for a description. Now is your opportunity.

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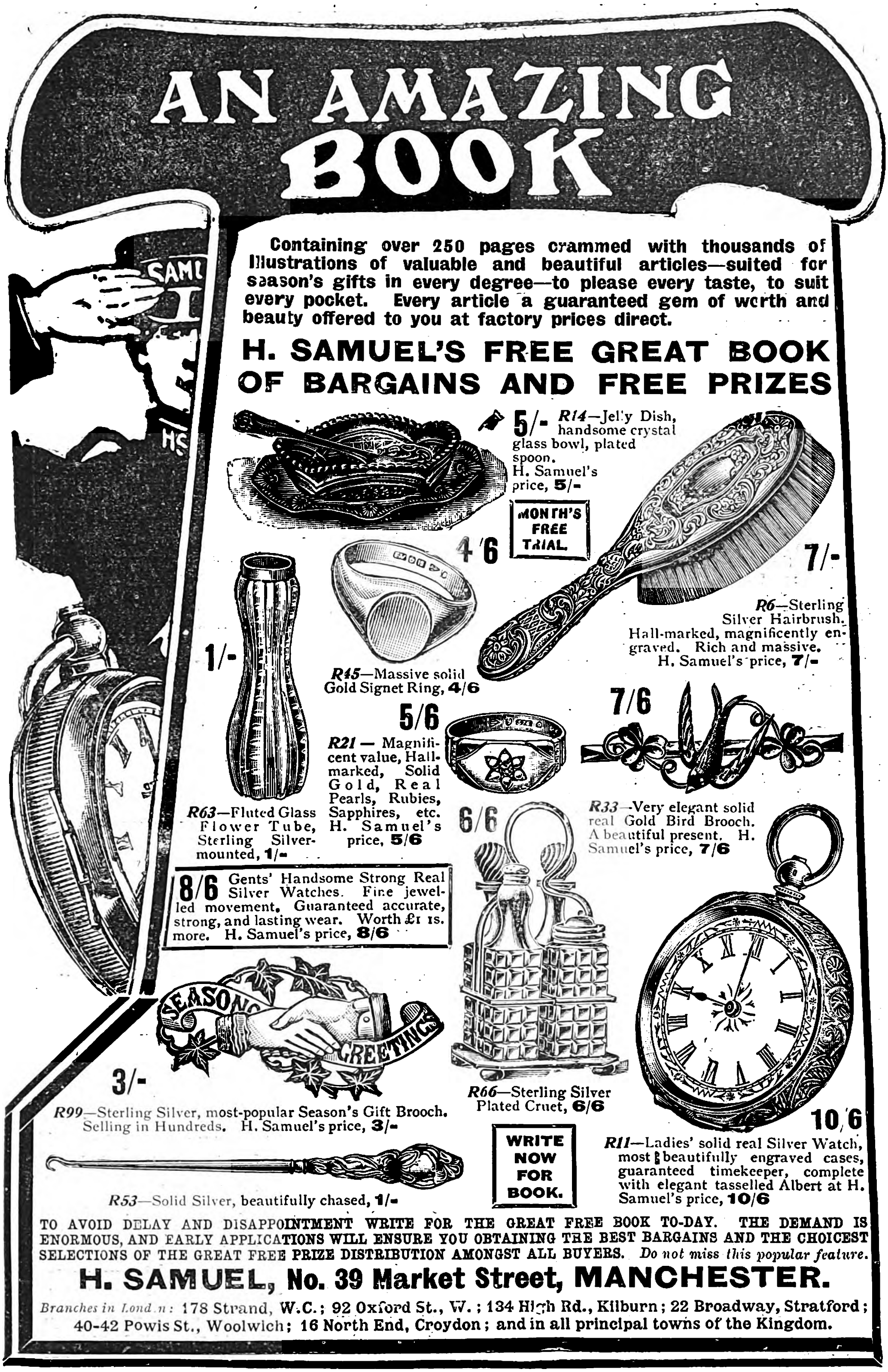

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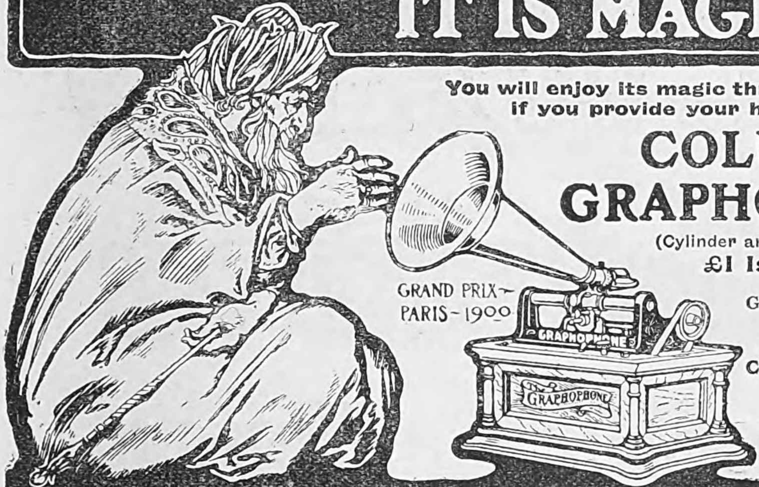

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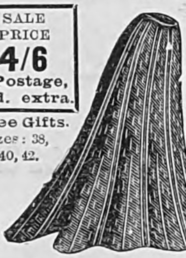

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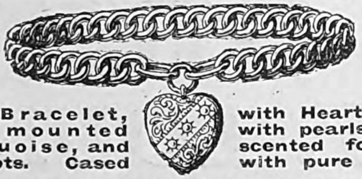

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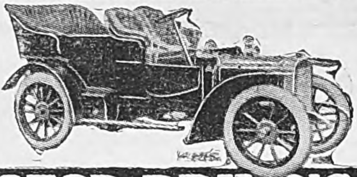

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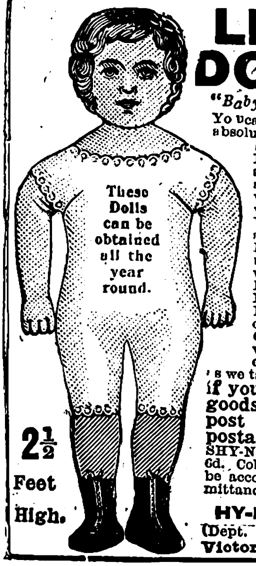
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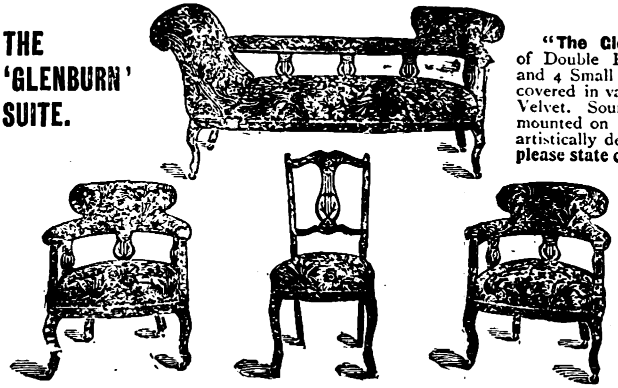

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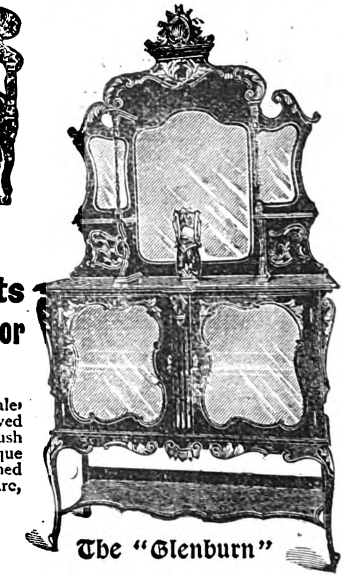

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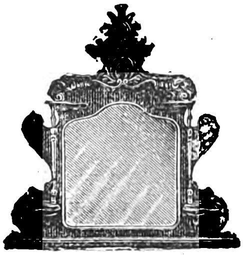

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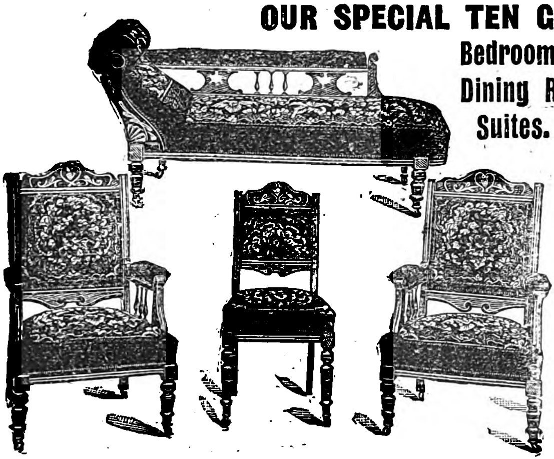

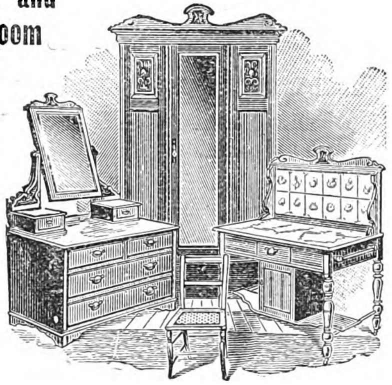

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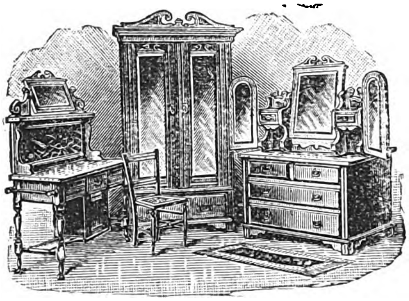

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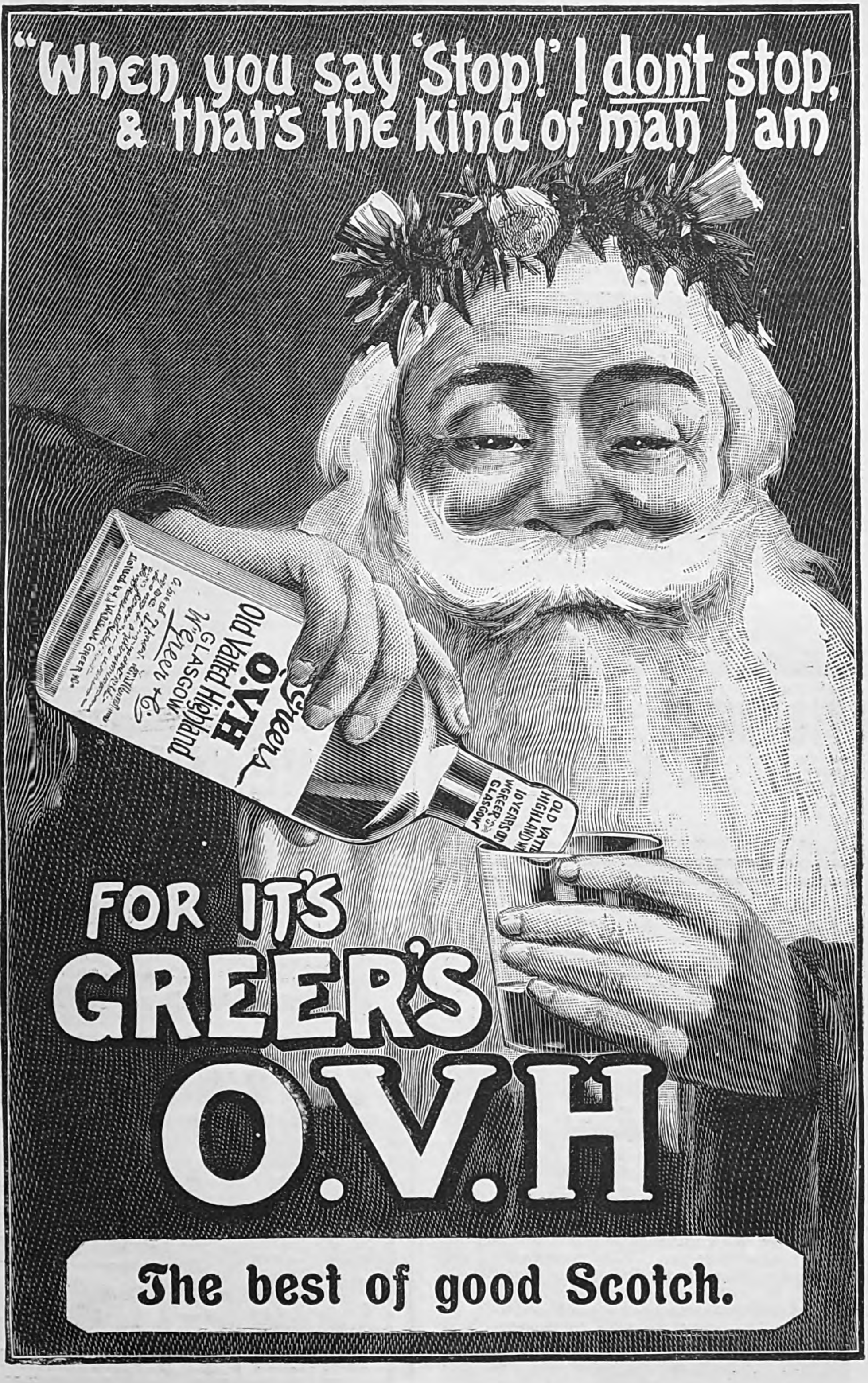
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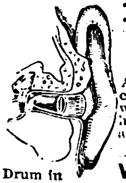

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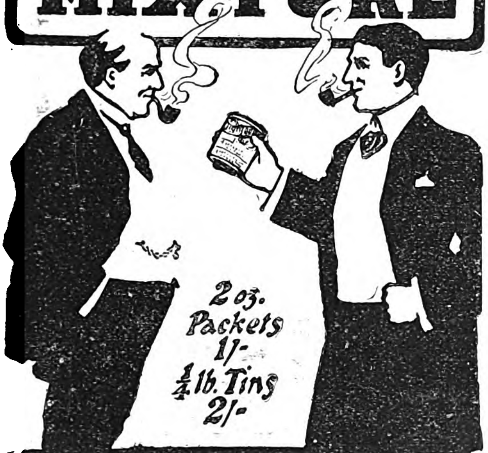

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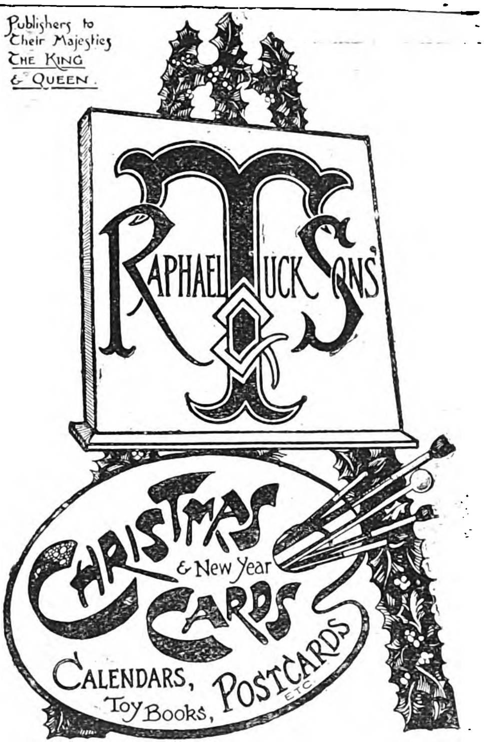

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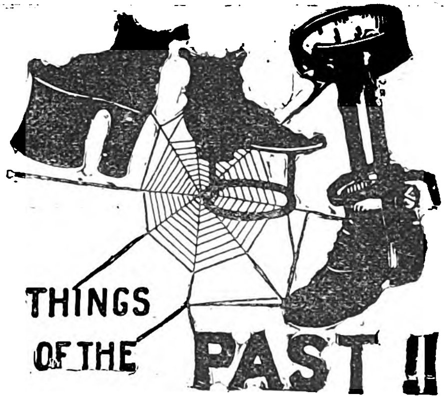

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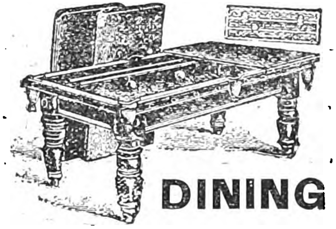

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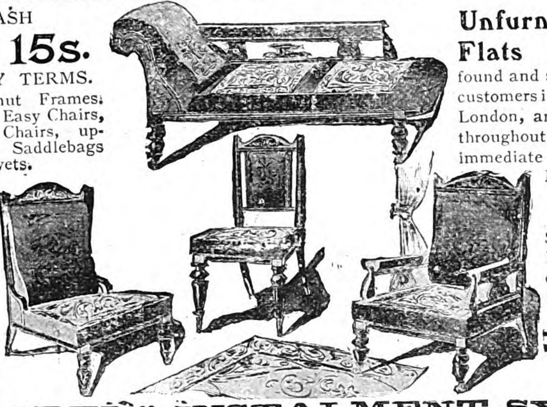

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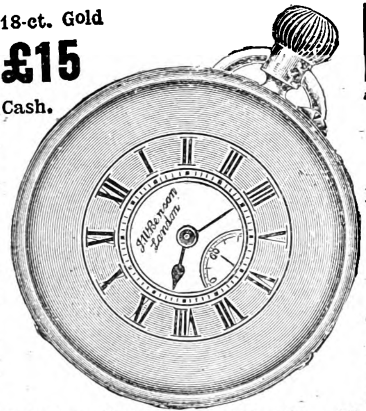

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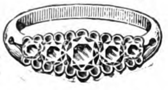

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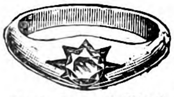

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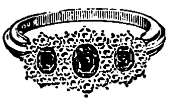

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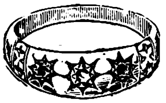

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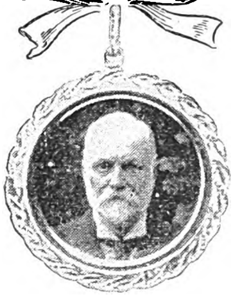

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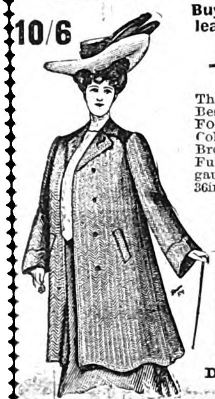

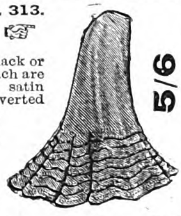

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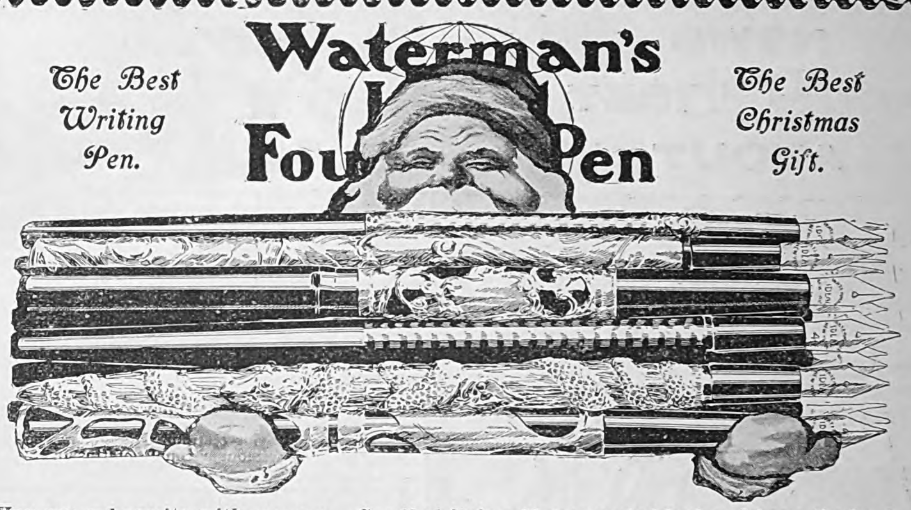

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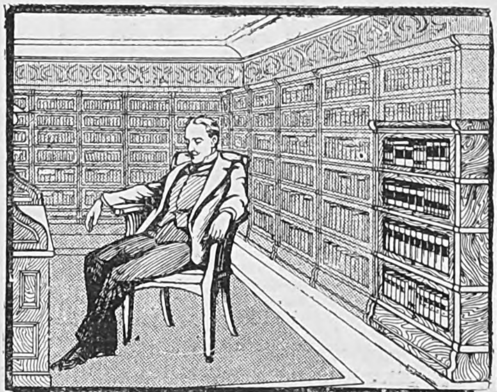

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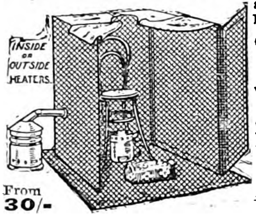
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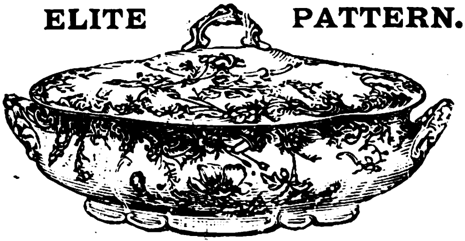

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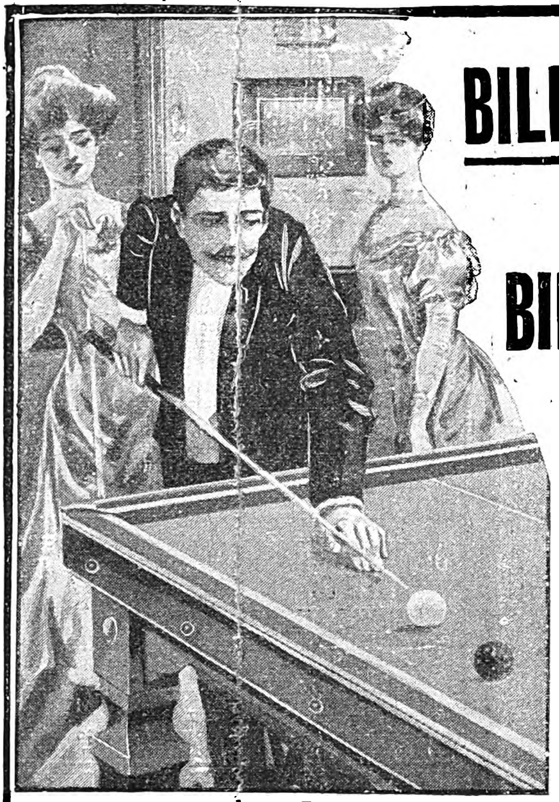

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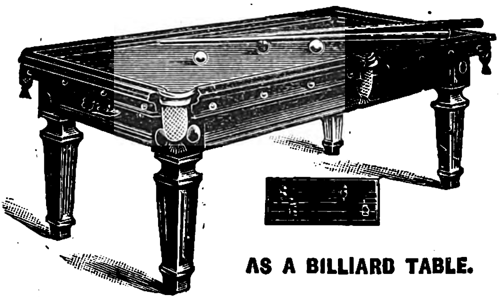

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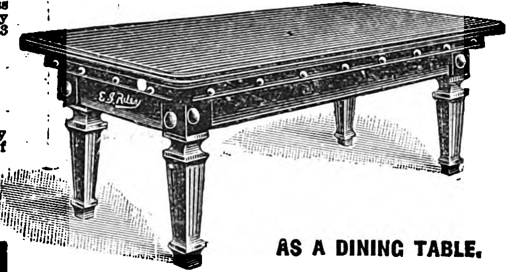

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Cases for Volumes I.—XII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

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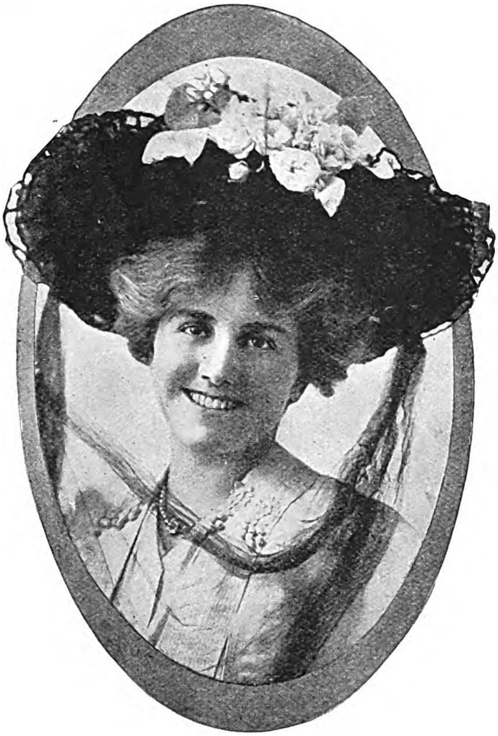
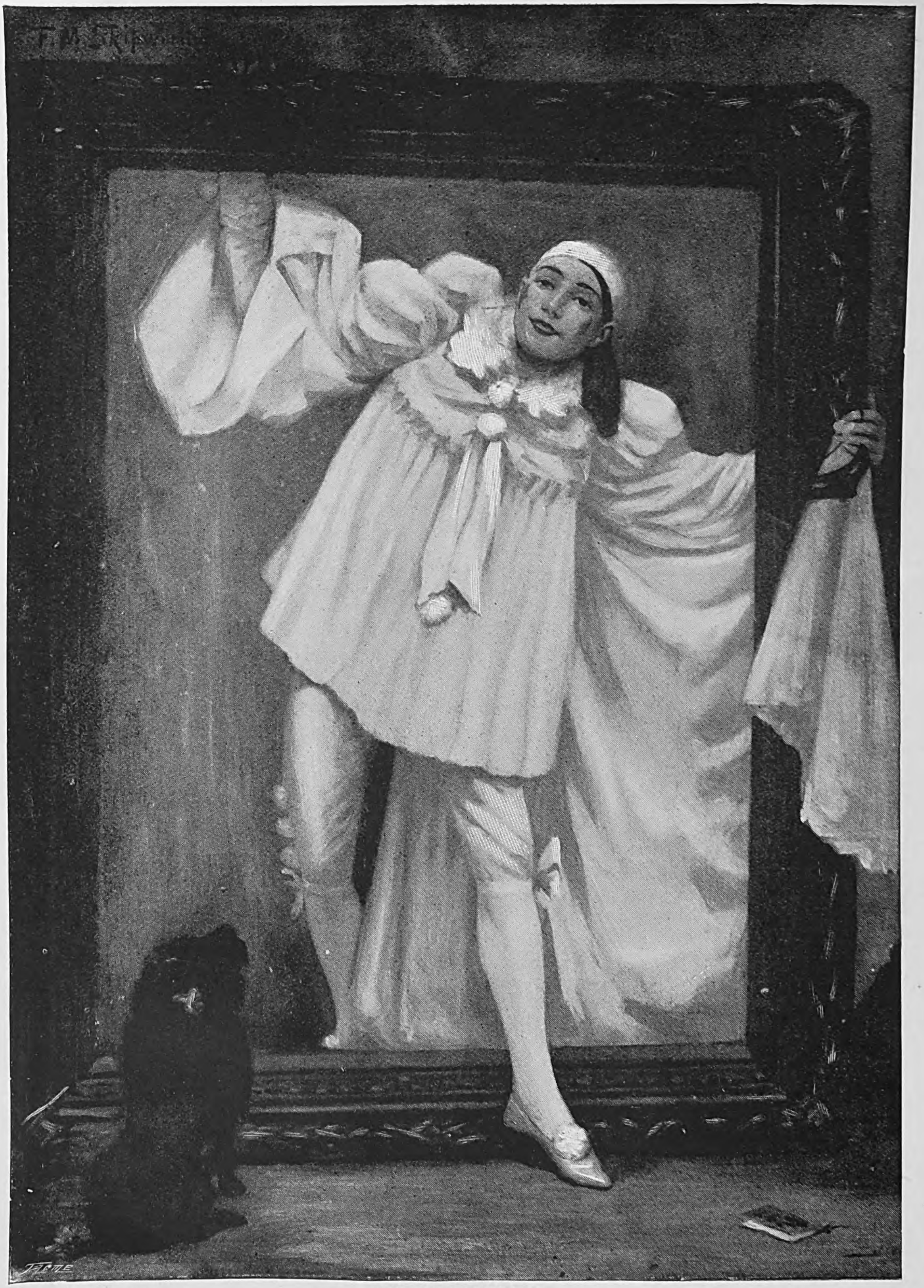


Photo of Miss Ellaline Terriss, by Ellis & Walery.

The Sweetest Smile in England.


F. M. Skipworth

ENTER PIERROT!
From a painting by F. M. Skipworth.

A
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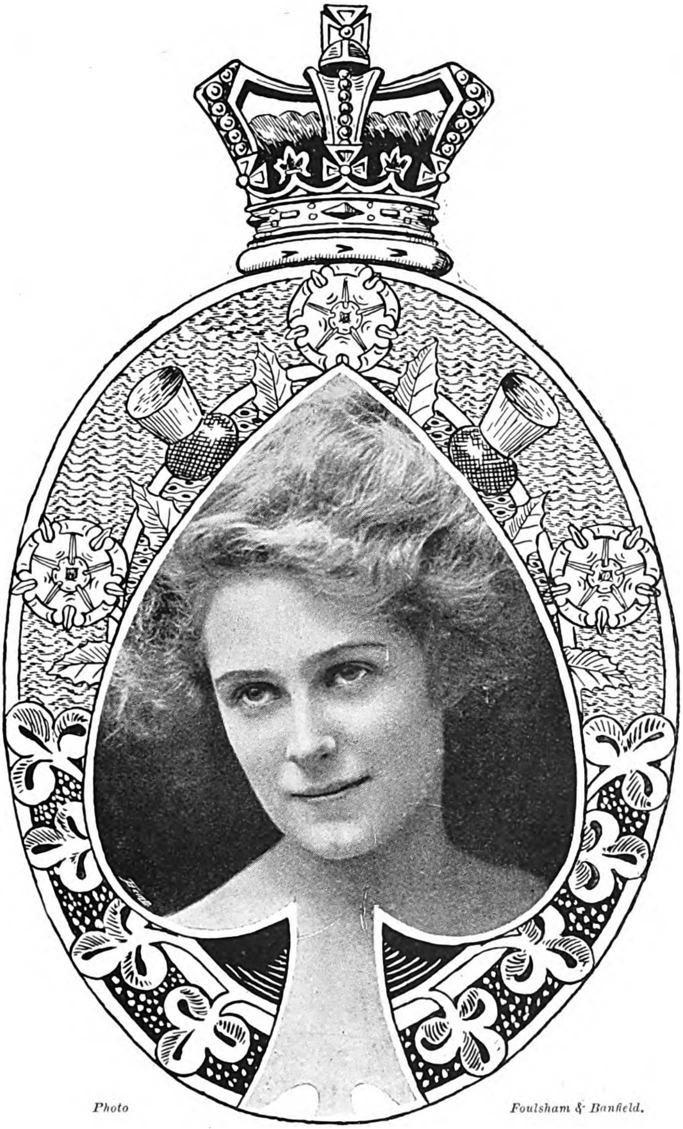

Photo Foulsham & Banfield.

America claims pretty Miss Pauline Chase. She is a delightful dancer, and acknowledges to being superstitious. In America she called herself Polly Chase. Thereby hangs a tale. One day Miss Chase noticed the name " Pretty Polly " amongst the horses entered in a certain race. She backed her namesake and won. Since then she has always "put a little" on " Pretty Polly " and generally won.

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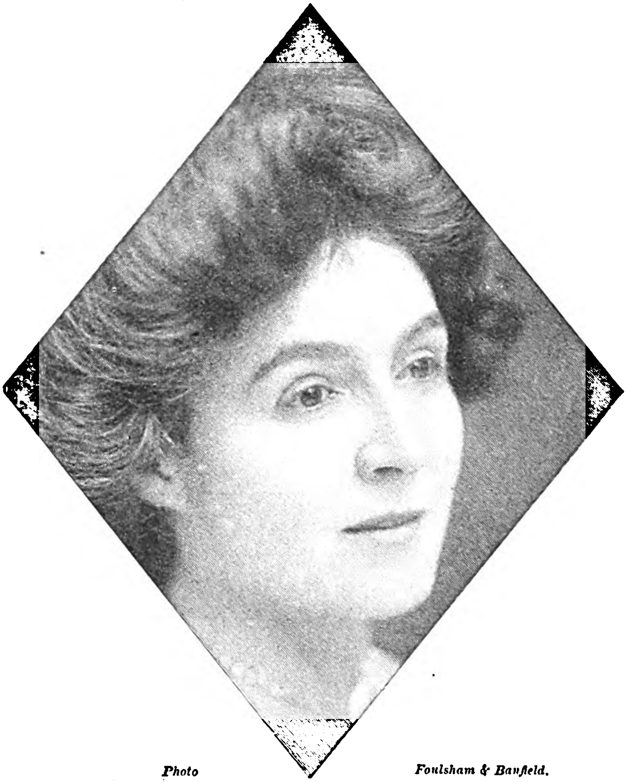

Photo Foulsham & Banfield.

"I have been in every part of the world," says Mrs. Brown-Potter, one of the most beautiful women on the stage. "To begin with I was born in the States. My earliest memory is of a very dramatic incident. A little pet lamb of mine fell into a stream. It was sinking, and I jumped in and seized hold of it. Then I began to sink, but I clung on to the lamb. And when I was pulled out, quite unconscious, the lamb gambolled off into the meadows."

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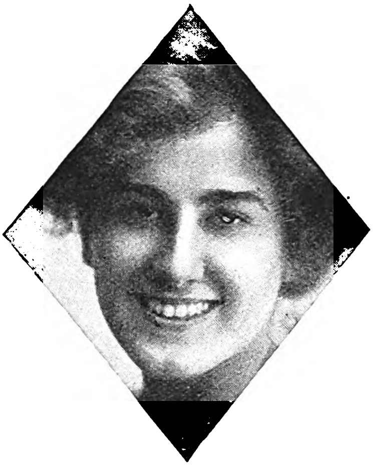
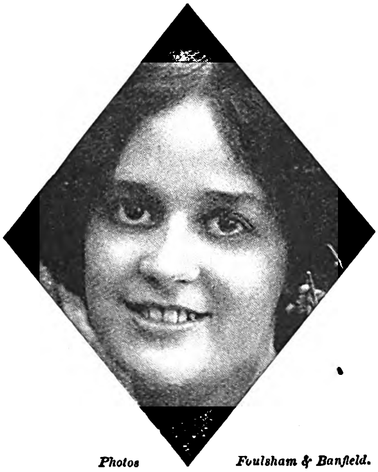


Miss Sybil Arundel, who smiles through the diamond above, is now the leading lady in the "Cingalee" at Daly's Theatre. She is a great talker, and professes a passion for gardening.

◇ ◇

Below appears Miss Hilda Anthony, a pretty little lady of eighteen. She has been on the stage only three years, and hails from Santiago.



Photos *Foulsham & Banfield.*

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Photo Foulsham & Banfield.

A little over four years ago Miss Muriel Beaumont made her début at the Haymarket. Then, of course, she took a minor part. Still, it was a beginning. After this she graduated into taking a part in "Frocks and Frills," a play that delighted the ladies of the audience on account of the charming costumes that were worn on the stage. Following this, Miss Beaumont appeared in the "Admirable Crichton." There she met Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, whom she eventually married.

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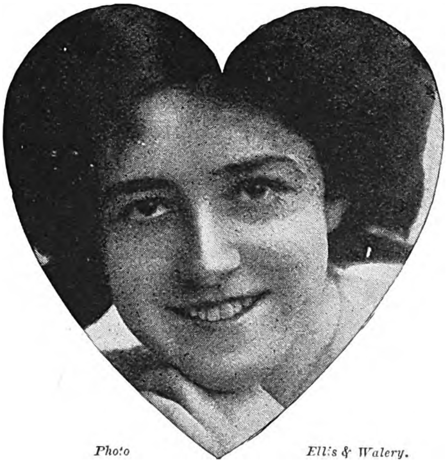

Photo Ellis & Walery.

The sudden illness of Miss Reeve, who should have taken the part of "Ada" in the "Three Little Maids" at the Apollo Theatre, gave Miss Madge Crichton, whose photograph heads this page, her opportunity. As "Ada" she caused quite a sensation, and ever since has delighted audiences in London, America, and Australia.

♡ ♡

Pretty Miss Adrienne Augarde smiles daintily at us from the heart below. When quite a beginner on the stage, she was lying asleep in a hammock, surrounded by fairies. Suddenly she lost her balance, and—plump!—she tumbled on the stage.

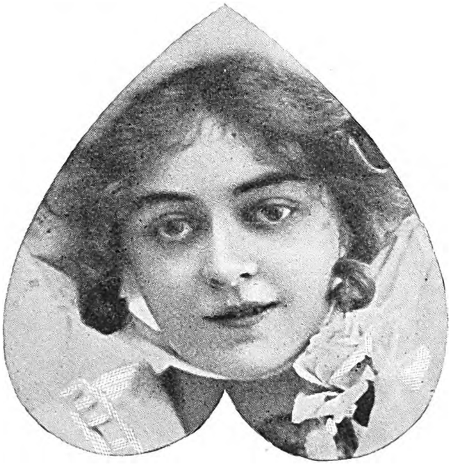

Photo Lallie Charles

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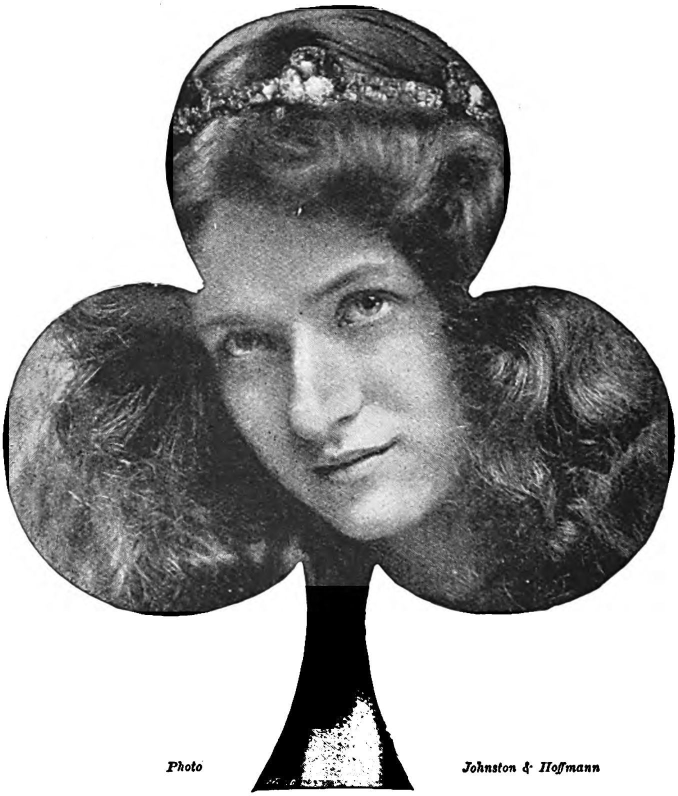

Photo *Johnston & Hoffmann*

Miss Maud Fealy, who is Sir Henry Irving's " leading lady," first came into fame as the heroine of " Sherlock Holmes." She was then the youngest " leading lady " in the world. Lately there has been quite a Fealy mania in America, where, people talk of her as the most beautiful woman on earth.

♣
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2
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Although quite young Miss Nina Sevening, whose likeness heads this page, has already been on the stage many years. Her first manager was Sir Augustus Harris, and so charmed was he with Miss Sevening's clever acting that he immediately offered her seven pounds a week to begin with.

* *

Miss Marie Studholme, who smiles at us from the club below, is devoted to animals. Her little menagerie at home has a parrot that is notorious for its wickedness. But, of course, it is always polite, and *never* uses a naughty word.

Photos *Foulsham & Banfield.*

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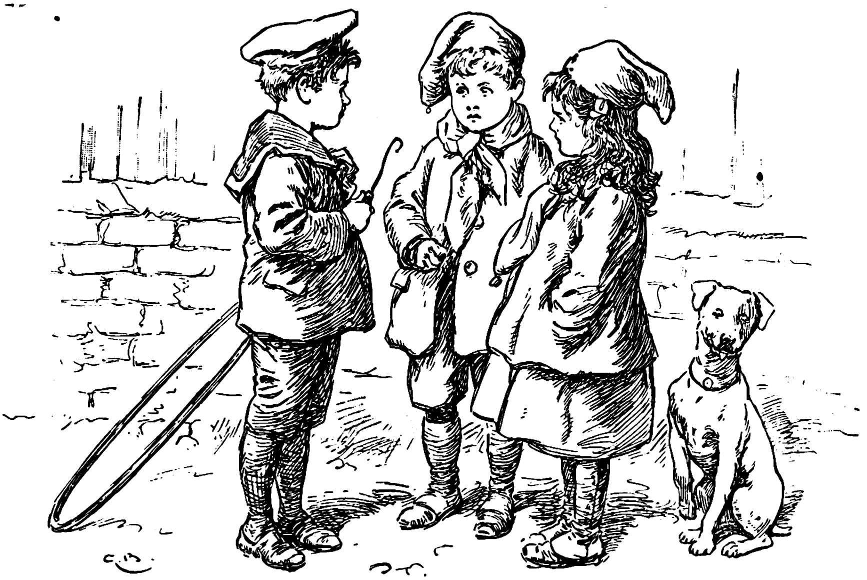
Mr. Lionel Brough, who a short while ago
celebrated his
jubilee of stage life, has played
in every leading
theatre in the United Kingdom, America, and
South Africa.

♠ ♠

To take the place of George Grossmith
is no small thing.
Walter Passmore stepped into his shoes
at the Savoy, and uncommonly
well he did it. He is
the husband of pretty Miss Agnes Fraser.

Photos *Foulsham & Banfield.*



AN OGRE'S TENANTS.

A Christmas Story for Children

By Owen Oliver.

Bob and Babs knew their new address themselves, because mother had made them say it over and over; but they did not know if Santa Claus knew. They hoped that he had seen them moving, and had moved in the same direction; but there seemed to be something strange about him this year.

Mother shook her head whenever they talked about him; and Sissy, who was grown up, was afraid he had gone right away.

"You must not expect too much, dears," she warned them, "because he has lost a lot of money. . . . No-o. I don't know where to write to him. He was a friend of father's, you see, and father used to meet him in the City."

"Yes," said Bob, "and he used to ask father if we'd been good; and father used to say we'd been 'pretty fair lately'; and then he used to say he'd see what he could do."

"Farver knewed what toys wouldn't go down the chimbley," Babs added. "So we didn't want zem. Farver knewed more zan anybody, didn't he? More zan muvver an' you!"

"Yes, dear," Sissy agreed. "Mother and I miss father, too. He knew a great deal that we don't know, and did a great deal that we can't do."

"He knew where Santa Claus lived," Bob stated. "He'd make him come if he were home."

"Yes, dear," Sissy agreed. "I expect he would. Perhaps he will be able to write from South Africa and tell him to come; but I don't know—I really don't know."

They would have written to father about it, only there wasn't time to get an answer, because South Africa is a very long way off; and Sissy said he had enough to think about already, because trade was worse than ever. They did not know who "Ever" was, but they knew that "Trade" was always bad, and father had gone abroad to try and make him be better.

As they could not consult father, they consulted Willie Bell, who always had a lot of things from Santa Claus. Willie said that his father said that Santa Claus lived in their road, and listened at the top of the chimney to hear what children asked for;

and once when he called up it he heard a squeaky voice answer, and so did his father, who was in the room.

They called up their chimney ever so many times, but Santa Claus never answered *them*. Bob put his head through the hole to look for him, but a lot of soot fell down and made him in a dreadful mess; and mother said it was nearly a new suit, and he really was old enough to know better, and Santa Claus would have been very cross with him if he *had* looked down, and it was all nonsense about his listening at chimneys, because no one could tell whose chimney was whose.

So they did not believe Willie Bell any more, and they asked Maggie Johnson instead. The Christmas before he had brought her a doll's house, although she had moved. So he must have some way of finding out such things.

Maggie said that *her* father said that Santa Claus lived in Germany, and brought all the toys from there in a flying chariot; and anyone could see *that* was right, because "Made in Germany" was printed on the back of the doll's house, and on the lid of the box of bricks, when it had a lid. And before Christmas, Maggie Johnson's father said, Santa Claus came and peeped in at the windows to take particular notice if children were good enough to have toys.

So Bob and Babs stood at the nursery window whenever they had clean overalls on, to let Santa Claus see what a good little boy and girl they were, when they were good. When they were not very good they kept away from the window. When they were doing things that Santa Claus was sure not to like they pulled down the blinds. When they were going to make a dreadful noise, they hung the counterpane from the mantelpiece, so that the noise should not go up the chimney, in case Willie Bell's father might be right, after all.

The second time they hung the counterpane up it caught alight, and mother said she could not make out what had come to them lately, and she should be obliged to punish them severely if they ever did such a naughty thing again; and she was afraid that Santa Claus would have to bring a counterpane, instead of toys.

"He has such a lot of things to buy," she said, with a sigh; "and he hasn't nearly so much money as he used to have, before your father went away. Really, I don't know how he can afford it. Well, well, dears, you needn't cry. I daresay, if you are very good, he will manage to bring you some little thing each."

Bob and Babs explained to mother that they wanted a lot of things each, and they preferred them big; and would she be sure and tell Santa Claus. But she said it was no use, for she was sure he couldn't afford it. Sissy told them that they must not ask mother for things, because she was dreadfully worried about the rent and other matters. They knew that the "rent" was the hole in the counterpane, but they did not understand what "other matters" meant.

So they thought it was something very dreadful, and they decided not to bother mother any more about Santa Claus, but to look for him themselves, and tell him how good they were, and what toys they wanted. Bob borrowed two sheets of Sissy's notepaper, and wrote a list in printing-writing. He meant to give it to Santa Claus to keep, as Babs and he could remember.

They went to look for Santa Claus the next day, but no one seemed able to direct them, and they got lost. Bob was very tired, and Babs cried; and at last a policeman took them home. He was a very friendly policeman, and he said that Santa Claus lived in their own road, and quite near their own house; and, if he were they, he would look for him out of the nursery window.

They had very bad colds afterwards, and were kept in the nursery for a couple of days. So they thought themselves that this was the best place. They would be sure to recognise Santa Claus from the pictures, and Bob could slip out, if mother and Sissy were not watching, and run after him and give him the list, and tell him that if he thought of anything that they had not put down he could bring that too.

They did not see anyone like Santa Claus all the morning; but in the afternoon a white-haired old gentleman stared at their house, and then came up the steps. They ran down to the dining-room to see if he was Santa Claus; but mother was quite angry, and sent them out. Sissy told them that he was not Santa Claus, but an ogre, and he had come about the rent; and she called him a hard-hearted, grasping old Jew! He was one of those wicked people, she added, who took poor Santa Claus' money, so that he couldn't give little boys and girls what he would like to.

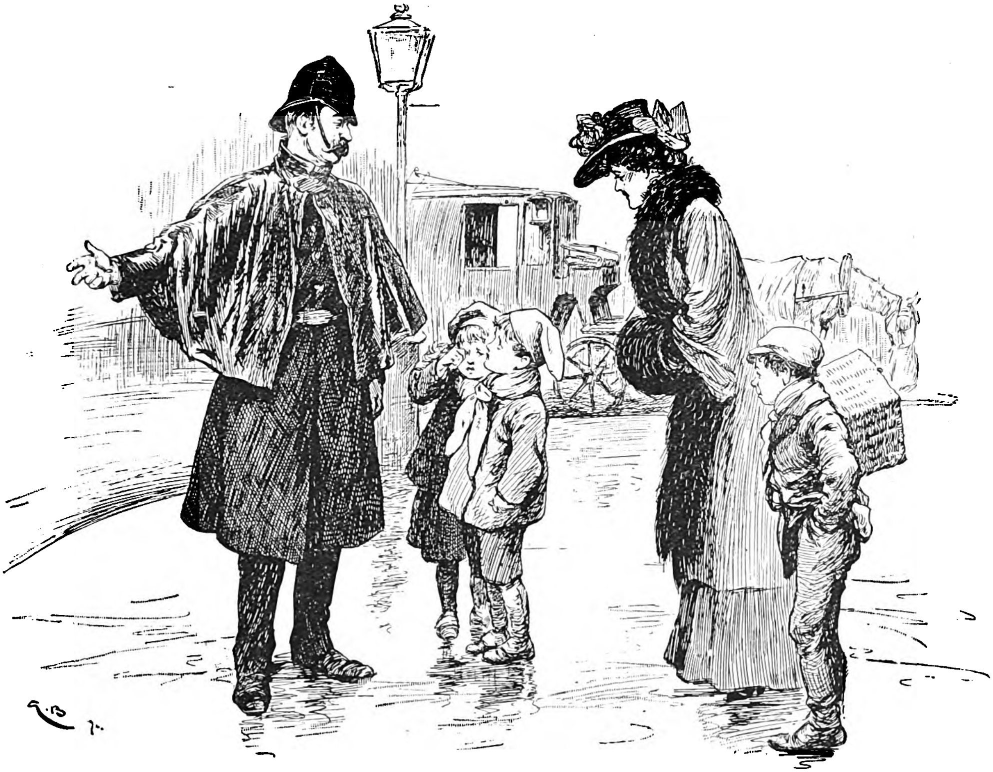
So after that they ran away from the window whenever he passed. Bob made up his mind to get a real sword, and cut off his head, just when he was going to put Babs in the oven, like ogres did; and Babs woke up in the night and screamed about the oven; and Sissy said that Bob was a naughty boy to frighten his little sister, and if the ogre came he would eat *him*. Then Bob cried, too, and Sissy gave them two sweets each, and said, she wouldn't let the ogre touch either of them and stayed till they went to sleep.

From that time they only peeped round the curtains, because the ogre passed very often. One day they saw the ogre talking to a white-haired gentleman, who lived nearly opposite, and the ogre wagged his finger at him, and held his sleeve. So they thought that *he* must be Santa Claus, and the ogre was trying to get his money that he wanted for toys. They asked Sissy if the other gentleman was Santa Claus, and she said perhaps he might be; but they must not ask him, or he would be very cross with them, and then they would get nothing.

The ogre was very stern-looking, and he talked to himself sometimes as he walked along, so they were *quite* sure that he was an ogre. He called again the morning before Christmas Eve. Mother had a bad headache, and lay down all the afternoon. Sissy said he was a Jew, and Christmas had no meaning to him, and he wanted all the money that Santa Claus had, and more, for rent, and she was afraid there wouldn't be any left for toys. They said that she and mother could buy them some instead; but she declared that he wanted her money and mother's too, and he was going to call again the next morning. *She* should see him this time, she said, instead of mother.

He did call the next morning, but Sissy did not see him, because she had gone out with some paintings. She painted flowers and birds and butterflies, and sometimes they bought them at a shop; but this morning they did not buy any. Mother was not quite dressed, so the ogre had to wait in the dining-room.

There was no fire in the nursery because coals had gone up, so Bob and Babs were playing downstairs, and he talked to them. He did not say "fe-fi-fo-fum," as they expected, but talked like a nice old gentleman. When they found that he was not a savage ogre, they talked to him too. He asked their



He was a very friendly policeman.

names, and told them his. It was Isaac Jacobs, and he said he was not a real ogre, only a landlord; and he had often noticed them at the window, and once *he* had a little boy and girl.

Bob asked him what he had done with them. (They thought, perhaps, he had eaten them, because ogres do.) He said they were with Father Abraham now. They thought that Mr. Abraham was another ogre, and very likely their grandfather.

Bob wondered if ogres liked their own little ogre-boys and ogre-girls; but he knew that it was rude to ask too many questions. So he whispered to Babs to ask, because she was only a girl, and not old enough to know any better; and she said, "Bob finks you liked your lickle boy an' dirl, didn't you?"

The ogre said he liked them very much, and, for their sakes, he liked all little boys and little girls.

"Bob 'spects you mean if they'se dood?" Babs suggested.

"Yes," he agreed, "that is what I mean, of course."

"Was your lickle boy an' dirl dood?"

"She means 'were,'" Bob apologised. "She's only six."

"Yes." The ogre sighed. "I thought them good."

"Did Santa Claus come to them?" Bob inquired.

"No-o. We don't have Christmas, or Santa Claus, among my people; but they had presents. Oh, yes. They had a lot of presents."

"We used to," Bob explained, "before father went away; but we don't now. Sissy doesn't think Santa Claus is coming this year, because you—I mean an ogre—is going to take all his money; but I don't think an ogre would—not a *nice* ogre, who liked little boys and babies."

"I isn't a baby," Babs corrected. "I'se a dirl."

"No-o," said the ogre. "I don't think he would."

"He'd be a wicked ogre if he took Santa Claus's money, wouldn't he?"

The ogre smiled a little, and stroked his long beard.

"Unless it was owing to him," he said. "Do you know what 'owing' means?"

"No," said Bob.

"Well, suppose you went to a shop, and asked for a pennyworth of sweets, and said you'd bring the penny to-morrow. What would happen then?"

"They wouldn't give me the sweets!" said Bob promptly.

"But suppose they did?"

"I should eat them!"

"G'eedy pig," Babs cried indignantly. "I want some." She caught hold of Bob and tried to fish in his pockets.

"I haven't any, silly," he told her. "It was only pretend about the penny. Did you give your little boy and girl pennies?"

The ogre said that he did sometimes, and they used to run out directly and buy sweets; and Bob and Babs said that was what they should do, if they had a penny; and he gave them a penny each, and they went out before mother came in.

So they did not hear what the ogre said to her; but they heard her tell Sissy he had given her a week's grace. Sissy told them they must not call him an ogre again if they spoke to him, because it might hurt his feelings. They were surprised that ogres had feelings; but they expected he was different from other ogres, because he had a little boy and girl of his own, and he liked them.

"I'm *sure* he won't take Santa Claus's money," Bob told Babs; "but I don't believe Santa Claus knows we live here. Let's write something and put it up in the window."

So they got the ink, and a big piece of paper, and wrote it between them in printing letters as big as Bob's hand. It looked very nice, except for the smudges, and this is what it said:

"To Santer Claw.
We Liv Hear.
Doo Cum. Doo."

Several people glanced at the notice and smiled; but the gentleman they called Santa Claus was looking the other way, and the only one who really stopped to read it was the ogre.

He put his spectacles straight, and took them off and wiped them, and put them straight again. Then he said "Umph!"

They heard him because they had the window open a little way to listen. They were rather worried, because they did not know what "Umph!" meant in ogre language; but they hoped it meant that he wouldn't take the money that Santa Claus owed him for sweets.

Mother and Sissy did not find the notice all the afternoon; but after Bob and Babs had been put to bed they drew up the blind and put a candle to show the notice; and Sissy came up for something, and found it and took it away.

"You mustn't put things in the window," she said. "But I expect Santa Claus has seen it, and I am sure he will bring you something; but I am afraid it won't be very much this year, dears, because he is so poor. A gun and a sword you particularly wanted, didn't you, Bob? And you wanted a doll, didn't you, Babs? What have I been crying about? I was putting up a few pieces of holly, and one prickly piece hurt me rather —good-night, dears."

It was the piece that Sissy had put over father's portrait that had hurt her; but she did not tell them that, and she did not tell mother about either the holly or the notice, for fear it should upset her.

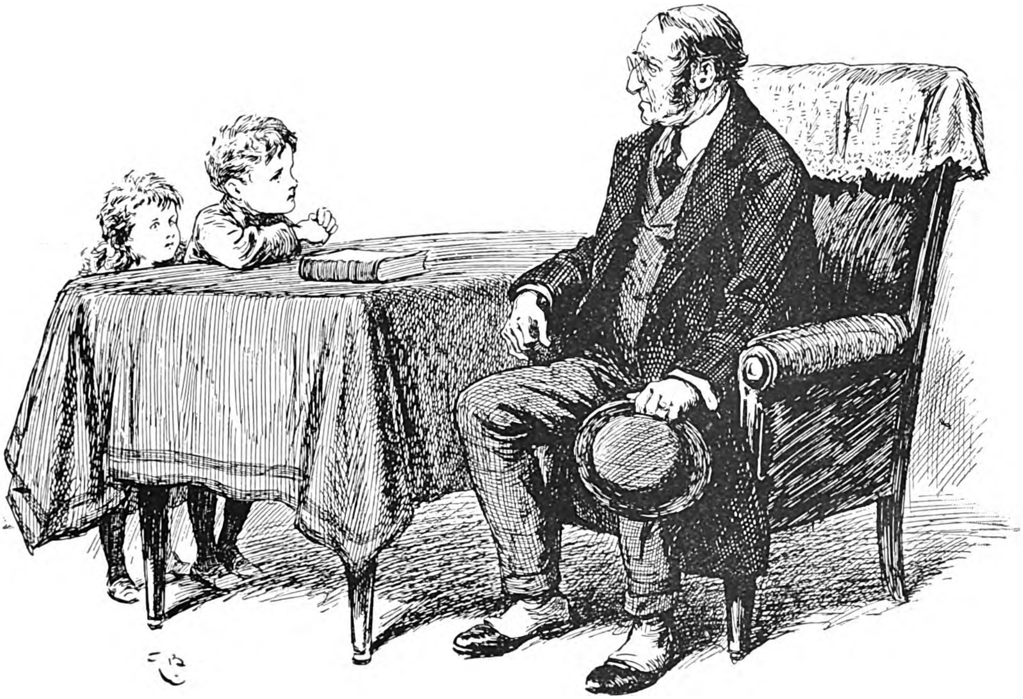
"We must get the chicks as much as we can, mother," she said. "I've three-and-six that I was saving for—something that doesn't matter. With that and the two shillings I gave you before, and the half-crown you thought you could spare, we can get them quite a lot of things."

Mother sighed. "There are so many things that they need more than toys. But, of course, they're young. I don't like your going without the collarette you were saving up for, dear."

Sissy said that while she had a good plain dress, she did not care for finery. That was not quite true; but it was one of the stories that are not really stories; and they could manage very well, now they hadn't to pay the rent till next week, and perhaps the ogre would give them a little longer then. Mother said she was sure he wouldn't do that; but, anyhow, Sissy could go and buy the toys for the children.

Sissy had just put on her hat, when there was a knock at the front door, and when she opened it the parcel man handed in six great packages. Three were addressed to Bob, and three to Babs, and there was a label on each that said, "From Santa Claus." Just as she had signed the receipt, the postman came up the steps with a letter for mother. There was money in it—a lot of money, and that was from Santa Claus too. Sissy was so pleased that she caught hold of mother and danced her all round the room; and mother smiled ever so many times while she was getting her breath.

They put the toys in the stockings and round the stockings, and they stretched nearly across to the wall. There was a gun,



"Did Santa Claus come to them?" Bob inquired.

and a sword and pistol, and leaden soldiers, and a fort, and a trumpet, and a train, and a ball for Bob; there was a doll, and a doll's house, and a doll's cradle, and a tea-set, and a Noah's ark, and a picture-book for Babs.

When they had arranged them they arranged them again; and when they had put out the light they lit it again to have another look at them, and then they went down to the dining-room and looked at father's portrait. They always did that when they were very sorry or very glad.

Bob and Babs were so pleased with all the toys Santa Claus had brought, that they forgot all about Santa Claus; but mother and Sissy thought about him a great deal, and studied the writing on the envelope and the labels. There was a peculiarly twirly "t" in Santa that they were sure they had seen before; but they could not remember who wrote so.

Mother said that she did not like using the money till she knew who sent it; but Sissy said that whoever sent it was so nice and kind that she did not mind being indebted to him; and she should go and pay the "horrid old ogre" that very afternoon, for he was a Jew, and Christmas Day was nothing to him.

She had made up her mind to be politely unpleasant to the ogre; but he looked very old and lonely; and he had the photographs of two children on the table; and while he was speaking to her he glanced at them and sighed. So she was not unpleasant at all.

He was not unpleasant either, and said there was no great hurry for a few days, if it were not convenient to them to pay then; but Sissy said it was *quite* convenient. So he began to write out a receipt. He had written "Received with," and begun the "thanks," when Sissy gave quite a scream.

"Oh!" she cried, "the twirly 't.' It was *you!*"

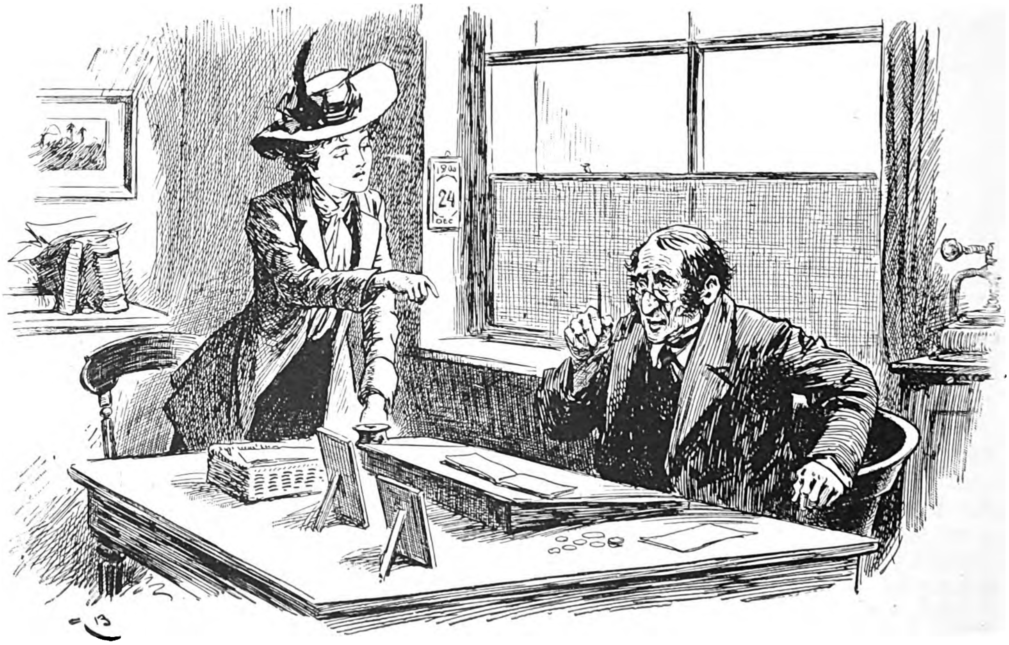
We will leave out what they said after that, because most of it was about the children that he used to have and hadn't, and it made Sissy wipe her eyes; and this is Christmas-time, and it is no use making people feel miserable.

But afterwards he walked home with Sissy, and she took his arm; and when they went into the dining-room mother was so startled that she dropped the shovelful of chestnuts she had been roasting for the children, and Bob and Babs gave a shout.

"The ogre!" they cried. "The ogre!"

"No," said Sissy. "He has a new name. It's—Santa Claus!"

But an ogre he was, and an ogre he had to be; and that was what they always called him. Only they meant the good sort of ogre—the sort that likes little boys and girls.



"Oh!" she cried, "the twirly 't.' It was *you!*"

THE LITTLE FATHER

Photo Levitzky.

A Description, Drawn from Special Information, of the Tsar and His Surroundings—His Daily Life, His Many Cares and Responsibilities and His Few Pleasures.

By R. W. Besier.

St. Petersburg: midwinter: under the brilliant starlight the air is like yielding ice: under your feet the frozen snow squeaks and crunches. Most of the people are snug and warm in their comfortable houses. But several splendidly equipped sledges are flying along the deserted streets in the direction of Peterhof. For to-night the Tsar holds an important reception.

Let us follow one of these sledges. It sweeps into the broad courtyard and draws up at the chief entrance. Cossacks stand to the right, Cossacks to the left: vast figures made vaster and more imposing, by reason of the mighty fur coats with which they are covered—not dressed but covered, for the fur hides all of them except the eyes, which peer sternly at you under shaggy, frosted eyebrows. The great doors fly open: the guests, also fur-covered, leave the sledge.

A soft flare of exquisitely tinted electric lights meets them on the threshold. They enter, and escorted by gorgeously apparelled flunkies, proceed along magnificent passages to one of the ante-chambers. Out of their fur coverings, our guests emerge, like splendid butterflies, glittering with jewels and starred with orders.

They are led up an incredibly broad and splendid staircase, to the grand reception room. Long before they have reached the door, the subdued sound of music meets their ears and a low hum of many voices. The sounds grow louder, they hear their names shouted, they enter.

And what a scene meets their eyes!

Covering the floor, which is composed of the most costly mosaic, of the largest and loftiest room in the world, is a throng of people such as no country but Holy Russia could produce: a meeting of civilisation and barbarism, an orgy of colour, a dazzle of jewels, a babel of languages. Yonder, not far from the throne, you may perceive the famous Princess Z——, surrounded by a little crowd of glittering satellites. On her head and neck and on the buckles of her shoes, she carries a hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewels. Her fan itself is worth a small fortune. She is fabulously rich and a widow.

And the man she is speaking to—look at him a moment. There is very little European in that face, with its slit eyes, high cheek-bone, and dry, parchment-coloured skin. A Tartar with a Tartar's record—for he carries one of those orders on his breast, for stamping out a rebellion somewhere in the depths of Asia—killing man, woman, and child within an area of two or three hundred miles. The order, you will notice, is composed of blood-red gems.

These are but two of many hundreds which move across the floor of the reception-room—ambassadors and generals, *attachés* and princes, grand-dukes, governors, statesmen, and the most beautiful and brilliant women in the world—all waiting in subdued excitement for the appearance of the man whose command has brought them here to-night—their Imperial host, Nicholas Alexandrovitch Romanoff, the Autocrat of All the Russias, the Great White Tsar, the "Little Father" of his people.

The supreme moment arrives. Great doors are flung apart, ushers and chamberlains enter, a name is shouted that sets the crowd swaying and whispering like a bed of flowers in the wind.

Everybody stands, as it were, at attention; all eyes are fixed in one direction, and then, almost simultaneously, generals, archdukes, princes, ambassadors, and the rest of that wonderful throng bow their heads. For standing on the threshold is a little blonde man, in a sober uniform emblazoned with a few orders, baggy trousers, and high patent leather boots.

He inclines his head slightly, and as he enters into the glare of the lights, you see that his delicate face is very pale and melancholy, and without the semblance of even an artificial smile. His steps seem to hesitate, his eyes glance furtively about him, he raises his hand and pulls nervously at his moustache.

On his left is the beautiful Tsarina, tall and white like a statue. She smiles sadly and bows to left and right. She is perfectly self-possessed, a contrast to her husband, whom she overtops by several inches. His every movement betokens nervousness and discomfort; indeed, it is hard to believe that he was born in the purple and is the direct descendant of a line of emperors whose pride and power have never been matched since the days of the Cæsars. You might imagine that he had been suddenly thrust into a position he has neither the will, the capacity, nor the training to sustain. He looks supremely miserable, and, of a truth, his looks do not belie him.

For the Tsar Nicholas is a man who was never meant to occupy a throne—least of all, the terrible throne of Russia.

Born in another sphere, he would, in all probability, have become the valued member of society given over to the cultivation of mildly intellectual pursuits—literature, art, music—and I think all who have known him and studied his character will agree that his chief hobby would have been a harmless kind of Christian socialism. And this man is the Autocrat of all the Russias—a position whose sleepless dangers and appalling responsibilities broke the heart of his iron father and drove several of his ancestors out of their minds! Is it to be wondered that he should have described himself as in the following verses, of which I give an almost literal translation—for, in addition to his well-known talents as a composer, he has a very pretty gift of rhyming:—

My happiness was born at night,
  And suckled in the gloom;
My pleasures have dissolved in flight,
  Heart-stricken at my doom.

My soul strives blindly for relief,
  Chilled, as by driving snow,
By doubts which scoff at the belief
  Of finding peace below.

The simplicity and mildness of his character is exemplified by the following event, which happened a few months ago in St. Petersburg:—

A certain lieutenant who was in a perpetual state of impecuniosity was one day seen riding in a tram. The other officers of the regiment were furious at what they called an insult to the uniform, and intimated to the culprit that he had the option of either sending in his papers or being cashiered, and the unlucky subaltern chose the former alternative.

Before he had time to do so however, the Tsar heard of the affair, and, without a moment's delay, donned his Colonel's uniform of the regiment in question, and, sauntering out of his palace, hailed a tram, and, entering it, sat calmly down till it stopped in front of the barracks. He desired the officers to be called, and, when they were assembled, addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen, I have just ridden from the palace in a tram, and I wish to know if you desire me to send in my papers. I presume I have disgraced my uniform."

"Sire," replied the Major nervously, "Your Majesty could never do that."

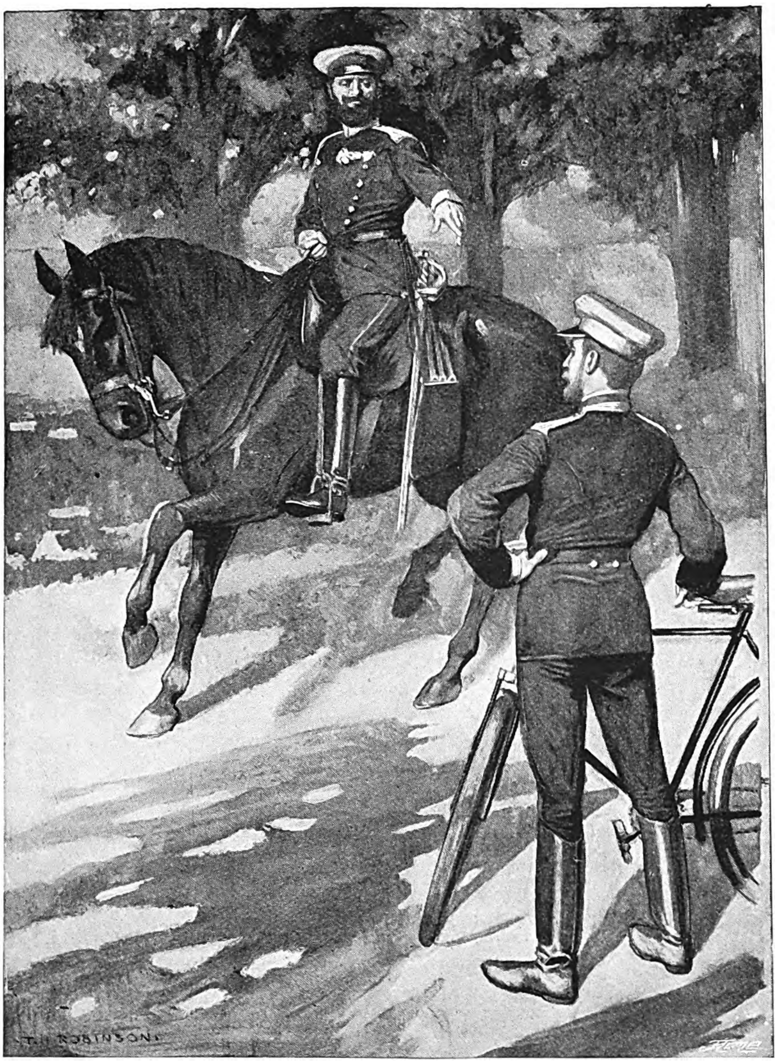
"Then," replied the Tsar with an amused smile, "as I have not degraded the uniform, Lieutenant D—— cannot have done so, and will thus retain his commission in this regiment, even if he, as I do, dares to ride in a tram."

The Tsar is not only the most powerful, he is the richest man in the world. In addition to his almost incalculable private fortune, he receives from the Russian Government a grant of a million pounds *per annum*. This sum is paid him in monthly instalments, a cheque on the National Bank of Russia being dispatched by a special messenger from the Treasury.

I believe it is an open secret that King Edward's total income is only just sufficient to enable him to meet the large expenses which are the necessary outcome of his position. His fortune and "salary" is not a quarter of the Tsar's; and yet the Tsar is forced to spend nearly all the money he receives from private and public sources. He is the possessor of over a hundred palaces and castles, which have to be kept up in lavish style by an army of close on 30,000 servants, whose wages altogether amount to £1,000,000 a year.

His stables alone must cost him a fortune. His private stud consists of over 5000 horses. It has been calculated that all in all he spends close on £5,000,000 a year.

And little enough pleasure he gets out of all his wealth! His life is about the least



There is an amusing story (see page 118) of how the Tsar was mistaken by a general for a minor officer, and severely rated for not saluting.

delightful possible to imagine. It is composed mainly of what seems to be a profitless routine of heavy drudgery, which must grow intensely wearisome year in, year out.

Like his energetic brother monarch of Germany, the Tsar gets up every morning, all the year round, at six o'clock. You must not imagine that he performs this heroic deed because he enjoys the distinction of turning out of his warm bed when most of his subjects are enjoying the sleep of the just. He is precisely the sort of man who would dearly enjoy such little relaxation as a comfortable snooze on a frosty morning. But, above all, he is rigidly conscientious. His work is there, his work has to be done, and to do his work he must have more hours at his disposal than the average man. So he is out of bed at six and into a cold bath, and into his clothes, and at the breakfast-table punctually at half-past six.

The cold bath, by the way, is one of the Tsar's many concessions to English custom. It is a remarkable trait in his character, and like many others, rather unfortunate, considering his peculiar position, that he should be such an enthusiastic lover of England and the English.

In the bosom of his family English and no other language is spoken; he has decided to educate his children according to English ideas—before they know a word of Russian or French, they can prattle fluently in English. When out of uniform he dresses in tweeds of English material and English cut; and even the food he eats is English food prepared in English fashion.

"If only I were not the Tsar," he once remarked, "I would buy an English country house and never live anywhere but in England."

All this is very strange when we remember that Nicholas is the ruler of a country which is generally supposed to be the hereditary enemy of England.

The Tsar's subjects, who are certainly not particularly enthusiastic over these Anglophile predilections, put the blame for them, with much else which they do not like in their

Monarch, on to the shoulders of his beautiful wife. And in this instance no doubt with justice, for Alexandra Feodorovna is English to the backbone, and her influence over her husband, always considerable, has of late given much uneasiness to his Ministers, especially after the birth of her son, an event which has made her power tenfold stronger in the country.

Breakfast, then, is quite *à l'Anglais*, at the Peterhof, at Livadia, or wherever the Tsar may be living. The average middle-class Englishman enjoys a similar repast most days of his life—eggs and bacon, bread and butter, with marmalade specially prepared by an English firm, and tea or coffee.

Immediately after breakfast the Tsar makes a bee line for his cigar box. King Edward is known to be a heavy smoker, but the Tsar beats him hands down in this particular indulgence. His especial vice is an overpowering brand of black Havana cigars. These he consumes continuously, from morning to bedtime. If his physician protested once against this custom he protested a dozen times, and very properly, for Nicholas is certainly not a strong man; but, at last, he was compelled to hold his peace when the Tsar turned on him with the pettish exclamation: "Do you want to deprive me of the one solitary pleasure in my life?"

And here, even, the Tsarina's influence is of no avail. She who had set her face against the custom hitherto prevalent among the ladies of the Court, of smoking here, there, and everywhere, and had succeeded at the cost of much popularity, failed lamentably when she attempted a similar corrective on her husband. He stuck to his cigars, and she gave him up as a bad job.

So much for the Tsar's one vice.

At seven o'clock punctually, you will find him at his desk. It is said that his Ministers, knowing his conscientious habits of studying every document sent for his signature, ply him with many more than are strictly necessary, in order to leave him as little time as possible for brooding over Peace Conferences and similar ideas, which they regard with anything but favourable eyes. Be that as it may, he digests and signs close on a thousand documents a week.

Just imagine what this means!

The average managing director of a bank, railway company, or publishing office, has to deal solely with documents connected with his special line of business. The business of the Managing Director of the Russian Empire deals with every imaginable subject under the sun. Does some question on Church ritual arise, the Tsar must solve it; is such and such a Governor to be appointed—the Tsar must decide; a knotty point of law has arisen—it is put before the Tsar; Prince X—— has a grievance—is it valid?—get the Tsar's opinion; a criminal pleads for clemency—the Tsar must learn the ins and outs of his case; a new submarine has been proposed for the navy—the Tsar's sanction must be obtained; all questions of foreign diplomacy must be laid before the Tsar; all financial problems must receive the Tsar's yes or no. But why go on, when the list of subjects contained in the documents brought before this overworked ruler are simply incalculable? And he is not the man to shirk one jot or tittle of his work. Understand all the questions put for his decision—and some involve the nicest special knowledge—he frankly cannot, but try to understand them he certainly does. Hardly a paper leaves his desk without some comment written in his own handwriting in the margin.

At eleven o'clock the first part of the Tsar's daily work is over and the second part begins. A private secretary removes the signed documents from his desk. It is the hour of audience; important matters of State must be discussed; generals, ministers, and gentlemen of the household are ushered in, and stand reverently before their young master, until a curt nod of dismissal backs them out of his presence.

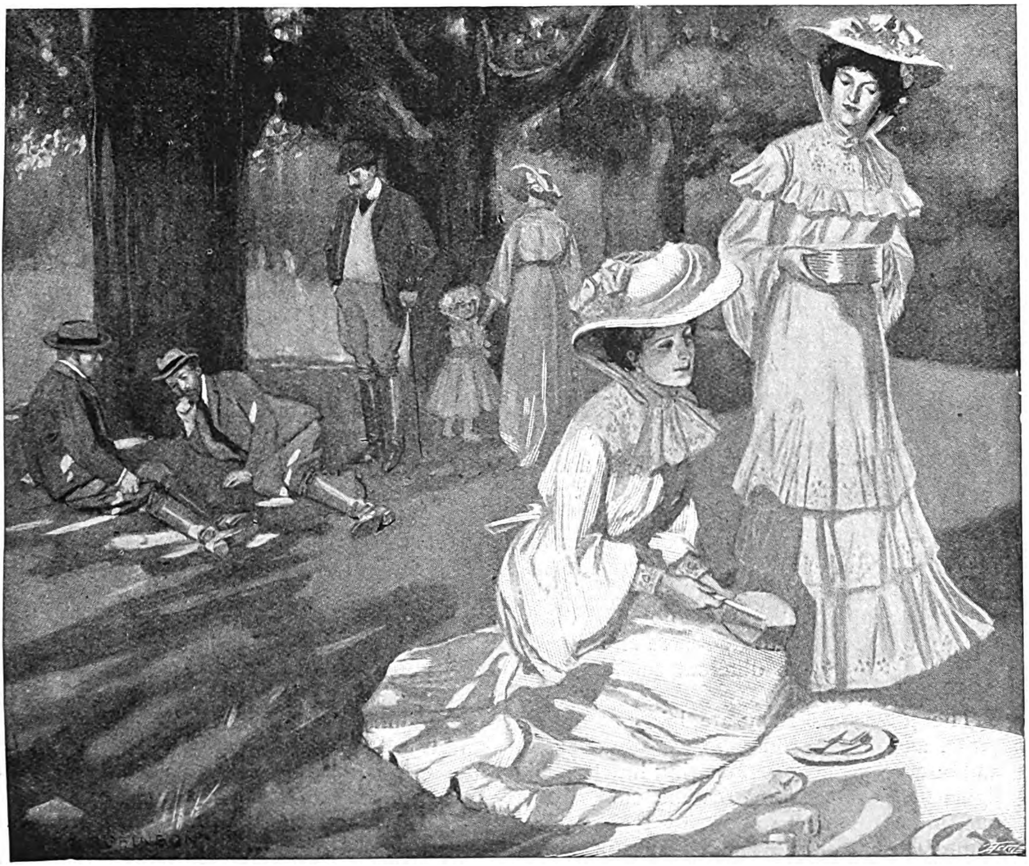
On a certain day every week, between the hours of eleven and one, the burly, genial, iron-hearted de Plehve expounded his ideas before his monarch, and received his orders. He was on his way to the palace when the Nihilist bomb blew him to pieces. Perhaps he would be followed by Pobiedonoszeff—the head of the Greek Church, and the terrible, uncrowned Master of Russia—by Kuropatkin, before he took the field; by Lamsdorff, the Foreign Minister; or by any of those great, sinister personalities whose unwieldy names have figured so largely in the newspapers of late.

But listen! The little clock on the mantelpiece strikes one. Pobiedonoszeff is just at the moment engaged in demonstrating the folly of Lamsdorff's latest move. In Russia, statesmen make no bones about intriguing behind each other's backs. The Tsar rises abruptly to his feet in the middle of one of his minister's sentences. The cold, smooth voice breaks off; the minister bows, and, with an ease bred of long custom, backs towards the door and into the ante-chamber beyond. He knows well enough how useless it would be to say another word, for the Tsar lunches *en famille* at one, and rather than keep the Tsarina waiting, Lamsdorff or any other minister may commit all the follies under the sun.

It is a beautiful, cheery room which Nicholas enters, the windows commanding a fair prospect of the sea and the gloomy forts of Cronstadt. Once over the threshold he unbends; he is no longer the Tsar, he is the husband and the father. He kisses his wife; his children are about him. He has a pleasant word for the stolid, rough, good-natured Russian servants posted behind every chair round the table. Yes, he is quite another man, this poor young ruler, in the bosom of his family. The awful cares of State are forgotten—for the moment—and the Tsarina is very careful not to recall them to his mind. The talk is all about family matters—little events in the lives of the children, trivialities of the nursery—and the talk is all English talk, which the Tsar speaks without the slightest suspicion of a foreign accent.

From two to four is the Imperial play time, which the Tsar, according to the season of the year, or the palace in which he may be staying, devotes to walking, cycling, shooting, skating, riding, or lawn-tennis. Sometimes the Tsarina accompanies him, sometimes he is alone—that is to say, without a companion. He is never really alone. Wherever he goes, he is always shadowed by sentries, detectives, or police agents, who are entrusted with the care of his person. These men may not be visible to him—indeed, they endeavour to make themselves as scarce as possible, for nothing the Tsar detests more than to be reminded that he is, after all, little better than a man under sentence of some awful death indefinitely reprieved. But, nevertheless, they are there, these stealthy guardians, and their eyes never leave him for a moment.

Although he keenly enjoys all forms of



Of all recreation the Tsar loves picnicking best, and the Tsarina delights in preparing the luncheon with her own hands.

outdoor exercise, the Tsar is a very poor hand at most sports and games. Unlike his English double, the Prince of Wales, he is a bad fisherman, and an uncertain shot. He plays tennis with great zest and enthusiasm, but has never even mastered the art of overhand serving. So you can imagine that his play is not exactly a series of fireworks. On a bicycle he is perhaps seen at his best.

It was on one of his cycling trips, a few years ago, that Nicholas met with the following quaint adventure. He was in the country at the time and some distance away from home. A tyre burst. Nicholas dismounted and began to put his Imperial wits to the task of repairing the damage. He was so busily engrossed that he did not notice a horseman trotting by until a gruff voice broke on his ear:

"What is the meaning of this, sir? Don't you know that you must salute your superior officer?"

You see, the Tsar happened to be wearing the uniform of a certain regiment at the time. He looked round, and above him towered a ponderous, irate-looking general.

"I beg your pardon," replied Nicholas meekly, "but I have been so short a time on the throne that as yet I do not know all my generals by sight."

The recreation the Tsar enjoys best of all is picnicking. It is when residing at Livadia, his beautiful country home in the Crimea, that he indulges this weakness as often as those never-ceasing documents will permit. With the Tsarina, and a few chosen friends, he starts for a "happy day" in the beautiful highland forests which surround Livadia. The Tsarina and her children drive; the Tsar and his friends usually ride beside the carriage.

An hour or two up the hills and through the valleys, and the spot chosen for the picnic is reached. The provisions are unloaded and the Tsarina takes charge. If her husband enjoys himself, she, poor woman, revels in a little peregrination of this sort, when for a few hours, the hateful rigidity and cares of Court life are forgotten. All her girlhood she spent in the happiest and simplest of homes, where money was comparatively scarce and picnics were treats in a very different sense to what they are to her to-day.

The provisions then are laid out on the grass, and the Tsarina dons a white apron and busily sets to work preparing lunch. She lights the samovars, places the cold drinks out of the sun, and starts with a will on the manufacture of sandwiches. If any of the guests expect caviare and anchovy dainties on one of these picnics, they will be grievously disappointed. Good, honest, bread and butter, ham-and-tongue sandwiches, are all they get—very nice ones, for the Tsarina knows her business.

Meanwhile, the Tsar has been enjoying himself in his own peculiar fashion—lying flat on his back on the grass and looking up at the sky.

So much for the Tsar's recreations.

Soon after four o'clock the Tsar, always faithful to English customs, takes afternoon tea with the Tsarina and any members of the Imperial household whom she may have invited to join them. The Tsar, generally abstemious to a fault—he would far better please his subjects were he a bluff, burly, hard-drinking monarch—has an infinite capacity for very strong tea. His physicians have warned him against this indulgence, which is particularly injurious to a man so liable as he to nervous disorders, but their warnings have been received with precisely the same obstinacy as he showed when tackled on the subject of cigars.

Punctually at five o'clock, the perusal of documents continues, and goes on till seven. After which, any minister, with some particularly urgent business to be discussed, is granted a brief audience, and at half-past seven the Tsar goes to dinner.

Dinner is a more or less formal affair. It was the custom of the Tsar's father to have about a dozen guests for this meal, and Nicholas, although he would greatly prefer dining *en famille*, follows his example. Some members of the Imperial Family are always present, and a sprinkling of generals, ministers, and other high officials complete the party.

A certain general—Dragomiroff, the famous rival of Kuropatkin, if I am not mistaken—once remarked that the only cloud which marred the perfect geniality and pleasantness of these dinners was the food.

Russians have a great weakness for highly spiced, elaborate dishes, but the Tsar with his English tastes prefers food the simpler the better. His dinners consist of five or six courses of plain wholesome food, which set the guests yearning for the dishes of their own specially imported French *chefs*.

At dinner the Tsar prefers to sit quietly and listen to the conversation rather than take any leading part in it himself. A lively talker he delights in, a man who has seen the world and life, and can describe his experiences with vivacity. "Englishmen make good friends," he once said, "but they can't talk. Americans are the most amusing people in the world."

Nicholas has a peculiar, eminently Russian weakness for gambling. After dinner he sits down to a rubber of bridge—or "britch" to give it its proper name, for Russia indulged in our national mania long before most of us were born—or preferably a game called "wint' in which fortunes can be lost or won at a single sitting. They say that the Tsar's excitement on such occasions is a revelation.

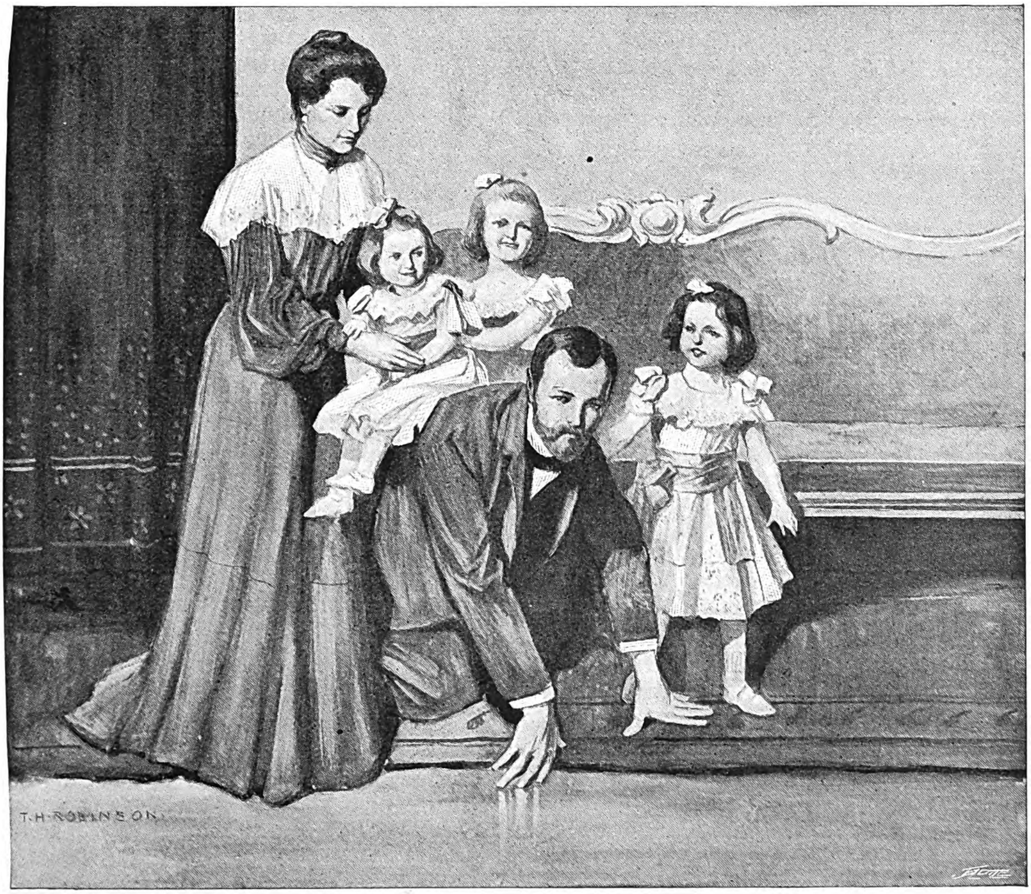
He is no longer that tired, nervous, irritable person his ministers know so well. He is all alert, his whole person breathes intense eagerness. He is a born gambler, cool-headed, rapid, bold, full of resource, a master of strategy, and most dangerous when fighting an uphill game.

Later on in the evening the Tsar frequently entertains his guests with music. He plays them his own compositions or gets the Tsarina to do so, she being a far more skilled pianist than him.

Generally at about half-past ten the party breaks up, the guests leave, the Tsarina retires, and Nicholas is left alone with those eternal documents which he often studies until the early hours of the morning.

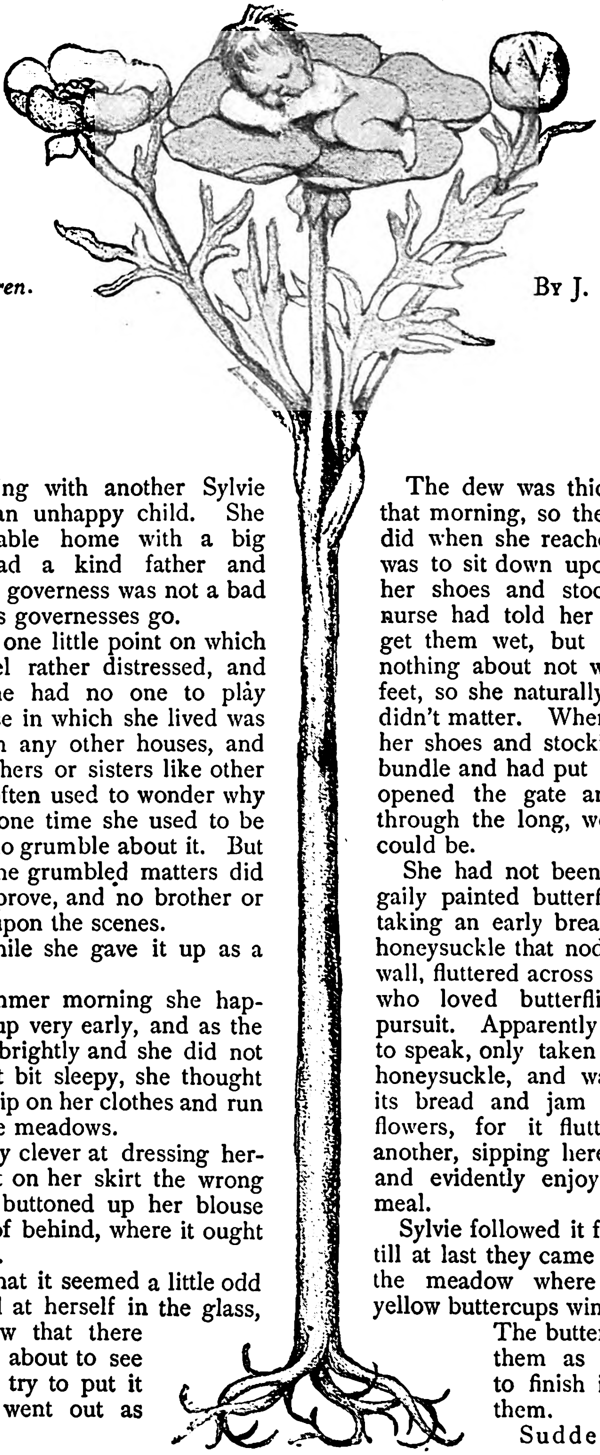
Sunday is the day of comparative rest in the Imperial household. There is Divine service, a little of the more important work to be got through, and a few informal audiences—but mainly it is a day of rest. And, above all, it is the children's day.

What, I wonder, would those many millions of his humble subjects think—those millions who regard him as a species of demi-god—could they see the Great White Tsar romping with his charming little girls, or crawling about on hands and knees, and going through all manner of weird antics for their amusement ?



The Tsar loves nothing better than a romp with his children.

THE BROWNIE'S SCHOOL



A Tale for Children.

By J. Douglas Hoare.

Taking one thing with another Sylvie was not at all an unhappy child. She had a comfortable home with a big garden, she had a kind father and mother, and her governess was not a bad sort of person as governesses go.

But there was one little point on which she used to feel rather distressed, and that was that she had no one to play with. The house in which she lived was a long way from any other houses, and she had no brothers or sisters like other children. She often used to wonder why this was, and at one time she used to be rather disposed to grumble about it. But however much she grumbled matters did not seem to improve, and no brother or sister appeared upon the scenes.

So after a while she gave it up as a bad job.

Now one summer morning she happened to wake up very early, and as the sun was shining brightly and she did not feel in the least bit sleepy, she thought that she would slip on her clothes and run out to play in the meadows.

She wasn't very clever at dressing herself, and she put on her skirt the wrong way round, and buttoned up her blouse in front instead of behind, where it ought to have buttoned.

She thought that it seemed a little odd when she looked at herself in the glass, but as she knew that there would be no one about to see her she did not try to put it right but just went out as she was.

The dew was thick upon the ground that morning, so the first thing that she did when she reached the meadow gate was to sit down upon a bench and take her shoes and stockings off. For her nurse had told her that she must never get them wet, but her nurse had said nothing about not wetting her legs and feet, so she naturally supposed that they didn't matter. When she had rolled up her shoes and stockings into a neat little bundle and had put them in the dry, she opened the gate and scampered away through the long, wet grass as happy as could be.

She had not been there long when a gaily painted butterfly, which had been taking an early breakfast off a spray of honeysuckle that nodded over the garden wall, fluttered across her path, and Sylvie, who loved butterflies, started off in pursuit. Apparently the butterfly had, so to speak, only taken its porridge off the honeysuckle, and was now looking for its bread and jam among the meadow flowers, for it fluttered from one to another, sipping here and tasting there, and evidently enjoying a really hearty meal.

Sylvie followed it from flower to flower till at last they came to the far corner of the meadow where a lovely mass of yellow buttercups winked in the sunlight. The butterfly fluttered towards them as though it intended to finish its breakfast among them.

Suddenly, however, it

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seemed to change its mind, and instead of settling upon them it hung poised in the air above the tallest in evident surprise.

"Bless my soul!" it seemed to be saying "what a very extraordinary buttercup! I wonder if it is good to eat."

Then another butterfly joined it, and another, and another, till at last half-a-dozen of them were dancing about in the air in a great state of excitement.

"I wonder what the matter can be," thought Sylvie, as she scampered across the field.

When she reached the flower over which the butterflies were hovering she was no less surprised than they, for in its cup the funniest, brownest little baby boy that she had ever seen was curled up fast asleep. The tall buttercup which swayed to and fro in the breeze evidently made it a delicious cradle, and the brown baby lay there with its little eyelids tight shut and its little thumb between its rosy lips, looking supremely comfortable.

As soon as Sylvie saw what the buttercup contained she simply jumped for joy. "Why," she cried, "here is my little brother at last!" and she made off for the house as fast as her legs could carry her. Her father and mother were abroad at the time, but the nurse was upstairs getting the breakfast ready, so Sylvie ran up to tell her the good news.

Nurse was, as you may imagine, a little surprised when Sylvie burst into the room with no shoes and stockings on, and her clothes the wrong way round. But before she had had time to scold her, Sylvie had informed her that her little brother had arrived, and that now she would have someone to play with.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the nurse, sinking back into a chair all of a heap, "to think that he's come at last! How pleased your mamma will be to hear it! But wherever did you find him?"

"He's asleep in a buttercup at the bottom of the meadow," cried Sylvie, "come and see for yourself!"

So Sylvie took her nurse down the meadow to where the baby was lying asleep in the buttercup with the butterflies still hovering above his head.

And nurse picked the buttercup very carefully and carried it back to the house, baby and all. The baby woke up when it got to the nursery and opened its eyes. But it did not seem in the least astonished at what it saw, and it did not cry like other babies, not even when they washed and dressed it in some clothes which Sylvie used to wear when she was very small.

The pace at which that baby grew was simply amazing. It often grew out of as many as three frocks in a single day, and it had to have a new cradle once a week. After about a month it was as big as Sylvie herself, but when it had reached her size it seemed satisfied and grew more slowly, not faster, indeed, than an ordinary child.

But, though this was certainly very wonderful, there was one thing which seemed more surprising still to Sylvie, and that was the way in which her new brother—who was, I ought to say, called Jack—learnt his lessons. She herself always had a lot of trouble over her lessons, and things had a horrid way of slipping in at one ear and out at the other.

But it was quite different with Jack.

He could do long French exercises in less than half-a-minute, he could multiply 1234567 by 7654321 and get it right the first time, and he could tell you where Timbuctoo is, and what its principal products are, almost before the question was out of your mouth. The way in which he learnt things was positively uncanny, and Sylvie once heard her nurse tell the governess that Jack was either very clever indeed or else he was a Brownie child. And when nurse said that, the governess looked very serious, though she didn't say anything. But Sylvie wished that she had been a Brownie child too, if all Brownie children learnt their lessons as easily as Jack.

Now one night, not long after this, Sylvie was awakened by a terrible thunderstorm. She was rather afraid of thunder, so she thought that she would run in and see Jack, who slept next door, for company's sake. So she slipped out of bed and crept as quietly as she could to his room.

"Are you awake, Jack?" she asked, knocking softly at his door. But there was no answer. "Are you awake?" she asked louder; still no reply. "He must be very sound asleep indeed," she thought, so, turning the handle, she opened the door.

Just as she entered a bright flash of lightning lit up the room, and Sylvie saw, to her surprise, that he was not in his bed. A night-light was burning on the table, so she took it in her hand and looked first under the bed, then behind the curtains, and then in the cupboard, thinking that perhaps Jack had been frightened at the storm and had hidden himself.

But no, he was not there.

Sylvie was now beginning to get alarmed, and was just thinking of going to wake up nurse, when she heard a sound at the window, and, looking round, she saw Jack sitting on the sill.

"Good gracious, Jack," she cried, "where have you been to? Aren't you wet through?"

"Oh, no!" said Jack, jumping down into the room. "The rain can't hurt me."

"But where have you been to?" Sylvie repeated.

"Will you promise not to tell?" asked Jack, coming close up to her.

"Yes, I'll promise," said Sylvie.

"Well, then," said Jack, "I've been to the Brownie school."

"The Brownie school! What's that?" cried Sylvie.

"Why, where we Brownies learn our lessons, of course," Jack answered.

"But are you a Brownie?" asked Sylvie.

"Of course I am," said Jack. "Didn't you guess?"

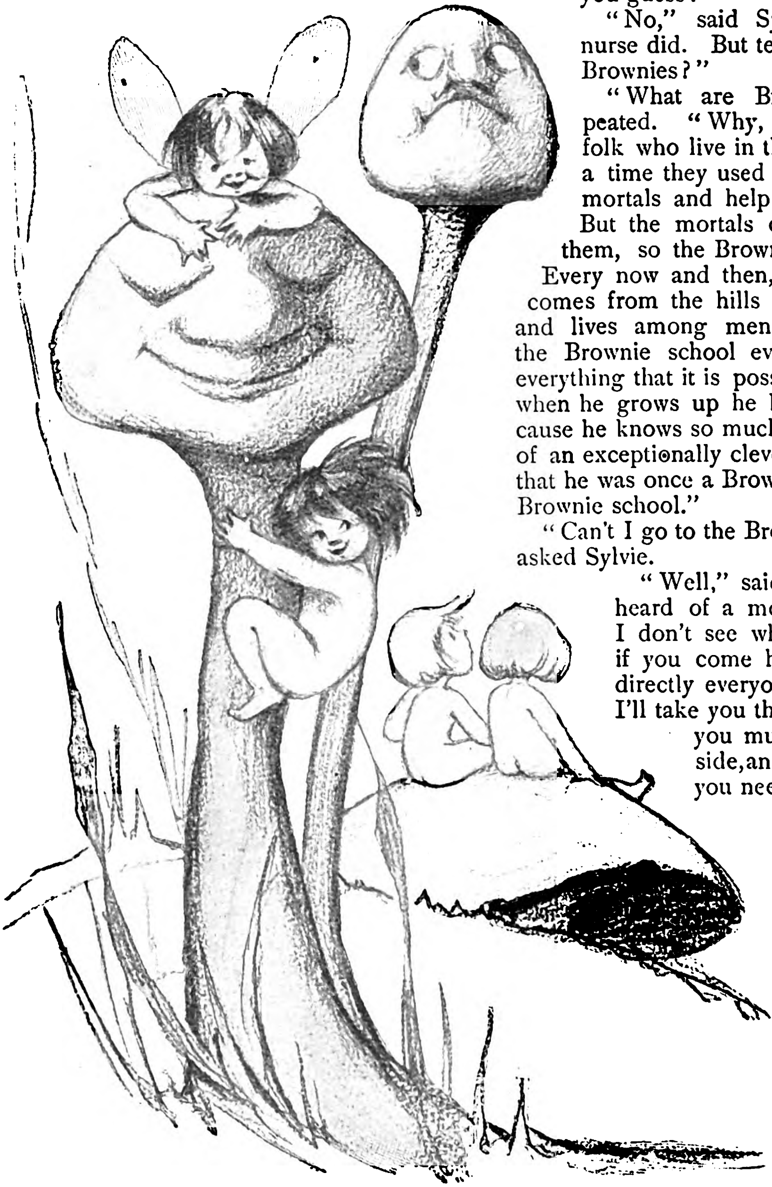
"No," said Sylvie, "but I think nurse did. But tell me, Jack, what are Brownies?"

"What are Brownies?" Jack repeated. "Why, Brownies are little folk who live in the hills. Once upon a time they used to visit the homes of mortals and help them in their work. But the mortals ceased to believe in them, so the Brownies left them alone. Every now and then, however, a Brownie comes from the hills to the upper world and lives among men. And he goes to the Brownie school every night and learns everything that it is possible to know. And when he grows up he becomes famous because he knows so much. So when you hear of an exceptionally clever man you will know that he was once a Brownie and learnt at the Brownie school."

"Can't I go to the Brownie school, too?" asked Sylvie.

"Well," said Jack, "I've never heard of a mortal going there, but I don't see why you shouldn't, so if you come here to-morrow night directly everyone has gone to bed, I'll take you there. But remember, you must keep close to my side, and while I am with you, you needn't be frightened."

All next day Sylvie was in a tremendous state of excitement, and so absent-minded that her governess told her that if she didn't know her French irregular verbs better next day she shouldn't have a half-holiday on Saturday. Sylvie, however, didn't mind a bit, for she knew that she was



On every toadstool but one, three or four little Brownies were sitting.

going to the Brownie school that night, and that the French irregular verbs would simply run off her tongue next morning.

She could hardly contain herself with impatience when she went to bed. As a rule, she fell asleep directly her head touched the pillow, but to-night she lay very wide awake indeed, waiting and longing for the time when her governess should go to bed. Never before had hours seemed to pass so slowly, but at last she heard her governess' footsteps in the passage, then her door closed and all was quiet. Sylvie slipped out of bed, stole across to Jack's room, and knocked at the door.

"Is that you, Sylvie?" Jack asked.

"Yes," said Sylvie. "Is it time to start?"

"Have they all gone to bed?" Jack inquired.

"I heard governess shut her door just now, and nurse is snoring very loud," Sylvie answered.

"Come along then," said Jack, and Sylvie went in and found Jack standing in the middle of the room in his nightshirt.

"Now then, Sylvie," said he, "come along with me and don't be frightened," and he led her across to the window, which was wide open. When he had got there he gave a low whistle, said a long word which Sylvie could not catch, and, lo and behold, a huge black cat suddenly appeared on the windowsill.

"Up you jump!" cried Jack, and, almost before she knew what had happened, she found herself on the cat's back, with Jack seated behind her. Jack said another word even longer than the first, the cat sprang into the air and dashed through the clouds, with the two children clinging tightly to its fur.

At first Sylvie was rather frightened, but she soon got used to it, and when she found that the cat was coming to earth again she was sorry that the ride was over. The cat finally landed them on the side of a hill, and no sooner had she reached the ground than Sylvie and Jack sprang off.

The hill was different from any that Sylvie had ever seen. It was quite small, but it was covered all over with large toadstools—not toadstools like those in the field at home, but toadstools with big, beaming faces, which seemed to smile complacently upon them. On every toadstool but one, three or four little Brownies were sitting; they had no paper, no pencils, and no books, but Sylvie knew perfectly well that they were waiting for their lessons to begin.

Jack took Sylvie by the hand and led her towards the vacant toadstool.

"Come," he said; "this place is reserved for us," and they scrambled up on to it together.

Hardly were they seated, when the rim of the moon showed above the hill, and a hush fell upon the Brownies, who up to this time had been chattering merrily, without paying the least attention to Sylvie.

"Here is our mistress," said Jack; "we are just in time."

As he spoke, the moon rose clear of the earth and smiled pleasantly down upon the Brownies.

"Ah!" she said, "so my pupils are ready for me. Are you all there?"

"Yes, mistress," piped the assembled Brownies; "we are all here."

"It seems to me," said the moon, "that there is one more pupil than usual."

Jack stood up on the toadstool.

"Please, Mistress Moon," he said, "I have brought my little human sister with me."

"Well," said the moon, "it is a little unusual, but in your case I will make an exception. What is it that you want to learn, my dear?"

"Please, Mistress Moon," said Sylvie, "I want to learn the French irregular verbs."

"That's easily arranged," said the moon. "Verbs, where are you?"

The words were hardly out of her mouth when scores of little imps sprang out of the grass round the toadstool.

"Here we are, Mistress Moon," they cried.

"Now, open your mouth, my dear," said the moon, and Sylvie did as she was told.

"Are you ready, verbs?" cried the moon.

"We are," the imps answered.

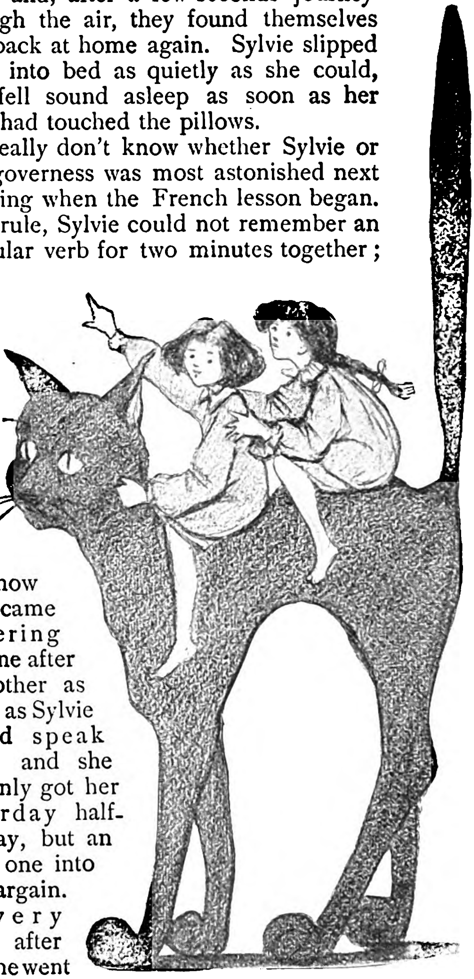
"Then one, two, three, and away!" said the moon.

At that the imps leapt into the air, and, curling themselves up into little balls, no larger than compound rhubarb pills, jumped head first, one after another, down Sylvie's throat. It was a little startling at first, and when the moon asked her if there was anything else that she wanted to know, she answered, very politely: "Not this evening, thank you very much indeed," feeling that one dose of imps at a time was quite enough.

So the moon passed on down the row of Brownies, and taught this one a page of geography, that one the dates of the Kings of England, another a few multiplication tables, another the A B C, all with the help of her imps. Then, when the Brownies had all learnt what they wanted to know, the moon sailed on her way across the sky.

School was now over for the night, so Jack gave another whistle, spoke another long word, and the black cat appeared at his side. The two children scrambled up on to its back, and, after a few seconds' journey through the air, they found themselves safe back at home again. Sylvie slipped back into bed as quietly as she could, and fell sound asleep as soon as her head had touched the pillows.

I really don't know whether Sylvie or her governess was most astonished next morning when the French lesson began. As a rule, Sylvie could not remember an irregular verb for two minutes together; but now they came pattering out one after the other as quick as Sylvie could speak them, and she not only got her Saturday half-holiday, but an extra one into the bargain.



The black cat appeared. The two children scrambled up on to its back, and, after a few seconds . . . found themselves safe back at home.

Every night after this she went off to the Brownie school with Jack. One night she swallowed the whole geography of Europe; another night she gulped down multiplication, addition, and subtraction. Another night the moon gave her a good stiff dose of music, till at last Sylvie knew very nearly as much as her own governess.

One day, however, poor Jack fell down and broke his arm. The doctor came and set the bone, packed it up in long bandages and plaster of Paris, and said that he must go to bed and stay there with someone to take care of him night and day. So a nurse came down from London, and announced her intention of staying with him most of the day, and sitting by his side all night.

Sylvie was in despair, and didn't know what to do, for she had begun to enjoy the fun of going to the Brownie school, not to mention the fact that she was able to learn her lessons there without any trouble at all. But she was very much afraid that she would never be able to get there without Jack to help her; so, when the nurse had gone out of the room for a few minutes to get him some lemonade, she went in to see him, and confided her troubles to him.

"Well," said Jack, when he had heard what she had got to say, "it's rather difficult, of course; but I don't see why you shouldn't go alone. All you've got to do is to lean out of your window, whistle softly, and say the magic word 'gosgamer,' and the cat will appear by your side. When you are ready to start, you must just say 'jocalo,' and the cat will fly with you to the Brownie school; and when it is time to come home, you must whistle again and say 'kibaldi,' and the cat will come and fetch you. The Brownies won't hurt you, because you are a friend of mine, and the moon is sure to be glad to see you."

Sylvie was a little nervous about going by herself, but she determined to go, nevertheless. So, when evening came and she was supposed to be safe in bed, she put her head out of the window and whistled softly. But then she made a mistake, for she wasn't much of a hand at remembering long words, except when she had learnt them by the Brownie method.

So, instead of saying "gosgamer," she said "remagsog," which, as you will see, is the same word, only the wrong way round. The cat appeared on the windowsill right enough, but with its tail towards her instead of its head. She climbed up on its back, however, and then she made another mistake, for she said "olacoj" instead of "jocalo," and the cat dashed through the air tail first.

Sylvie had the greatest difficulty in holding on, and she was really becoming a little bit frightened. She was still more frightened when they arrived at the hill and found that all the toadstools were growing upside down, and that the Brownies were standing on their heads. And when the moon rose she rose with her chin first instead of her eyebrows; and when the imps went down her throat they went feet first instead of head first; and when she called the cat she said the word backwards again, so that they travelled home the wrong way round, and she went to bed feeling exceedingly muddled.

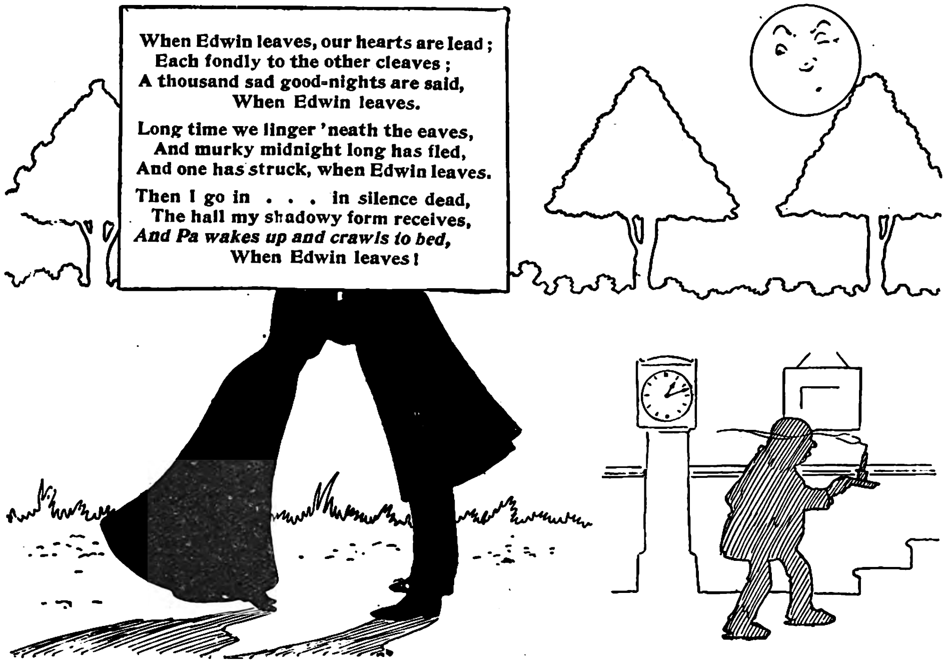
But worse was still to come; for when she did her lessons next day, she gave all the answers the wrong way, so that when her governess asked her the French for "to love," she said "remia," and she also stated that twice eight was sixty-one, and that the capital of England was Nodnol. Then her governess got quite cross, and said that Sylvie was so stupid that she probably didn't even know her own name. And Sylvie, who by this time was crying bitterly, said that, of course, her name was Eivlys.

The doctor happened to be in the house at the time seeing to Jack's arm, so the governess asked him if he would mind stepping into the schoolroom and examining Sylvie. He asked her a few questions, and as she always gave him the answer the wrong way round, he said that he thought she must have been overworking herself. The governess said that she certainly had been getting on remarkably fast lately, so they came to the conclusion that she had better have a month's holiday.

Sylvie never went back to the Brownie's school after this, but, as she had really learnt everything that she wanted to know, it didn't matter much.

Jack, however, went there every night after his arm had got better, except once when he caught the measles. In a few years he became so clever that he knew almost everything that there is to know. Of course, he soon became famous for his wisdom, and if you ask your father to read a few bits out of the paper on any morning that you like, you are sure to find the name of Jack mentioned in one or two at least. You see if you don't!

When Edwin Leaves *



When Edwin leaves, our hearts are lead;
Each fondly to the other cleaves;
A thousand sad good-nights are said,
When Edwin leaves.

Long time we linger 'neath the eaves,
And murky midnight long has fled,
And one has struck, when Edwin leaves.

Then I go in . . . in silence dead,
The hall my shadowy form receives,
And Pa wakes up and crawls to bed,
When Edwin leaves!

MR. —HIS PAGES.

I puzzle and I mystify,
I turn about and twistify,
I simply heaps of fun supply,
For I am Mr. X!

If you can read my pages o'er,
Without at least ten laughs or more,
You must *be what the Scotch call dour,*
Or I'm not Mr. X!

Puzzle Penknives or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

MR. X'S MONTHLY PRIZE.

No. 6.

[Answers must be sent in before December 20th, addressed "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and marked on the outside "No. 6."]

Everybody knows the game of "Telegrams"—a "telegram" has to be written, each word of which must commence with the letters, in their order, of a selected word. The name of the person to whom the message is sent is not to be included. Well, "Mr. X" this month offers a prize of Five Shillings to the sender of what is in his opinion the best "telegram" whose nine words commence respectively with the letters **C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S.** The "telegram" is to be a message to "Mr. X," and may contain seasonable wishes, suggestions, praise (or blame !).

* * *

A REMARKABLE WORD.

JAMES : "Here's a curious word I've just come across. See if you can guess it from this."

(He writes on a piece of paper: "L is the third letter, is the beginning and the end.")

JOHN (puzzling over the sentence) : "No, I can't make it out at all. What is the word ?"

JAMES : "Island."

JOHN : "But you said it began with L and ended with L ?"

JAMES : "Not at all." (Taking back the paper he makes some additions, then hands it to John.) "That's what I said."

And the sentence now read as follows : "L is the third letter, 'is' the beginning, 'and' the end."

AT DESSERT.

TRIPPER : "I'll bet you half-a-crown that without moving from the table I will show you something that you have never seen before, that I have never seen before, that nobody has ever seen before, and that nobody will ever see again."

CARTER: "Done!"

TRIPPER (Taking up a nut, cracking it, and showing the kernel): "There you are, nobody has ever seen that before, and" (swallowing it) "nobody will ever see it again. D'you want any change ?"

* * *

UNKIND.

SHARP: "I say, Jones, why are you a better carpenter than I am ?"

JONES: "Am I ?"

SHARP: "Yes, you're a great deal plainer." (Exit in a hurry.)

* * *

NATURALLY.

SHARPE : "If I caught a newt do you know why it would most certainly be a very small one ?"

FLATTE : "No, why ?"

SHARPE : "Why, because it would be minute" (my newt).

* * *

NOT QUITE SO BAD.

SMITH: "I woke up last night with the terrible sensation that my new gold watch was gone. The impression was so strong that I got up to look."

BROWN : "Well, was it gone ?"

SMITH : "No, but it was going."

Cryptic.

Tomkins asked Watkins what there was for dinner.

Watkins, in reply, wrote on a piece of paper:

Join: me at and
i
s

Tomkins could make nothing of it, so Watkins had to explain that it meant "meat and onions." For, if you join "me" and "at," you get "meat," whilst the "and" is "on" "i" which again is "on" "s"—obviously "and onions."

Your Character from Your Age.

"The most certain method of telling a person's character," said Brookes, "is by an ancient formula which I have just learnt. Like to try?"

"Yes," said Rivers.

"Right. You'll be surprised at the truth of what I tell you. Now then, what year were you born?"

"1882."

Write it down on a piece of paper and add your age.

"I'm 22," said Rivers, and wrote down "1904."

"Had your birthday this year? If so, add 4; if not, add 5."

Rivers had just passed his birthday, so wrote down "1908."

"Multiply your total by 1000."

"1908000."

"Subtract 693423."

"1214577."

"Got that?" said Brookes. "Very well. That's your character. Write down A for the figure 1, B for the figure 2, and so on; leave a space after the first letter and after the fourth, and the sentence will tell you what you are."

Then Brookes walked hurriedly away, and Rivers, setting letters to the figures, found to his wrath that he was "A Bad Egg."

Try it on a friend. The result is always the same.

Useless Without an Eye.

Joe: "How do you spell needle?"

Jim: "N-e-i-d-l-e."

Joe: "What's the "i" for?"

Jim: "Why, to put the cotton through, of course."

Poor Boy!

Jack: "What pupil is most to be pitied?"

Bob: "Give it up."

Jack: "The pupil of the eye."

Bob: "But why?"

Jack: "Because it is always beneath the lashes."

Nothing New.

Jones: "Seen the new coins—three for a penny?"

Smith: "Bosh! Third of a penny! Absurd. Why, if they *do* alter the coinage the decim——"

Jones: "But I've bought 'em, I tell you!"

Smith (sneeringly): "Seeing is believing." (Jones quietly produces two farthings and a halfpenny brand-new from the Mint. Collapse of Smith.)

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 3.

RESULT.

"Mr. X" asked for an answer to the following riddle:

Man cannot live without my first,
By day and night 'tis used;
My second is by all accursed,
By day and night abused.

My whole is never seen by day,
And never used by night,
'Tis dear to friends when far away,
But hated when in sight.

There is only one solution which exactly fits these requirements: it is the Latin "Ignis-fatuus," the exact translation of which is "fire-foolish," generally rendered 'Will-o'-the-wisp." Our first is therefore "fire"; our second conveys the idea of folly; our whole is "Will-o'-the-wisp." This answer was known and sent in by a great many readers. The prize of five shillings goes to the only one who set out his reply fully, as "Mr. X" has given it—Mr. D. Bratt, Norton, Lincoln. "Mr. X" hoped to find some new answer sufficiently ingenious to win the prize, but none such was sent in. The majority came to grief over the test of "dear to friends when far away"—headache, for example, also toothache. "Mr. X" finds it hard to believe that certain of his readers look back lovingly on the days when they suffered from either o. these tortures. Heartache was a very popular reply, but why is it never used by night? Night is surely the time when memory becomes most poignant.

Puzzle penknives are awarded to Mr. W. H. Fawcett, 17 Priory Road, Bedford Park, W., for a good explanation of "Ignis-fatuus"; and to Miss Price, Seaton Villa, Clevedon, Somerset, for the following clever solution in rhyme:

Surely, an "Income" is my first,
By day and night 'tis used;
What but a "Tax" can be accursed,
By night and day abused?

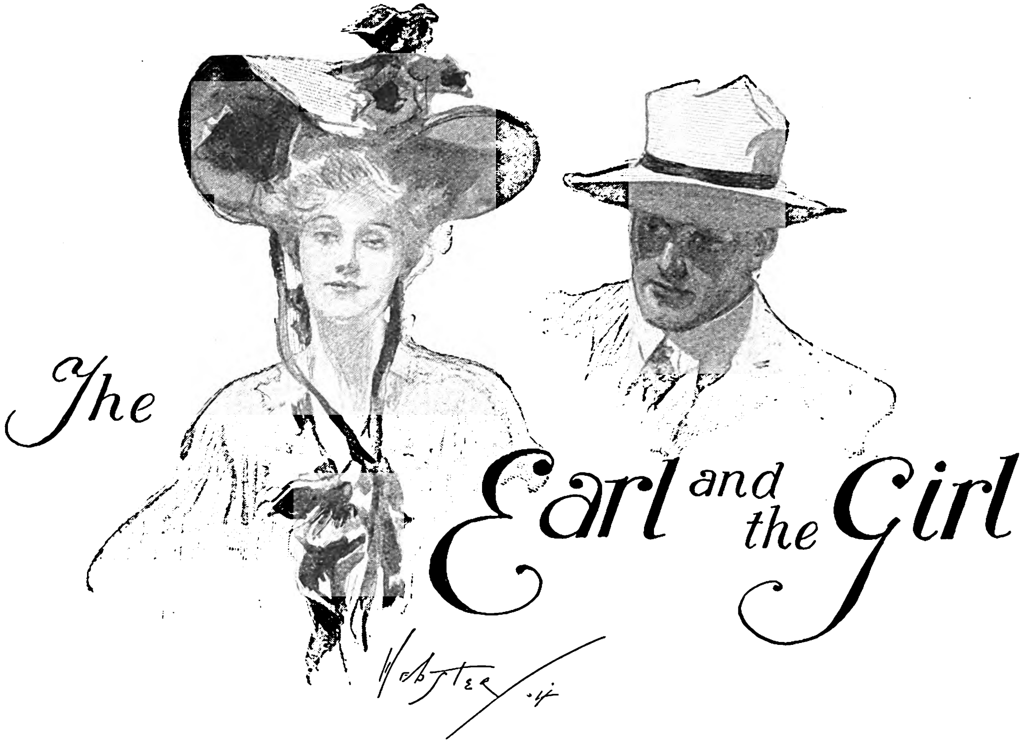
My whole, though never seen by day
And never used by night,
We gladly would have "done away"
For ever from our sight!

Answer: "Income-tax."

OTHER RESULTS.

Making the Part Equal to the Whole (page 27).—The bill was for £2. The debtor paid £1 19s. 11d., thereby saving the creditor the cost of a penny stamp. So, though the former paid less than the full amount, the latter was perfectly satisfied and lost nothing.

In "A Mistake in the Calendar," on page 523, there also appears to have been a mistake in "Trapper's" calculation, and one or two readers have gleefully called attention to it. Mr. Trapper says, sulkily, that if he has got to work the thing out by logarithms and Euclid every time he makes a joke he'll never make one again. Very well, he shan't. Mr. Trapper's name will never again appear in "Mr. X's" pages unless a sufficient number of readers are kind-hearted enough to beg his reinstatement.



The Earl and the Girl

A River-side Love Story.

By G. B. Burgin.

I.

Kitty did not know that he was an earl, although he was aware at the very first glance that she was the loveliest girl in the world, and the knowledge moved him greatly.

Of course, Kitty's father knew that he was an earl, although only, in a sense, a Canadian earl, for he had been taken by his father to Four Corners at the early age of four (*i.e.*, he was four and not his father; his father was much older—nearly forty), and Four Corners, although it has an exceedingly strict etiquette peculiar to itself, does not boast of

> That repose
> Which marks the caste of Vere de Vere.

In Four Corners, if a man disapproved of another man's manners, he told him so—with a shot-gun—and then the other man explained himself—also with a shot-gun.

The Earl's father speedily adapted himself to this rigid code of etiquette at Four Corners, but only with partial success. Although a good sportsman, he was not sufficiently quick with the shot-gun, and, in the idiomatic language of Four Corners, the other man "got the bulge on him." Hence the Earl, left an orphan at the early age of seven, grew up "on his own," and became a perfervid Four Cornerian, with all the prejudices of that remarkable village.

Everyone was good to him; everyone fed and clothed him; everyone did his—or her—best to "git the durned Britisher" out of him; and so, when the news reached Four Corners that the Earl had come into his own, and, instead of being plain William Biggs, was Algernon Fitzwilliam Simon Roslyn Clarence Hilary Vernon St. Aubyn Carruthers Manyrs, twenty-fifth Earl of Sandilands, Four Corners felt sorry, and advised him to take no notice of the insult.

The Earl would have followed this advice had it not been for the persistent tact and patience of the eminent English solicitor who came over to Four Corners to break the news to him. The solicitor contrived to upset the Earl's theory that an honest, though poor, man is the noblest work of God, by pointing out that an honest rich one is much nobler,

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for he can do so much more with money at his back.

Finally, the Earl agreed to take everything he could get, inwardly resolving that when he had once done so he would make a "bee line" for Four Corners, and there live happily ever after. He stipulated, however, that his identity should not be revealed to anyone until he had definitely made up his mind. Hence, on his arrival in England he was somewhat lonely, and confided his woes to the manager of the bank where an account had been opened to meet his immediate necessities.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Mr. Burnside sympathetically said. "Let us forget you're an earl, and then Mrs. Burnside will be a mother to you. You shall spend Saturday to Monday with us up the Thames. You've never seen the Thames. Ah! that's what I call a river—the river of pleasure. There is nothing like it in the whole world. We're quiet, humble folk in our way, and after a few days with us you'll feel better able to endure the burden of your rank. If Mrs. Burnside knows you're an earl, she won't take to you so much."

The Earl was delighted.

He wrung the manager's hand until it nearly broke, and agreed to leave Waterloo Station on Saturday morning by the ten o'clock train for Pangham, a little riverine village as yet undiscovered by the crowd.

True to his word and with his travelling bag labelled "William Biggs," the Earl reached Pangham at eleven.

"Now," said Mr. Burnside, who met him at the station, "we'll just go down to the river bank and Kitty shall punt us up to camp."

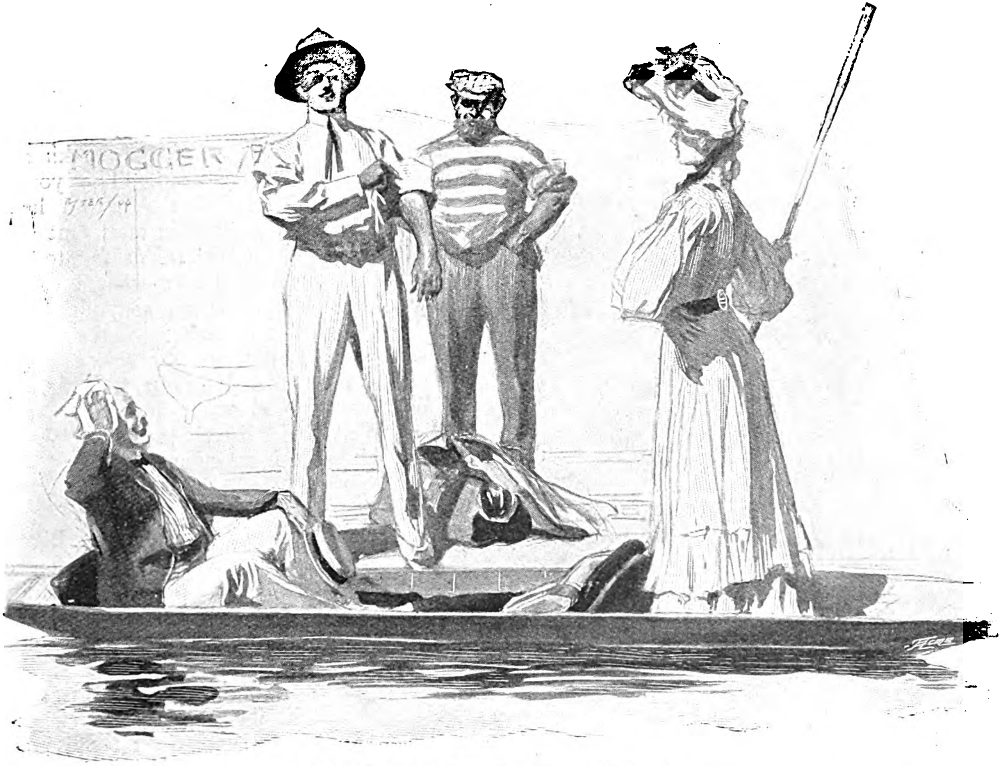
"Ke—Ke—Kitty!" Mr. Biggs meditated flight. "Is Kitty a girl?"

"My little girl," said the manager reassuringly. The best little girl in the world—and the prettiest. You needn't be afraid of her, she wouldn't hurt a mouse."

But when Mr. Biggs saw Kitty, he was very much afraid of her, for she was so beautiful that, as she stood in the punt, her laughing face upturned to his, it seemed to him as if part of Heaven's blue had descended upon her eyes in two dancing patches.

"Am I to get into this?" he asked, looking down at the punt.

"Of course you are," said Kitty, "if you—if you're not afraid of sinking it."



"Why are you doing that?" asked Kitty.

"That's what I had in my mind." Mr. Biggs took off his coat with an air of relief, and bared his muscular arms to the elbows.

"Why are you doing that?" asked Kitty.

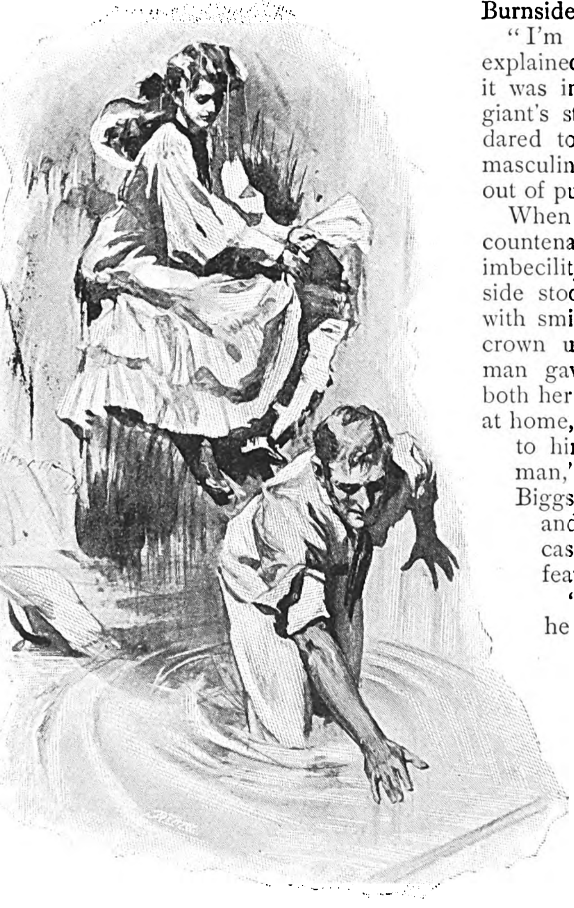
Mr. Biggs looked at Mr. Burnside. His eyes came back to Kitty again. "D'you think, Miss——?"

"Kitty," placidly suggested Mr. Burnside from the cushioned seat in the punt.

"D'you think, Miss Kitty, that two strong men like your father and myself are going to sit here and let you do all the work? If any Four Corners men were to hear of it, they'd lynch me when I got home."

Mr. Burnside laughed. "You don't know my daughter." He looked at her with paternal pride. "She's heaps better at this sort of thing than I am."

Mr. Biggs picked up his bag. "I'm going back to town again unless you let me earn my board."



He recovered the pole, and found Kitty trying hard not to look cross.

"But why do you want to earn a board?" asked Kitty. "Can't you buy a board if you want one? Besides, you don't know the river and I do," Kitty added.

"Never mind. You can tell me where to cross." Mr. Biggs handled the punt pole as if it were a feather, and Kitty sat down.

But when Mr. Biggs began to pole the punt along, Kitty was lost in admiration at his skilled strength. And Mr. Biggs, occupied in so congenial a way, was happy again.

"Ah—h! If I could only hear the Long Sault Falls," he said. "I've heard them day and night ever since I could remember anything."

"Get under the willows and we'll take the strawberries on board," presently suggested Mr. Burnside. "We're close to camp now."

Mr. Biggs tied up the punt, swung Miss Kitty lightly to the shore, then served Mr. Burnside in a similar way.

"I'm used to handling freight," he explained; and the bewildered Kitty felt that it was indeed an excellent thing to have a giant's strength. No one had ever before dared to lift her out of a punt. Perhaps masculine young Canadians always lifted girls out of punts!

When they reached camp, a pug, its flat countenance expressing ferocious yet amiable imbecility, welcomed Kitty, and Mrs. Burnside stood at the landing, her face radiant with smiles, her lovely white hair making a crown upon her stately head. The young man gave a sigh of satisfaction, and held both her hands in his. "You make me feel at home," he said, and Mrs. Burnside "took" to him at once. "That's what I call a man," said she to Kitty, as young Mr. Biggs lit the fire in order to make coffee, and casually put on one side a heavy case of mineral waters as if it were a feather. "How strong he is!"

"Yes," said Kitty demurely; "he—he thinks he is stronger than I am."

II.

After lunch, despite Mr. Biggs' strenuous protests, it was arranged that Kitty should punt the family down to the regatta. There was a quiet firmness about Kitty which convinced Mr. Biggs that she meant to have her own way. Still, it would be down stream, and he could do all the work coming back. Meantime, there would be the pleasure of looking at her as she punted.

But this pleasure was not destined to last long, for Kitty's pole suddenly disappeared into a deep hole of which she was unaware, and Kitty went after the pole.

Slipping into the water as noiselessly as an otter, Mr. Biggs found Kitty and brought her safely to the bank. Then he recovered the pole, and found Kitty trying hard not to look cross, for her pretty dress was ruined.

"You'd better go on to the regatta, and I'll walk back to the village," she said, with tears in her voice. "You needn't have got wet too. I can swim."

"Miss Kitty" (the Canadian was a man of action), "I'll run this show if you'll have the kindness to let me."

Mr. Biggs hailed a passing vehicle and gave the man a sovereign. "Make that three-cornered animal of yours travel as if Injuns were after you."

He lifted Kitty into the vehicle and started the horse with a shrill cry which seemed to reveal to it some prehistoric state of existence, for it actually broke into a feeble canter.

"Where are we going?" asked the astonished Kitty.

"You'll just change into dry things, then we'll get another boat," said Mr. Biggs, still encouraging the horse with Comanche war-whoops.

Suddenly, Kitty gave a little cry. "We've forgotten father and mother."

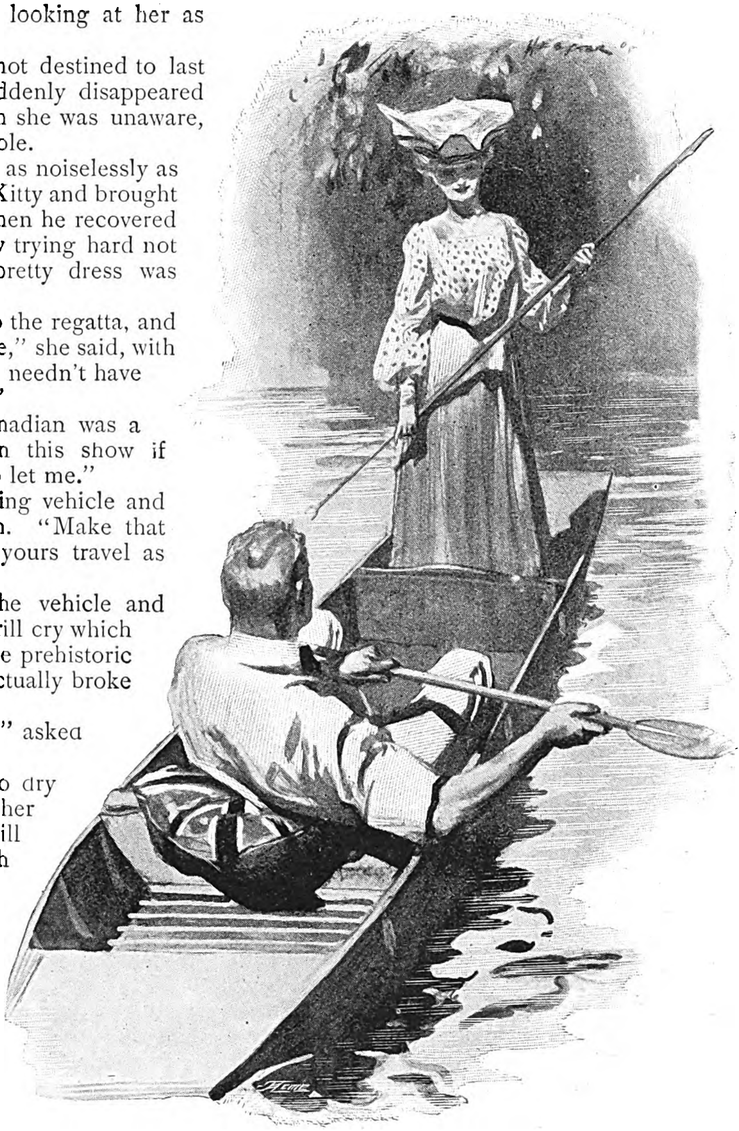
"There was a paddle in the punt," said Mr. Biggs. "Your father will look after Mrs. Burnside. Here we are."

He watched Kitty run into the house. In a quarter of an hour, she reappeared looking prettier and daintier than ever. The carriage was still waiting. Mr. Biggs, too, seemed dry again.

"I got the driver to rub me down in the hen-house," he explained. "If you'll get in, we'll take a short cut to the regatta. I've sent on a man for a boat."

"But he will charge you three pounds for the afternoon," said Kitty, as the ramshackle old vehicle swayed along the dusty road.

"That's only fifteen dollars; it's worth it," said Mr. Biggs. "Here we are."



"Do you mean to say you will trust your life to me after my silly mistake just now?" asked Kitty.

He gave the driver another sovereign, patted the horse, and handed Kitty into a delightfully elegant punt. Then he sat down on the cushions, and looked at her expectantly.

"Do you mean to say you'll trust your life to me after my silly mistake just now?" asked Kitty, filled with amazement at his tact.

"Why not?"

"Suppose I upset you?"

"Well?"

"You'll get wet again."

"I've swam the Ottawa dozens of times when I've been in a hurry. You don't suppose, Miss Burnside, that I mind swimming across a dear little creek like this? Why, it just keeps one comfortably moist."

Kitty laughed, and poled the punt down stream, Mr. Biggs lazily watching the water drip from her pretty fingers. As he watched, his duty became clear. No more for him the dear delights of Four Corners, the amber-flowing river, the giant mountains, the firefly-haunted moonlit nights, the cry of distant whip-poor-will answered by the wailing chuckles of the loons. This beautiful little garden-island was the home of his ancestors. It cried out to him to acknowledge himself her son.

"See here, Miss Kitty." He looked her squarely in the face. "I feel as if I'd known you all my life, and I want your advice."

"My advice."

"Yes, your advice. I'm in a heap of trouble."

"Trouble! Oh, I'm so sorry."

"Yes—trouble. And you're about the only person who can get me out of it."

"I!"

"Yes, you. I've no call to worry you about my affairs, only you've so much horse sense."

"Horse sense!"

"Horse sense."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, it's this way. A horse is the most sensible animal in the world, that's why in Canada we speak of 'horse sense.' Supposing you had been brought up all your life in a certain way, and then the choice came to you of being someone else and living a different life, with lots of duties and responsibilities, and you didn't want to do it. Then, one day, you met someone who hammered into you the fineness of it all. What would you do then?"

Kitty was so busily engaged in threading her way through the mass of punts opposite the flagstaff that she was quite unable to follow the ins and outs of Mr. Bigg's predicament. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but people keep bumping into us, and I can't quite understand you."

"Let me upset the boat and take you ashore again; then we can talk as we go back to the village for a fresh dress."

Kitty laughed.

Before Mr. Biggs could say anything more, there was a hail from Mr. Burnside, and they came alongside the punt which they had left so unceremoniously three quarters of an hour ago. "Then there *wa* a paddle in the punt, father?" asked Kitty.

"It would have been cheerful for us if there hadn't been one," said Mr. Burnside. "We saw you land, and knew you'd come on again directly you'd changed your dress, Kitty. Your mother was on the point of tears."

Mr. Biggs looked reproachfully at Kitty's mother. "Didn't you feel she was safe with me?" he asked earnestly.

"Safe with you!" Mrs. Burnside started at something in his tone.

"Can a stranger go in for any of these little races?" asked Mr. Biggs.

"Of course," said Mr. Burnside heartily. "I'm on the committee, and the entries don't close for the next half-hour. Come along, I'll introduce you to the committee. We're not very formal here."

As a result of her father's introduction to the committee, Kitty and her mother had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Biggs cover himself with glory, particularly when mounted on a barrel and swimming with his legs, he distanced all other similarly-equipped competitors by twenty yards.

The other competitors rolled off their hobby horses and towed them along, but Mr. Biggs, with characteristic tenacity, "stayed put" on his wabbling steed and was awarded a gorgeous silver cup which he, in his turn, presented to Mrs. Burnside.

"I'd love to win one for you, Miss Kitty," he said simply; "but it's nicer being with you all than rowing in a crowd."

Mr. Burnside bustled up. "There's an extra race. Can you scull?"

Mr. Biggs smiled modestly. "Can I scull! Would you really like a cup, Miss Kitty?"

In another man this would have savoured of arrogance. Mr. Biggs, however, simply meant that he would win the race or perish in the attempt.

An hour later, he justified his question by coming in a hundred yards ahead of the Pangham champion, who had obligingly lent him a boat.

"It doesn't seem right," he said, as he poled the punt back in the starlight, "not to win one for Mr. Burnside too."

Mr. Burnside laughingly disclaimed any desire to fatigue Mr. Biggs still further, and he poled on, delightedly gazing at the illuminated house-boats and the masked musicians.

"It mayn't be a wide river," he assured Mr. Burnside on Monday morning, as he took his departure; "but it's a *great* river, for all that. Maybe, next Saturday, you'll all come down to see me where I'm staying?"

Mr. Burnside warningly declared that it was very kind of Mr. Biggs, but that he had asked the Earl of Sandilands to join them on the following Saturday. Mr. Biggs started, then his countenance cleared. If he wanted to see Kitty again, he must do it in his new character. It seemed to him that he had made a very good start in the old one.

There was something in her father's tone which Kitty did not understand. After Mr. Biggs had gone (Kitty would have liked to have seen a little more regret in his face), Mr. Burnside seemed worried, and did not join in his wife's hearty appreciation of their visitor.

"Yes, yes," he said absently. "A nice young fellow enough. Perhaps I ought not to have asked him down; but it's done now. Kitty, I want to explain to you that I never thought——"

But Kitty had noiselessly stolen away into the depths of the willows. For the first time in her life, she thought her father unkind, hated herself for being tongue-tied, wished that she had defended the young man. Earl of Sandilands indeed! Why should she be bothered with the Earl of Sandilands next Saturday, when Mr. Biggs had so kindly invited them all to visit him?

Mr. Biggs was worth a dozen earls. No earl could ever have carried her up a river bank in so tender and chivalrous a manner. She was very absent-minded all day as she sat in the punt dabbling her fingers in the water and smiling to herself.

When she got back to the cottage that night, Kitty took the shrunken dress out of the cupboard and kissed it because Mr. Biggs had admired it. Then she blamed herself greatly, and went to sleep.

III.

On the following Saturday morning, Mr. Burnside impatiently but vainly awaited the Earl's arrival. He had come to the conclusion that Kitty and the Earl were falling in love with one another, and felt that if the latter appeared in state, it would nip the affair in the bud.

Although he liked the Earl, the Earl was a client; and the mere fact complicated what would otherwise have been a situation simple enough in itself. Kitty, however, was a good girl, and when she realised that Mr. Biggs was the Earl of Sandilands would think no more of him. At least, Mr. Burnside hoped so.

"Look here," said the worried Mr. Burnside. "Earl or no earl, it's bad manners to keep us waiting and spoil the morning. I have to get back to the bank again next week and can't afford to waste my time. Come along, Kitty. I'll row you and your mother down to the island."

Kitty did not move,

"We shall see the Earl coming along the towing path," resumed Mr. Burnside.

"With a coronet on the top of his Panama and a long retinue of servants carrying his things," said Kitty scornfully. "No thank you, daddy. It is not for your child to meet such exalted, but unpunctual, personages as earls. Take mother to meet the early bird and leave me to look after the lunch. He'll get cold fowl, and I'll make a mayonnaise for him. Beyond that, I decline to recognise his existence. We should have had a far pleasanter time with Mr. Biggs."

"I daresay we should, but Mr. Biggs is—is not what he seems," hastily declared Mr. Burnside, tumbling into the boat in order to avoid meeting Kitty's reproachful eyes.

Kitty made the painter fast to a willow. "What do you mean by that, daddy? Mr. Biggs must be a 'nice man' or you wouldn't have brought him here. I like Mr. Biggs. Will you kindly explain why you have taken this unjust dislike to him?"

"Oh, nothing, child, nothing. I like him very much. You'll find out all about it later. Let go the painter."

Kitty untied the rope, and looked somewhat wistfully after her father and mother. Then she turned up her sleeves and began to make the mayonnaise.

"Have they really gone?" asked a cautious voice from the other side of the tent.

Kitty, about to scream, remembered that her sleeves were tucked up, and hastily began to unroll them.

"Don't," implored the voice, as Mr. Biggs' giant form appeared in the doorway. He carried the biggest bunch of red roses that Kitty had ever seen.

"Don't what?" asked Kitty. "What are you doing here, Mr. Biggs?"

"Don't let me disturb you," faltered Mr. Biggs. "I—I—I've brought you a rose or two."

"But—but—Oh! How lovely! How lovely?" She buried her face in them. "I don't care whether you were invited or not; you shall have some of the mayonnaise before they get back." Then she looked at him unsuspiciously. "Did you—did you know they were going to fetch a real live earl?"

Mr. Biggs sat down on the other side of the table. "Of course I knew. What do you take me for?" he asked indignantly. "I waited until they were out of sight, and came over when I saw you weren't with them."

"But what would you have done if I had been with them?"

"Just waited."

Kitty looked at him severely. "Your manners are Canadian. People do not, as a rule, come here without invitations."

"Miss Kitty." He leaned across the table, looking into her eyes the while. "*I've been here every day since I went away.* I couldn't hold out any longer."

"Been—here!"

"Yes; hiding behind those willows," he said bitterly. "And I've been bitten by beetles and spiders and things, and cramped and half starved. My, but I'm thin! And you! I saw you have two helpings of cold beef and salad at lunch yesterday. Two helpings!"

"I didn't know you were there," faltered Kitty.

"I didn't know I'd be there either," said Mr. Biggs, with unconscious pathos. "Suddenly I was there; that's all I know about it. And I didn't get any cold meat and salad."

Kitty became grave. "You ought not to have done it," she said, although the light in her eyes contradicted the coldness of her voice.

"I know I oughtn't." Mr. Biggs straightened himself up with an effort, reached his great brown hand across the table, and took her strong, little one in his. "My! but I've been lonesome for you, Miss Kitty. You might have tumbled overboard so's to give me an excuse to rescue you again. Why, I'd made up my mind if Saturday hadn't come at last, to saw your punt pole nearly in two to make it break and jerk you overboard; but it seemed risky in case I wasn't near enough."

"Risky! I should think so." Kitty hastily tried to withdraw her hand. Mr. Biggs held it firmly. "If you don't mind for a minute," he said forlornly. "Miss Kitty——"

"Ye—es?"

"Do you—do you reckon to like Canadians?"

"In the aggregate—yes."

"I beg your pardon?"

"In the lump," explained Kitty.

"Miss Kitty, I'm that lonesome for you. The light will go out of my life unless you marry me."

"Mr. Biggs!"

"I'm not 'Mr. Biggs' any longer. I've got a secret." Even then the truth did not dawn upon her. "Kitty, you're just the loveliest girl in the whole world; you're the music of the world; I've been getting ready for you all my life; and now—why now I've found you, don't send me away—with—without you!"

Somehow, he got round to the other side of the table, and knelt there, his big blue eyes looking into hers. "Kitty, I love you. I couldn't go through another week like this and live. It's worse than being in the great lone lands without any tucker."

"Tucker!"

"Yes—grub, you know. Kitty, dearest Kitty, I can't tell you how much I love you. It would take up all the rest of my life."

She could feign indifference no longer, but thrilled to him in measureless content. "You are so strong," she said. "So strong. And you've never—never—cared for any other girl?"

"I've tried hard to care for a few," said Mr. Biggs, with naïve simplicity; "but there was always you waiting for me somewhere, and there it ended. Somehow, they complained I always used both hands driving."

"Used both hands! I don't understand."

He showed her what he ought to have done with the other hand—and arm—on such occasions, then fished out of his pockets half-a-dozen little packets. "It was the only way I could comfort myself," he explained.

"What was?"

"Monday, I ran up to town for diamonds; Tuesday, it was emeralds; Wednesday, rubies; Thursday, opals; Friday, sapphires and turquoises. Now, we'll see if they fit."

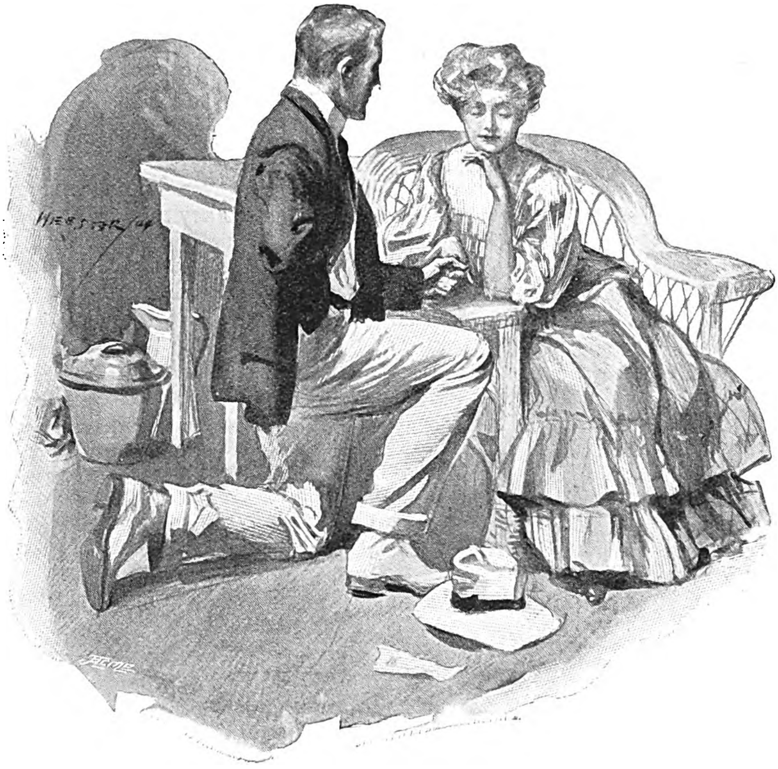
"Are you mad? These" (she looked at the beautiful gems) "must have cost hundreds of pounds."

"They did cost a bit," admitted Mr. Biggs. "I told them I wanted the best in the shop because they were for the prettiest girl in the world."

"But," said the bewildered Kitty, "I don't care for these things."

"Very well, we'll chuck them in the river." Mr. Biggs promptly began to gather up the cases. "I might have known I didn't know enough to get the right things."

Kitty stayed his hand. "Ah, there's one I'd forgotten. It cost only ten dollars," he



"Go on. I've had my eyes shut for such a long time."

said; "but, somehow, I liked it better than all the others."

He produced a lovely little gold ring and touched a spring. When the ring flew open, it showed two clasped hands.

Kitty gave a cry of joy. "Yes, that's better, more real," she said, trying it on. "It fits perfectly."

"Now we've cleared that up," Mr. Biggs declared, with a sigh of relief, "we'd better get on to the secret."

"Stop a moment. Will it pain you to tell me? I know it can be nothing bad because," she added delightedly, "you couldn't by any possibility do anything that was not perfectly upright and noble and——"

"How *did* I worry along without you all these years?" asked the enraptured Mr. Biggs. "No, I didn't do anything 'cept to take a name that didn't belong to me. My name isn't 'Biggs'—not rightly."

"Oh, I'm so glad. I'm sure you've a lovely name. Tell it to me at once. I want to hear what it sounds like."

"I can't remember all of it." He fished in his pockets again, and brought out a slip of paper. "Oh, here it is."

"Can't remember?"

"No; you wouldn't either if you had a string of names as long as a rattlesnake. Now, shut your eyes and don't faint, and I'll read it out slowly and carefully so that you shan't miss any of it. You don't meet with a name like this every day. Now then. Eyes shut?"

"Ye—es, if you'll hold my hand."

"That's all right. You bet I will. First comes Algernon——"

"'Algernon!'"

"Fitzwilliam——"

"'Fitzwilliam!'"

"Simon——"

"'Simon'! Oh no, I don't like 'Simon.'"

"It's on the list, so we must have it; it may help me to bear the others. What do you think of Roslyn?"

"'Roslyn'! That's lovely."

"Yes, I thought you'd like that. Clarence——"

"'Clarence!' Any more?"

"Lots. Yards. Hilary——"

"'Hilary!' That's a sweet name. Are you sure you're called Hilary?"

"Certain sure. Then there's Vernon——"

"'Vernon!' It isn't a joke?"

"Dead earnest. If you'd got your lovely eyes open, you'd see that a man with all these names wouldn't dare to joke. St. Aubyn——"

"'St. Aubyn!' You've been reading novels."

"Not a novel. My names, take them 'by and large,' will lay over the names in any novel that ever was written. Carruthers——"

"Oh, this is too much. I could have believed everything but 'Carruthers.' Go on. I've had my eyes shut for such a long time."

"Manyrs——"

"'Manyrs.' With an 'o' or a 'y'?"

"With a 'y.' Now don't scream, but keep quite cool and perfectly quiet. We're coming to the last and best!"

"I—I won't scream. At least, I'll try not to."

"Manyrs, twenty-fifth Earl of Sandilands; that's all."

She opened her eyes and looked at him affrightedly. "You're not joking?"

"Not a joke."

"Oh!" Kitty turned white, took the little gold ring off her finger, and handed it back to him. "Why did you do this?"

He put the ring on again. "Because I didn't want to frighten you. I knew you'd despise me if I said I was an earl. God's given you to me to love and cherish and worship; and it will go mighty hard with the man who tries to take you from me."

"You are so strong! Earl, go on worshipping while I make up my mind what to call you."

He again got out the list, and she selected a name. After all, "Hilary" seemed to be the simplest.

"There'll be a row when your father comes back; he'll reckon I've been getting the bulge on him," said the Earl; "but I made him promise not to give me away."

"It is generally the—the bride who is given away," she murmured. "S-s-sh! They're back again. And that mayonnaise is only just begun. Father, dear, Hilary wants to—to speak to you."

"And you, too, mother," said Hilary. "Bless your dear white head."

Of course, Mr. Burnside said things. What would they think of him at the bank for bringing down a client to marry his daughter! And so on, until he was tired. To which, when Mr. Burnside had finished, the Earl replied that he would get a six-shooter and "clear out" the bank, if that was the only objection. Besides, he was "darned hungry," and wanted the matter settled at once, so that he could get married in a day or two.

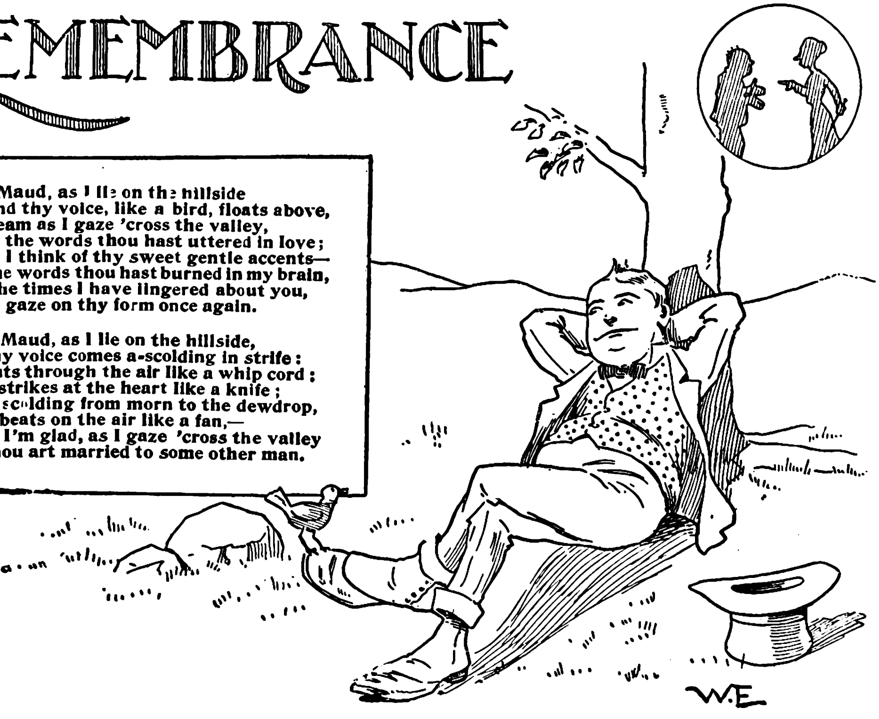
The lunch party was a very happy one.

* * *

REMEMBRANCE

Ah Maud, as I lie on the hillside
And thy voice, like a bird, floats above,
I dream as I gaze 'cross the valley,
Of the words thou hast uttered in love;
And I think of thy sweet gentle accents—
The words thou hast burned in my brain,
Of the times I have lingered about you,
To gaze on thy form once again.

But Maud, as I lie on the hillside,
Thy voice comes a-scolding in strife:
It cuts through the air like a whip cord;
It strikes at the heart like a knife;
It is scolding from morn to the dewdrop,
It beats on the air like a fan,—
And I'm glad, as I gaze 'cross the valley
Thou art married to some other man.



XMAS XTRAORDINARY

The Many Queer Ways in which Some People are Compelled to Spend Christmas.

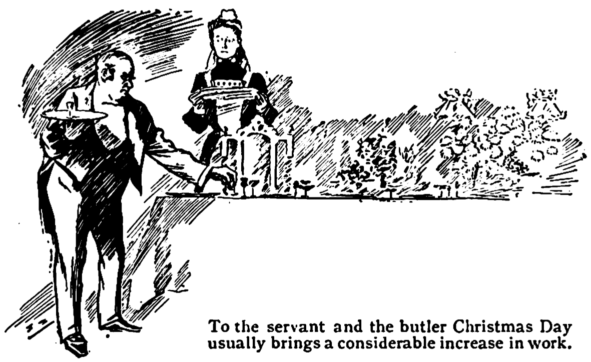
By Bertram Stower.

By the majority of people Christmas Day is regarded as essentially a time of holiday-making. True it is that we may have innumerable worries, yet even the most careworn feels his heart made lighter by the general good-fellowship that this season awakens.

Work, in the opinion of most of us, is out of the question. If we cannot completely scatter care to the winds, the very least we can do is to set aside all work.

Not any doubt exists that this is the light in which the majority of people regard Yuletide. Still there is a minority, and a minority, too, that numbers in its ranks many hundreds of thousands, that cannot possibly view Christmas in this fashion.

Far from no work at all, the advent of Christmas actually means a heavy increase in their duties. Take, for instance, the postman. To him the Twenty-fifth and the several days preceding it herald in the arrival of huge quantities of Christmas-cards and presents. His task increases doubly. Instead of the ordinary three or four times a day round of delivery, he is compelled to make twice the number of journeys before the mass of correspondence and parcels destined for his district is exhausted.



To the servant and the butler Christmas Day usually brings a considerable increase in work.

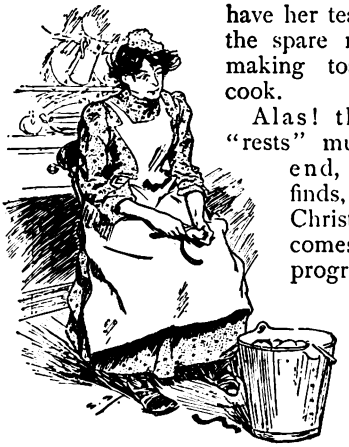
The postman is by no means the only one on whom the coming of Christmas brings increased work. There are the servants in thousands of British homes. Most of them, no doubt, will have very much more work than ordinarily to do at Christmas. On the cook will fall the task of preparing many fancy dishes, and on the housemaid, or butler, the laying and decorating of the table in a vastly more elaborate fashion. And added to this there are usually friends and relations staying in the house, all of which add to the servants' labours.

The scullery-maid has, perhaps, the worst time of all. She commences Christmas Day by rising at half-past five in the morning. Nothing like making a long day of it, you will say. But wait! At six (imagine six o'clock on Christmas morning, of all times in the world!) she goes downstairs and commences scrubbing the servants' hall. Having finished this she seizes the opportunity of obtaining a little fresh air by cleaning the front doorstep.

Her next mode of whiling away the hours on Christmas Day consists of making ready breakfast for the servants. Then follows a delightful half-hour cleaning the kitchen. And they say cleanliness is next to godliness. So, what more can Louisa want?

Still Christmas Day is not allowed to appear slow to the poor little scullery-maid. Two o'clock will soon be striking and the servants' dinner has to be prepared—potatoes to peel, pots to clean, coals to put on the fire, the table to spread. And all this has to be done in a very short while.

Well, it is five o'clock before she has a chance to rest. So for one whole hour the scullery-maid does absolutely nothing but



To the scullery-maid Christmas is anything but a holiday.

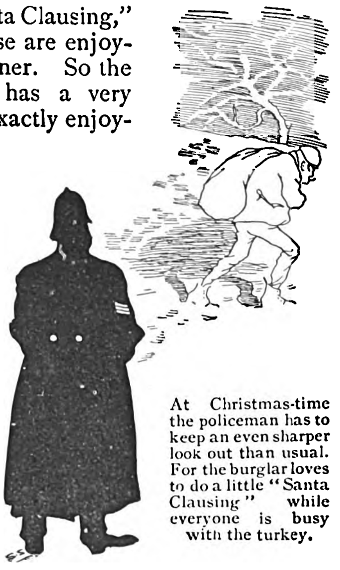
have her tea, and fill in the spare moments by making toast for the cook.

Alas! the longest "rests" must have an end, so Louisa finds, for the big Christmas dinner comes next on the programme, and more potatoes have now to be peeled, and saucepans to be cleaned.

At last all is finished, the turkey has gone into the room, and the cook is taking a rest; so nothing more remains for the scullery-maid to do but to spread the table for the servants' supper.

Wearied and aching in every limb, she sits down to her Christmas dinner at half-past nine, finishes it in half-an-hour, then goes to bed, devoutly thankful that Christmas is ended.

Some may have seen the policeman patrolling his beat on Christmas Day. Perhaps, they may have imagined that he was out for a constitutional. But ask him! He will quickly delude you of this idea. There is someone else, besides himself, who is very much on duty—the burglar. Christmas is just the time when the housebreaker indulges in a little "Santa Clausing," whilst those in the house are enjoying their Christmas dinner. So the policeman sometimes has a very exciting, although not exactly enjoyable, day.



At Christmas-time the policeman has to keep an even sharper look out than usual. For the burglar loves to do a little "Santa Clausing" while everyone is busy with the turkey.

"'Christmas comes but once a year,' thank goodness for that," remarked a pianoforte tuner; and he had good cause for saying this.

"To me, and those in my line, it means no end of work. People seem to get everything ready for Christmas Day well beforehand, but the piano. At the last moment it occurs to them that it wants tuning. Then an urgent letter, sometimes a telegram, is despatched to the pianoforte tuner.

"Now, it would not matter if half-a-dozen or so required my services, but, when on the morning preceding Christmas Eve thirty letters arrive, all most urgent—well!

"Last Christmas, for instance, I was never so busy in all my life. I actually had not a moment to myself.

"Christmas! There was little to remind me of Christmas on that day. Work, work, pianos innumerable to tune, that was the order of the day.

"True, at one house I was offered wine and biscuits, and greeted with a 'Merry Christmas' by a client overjoyed at my turning up to attend to her piano on *such* a day.

"But even that did not go far to reduce the discomforts of a long day of hard work, and a cold drive home in the early hours of Boxing Day."

To those whose mission in life is to alleviate the sufferings of the sick, Christmas Day is often spent in journeying from one bed of suffering to the other. Although the greater part of England is holiday-making, the evil genius, sickness, is hard at work. Neither day nor night, holiday-time or no holiday-time, can the doctor call his own. Even in the midst of his Christmas dinner, when his family is gathered around the table, an urgent summons may arrive. Some poor woman has been stricken with bronchitis. No time must be lost if her life is to be saved.

The doctor hastily leaves the room. A few minutes later he returns, and, bidding a cheery good-bye to the merry-makers, whose spirits are considerably damped by the interruption, he leaves his brilliantly-lighted dining-room and starts out into the darkness on his mission of mercy.

Conjure up the scene; perhaps his practice is in the country. His coachman is at home, enjoying his Christmas, so, instead of driving, the doctor journeys on foot along the dark lanes, muddy and puddle-strewn. If there is no drizzling rain to beat against his face, the air is foggy. A cheerless outlook!

Let's follow him this Christmas night. Watch him knocking at the little cottage door. See the door open and the rugged face of the farm labourer lighten as he recognises the man who has forsaken Christmas dinner, warmth, and many comforts, and trudged on foot a full two miles, to soothe the sufferings of a poor woman!

From the doctor to the engine-driver is a far jump. Nevertheless, they are fellows in bondage on Christmas Day.

So when you are gathered around the fire, your face half-scorched by the fierce though delightful heat, think of the engine-driver.

Of course, many trains discontinue running on Christmas Day, but some must make their long journey across miles and miles of country as they do on ordinary occasions.

With eyes and mind fully occupied in watching passing signals, or glancing at the water-gauge, or reducing speed as the long train sweeps round a curve, the driver has few thoughts to give to Christmas.

Perhaps the bitter wind that whistles through the engine box causes him to envy those countless numbers who have no hardships to face on this great day, and nothing but pleasure in store for them.

His lot is shared with the fireman, who throughout the long run, at short intervals, throws great shovelfuls of coal into the furnace. Scorched one minute by the intense heat escaping through the open furnace door, the fireman is the next instant half-frozen as he shuts out the roaring blaze.

Christmas it may be to some, but to these men not Christmas, in the regarded sense of the word. And with them, too, must be included the guards, ticket-collectors, porters, signal-box operators, and other officials of the line.

Have you ever thought, while you are eating your Christmas dinner, of what is happening in a great workhouse?

Picture to yourself the scene. Long tables lined with aged faces, some with knowledge of a better past, but all wearing a smile—the smile of happiness.

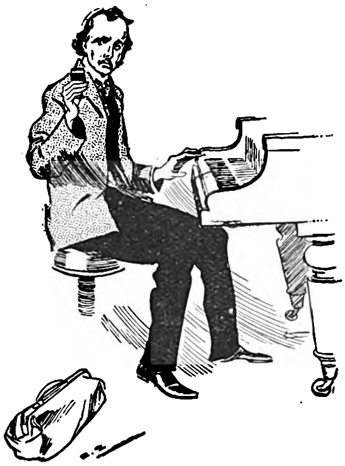
A feeling of comradeship has communicated itself to the officials. They do not pause to think that to-day their work is doubly hard, apart from the fact that they are deprived of spending Christmas with their families.

With a cheery word and a smile for all they enter on their task—no light task either, carving for four or five hundred hungry beings.

At first all goes merrily. "Give them plenty to-day.—We have a lot left.—Put an extra slice there," someone cheerily remarks as an official is about to rush off with a large dish of meat.

Suddenly one cries out: "Good gracious, we've forgotten Ward 10!"

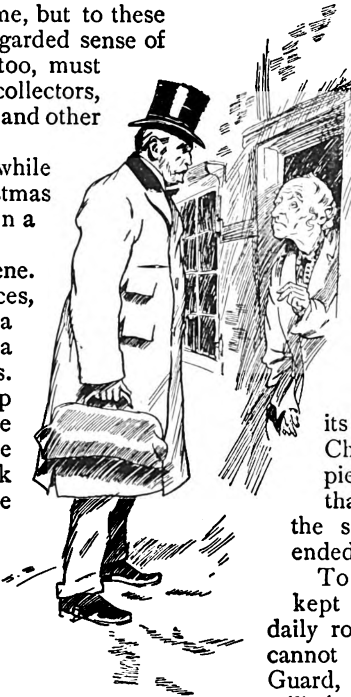
Will there be sufficient beef to satisfy all? That is the officials' worry.



"Work, work, pianos innumerable to tune. That is what Christmas means to me," said the pianoforte tuner.

Long before all corners of the vast dining hall are fed Christmas Day is drawing to a close.

A sigh of relief slips from the wearied workers' lips. They have been serving food for five hours, with never a moment to snatch a morsel for themselves.

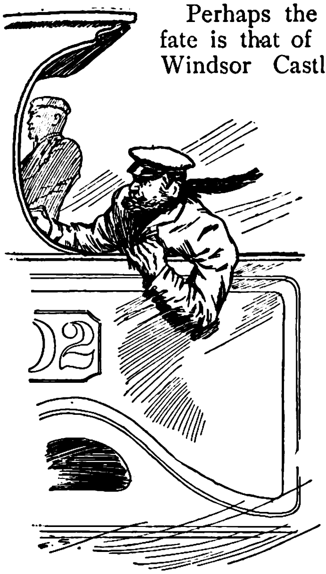


Sickness is abroad even at Christmas, and the doctor sometimes spends the whole day in visiting the sick.

Now the inmates, young and aged, are gathered around the fires. The officials serve tobacco to the men. Oh, happy Christmas Day that brings to them such luxuries! A hundred women are brewing tea and gossiping as fast as their tongues will work.

Young and old, big and small, weak and strong, are all made happy. For what care they for to-morrow with its dull routine? To-day is Christmas, the brightest and happiest day in the year—the day that flies too quickly—and with the sudden clanging of a bell is ended as the clock strikes eight.

To the soldier Christmas Day is kept with high revelry. But the daily routine, although much relaxed, cannot be dispensed with entirely. Guard, that most cheerless of all military duties in time of peace, must be kept with as much regularity as on other days.



With eyes and mind fully occupied, watching passing signals, the engine-driver has few thoughts to give to Christmas.

Perhaps the greatest irony of fate is that of keeping guard at Windsor Castle on Christmas Day. Outside is the Castle, cold and cheerless. Within, visions of the luxuriously appointed rooms, of every comfort, rise up before the sentries.

To those soldiers to whom the duty of relieving the guard that has been on "sentry go" throughout the whole of Christmas Eve is assigned, the great day commences at seven. At that hour they rise, and set about cleaning their uniforms and accoutrements.

Presently the bugle sounds the "Quarters" for parade. The men on duty hastily don their uniforms, and, by the time the "five minutes" has sounded form up on parade.

After inspection, the band strikes up, and away they march that Christmas morning to the Castle. There they form up in front of the old guard. Now follows the usual ceremony of "changing the guard," and the handing over of the Castle keys.

Keeping guard on Christmas Day differs in no way from that of other days. The only enjoyment the men obtain is in gathering around the fire telling each other Christmas yarns between the times when they are not on "sentry go."

Sooner or later, each man has to leave the comforting warmth, and pace up and down with measured tread for two, long, weary hours.

It is not a very cheering prospect of spending Christmas Day. And the thoughts of what a good time their comrades are having in barracks, makes the guard bemoan his lot the more.

Should the sentry happen to be posted in the cloisters of St. George's Chapel his eyes meet nothing but white stone tablets. In truth, he is pacing up and down a graveyard. Cheery work this, when darkness steals over all and nothing but the sepulchral sound of his footsteps relieves the stillness.

In this way the sentry does his two hours' "guard" on Christmas Day, thinking the while of the "old folk at home," and longing for the time to come when he can slip back to the fire, with a four hours' rest before his next turn comes round.

So far I have only spoken of the doings of those that live ashore on Christmas Day. It is obvious to all that the sailors on the great liners and trading vessels cannot bank furnaces, cast anchor, and discontinue all work on Christmas Day

As far as work is concerned, Christmas Day is similar in every respect to any other day. The rations served to the men before the mast include some of little delicacies that custom has made a part of Christmas.

With the sailor must be included the lighthouse-keeper. His lot is infinitely less agreeable. Often stationed several miles out at sea in a lonely lighthouse, with only a couple of assistant keepers for company, he finds but little pleasure in Christmas. He dare not venture ashore. His duty is always near the lamp. At all costs it must burn brightly at night, and should a sudden mist obscure its beams, the fog-horn must be sounded constantly.

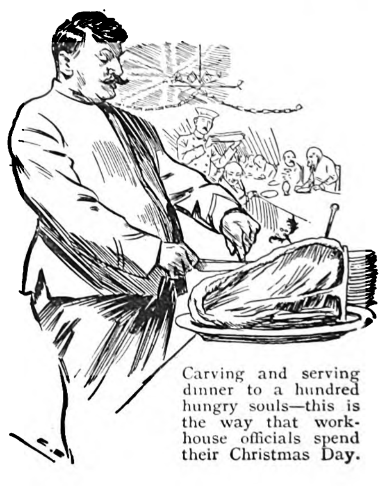
Now, should you be awake at four o'clock on Christmas morning you can while away the time by thinking of the lighthouse-men.

At that hour one of the keepers rises and relieves his comrade on watch in the great lantern.

To the lonely man the time passes slowly, the lamp burns steadily, the sky is clear and starlit, yet his presence is absolutely necessary.

Far out at sea the great Atlantic liners pass, taking their course from the bright revolving light. Imagine the fearful consequences that would arise were the lighthouse men to spend Christmas Day ashore!

Alert to all that is around, and



Carving and serving dinner to a hundred hungry souls—this is the way that workhouse officials spend their Christmas Day.

watching carefully the lights of passing ships, the solitary man in the lantern has plenty of time to think. And Christmas is naturally uppermost in his thoughts. He calls to mind the years when he spent Christmas Day ashore. Pictures of the happy time rise up before him.

Slowly in the east the sun rises. The lighthouse-man turns out the lamp. Its warning light is no longer needed. But even now he has not completed his watch, and four long weary hours must pass before he is relieved.

I wonder what our readers would think were they destined to spend their Christmas on a North Sea trawler? Imagine awakening on a Christmas in a bunk in a dingy little cabin! The smell of fish is around. There are soles cooking in the galley—your Christmas breakfast.

This was the way a certain steward on board a steam trawler frequently spends Christmas Day.

At three in the morning, the time when nobody should be abroad except the waits and Santa Claus, all hands are called on deck to haul in the fishing nets.

After tugging at the icy-cold ropes for some considerable time, the splashing and shimmering of fish announces that the nets are nearing the surface. At last they are drawn on board. With sleeves tucked up to the elbows the steward joins in the work of pulling out the struggling fish. Directly the nets are emptied they are cast into the sea again, and everyone sets to work packing the fish in ice.

This is by no means pleasant work. Still, seizing the cold slippery fish in his hands, the steward assists in stowing them away amongst the ice.

The keen air has given everyone an appetite, and now upon the steward falls the task of preparing the Christmas breakfast.

Fish naturally forms the menu. With half-frozen fingers he sorts out a pile of whiting, gurnets, and soles, and carries them down to the galley to cook.

Breakfast over, he next sets to work preparing dinner. They fare well on board this particular trawler, and a goose usually forms the Christmas *pièce de résistance.*

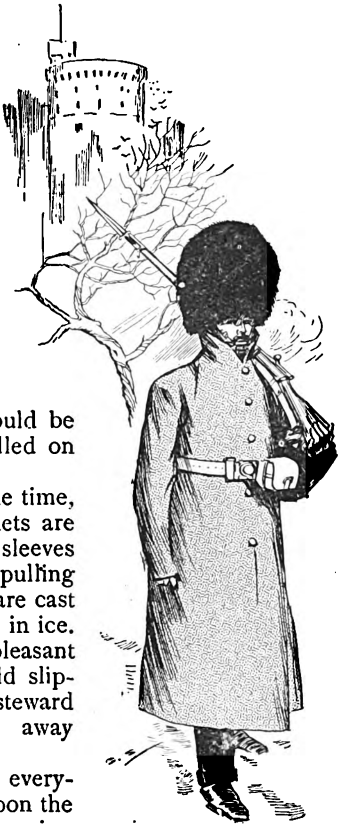
Well, at one o'clock the ship's bell peals out, the steward brings in the goose cooked to perfection and the vegetables too.

Then, when everyone feels that they will never eat again, the mate gets out his concertina, and soon the sound of song and music rise up from below.

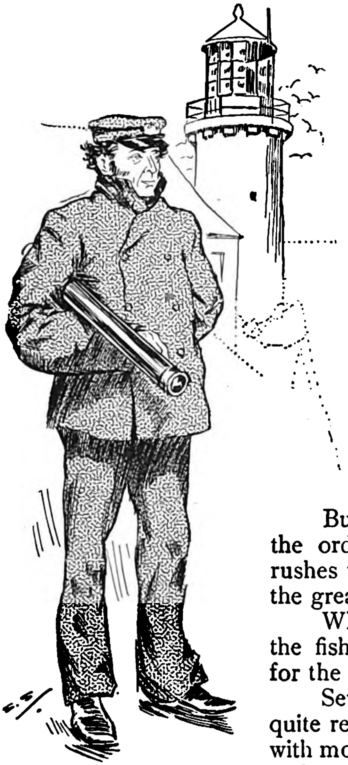
But the nets are in the sea, and in the midst of their merriment the order comes to haul the catch aboard. Instantly everyone rushes up the companion-ladder, steward included, and once more the great nets are hauled up alongside.

While the sailors are busily engaged sorting out and packing the fish, the steward returns, and sets shrimps and crabs to boil for the Christmas tea.

Several hours have now passed since dinner, so the sailors feel quite ready for their tea after their cold spell on deck. Afterwards, with more songs and Christmas carols, the hours fly only too quickly, and by the time ten o'clock has struck on the ship's bell they are once more on deck, hauling in the last catch of the day. Thus Christmas ends on board a North Sea trawler.



Guard, that most cheerless of all soldiers' duties in time of peace, has to be kept on Christmas Day.



Like the sentry the lighthouse-men, stationed on and off the coast, must be on watch.

Real Life Romances.

The Editor is Pleased to Consider True, Out-of-the-Way Experiences.

With Bow and Arrow.

THE STORY OF A GIRL'S COURAGE.

THE heroine of this story has figured before in a ROYAL romance. She is a pretty American girl, by name Beulah Thorne.

One day Beulah was returning from a long ramble. In her hand she carried a bow, whilst fastened by a leathern belt to her side hung a quiver full of arrows. Playfully sending a shaft with unerring aim into a small straw target that hung from a tree, she entered the house.

"How quiet everything seems," she thought, feeling strangely nervous. "Mother!" she called. "Mother, where are you?"

But there was no response.

A vague presentiment that something was amiss assailed her.

Filled with apprehension, the girl rushed to the front room, threw open the door, and glanced inside. No one was there.

A thought came to her. Perhaps her mother was ill. Hastening upstairs she silently opened the door of her mother's room and peeped inside.

Then Beulah gasped. Her heart almost ceased beating at the horrible sight before her. There, lying peacefully on the big bed fast asleep, she saw her mother—with a huge jaguar standing over her.

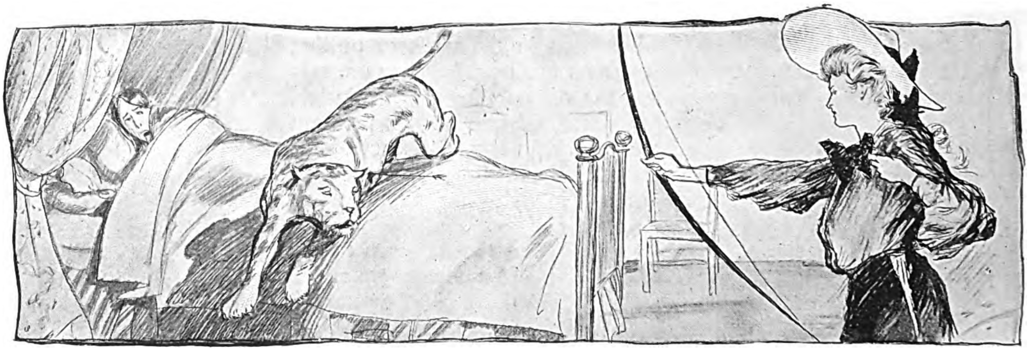
Petrified with horror, the girl remained motionless. The yellow eyes of the disturbed animal glared furiously at her. Its cruel lips curled and an ominous snarl broke from it.

Her mother sighed, moving slightly in her sleep. Instantly the jaguar looked down, and snarled savagely at the slumbering woman.

As in a dream the girl looked on, still holding the bow in her hand, and breathlessly expecting every minute to see the long white fangs of the fierce animal plunge into her mother's throat.

With a great effort she roused herself. Her courage returned. A warm glow succeeded the icy coldness that had assailed her during the last two minutes. Now her brain was clear. She realised that something must be done, and done quickly, too, if it were to be done at all. But what?

She dare not steal downstairs and fetch the gun that always hung loaded over the mantelpiece.



The bow straightened, and swift to its mark the arrow flew.

Somehow it seemed to her that so long as she remained motionless the jaguar would not harm her mother.

An idea crept into the girl's mind. Would not one of her flint-headed arrows kill the brute? But she must aim unerringly. A bad shot, and the jaguar, smarting with the wound, would tear the sleeper to pieces.

Now the brute was sniffing at the throat of its unconscious victim. Another moment, and its mouth would be stained with blood.

Quickly placing an arrow in the bow, and stretching the leathern cord to its fullest, the girl took aim. An involuntary prayer escaped her lips as she released the cord.

With a sharp snap the bow straightened, and swift to its mark the arrow flew. The jaguar leaped high in the air, then rolled on to the floor shot through the heart.

Then, casting bow and quiver to the ground, the thankful girl rushed to the bedside, and, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, broke into tears of joy.

When Memory Fails.

A SCOTCH WOMAN'S AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

ONE Saturday evening towards the close of August, a Scotch woman had just finished her marketing. Before returning, she decided to call on her sister.

Having stayed there talking for some little time, she set out for her home.

As, carrying her basket under her arm, she hurried homewards, a strange feeling came over her. She tried to think; but no thoughts would frame themselves in her mind. The world had suddenly become blank. She could see, but she did not know what she saw. Even her own name—her very existence—whether she was married or not—had entirely vanished from her mind. Only one desire remained—she must go forward; whither she neither knew nor cared, so long as she was moving.

Walking without reason, oblivious to all that was around her, her footsteps led her to the moors.

At times she stumbled, and often fell, bruising herself severely. She was conscious of the pain arising from these mishaps; but the mad, single impulse to move forward proved too strong.

Through her awful wanderings a fearful thirst consumed her. From every brook or spring that crossed her path she stooped and took deep draughts.

So far all her actions had appeared as hidden in a haze.

Sometimes she was conscious that night had set in. But darkness was no resting time for her. Her body had acquired an energy that never tired—the feverish energy of a distraught mind.

One morning she heard a man's voice calling on the moors. The voice sounded familiar—like that of her husband's uncle. She raised her head to give an answering cry.

But during the time she had roamed on the lonely moors, never uttering a word, nor hearing one spoken until this moment, her voice had lost its strength.

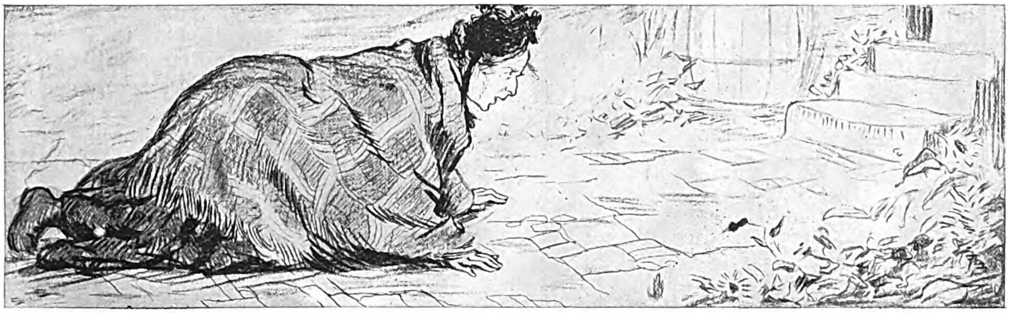
And the man disappeared across the moor, unconscious of the distressed woman's presence.

From this moment a sudden change began to work in her mind. She felt her memory returning.

Day by day, things became clearer, until, early one morning, she felt convinced that she was near her sister's house.

The long days of wandering had almost exhausted her strength. She could no longer walk. Crawling on hands and knees, she neared the house.

At the garden gate a thought occurred to her—by now her relations would have given her up as dead.



Crawling on hands and knees, she neared the house.

Her sudden appearance would startle them from their sleep.

She would wait for them to rise. What mattered an hour or two to her, now that she had been away so long?

So, lying on the ground, the poor woman waited until she saw her sister moving in the room below.

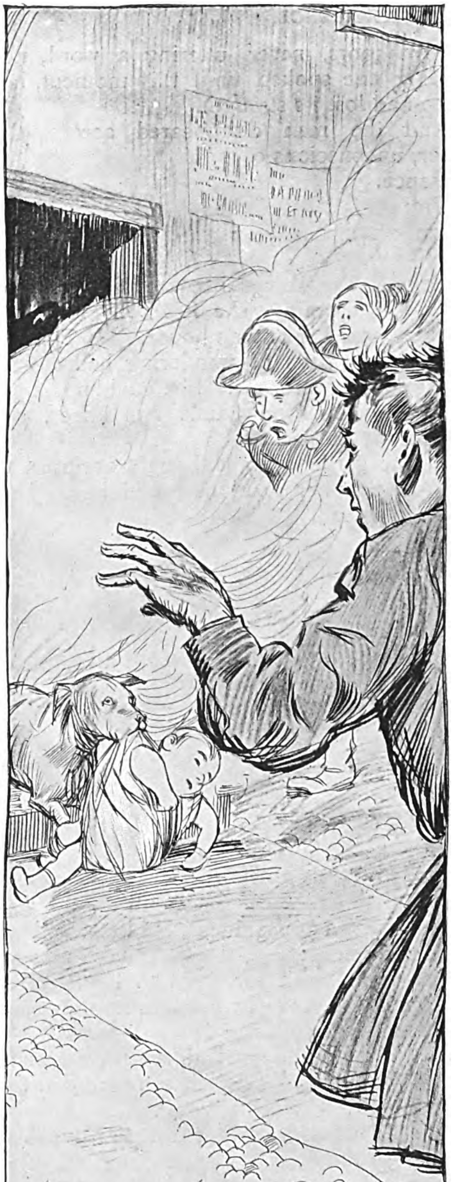
Then, staggering to her feet, she knocked timidly on the door.

* * * * *

Great was the rejoicing in that little cottage at the return of her whom all regarded long ago as dead.

As the poor woman's husband listened to her tale of suffering, the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks.

Then he spoke, and told of the long days that he had spent searching in vain the lonely moors; how the harbour had been dragged, the river, too; and how, at last, he had despairingly resigned all hope, and mourned for her as dead.



Through the smoke loomed a strange creature . . . . carrying . . . . a little night-clad figure!

Saved by a Dog.

HOW A DOG RESCUED A LITTLE CHILD FROM A FIRE.

It was midnight. The little Swiss town of St. Saphorin lay slumbering. Not a soul was abroad to notice a certain house from which the blue smoke curled.

Within the burning house a father, a mother, and three young children lay sleeping.

An ominous crackling succeeded the silent outpouring of the smoke. The woodwork was ablaze.

A horrified man sat up in bed. With eyes outstaring, he tried to penetrate the darkness. He caught sight of a small glow that issued from beneath the door.

He awoke his wife, and, endeavouring to hide his awful fear, quickly explained the danger. Then, bidding her await his return, he opened the door and disappeared into a dense cloud of smoke.

A moment later he had entered his children's bedroom. Groping his way to a cot he seized the youngest child in one arm, whilst with the other he threw his little daughter, dazed and scarcely awake, over his shoulder.

And now came the terrible journey down the already burning stairs. But help was at hand, for just as they reached the bottom of the stairs the front door was burst open, and the half-suffocated family staggered into the street.

Suddenly, a piteous cry broke from the mother. Heavens! where was little Henri? Her little four-year-old boy lay sleeping in the burning house! An exclamation of horror escaped the father.

He looked around him helplessly. Just then his retriever trotted up to him. Its faithful brown eyes, gazing trustfully .up into his master's face sent a wild thought through the distracted man's mind.

"Go, fetch Henri!" he said, pointing to the burning house.

Would the dog go? On him alone hung Henri's life. A second the handsome creature hesitated, then, trotting forward, was swallowed in the thick smoke.

A minute went by—one terrible minute in which the anxious parents stood, hoping with the hope of despair. Then through the smoke there loomed a strange creature. Could this hairless, black animal be the handsome retriever? It must be he! But how he staggered. Surely he was carrying something—a little night-clad figure!

A cry burst from the mother. She rushed forward and snatched her baby to her arms—saved by a faithful dog.

An Unlucky Christmas Day.

A POLICEMAN'S ADVENTURE.

TOWARDS a distant range of mountains an Irish constable was wending his way. The time was midday last Christmas.

That morning information had been brought that in a lonely cabin on the mountain-side an illicit still was in full operation.

A two hours' walk brought him to his destination. Without further ado, the constable threw his weight against the door and forced an entrance. A hasty inspection convinced him that his information was correct.

In the centre of the cabin stood the still. A large cupboard attracted his attention. He threw it open. Instantly three masked men leapt upon him. Outnumbered, and attacked on all sides, the officer was speedily borne to the ground and bound hand and foot.

Furious at the discovery of their misdoings, the men now vented their rage upon the unfortunate constable. Then one tauntingly wished him a "Merry Christmas," and declared that he must drink their health.

The leader approached his victim. In his hand he held a cup, filled to the brim with proof whisky.

"Drink!" he commanded, holding the cup to the constable's lips.

The unfortunate man shook his head and closed his lips more firmly.

Filled with anger, the ruffian forced open the constable's mouth and poured the fiery liquid down his throat.

Ten minutes later, an unconscious form lay on the floor.

Slowly, Christmas Day sank into Christmas night, and midnight was drawing near when two constables stepped into the room.

The bright glare of their lanterns flashed in his face aroused the stupefied man. He stared around him vacantly. Then, very slowly, the whole of that terrible Christmas Day came back to him.

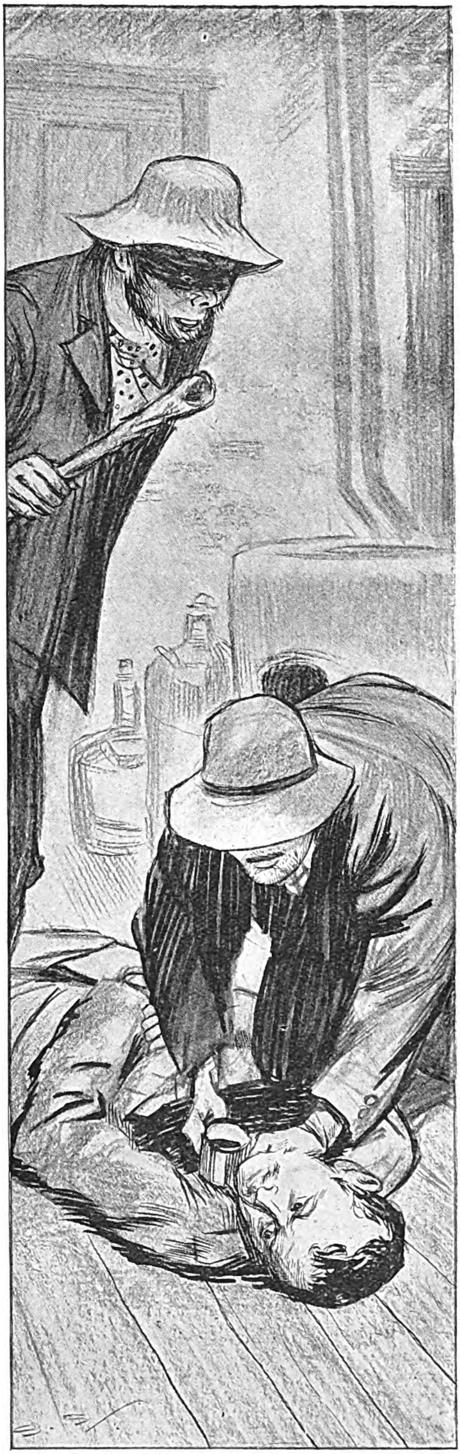
Whilst his rescuers were cutting the thongs, he began to explain what had happened. He had discovered the still. It was there behind——

The constables glanced around, then both looked at him suspiciously.

"There is no still here," one said.

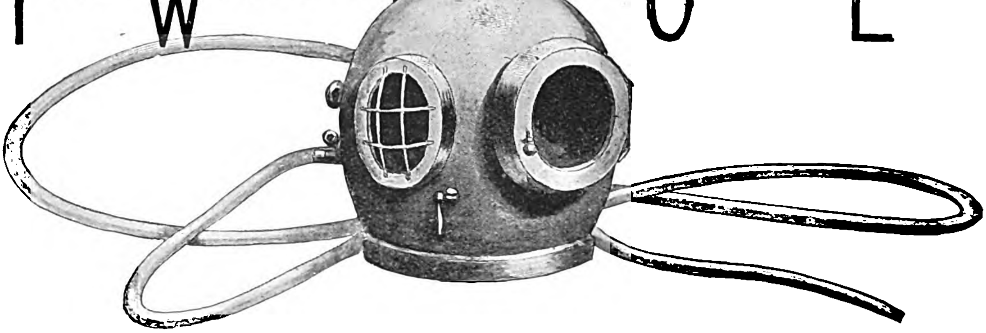
Then the whole truth dawned on the luckless constable.

The ruffians had made good their escape whilst he lay unconscious, taking with them the still and everything that was likely to give proof of what the place had once been!



"Drink!" he commanded.

THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES



No. X.—FROM THE DEEP SEA DIVER'S POINT OF VIEW.

In this Article, the Tenth of this Remarkable Series, the Diver Describes his Sensations on Descending into the Depths of the Sea, and the Weird Sights he Meets there.

By Walter Wood.

The dangerous work accomplished by the diver in recovering treasure from the sea, in raising sunken ships, in laying the foundation stones of lighthouses and breakwaters, and in countless other ways, has been frequently described. But his sensations as he slowly dons his armour-like costume, and very cautiously descends sometimes to the amazing depth of over one hundred and ninety feet, have, hitherto, never been touched upon.

In this article I intend to recount my personal experiences, and the sensations that thrilled me on descending into the depths of the sea, and to describe some of the unearthly sights that met my eyes.

The extraordinary and unattractive apparatus in which I am about to intrust myself beneath the deep waves lies conveniently at hand. All is ready. I take off my hat, my coat, and my boots, sit down, and deliver myself over completely to the "signalman," who for this occasion is my dresser. By what subtle process of reasoning do I draw a comparison between my own case and that of the condemned man who is claimed by the executioner?

There is no answer to the unbidden question, because time presses, and the signalman, silent, quick, a very expert in the delicate art of attiring those who go down to the sea in diving-suits, is holding in his hands a thick white hand-knitted woollen stocking. This, with its fellow, is drawn over my own socks and tucked-in trousers.

Then comes another pair, thicker and longer, and a third follows. It seems absurd, unnecessary, and burdensome; but this is only the beginning of things—the foundation and groundwork of the complete diving kit.

The dresser leaves the extremities and goes to the body. Over the head he draws a heavy white guernsey; over that he pulls a second, differing from the first only in weight, this being heavier; then comes a pair of drawers, succeeded by another pair, and a final crust, so to speak, of stocking—great heavy pieces of handwork such as North Sea smacksmen wear.

There is a finishing buttoning-up before the assumption of the actual diving-dress, an uncanny garment which is body, legs, and feet all in a piece, and has the singular merit of fitting equally well a man of either five feet six or six feet five. It is a wonderful suit of solid sheet india-rubber placed between specially prepared double-tanned twill, and fitted with tapering vulcanised india-rubber cuffs. These cuffs are so made that they form a watertight joint at the wrists, and before they can be mastered the hands must be well soaped.

The dress is provided with a double collar, the inner one of waterproof twill for tying round the neck, and the outer one of thick vulcanised rubber. This rubber has a dozen holes corresponding with twelve screws on the breastplate to which it is fitted.

A red woollen cap, like the flaming head-dress of the jovial brewer's drayman at a cart-horse parade, is put on, a great leather belt is fastened round my body, and I am ready for the crowning touches of the dresser's skilful hands.

Now I have reached the stage at which nervousness, if it comes at all, arises, for a breastplate is put over my shoulders and firmly clamped to the rubber top of the dress, to make it absolutely watertight. The screws are turned down by hand as far as they will go, then firmly clinched with a spanner. This breastplate is so shaped that it comfortably fits my shoulders, and gives my arms perfect freedom for work and the vitally important task of manipulating the air-valves of the helmet when under water. It is fitted with brass tabs for the support of two lead weights, one in front and one at the back.

I am being gradually sealed up, and only my head is left exposed, my hands, of course, being free and untrammelled and unprotected. At last I get, by elephantine waddling, from my dressing-room to the edge of the water, and there become seated until my fin-like feet are put into enormous boots of leather, gunmetal, wood, and lead. Each sole is of lead, and the total weight of the boot is 16lb.—32lb. for the pair. It is my pedal ballast.

The crucial moment has arrived—the time for putting on the helmet, which is the most wonderful part of this amazing kit. The helmet, like the breastplate, is made of highly planished tinned copper, with gunmetal fittings, by means of which it is connected with the breastplate, and made perfectly watertight in a second or two with only one-eighth of a turn. It has two side oval thick plate glasses in brass frames, and in front is a brass frame which is made to screw in and out. The helmet is also fitted with air-conductors from the inlet valves, which carry the air over the three glasses, and entirely prevent them from becoming condensed by the diver's breath. Consequently, they are always quite clear—a matter of the first importance for subaqueous work.

At the back of the helmet there is a gunmetal inlet valve, to which the air-pipe is connected, so ingeniously constructed that air can enter the helmet, but cannot possibly return or escape; indeed, so perfect is the contrivance that in case of accident to pump or air-pipe, the helmet will hold enough air to permit me to reach the surface safely, even from a great depth.

Two oppressive pads of lead, each weighing 40lb., are fastened to my breastplate tabs—one on my chest and one on my back, and each is secured with a cord to maintain it in position. The great life-line is put round my waist, over my belt, and this and the air-pipe are made fast in such a way that they cannot get foul of each other when I am submerged.

One thing more, and one thing only, remains to be done—that is, the screwing home of the front glass. The dresser approaches with the glass in hand, and with a dexterous turn or two he has placed it in position and turned it firmly round. It is suggestive of a dentist's triumphant frontal attack.

Again there is an unbidden, unwelcome, involuntary mental vision—this time of an undertaker and his last screw.

I am now absolutely cut off from the outside air, buried alive in a wondrous garb of the finest workmanship and most enormous strength; my outlook is through a thick glass window of small size, exactly like the porthole of a ship.

For one or two brief seconds I have a wild desire for freedom, an overwhelming foreboding of evil and disaster, a wholesome, natural, and human dread and hatred of being helplessly caged and entombed; but I have given my word that when the signal-tap on my helmet top is made by the chief diver I will descend.

The signal comes as soon as the front glass is screwed home, and simultaneously with it is a thudding sound, which is twin to my own heart-beats—longish-dull, short-sharp. It is another heart, in very truth, the pumping into the helmet of the air; and if it stops—but the thought goes as swiftly as it has come, because I know that this air-pipe which is feeding me from the pump ashore is made of the most perfect workmanship throughout, and has been already tested to a pressure of 200lb. to the square inch—infinitely more than any strain which will be put upon it because of my descent.

I recollect, too—and the thought is indescribably comforting and cheering—that Messrs. Siebe, Gorman, and Co. supply the whole of the ships of the Royal Navy, and practically the entire world of underwater operators, with diving apparatus, and that in the whole of their long record they have never lost a life through defective workmanship.

As I drag my leaden feet towards the ladder which leads into the deep sea, I look upon the world through other eyes indeed, or rather, one eye; because I am a very Polyphemus. A sense of hopeless oppression overpowers me. The clumsy boots pull me down, the huge dress is a burden, the great weights on my back and chest bend me like an old man. I feel that if I slip or trip I shall sink like a stone, and that conviction makes me clutch the rungs of the ladder with an unyielding determination not to let go until my feet have found security at each laborious stage in my descent. No sound whatever of the outside world reaches me, although many people are looking on and the air is filled with complex noises.

My weighted feet disappear in the water, and the heaviness instantly and perceptibly decreases. I go deeper, down to the waist, and find that the air from the pump is filling the dress and ballooning me out absurdly. So much is this the case that I have to begin to force myself down, and by the time my head is just below the surface I have literally to pull myself under the water—which I accomplish by putting my feet beneath, instead of on, the rungs of the ladder.

I am in my other world at last.

The waters close over my head, and I become something that is not a human being. I am in a world which is not peopled by men.

There is an all-pervading fogginess and unreality in everything I see and feel; and the general weirdness is intensified by the heart-beat of the air-pipe, which is exactly like the panting of a railway engine that is ready to start. And added to this there is a curious roar--a continuous sound of the escaping air which rushes upward from my helmet-valve.

The fogginess grows as I slowly force myself down, everything is ghostly and distorted; in spite of the thuds and the rushing air sound there is an extraordinary silence—and with it all I am most terribly alone.

Down I go into the deepening darkness, accompanied by that unearthly rush of air and thud of life from the surface. Now strange sensations come over me. There is a roaring and crackling at the ears, a fighting for breath, a panting of the lungs, and a gasping for the outer free and open air; for as a fish does in my own element so I seem to do in his. It is the inevitable result of the pressure of the water upon me. I pause in my descent, make pretence of swallowing, as I have been instructed to do, and slowly climb a rung or two of the ladder.

The oppression vanishes, so, too, do my ballooning tendencies after I have given the valve the merest turn, to allow the excess air to escape. I am able to continue my descent, and at last my ponderous footgear touches the ground which I cannot see—and scarcely feel.

How amazing the sensation is! I expect to walk solidly and easily, with so much weight upon me, and yet I have actually to struggle to keep on my feet at all! I feel for all the world like a child who is being taught to walk must feel—as if two ropes were under my arms, and I am allowed only to touch the ground lightly and buoyantly.

I am in a subaqueous world, and it is as if I had been suddenly given the power of walking in air—but thick opaque air like a dense North Sea fog when I am near the surface, and a black fog when I am on the sea bed.

My field of vision is very limited, and every object is distorted and unreal. There is only my front glass to look through, and the range is very short. To see anything at all well I have to peer through my great eye, and go quite close to the object; then it stands out with astonishing and abrupt distinctness.

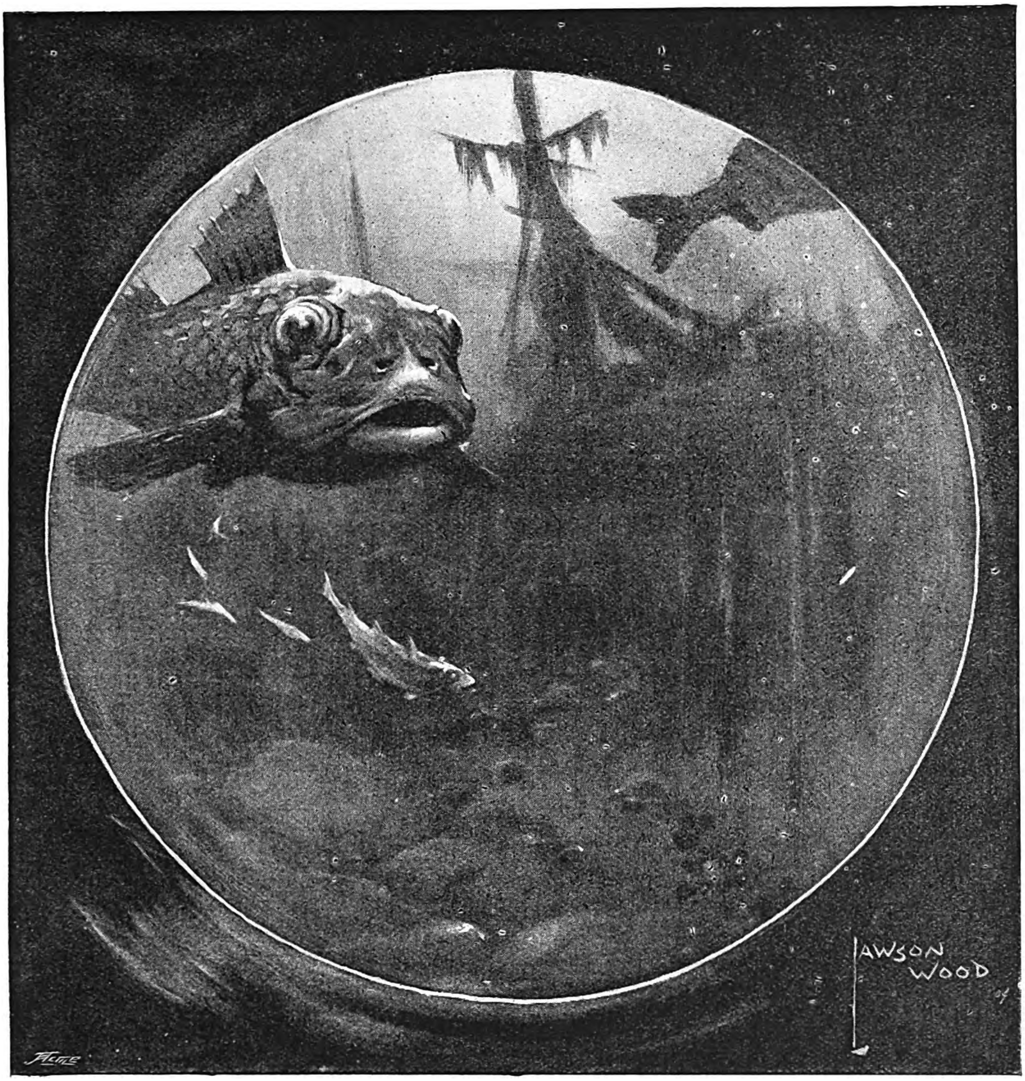
This is specially the case with writing on a slate, a performance which is easy, provided the water is not too cold for the hands to hold the slate and pencil. Such is a convenient mode of conversation, but if I want to speak with a fellow diver I place my helmet against his and the words are carried through the adjoining metals.

If I wish to converse with my fellow creatures on the earth I can do it by means of signals on my life-line, if I am using the older form of diving-dress, or by means of a telephone if I am rigged up in the newest suit which Mr. Gorman has invented.

Fishes, bulgy-eyed, ghost-like, float past, seemingly in thick air, crabs, grey, unwholesome, cling to a barnacled mass, and feed their fill; mussels cluster about, and strange mysterious submarine growths, of which I know nothing, are flourishing in the gloomy depths.

But of big, fierce fishes, the monsters of the deep of which imagination tells us, I see nothing, even if I were in the right location for them. It is a peculiarity of the diver's work that the large and rarer marine monsters, such as sharks, do not, as a rule, come near or trouble him, because the air-bubbles from the helmet scare them off. It is the small fry, humanly foolish and inquisitive, which swim up and reconnoitre with uncomprehending stare.

Very soon the depth below me would mean total darkness, but a powerful electric lamp, with two bull's-eyes, illumines the surrounding water with a curiously pink light. Work with knife or other tool is easy,



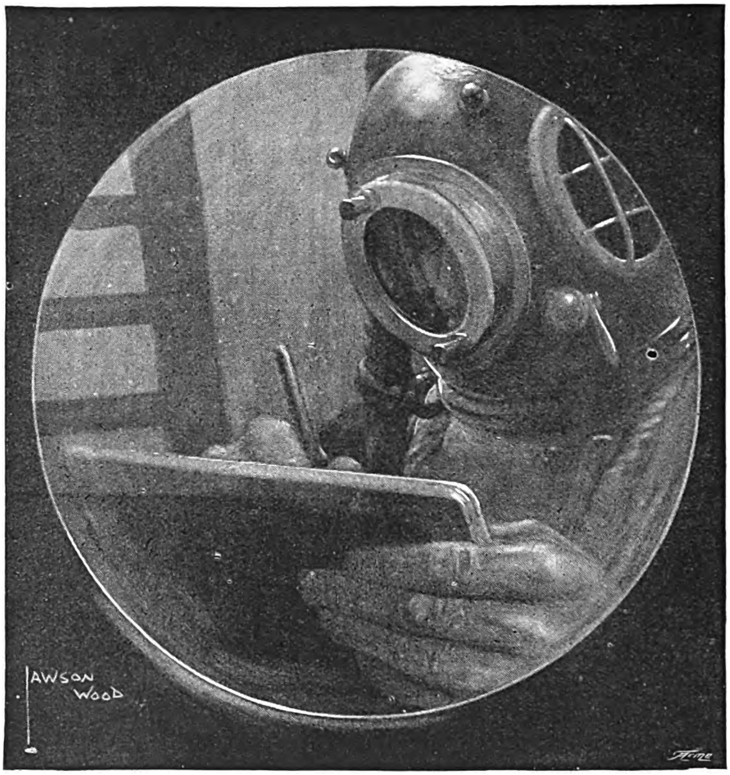
This picture shows the exact size of the eye, or porthole, of a diver's helmet.. As the diver looks through, he sees many fish, bulgy-eyed and ghost-like, float by. Before him, suffused in a deep-green haze, he discerns the ocean bed, and the seaweed-clad shrouds and hull of a sunken ship.

but the strokes of the arm and grip of the hand lose strangely in strength because of the buoyancy of the water.

I see a brain-grey object in a mass of barnacles. I seize it, and my grasp seems to be that of an infant. My hand closes more firmly on it, and I try to pull it down, with the result that I am swung off my feet and begin to float to the surface. I plunge my hands into the mass of barnacles, and force myself down to the bed of the sea again and walk slowly on, my course being clearly traced on the surface of the water by the bubbles which burst incessantly from the uprush of air.

The sea-bed is invisible, and it is treacherous and uneven. I grope my way along it, sometimes stumbling absurdly against a stone or dipping into a little sandy hollow. And always my great cold eye is looking downward.

Suddenly I am brought up by a slimy barrier of stone which reveals the opening of a dock sluice, a gloomy entrance that is like the maw of a colossal submarine monster which is greedy to swallow me. I stumble into the mouth, and am confronted by an appalling darkness, for this is an under-water tunnel, full of water, fit entrance to caverns



Through the thick glass peep-hole in his helmet the diver notices his comrade writing upon a slate. Communications between divers are mainly made in this fashion, as the roar of air, rushing into the helmet, precludes all sound. On his left the diver sees the ladder by which he descended to the sea-bed.

that might be measureless to man and lead down to a sunless sea.

A warning and restraining hand is placed upon my own and my guardian chief diver—hero of a descent of 192 feet—steers me back to comparative light and perfect safety. Later I learn that tunnels such as this are not beloved of even experienced divers, from which I deduce that foolish novices stumble in where veterans would rather not penetrate.

Now comes a devil-may-care sensation arising from a sense of growing confidence, and the exhilarating influence of the champagney air which the never ceasing pump is sending down from above. I know that the signalman, too, incessantly watches the air-bubbles and the air-pipe, and holds in his hand the life-line with which, if I care to signal that anything is amiss, I can be hauled speedily to the surface.

"Lie down," writes the chief diver on the slate. "Like me," he adds encouragingly, still with his pencil; and inasmuch as he curls up and settles as comfortably as if he were turning in between blankets, I essay the like achievement, and instantly begin to balloon to the surface, feet first. I clutch a little ledge of rock, and the chief diver lays a restraining arm upon me. These performances, with the ever-present hundredweight of lead with which I am ballasted, enable me clumsily to lie upon the sea-bed and look through my cold glass eye towards the heaven which I cannot see, but which is indicated by a deadly watery greenness.

And as I lie the confidence departs, and I feel, or imagine I feel, the oppression of the enormous weight of water above me. I feel as if I am buried alive in a monstrous mould of green glass. Suppose the air supply fails, suppose I cannot rise, suppose my life-line, which looks strangely festooned like the folds of an encircling serpent, becomes hopelessly entangled; suppose the mud and stones and slime and sand of the sea-bed hold me in a grip that will not relax until too late—these and other vague and unnumbered fears flash through my mind; but they vanish when I resume perpendicularity and grope towards the ladder which leads back to the world above.

Very slowly I ascend, more slowly as I reach the top because of the growing heaviness upon me.

When I am actually clear of the water I find that I can do nothing but stand on a rung and grip the sides of the ladder, for now I am the sole support of the leaden weights, the huge boots, and the heavy diving kit.

At last, with help, I get on land, and instantly, led by some kind and invisible hand, sink, bowed down, on the apparatus chest, which has been placed as a seat. Immediately the weights are removed, and my head and shoulders spring upright; a dexterous turn is given, and my helmet is removed. Involuntarily I take a huge, deep, glorious draught of the fresh breeze which comes in salt-laden from the Channel.

I have been glad to descend into the depths, but my feelings, now that I have emerged, are of exultation and thankfulness. It seems an eternity since I was sealed up and screwed up, and began to sink myself, and yet I learn that my submarine trip has not exceeded half-an-hour.

Equipped in the manner I have described, I can do any of the work which comes within a diver's province to accomplish. I can go deeply down—no man has yet got beyond a depth of 204 feet—but the deeper I go the shorter is my stay, for the pressure of the water is so great that the human frame cannot withstand it. At an excessive depth a few minutes only can be endured; but at an average working depth I can remain under water for the diver's full shift of four hours.

During that period I can repair a ship below the water-line, I can lay an explosive charge for rock blasting, I can put blocks in position for harbour or breakwater work, and carry out a hundred different forms of submarine engineering; or I can recover cargo from a sunken wreck—often enough I can, with my fellow divers, raise the wreck itself, and heaven knows what relics of pitiful tragedies with it!

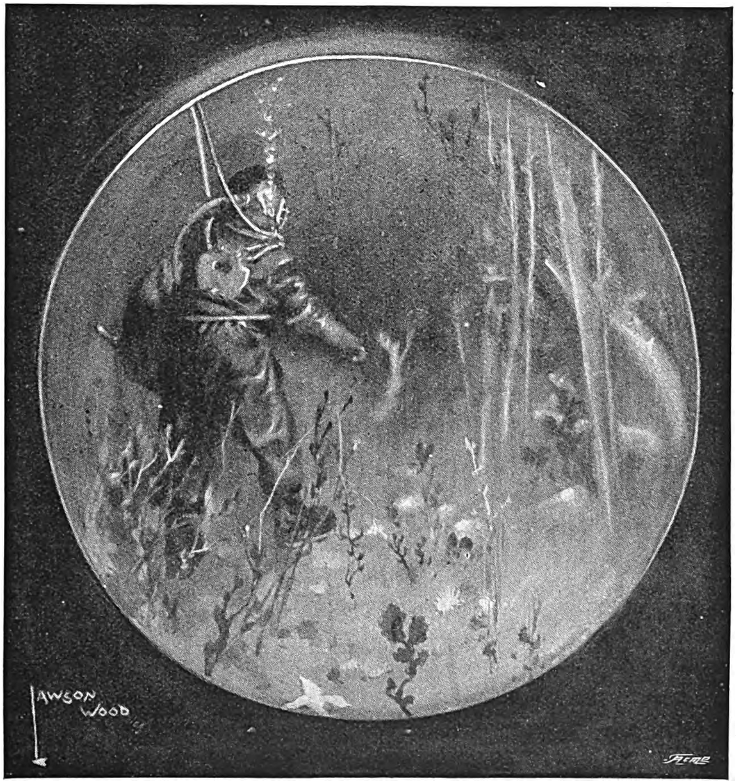
No work which the diver does is more dangerous, more nerve-destroying, and more terrible than that which is concerned with sunken wrecks.

I will pull myself together and descend to the silent gloom in which a one-time floating palace lies embedded in the sand, hard by a reef on which she struck. I am not alone—for such a task as this I shrink from solitude. A chief diver is with me, a man of iron nerve and constitution. The object to be reached is a sunken mail-boat, a fine specimen of the shipbuilder's skill, a work which was produced regardless of cost. Foggy weather and deviation from her course brought her on to the reef and insured her speedy doom. Save for a few passengers and members of her crew, who got clear of her before she foundered, she went down with all hands and cargo.

She lies, broken-backed, with a huge rent in the hull and so badly damaged that it would be waste of time and money to attempt to salve her. But she carried with her a quarter of a million sterling in gold and silver, and it is to recover this precious metal that we are going below.

The descent begins. Above our heads the sky is gloriously blue, flecked with white clouds; the sea is clear and calm. Away on the horizon is the smoke of a steamer—sister ship to the sunken wreck, and carrying laughing, merry, careless passengers to the East.

None of their eyes are turned towards us, but on the bridge, behind the weather-cloth,



To the diver this is the appearance that his comrade presents. As he moves along the bottom of the sea, he seems to be walking in a fairy forest. From the valve in the helmet the air escapes in fast bubbles that rise to the surface and show the men above, working at the pumps, the precise movements of their submerged comrade.

the officer of the watch is levelling a pair of glasses in our direction, and a hard smile is on his face as he looks below at some of the not overwise passengers who sprawl on the deck.

We go over the stern of a lighter, on which the air-pump and the assistants are stationed, and from which a rope-ladder with iron rounds runs down to the sea-bed exactly alongside the wreck. From the ladder we climb slowly on to the deck, heeling and slippery, and already covered with barnacles and slimy weeds. It is a terrible and depressing spectacle, this lifeless ship at rest in the deep green gloom of the ocean.

We make our way along the silent deck, still slowly, and enter the main saloon—but not beyond the door—for there are forms assembled which appal the stoutest hearts, figures in sleeping garments who have been roused from rest by the crash and grind of the collision, and have reached the exit just as the ship has sunk. We turn back from these portals of death and go past state-rooms into whose intense darkness we do not penetrate, for very dread of the awful sights which will confront us.

The specie-room is amidships, dark even when the steamer was afloat, and only explorable now because of our perfect diving apparatus — an apparatus which includes a telephone running through the life-line, from the helmet, and an electric lamp in the centre of the breastplate.

The friendly light of the lamp suffuses the room and shows the ghostly outlines of the treasure-boxes. One is got clear and pulled away, not a hard task, because of the buoyancy of the water; a rope is made fast round it, the box is got out of the room and swung free of the wreck, and from the helmet goes the message that all is ready. Then the box is hauled up to the surface and taken on board the lighter. Box after box ascends, until the whole of the treasure has been recovered, after many dives and many days.

The weather is fine, the tides and currents are not unfavourable, and the work generally is such that two descents a day, of nearly four hours each, can be made. Nor are the operations disturbed, since our only companions are the silent sleepers who will not wake, and the incurious fish.

The treasure-room is cleared at last and the final box of bullion safely put ashore. But our work is not yet finished. One more thing remains to be accomplished, and that is, the destruction of the wreck. She is beyond hope of repair, even if she were raised, and so our farewell dives are for the purpose of laying charges of dynamite in and about her. At the appointed time, when we have finally ascended and all is clear of the area of danger, the charges are exploded.

There is a long dull roar, a tremendous upheaval of the sea, a great cloud of *débris* and stunned and dead and dying fish, and a settling of the waters. The dynamite has done its work, and the once proud mail-boat is a heap of scattered metal on the sea-bed.

NOTE.—I desire to acknowledge my great indebtedness to Messrs. Siebe, Gorman, and Company, submarine engineers, of Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., for their ready help in affording the artist and myself the means of getting the actual diving experience on which the foregoing article and illustrations are based, and particularly to their manager, Mr. R. H. Davis, for furnishing us with some of the firm's most perfect diving apparatus and the friendly help of a chief diver — E. A. Rayfield — with a skilful signalman and assistants.—W. W.

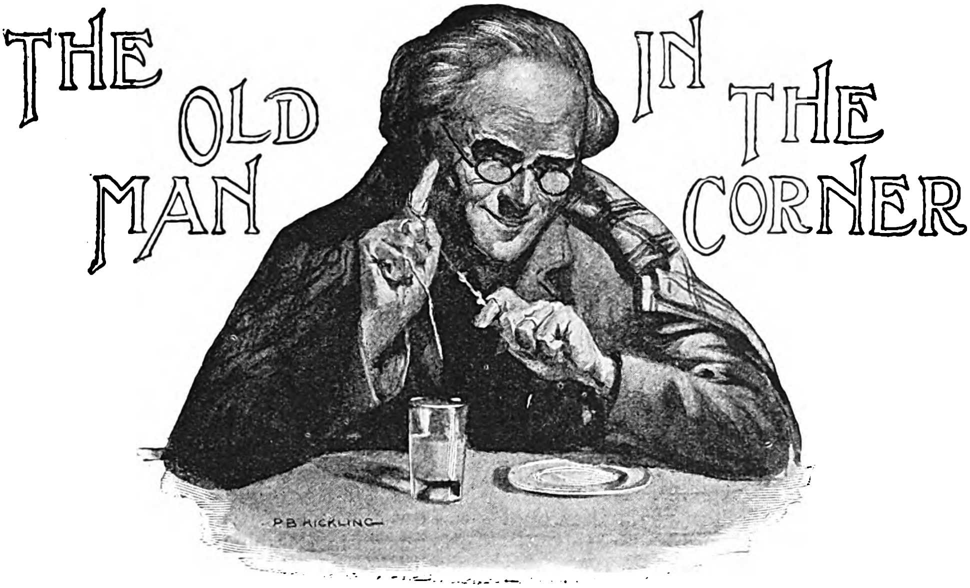
Photo by W. & D. Downey

MISS OLIVE CHRISTIAN MALVERY.

. . READ . .

"The Heart of Things,"

A thrilling series of Articles . now running in . PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, in which Miss Olive Christian Malvery, the well-known lecturer and reciter, describes her experiences whilst living among the poor and destitute of London. She has slept on the Embankment, worked in factories, and peddled matches in the street, and her narrative is full of human interest.


THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER
P.B. HICKLING

IX.—THE DISAPPEARANCE OF COUNT COLLINI.

By The Baroness Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who explains the mystery to—
The Lady Journalist	Who re-tells it to the Royal readers.
Alice Checkfield	Heiress to £80,000.
Mrs. Brackenbury	Her friend.
Reginald Turnour	Alice Checkfield's guardian.
Hubert Turnour	His young brother.
Count Collini...	An Italian nobleman.
R. W. Stanford	A solicitor.
Inspector Macpherson	A detective.

CHAPTER I.

He was very argumentative that morning; whatever I said he invariably contradicted flatly and at once, and we both had finally succeeded in losing our temper.

The man in the corner was riding one of his favourite hobby-horses.

"It is *impossible* for any person to completely disappear in a civilised country," he said emphatically, "provided that person has either friends or enemies of means and substance, who are interested in finding his or her whereabouts."

"Impossible is a sweeping word," I rejoined.

"None too big for the argument," he concluded, as he surveyed with evident pride and pleasure a gigantic and complicated knot, which his bony fingers had just fashioned.

"I think that, nevertheless, you should not use it," I said placidly. "It is not *impossible*, though it may be very difficult to disappear without leaving the slightest clue or trace behind you."

"Prove it," he said, with a snap of his thin lips.

"I can, quite easily."

"Now I know what is going on in your mind," said the uncanny creature, "you are thinking of that case last autumn."

"Well, I was," I admitted. "And you cannot deny that Count Collini has disappeared as effectually as if the sea had swallowed him up . . . many people think it did."

"Many idiots, you mean," he rejoined drily. "Yes, I knew you would quote that case. It certainly was a curious one, all the more so, perhaps, as there was no inquest, no sensational police court proceedings, nothing dramatic in fact, save that strange and wonderful disappearance.

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"I don't know if you call to mind the whole plot of that weird drama. There was Thomas Checkfield, a retired biscuit baker of Reading, who died leaving a comfortable fortune, mostly invested in freehold property, and amounting to about £80,000, to his only child, Alice.

"At the time of her father's death Alice Checkfield was just eighteen, and at school in Switzerland, where she had spent most of her life. Old Checkfield had been a widower ever since the birth of his daughter, and seems to have led a very lonely and eccentric life; leaving the girl at school abroad for years, only going very occasionally to see her, and seemingly having but little affection for her.

"The girl herself had not been home in England since she was eight years old, and even when old Checkfield was dying he would not allow the girl to be apprised of his impending death, and to be brought home to a house of loneliness and mourning.

"'What's the good of upsetting a young girl, not eighteen,' he said to his friend Mr. Turnour, 'by letting her see all the sad paraphernalia of death? She hasn't seen much of her old father anyway, and will soon get over her loss, with young company round her, to help her bear up.'

"But though Thomas Checkfield cared little enough for his daughter, when he died he left his entire fortune to her, amounting altogether to £80,000; and he appointed his friend Reginald Turnour to be her trustee and guardian until her marriage or until she should attain her majority.

"It was generally understood that the words 'until her marriage' were put in because it had all along been arranged that Alice should marry Hubert Turnour, Reginald's younger brother.

"Hubert was old Checkfield's godson, and if the old man had any affection for anybody, it certainly was for Hubert. The latter had been a great deal in his godfather's house, when he and Alice were both small children, and had called each other 'hubby' and 'wifey' in play, when they were still in the nursery. Later on, whenever old Checkfield went abroad to see his daughter, he always took Hubert with him, and a boy and girl flirtation sprang up between the two young people; a flirtation which had old Checkfield's complete approval, and no doubt he looked upon their marriage as a *fait accompli*, merely desiring the elder Mr. Turnour to administer the girl's fortune until then.

"Hubert Turnour, at the time of the subsequent tragedy, was a good-looking young fellow, and by profession, what is vaguely known as a 'commission agent.' He lived in London, where he had an office in a huge block of buildings close to Cannon Street Station.

"There is no doubt that at the time of old Checkfield's death, Alice looked upon herself as the young man's *fiancée*. When the girl reached her nineteenth year, it was at last decided that she should leave school and come to England. The question as to what should be done with her until her majority, or until she married Hubert, was a great puzzle to Mr. Turnour. He was a bachelor, who lived in comfortable furnished rooms in Reading, and he did not at all relish the idea of starting housekeeping for the sake of his young ward, whom he had not seen since she was out of the nursery, and whom he looked upon as an intolerable nuisance.

"Fortunately for him this vexed question was most satisfactorily and unexpectedly settled by Alice herself. She wrote to her guardian, from Geneva, that a Mrs. Brackenbury, the mother of her dearest schoolfellow, had asked her to come and live with them, at any rate for a time, as this would be a more becoming arrangement than that of a young girl sharing a bachelor's establishment.

"Mr. Turnour seems to have hesitated for some time: he was a conscientious sort of man, who took his duties of guardianship very seriously. What ultimately decided him, however, was that his brother Hubert added the weight of his eloquent letters of appeal to those of Alice herself. Hubert naturally was delighted at the idea of having his rich *fiancée* under his eye in London, and after a good deal of correspondence, Mr. Turnour finally gave his consent, and Alice Checkfield duly arrived from Switzerland in order to make a prolonged stay in Mrs. Brackenbury's house."

CHAPTER II.

"All seems to have gone on happily and smoothly for a time in Mrs. Brackenbury's pretty house in Kensington," continued the man in the corner. "Hubert Turnour was a constant visitor there, and the two young people seem to have had all the freedom of an engaged couple.

"Alice Checkfield was in no sense of the word an attractive girl; she was not good-looking and no effort on Mrs. Brackenbury's part could succeed in making her look stylish. Still, Hubert Turnour seemed quite satisfied, and the girl herself ready enough at first to continue the boy and girl flirtation as of old.

"Soon, however, as time went on, things began to change. Now that Alice had become mistress of a comfortable fortune, there were plenty of people ready to persuade her that a 'commission agent,' with but vague business prospects, was not half good enough for her, and that her £80,000 entitled her to more ambitious matrimonial hopes. Needless to say that in these counsels Mrs. Brackenbury was very much to the fore.

"She lived in Kensington, and had social ambitions, foremost among which was to see her daughter's bosom friend married to, at least, a baronet, if not a peer.

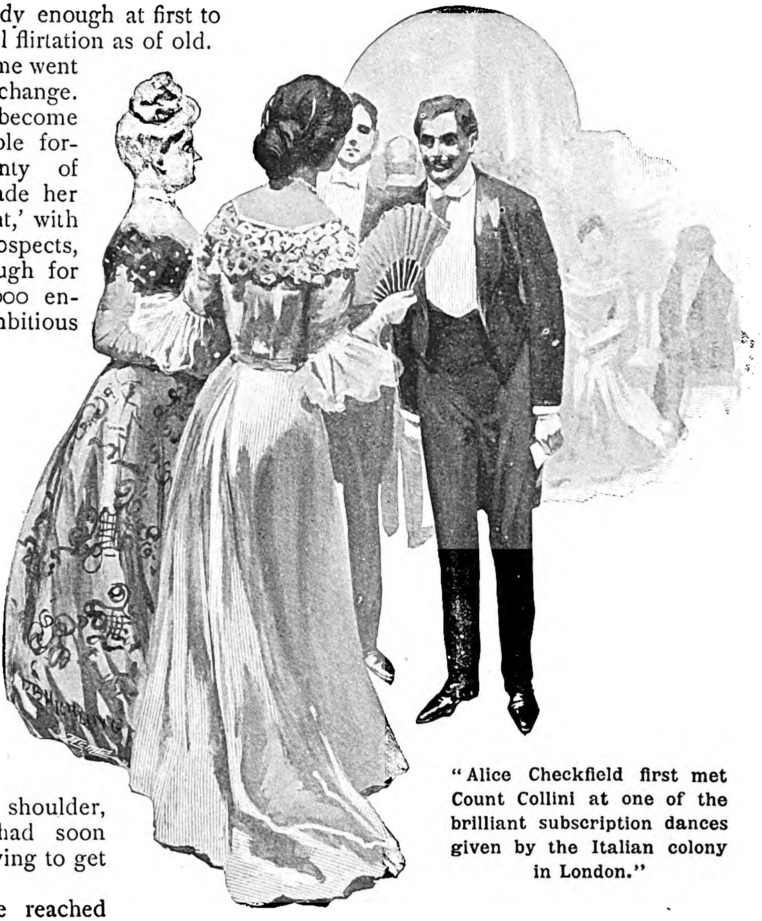
"A young girl's head is quickly turned. Within six months of her stay in London, Alice was giving Hubert Turnour the cold shoulder, and the young man had soon realised that she was trying to get out of her engagement.

"Scarcely had Alice reached her twentieth birthday, than she gave her erstwhile *fiancé* his formal *congé*.

"At first Hubert seems to have taken his discomfiture very much to heart. £80,000 were not likely to come his way again in a hurry. According to Mrs. Brackenbury's servants, there were one or two violent scenes between him and Alice, until finally Mrs. Brackenbury herself was forced to ask the young man to discontinue his visits.

"It was soon after that that Alice Checkfield first met Count Collini at one of the brilliant subscription dances given by the Italian colony in London, the winter before last. Mrs. Brackenbury was charmed with him, Alice Checkfield was enchanted! The Count, having danced with Alice half the evening, was allowed to pay his respects at the house in Kensington.

"He seemed to be extremely well off, for he was staying at the Carlton, and, after one or two calls on Mrs. Brackenbury, he began taking the ladies to theatres and concerts, always presenting them with the choicest and most expensive flowers, and paying them various other equally costly attentions.



"Alice Checkfield first met Count Collini at one of the brilliant subscription dances given by the Italian colony in London."

Mrs. and Miss Brackenbury welcomed the Count with open arms (figuratively speaking). Alice was shy, but apparently over head and ears in love at first sight.

"At first Mrs. Brackenbury did her best to keep this new acquaintanceship a secret from Hubert Turnour. I suppose that the old matchmaker feared another unpleasant scene. But the inevitable soon happened. Hubert, contrite, perhaps still hopeful, called at the house one day, when the Count was there, and according to the story subsequently told by Miss Brackenbury herself, there was a violent scene between him and Alice. As soon as the fascinating foreigner had gone Hubert reproached his *fiancée* for her fickleness in no measured language, and there was a good deal of evidence to prove that he then and there swore to be even with the man who had supplanted him in her affections. There was nothing to do then but for Mrs. Brackenbury to 'burn her boats.' She peremptorily ordered Hubert out of her house, and admitted that Count Collini was a suitor, favoured by herself, for the hand of Alice Checkfield.

"You see, I am bound to give you all these details of the situation," continued the man in the corner, with his bland smile, "so that you may better form a judgment as to the subsequent fate of Count Collini. From the description which Mrs. Brackenbury herself subsequently gave to the police, the Count was then in the prime of life; of a dark olive complexion, dark eyes, extremely black hair and moustache. He had a very slight limp, owing to an accident he had had in early youth, which made his walk and general carriage unusual and distinctly noticeable. His was certainly not a personality that could pass unperceived in a crowd.

"Hubert Turnour, furious and heartsick, wrote letter after letter to his brother, to ask him to interfere on his behalf; this Mr. Turnour did, to the best of his ability, but he had to deal with an ambitious matchmaker and with a girl in love, and it is small wonder that he signally failed. Alice Checkfield by now had become deeply enamoured of her Count, his gallantries flattered her vanity, his title and the accounts he gave of his riches and his estates in Italy fascinated her, and she declared that she would marry him, either with or without her guardian's consent, either at once, or as soon as she had attained her majority, and was mistress of herself and of her fortune.

"Mr. Turnour did all he could to prevent this absurd marriage. Being a sensible, middle-class Britisher, he had no respect for foreign titles and little belief in foreign wealth. He wrote the most urgent letters to Alice warning her against a man whom he firmly believed to be an impostor: finally, he flatly refused to give his consent to the marriage.

"Thus a few months went by. The Count had been away in Italy all through the winter and spring, and returned to London for the season, apparently more enamoured with the Reading biscuit baker's daughter than ever. Alice Checkfield was then within nine months of her twenty-first birthday, and determined to marry the Count. She openly defied her guardian.

"'Nothing,' she wrote to him, 'would ever induce me to marry Hubert.'

"I suppose it was this which finally induced Mr. Turnour to give up all opposition to the marriage. Seeing that his brother's chances were absolutely nil, and that Alice was within nine months of her majority, he no doubt thought all further argument useless, and with great reluctance finally gave his consent.

"The marriage, owing to the difference of religion, was to be performed before a registrar, and was finally fixed to take place on October 22nd, 1903, which was just a week after Alice's twenty-first birthday.

"Of course, the question of Alice's fortune immediately cropped up: she desired her money in cash, as her husband was taking her over to live in Italy, where she desired to make all further investments. She, therefore, asked Mr. Turnour to dispose of her freehold property for her. There again, Mr. Turnour hesitated, and argued, but once he had given his consent to the marriage, all opposition was useless, more especially as Mrs. Brackenbury's solicitors had drawn up a very satisfactory marriage settlement, which the Count himself had suggested, by which Alice was to retain sole use and control of her own private fortune.

"The marriage was then duly performed before a registrar on that 22nd of October, and Alice Checkfield could henceforth style herself Countess Collini. The young couple were to start for Italy almost directly, but meant to spend a day or two at Dover quietly together. There were, however, one or two tiresome legal formalities to go through. Mr. Turnour had, by Alice's desire, handed over the sum of £80,000 in notes to her solicitor, Mr. R. W. Stanford. Mr. Stanford had gone down to Reading two days before the marriage, had received the money from Mr. Turnour, and then called upon the new Countess, and formally handed her over her fortune in Bank of England notes.

"Then it was necessary, in view of immediate and future arrangements, to change the English money into foreign, which the Count and his young wife did themselves that afternoon.

"At five o'clock p.m. they started for Dover, accompanied by Mrs. Brackenbury, who desired to see the last of her young friend, prior to the latter's departure for abroad. The Count had engaged a magnificent suite of rooms at the Lord Warden Hotel, and thither the party proceeded.

"So far, you see," added the man in the corner, "the story is of the utmost simplicity. You might even call it common-place. A foreign count, an ambitious matchmaker, and a credulous girl; these form the ingredients of many a domestic drama, that culminates at the police courts. But at this point this particular drama becomes more complicated, and, if you remember, ends in one of the strangest mysteries that has ever baffled the detective forces on both sides of the Channel."

CHAPTER III.

The man in the corner paused in his narrative. I could see that he was coming to the palpitating part of the story, for his fingers fidgeted incessantly with that bit of string.

"Hubert Turnour, as you may imagine," he continued after a while, "did not take his final discomfiture very quietly. He was a very violent tempered young man, and it was certainly enough to make anyone cross. According to Mrs. Brackenbury's servants he used most threatening language in reference to Count Collini; and on one occasion was with difficulty prevented from personally assaulting the Count in the hall of Mrs. Brackenbury's pretty Kensington house.

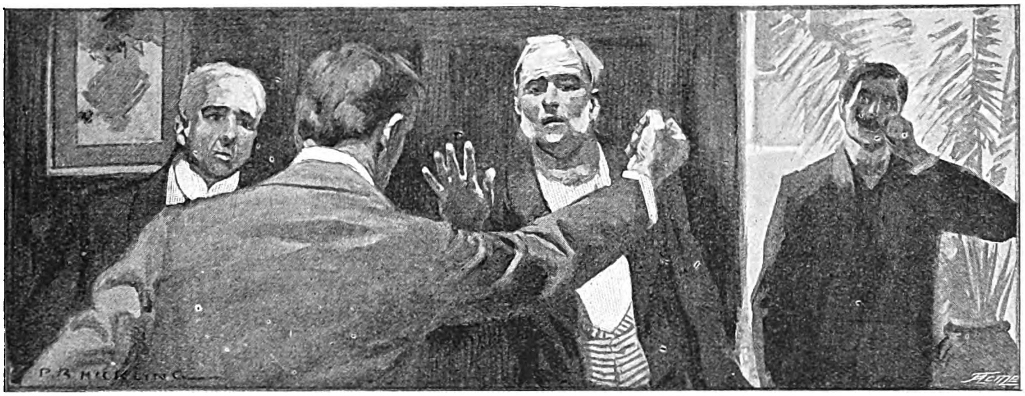
"Count Collini finally had to threaten Hubert Turnour with the police court: this seemed to have calmed the young man's nerves somewhat, for he kept quite quiet after that, ceased to call on Mrs. Brackenbury, and subsequently sent the future countess a wedding present.

"When the Count and Countess Collini, accompanied by Mrs. Brackenbury, arrived at the Lord Warden, Alice found a letter awaiting her there. It was from Hubert Turnour. In it he begged her forgiveness for all the annoyance he had caused her, hoped that she would always look upon him as a friend, and finally expressed a strong desire to see her once more before her departure for abroad, saying that he would be in Dover either this same day or the next, and would give himself the pleasure of calling upon her and her husband.

"Effectively at about eight o'clock, when the wedding party was just sitting down to dinner, Hubert Turnour was announced. Everyone was most cordial to him, agreeing to let bygones be bygones: the Count, especially, was most genial and pleasant towards his former rival, and insisted upon his staying and dining with them.

"Later on in the evening, Hubert Turnour took an affectionate leave of the ladies, Count Collini offering to walk back with him to the Grand Hotel, where he was staying. The two men went out together, and . . . well! you know the rest!—for that was the last the young Countess Collini ever saw of her husband. He disappeared as effectually, as completely, as if the sea had swallowed him up.

"'And so it had,' say the public," continued the man in the corner after a slight pause, "that delicious, short-sighted, irresponsible public is wondering, to this day, why Hubert Turnour was not hung for the murder of that Count Collini."



"He used most threatening language . . . . and on one occasion was with difficulty restrained from personally assaulting the Count."

"Well! and why wasn't he?" I retorted.

"For the very simple reason," he replied, "that in this country you cannot hang a man for murder unless there is proof positive that a murder has been committed. Now, there was absolutely no proof that the Count was murdered at all. What happened was this: The Countess Collini and Mrs. Brackenbury became anxious as time went on and the Count did not return. One o'clock, then two in the morning, and their anxiety became positive alarm. At last, as Alice was verging on hysterics, Mrs. Brackenbury, in spite of the lateness of the hour, went round to the police station.

"It was, of course, too late to do anything in the middle of the night; the constable on duty tried to re-assure the unfortunate lady, and promised to send word round to the Lord Warden at the earliest possible opportunity in the morning.

"Mrs. Brackenbury went back with a heavy heart. No doubt Mr. Turnour's sensible letters from Reading recurred to her mind. She had already ascertained from the distracted bride that the Count had taken the strange precaution to keep in his own pocketbook the £80,000, now converted into French and Italian banknotes, and Mrs. Brackenbury feared not so much that he had met with some accident, but that he had absconded with the whole of his girl wife's fortune.

"The next morning brought but scanty news. No one answering to the Count's description had met with an accident during the night, or been conveyed to a hospital, and no one answering his description had crossed over to Calais or Ostend by the night boats. Moreover, Hubert Turnour, who presumably had last been in Count Collini's company, had left Dover for town by the boat train at 1.50 a.m.

"Then the search began in earnest after the missing man, and primarily Hubert Turnour was subjected to the closest and most searching cross-examination, by one of the most able men on our detective staff, Inspector Macpherson.

"Hubert Turnour's story was briefly this: He had strolled about on the parade with Count Collini for awhile. It was a very blustery night, the wind blowing a regular gale, and the sea was rolling gigantic waves, which looked magnificent, as there was brilliant moonlight. 'Soon after ten o'clock,' he continued, 'the Count and I went back to the Grand Hotel, and we had whiskies and sodas up in my room, and a bit of a chat until past eleven o'clock. Then he said good-night and went off.'

"'You saw him down to the hall, of course?' asked the detective.

"'No, I did not,' replied Hubert Turnour, 'I had a few letters to write, and meant to catch the 1.50 a.m. back to town.'

"'How long were you in Dover altogether?' asked Macpherson carelessly.

"'Only a few hours. I came down in the afternoon.'

"'Strange, is it not, that you should have taken a room with a private sitting-room, at an expensive hotel just for those few hours?'

"'Not at all. I originally meant to stay longer. And my expenses are nobody's business, I take it,' replied Hubert Turnour, with some show of temper. 'Anyway,' he added impatiently, after a while, 'if you choose to disbelieve me, you can make inquiries at the hotel, and ascertain if I have told the truth.'

"Undoubtedly he had spoken the truth; at any rate to that extent. Inquiries at the Grand Hotel went to prove that he had arrived there in the early part of the afternoon, had engaged a couple of rooms, and then gone out. Soon after ten o'clock in the evening he came in, accompanied by a gentleman, whose description, as given by three witnesses, *employés* of the hotel, who saw him, corresponded exactly with that of the Count.

"Together the two gentlemen went up to Mr. Hubert Turnour's rooms, and at half-past ten they ordered whisky to be taken up to them. But at this point all trace of Count Collini had completely vanished. The passengers arriving by the 10.49 boat train and who had elected to spend the night in Dover, owing to the gale, had crowded up and filled the hall.

"No one saw Count Collini leave the Grand Hotel. But Mr. Hubert Turnour came down into the hall at about half-past eleven. He said he would be leaving by the 1.50 a.m. boat train for town, but would walk round to the station as he only had a small bag with him. He paid his account, then waited in the coffee-room until it was time to go.

"And there the matter has remained. Mrs. Brackenbury has spent half her own fortune in trying to trace the missing man. She has remained perfectly convinced that he slipped across the Channel, taking Alice Checkfield's money with him. But, as you know, at all ports of call on the South Coast, detectives are perpetually on the watch. The Count was a man of peculiar appearance, and there is no doubt that no one answering to his description crossed over to France or Belgium that night. By the following morning the detectives on both sides of the Channel were on the alert. There is no disguise that would have held good. If the Count had tried to cross over, he would have been spotted either on board or on landing; and we may take it as an absolute and positive certainty that he did not cross the Channel.

"He remained in England, but in that case, where is he? You would be the first to admit that, with the whole of our detective staff at his heels, it seems incredible that a man of the Count's singular appearance could hide himself so completely as to baffle detection. Moreover, the question at once arises, that if he did not cross over to France or Belgium, what in the world did he do with the money? What was the use of disappearing and living the life of a hunted beast hiding for his life, with £80,000 worth of foreign money, which was practically useless to him?

"Now, I told you, from the first," concluded the man in the corner, with a dry chuckle, "that this strange episode contained no sensational incident, nor dramatic inquest or criminal procedure. Merely the complete, total disappearance, one may almost call it extinction, of a striking-looking man, in the midst of our vaunted civilisation, and in spite of the untiring energy and constant watch of a whole staff of able men."

[*Here the reader should endeavour to solve the mystery for himself.—Ed.*]

CHAPTER IV.

"Very well, then," I retorted in triumph, "that proves that Hubert Turnour murdered Count Collini out of revenge, not for greed of money, and probably threw the body of his victim, together with the foreign banknotes, into the sea."

"But where? When? How?" he asked, smiling good-humouredly at me over his great bone-rimmed spectacles.

"Ah! that I don't know."

"No, I thought not," he rejoined placidly. "You had, I think, forgotten one incident, namely, that Hubert Turnour, accompanied by the Count, was in the former's room at the Grand Hotel drinking whisky at half-past ten o'clock. You must admit that, even though the hall of the hotel was very crowded later on, a man would nevertheless find it somewhat difficult to convey the body of his murdered enemy through a whole concourse of people."

"He did not murder the Count in the hotel," I argued. "The two men walked out again, when the hall was crowded, and they passed unnoticed. Hubert Turnour led the Count to a lonely part of the cliffs, then threw him into the sea."

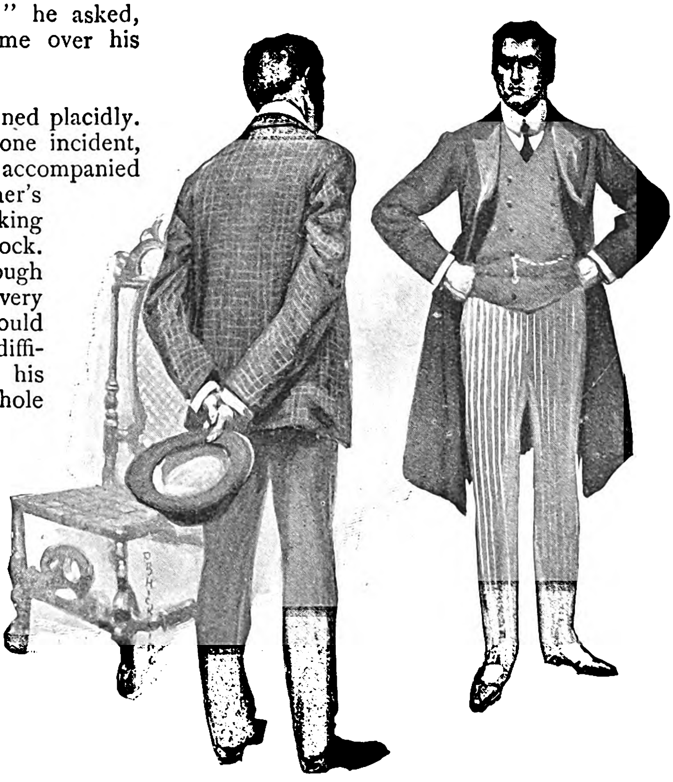
"The nearest point at which the cliffs might be called 'lonely' for purposes of a murder, is at least twenty minutes' walk from the Grand Hotel," he said with a smile, "always supposing that the Count walked quickly and willingly to such a lonely spot at eleven o'clock at night, and with a man who had already, more than once, threatened his life. Mr. Hubert Turnour, remember, was seen in the hall of the hotel at half-past eleven, after which hour he only left the hotel to go to the station after one o'clock a.m.

"The hall was crowded by the passengers from the boat train a little after eleven. There was no time between that and half-past, to lead even a willing enemy to the slaughter, throw him into the sea, and come back again, all in the space of five-and-twenty minutes."

"Then what is your explanation of that extraordinary disappearance?" I retorted, beginning to feel very cross about it all.

"A simple one," he rejoined quietly, as he once more began to fidget with his bit of string. "A very simple one indeed; namely, that Count Collini, at the present moment, is living comfortably in England, calmly awaiting a favourable opportunity of changing his foreign money back into English notes."

"But you say yourself that that is im-



"'My expenses are nobody's business.'"

possible, as the most able detectives in England are on the watch for him."

"They are on the watch for a certain Count Collini," he said drily, "who might disguise himself perhaps, but whose hidden identity would sooner or later be discovered by one of these intelligent human bloodhounds."

"Yes? Well?" I asked.

"Well, that Count Collini never existed. It was *his* personality that was the disguise. Now it is thrown off. The Count is not dead, he is not hiding, he has merely ceased to exist. There is no fear that he will ever come to life again. Mr. Turnour senior will see to that."

"Mr. Turnour!" I ejaculated.

"Why, yes," he rejoined excitedly, "do you mean to tell me you never saw through it all. The money lying in his hands: his brother about to wed the rich heiress: then Mrs. Brackenbury's matrimonial ambitions, Alice Checkfield's coldness to Hubert Turnour, the golden prize slipping away right out of the family for ever. Then the scheme was evolved by those two scoundrels, who deserve to be called geniuses in their criminal way. It could not be managed, except by collaboration, but as it was, the scheme was perfect in conception, and easy of execution.

"Remember that disguise *previous* to a crime is always fairly safe from detection, for then it has no suspicion to contend against, it merely deceives those who have no cause to be otherwise *but* deceived. Mrs. Brackenbury lived in London, Reginald Turnour in Reading; they did not know each other personally, nor did they know each other's friends of course; whilst Alice Checkfield had not seen her guardian since she was quite a child.

"Then the disguise was so perfect. I went down to Reading, some little time ago, and Reginald Turnour was pointed out to me: he is a Scotchman, with very light, sandy hair. That face clean shaved, made swarthy, the hair, eyebrows, and lashes dyed a jet black, would render him absolutely unrecognisable. Add to this the fact that a foreign accent completely changes the voice, and that the slight limp was a master stroke of genius to hide the general carriage.

"Then the winter came round; it was, perhaps, important that Mr. Turnour should not be absent too long from Reading, for fear of exciting suspicion there; and the scoundrel played his part with marvellous skill. Can't you see him yourself leaving the Carlton Hotel, ostensibly going abroad, driving to Charing Cross, but only booking to Cannon Street.

"Then getting out at that crowded station and slipping round to his brother's office in one of those huge blocks of buildings where there is perpetual coming and going, and where any individual would easily pass unperceived.

"There, with the aid of a little soap and water, Mr. Turnour resumed his Scotch appearance, went on to Reading, and spent winter and spring there, only returning to London to make a formal proposal, as Count Collini, for Alice Checkfield's hand. Hubert Turnour's office was undoubtedly the place where he changed his identity, from that of the British middle-class man, to the interesting personality of the Italian nobleman.

"He had, of course, to repeat the journey to Reading, a day or two before his wedding, in order to hand over his ward's fortune to Mrs. Brackenbury's solicitor. Then there were the supposed rows between Hubert Turnour and his rival; the letters of warning from the guardian, for which Hubert no doubt journeyed down to Reading, in order to post them there: all this was dust thrown into the eyes of two credulous ladies.

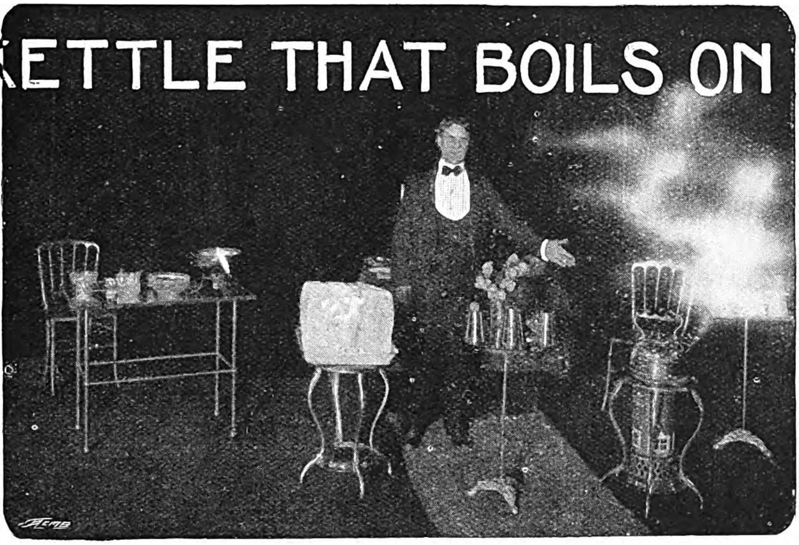
"After that came the wedding, the meeting with Hubert Turnour, who, you see, was obliged to take a room in one of the big hotels, wherein, with more soap and water, the Italian Count could finally disappear. When the hall of the hotel was crowded, the sandy-haired Scotchman slipped out of it quite quietly: he was not remarkable, and no one specially noticed him. Since then the hue and cry has been after a dark Italian, who limps, and speaks broken English; and it has never struck any one that such a person never existed.

"Mr. Turnour is fairly safe by now; and we may take it for granted that he will not seek the acquaintanceship of the Brackenburys, whilst Alice Checkfield is no longer his ward. He will wait a year or two longer perhaps, then he and Hubert will begin quietly to re-convert their foreign money into English notes — they will take frequent little trips abroad, and gradually change the money at the various *bureaux de change*, on the Continent.

"Think of it all, it is so simple — not even dramatic, only the work of a genius from first to last, worthy of a better cause, perhaps, but undoubtedly worthy of success."

He was gone, leaving me quite bewildered. Yet the disappearance had always puzzled me, and now I felt that that animated scarecrow had found the true explanation of it after all.

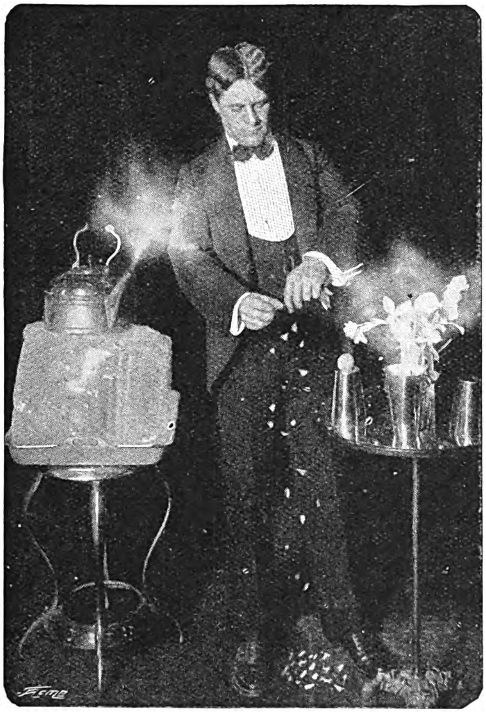
A KETTLE THAT BOILS ON ICE



The Marvellous Feats Performed with Liquid Air—a Liquid 346 degrees Colder than Ice.

By Turner Morton.

Liquid air is a clear fluid, like boiling water in appearance, but water tinged with an ethereal blue, more bright and beautiful than a mountain spring. It is so cold that ice is hot in comparison, and so powerful in effect that a heated bar of steel, when plunged into it, flashes fire, and burns instantly away to nothingness.

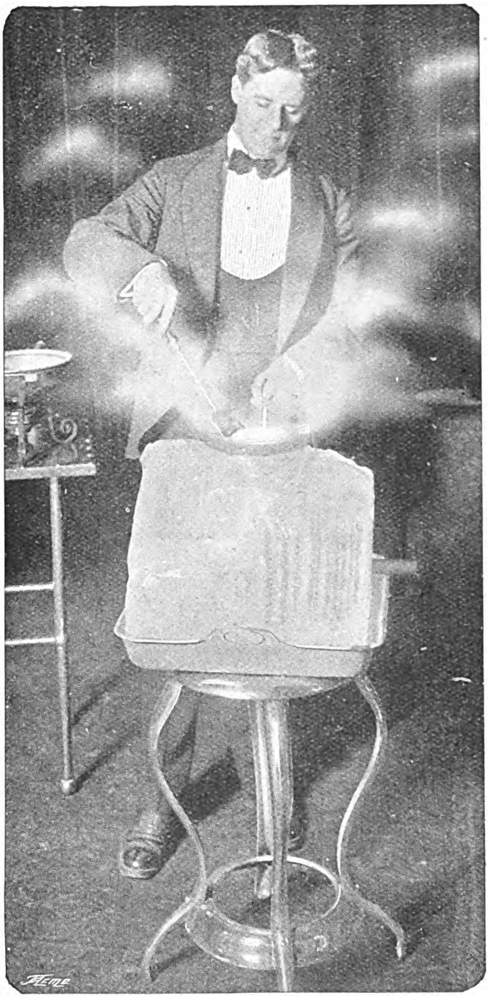


Flowers, after being frozen by liquid air, become as brittle, and are as easily broken, as glass.

It is just the air we breathe, with this difference—from 370 to 400 degrees of heat have been extracted. Its temperature is 312 degrees Fahr. below zero. Air becomes liquid at this temperature, just as steam is liquid at any temperature below 212 degrees Fahr. above zero. If steam had been known to us before water, we should have called water "liquid steam."

If liquid air could be made cheaply, and could be kept when made, the world, undoubtedly, would spin round a good deal faster. To make liquid air is not difficult, remembering the well-known law that any gases, when compressed, and then allowed to expand rapidly, cool in expansion. To exert enough pressure on breathable air to extract its heat—a pressure of 2400lb. is necessary—costs so much that liquid air is worth one pound a gallon, or two hundred pounds a ton. And ice, the next best thing to liquid air, costs less than a pound a ton.

When air has been forced through the compressing machine that extracts its heat, it trickles through a pipe into a receptacle as a clear fluid. Then arises the problem—



Cooking an egg on ice is another of the mystifying tricks that can be performed with liquid air: but the egg is really cooked frozen!

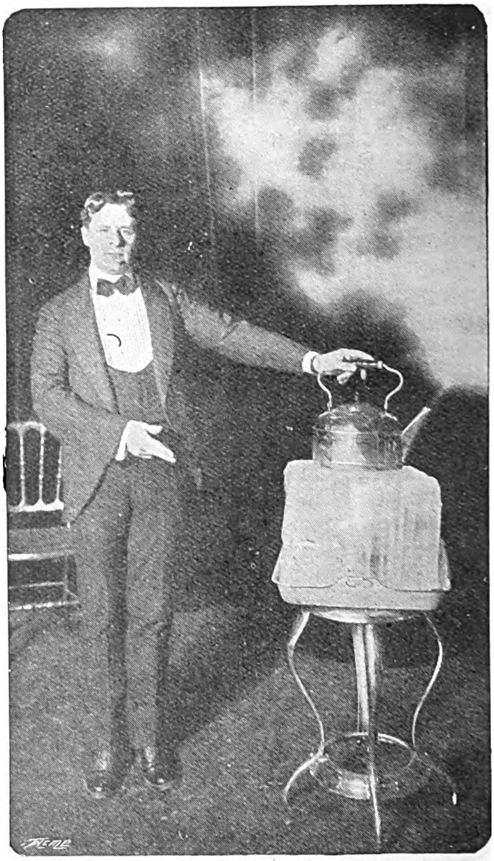
how to keep the fluid. For at once it begins to evaporate, owing to the heat of surrounding objects, and to return to its gaseous state. It ferments and boils away, just like water thrown on to a hot stove.

What can be done? If one bottles it, confines it in a steel tube, the heat of its surroundings promptly causes it to expand, so that the strongest steel case would be blown into fragments. So far, the problem of keeping liquid air has only been partially solved.

If one fills a tumbler with the liquid, it is thrown into a boiling ferment at once, as it absorbs the heat. At the end of half an hour it merges into the air from which it came, leaving the tumbler, however, thickly covered with frost. But if the tumbler is surrounded by a vacuum which does not conduct heat, the existence of the precious liquid is considerably prolonged. Hence liquid air is always kept in a glass bulb of special construction, placed within a second larger bulb, with a space between the two from which the air has been exhausted.

At present, because of its cost, liquid air, like radium, is a plaything of the scientists—the most fascinating they know, so many are the beautiful experiments that may be performed, so endless are the possibilities that will be opened up directly liquid air can be cheaply produced.

There is no danger in handling liquid air, so long as it is not closely confined. One may ladle it with a tin cup like so much water; but the cup, if dropped, will smash like thin glass, so brittle does the intense cold make iron or steel substances. One may plunge one's hand into a can full of liquid air

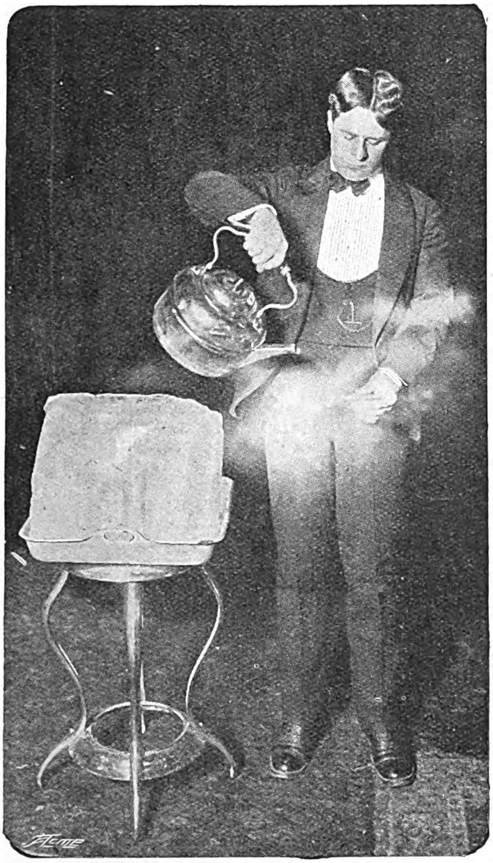


To see a kettle boiling on a block of ice as merrily as on the hob illustrates still further the marvels of liquid air. The explanation is simple: compared with the liquid air in the kettle the ice is hot. Immediately the heat reaches the liquid air the latter begins to vaporise in steam and spray.

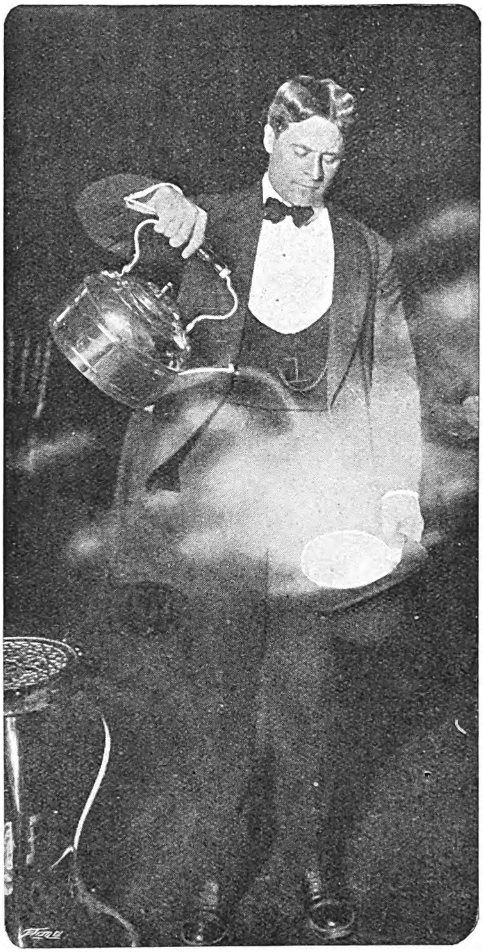
without suffering harm, provided the hand is instantly withdrawn. The heat of the hand forms for a moment a thin cushion of air, which acts like a protective glove; otherwise, the hand would be frost-bitten.

It is a pretty experiment to pour liquid air over fruits, flowers, and other things to see how instantly they become frozen solid. Grapes become as hard as hail-stones; flowers become so brittle that they may be broken with the finger into little bits; beef-steak may be frozen so that it resounds like a bell when struck, and may be pulverised into powder. But the frozen flowers and fruit soon regain their normal temperature, and will be none the worse for their experience.

The magic liquid is the greatest paradox of the day. Though a liquid, it does not wet you if you touch it, for it contains no drop of moisture. Intensely cold, in a sense it is really hot, for it boils amid frozen surroundings. Moreover, the harder it boils, the more intense becomes the cold.



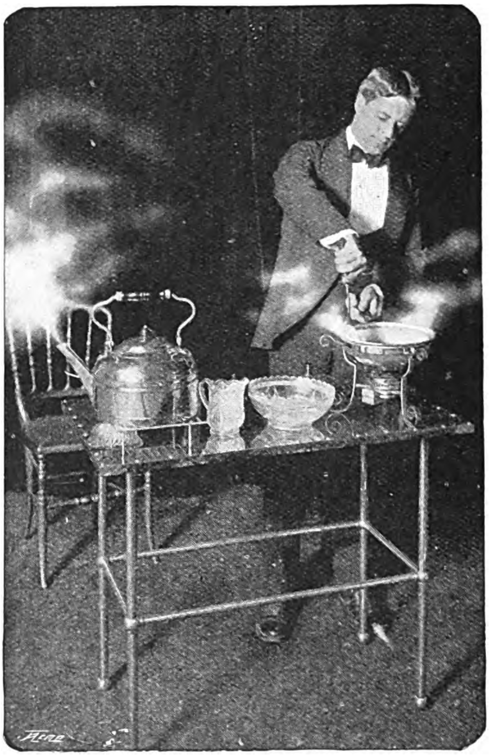
A cigar, that to all intents is out but for a minute spark, immediately burns furiously when it comes in contact with the vaporised liquid air.



Washing a handkerchief inside a bowler hat by means of liquid air. Strange though it seems, although vast quantities of steam and spray are directed on to the handkerchief, it emerges from the "washing" perfectly dry.

With liquid air, one may make a kettle boil on a block of ice! Nothing, indeed, could be simpler. Stand a kettle on ice, fill it with the liquid, and it promptly boils without a fire. The metal of the kettle is hot in comparison to the liquid air, and this causes the air to ferment, to vaporise, to send clouds of spray through the spout. The ice itself, having a temperature of 34 degrees above zero, is hot in comparison to the air—346 degrees hotter. And so it is that if one breaks off a piece of the ice—of the "hot ice"—and throws it into the kettle, the boiling—which may have subsided as the metal cooled—at once redoubles in fury, and the vapour rushes out in clouds. A little water poured into the kettle makes it fairly boil over in excitement, though the water is instantly frozen as dry as chalk.

To make ice cream in a heated chafing-dish is another little trick that liquid air renders easy. It is merely necessary to pour a little liquid air over the component parts of ice cream—whatever they may be—and in spite of the flame beneath the dish, ice cream appears forthwith. Directly above the flame a sheet of ice gathers at the bottom of the dish.


Ice cream can be made in a chafing-dish heated by a spirit-lamp. All that is necessary is to pour a little of the magic liquid into the cream, when it instantly freezes.

The fact that when liquid air is exposed in an ordinary temperature it rapidly boils away, the nitrogen vaporising first, and leaving for a time a blue liquid which is about 75 per cent. oxygen, allows many pretty experiments. It is also highly important, for it is clear that by making liquid air, pure oxygen, often of such value to doctors, is easily to be obtained.

Many substances that will not take fire readily in ordinary air will burst into flame at the touch of a spark after soaking in oxygen. Thus, a little liquid oxygen will set a cigar ablaze instantly, wool, saturated in liquid oxygen, flashes up like gunpowder when a match is applied, and felt is completely consumed in the same way.

The first great use of the magic stuff will be for refrigeration purposes. As it is, to refrigerate fruit on a long rail journey—say, from California to New York, a distance of 3300 miles—it is necessary to pack each car with from twenty to thirty tons of ice. This is expensive, and valuable space is taken up.

A very small amount of liquid air would do the same work as the ice far more simply. Then, nothing could be better than liquid air for cooling the air we breathe; and in hotels and hospitals a great future awaits it.

The next great application will be for motive and explosive purposes. With liquid air applied to a locomotive, no fire is needed—the heat of the surrounding air is quite sufficient to set the new fuel working the engines. And what fuel could be more abundant than air?

Finally, in medicine, liquid air is destined to play a part for the good of suffering humanity.

Already a Liquid Air Institute has been established in New York, particularly for the treatment of diseases of the skin, and many and wonderful are the cures reported. Applied to the flesh with a spray, liquid air acts at once as a local anæsthetic, and as it prevents blood flowing, it robs the surgeon's knife of all terror.

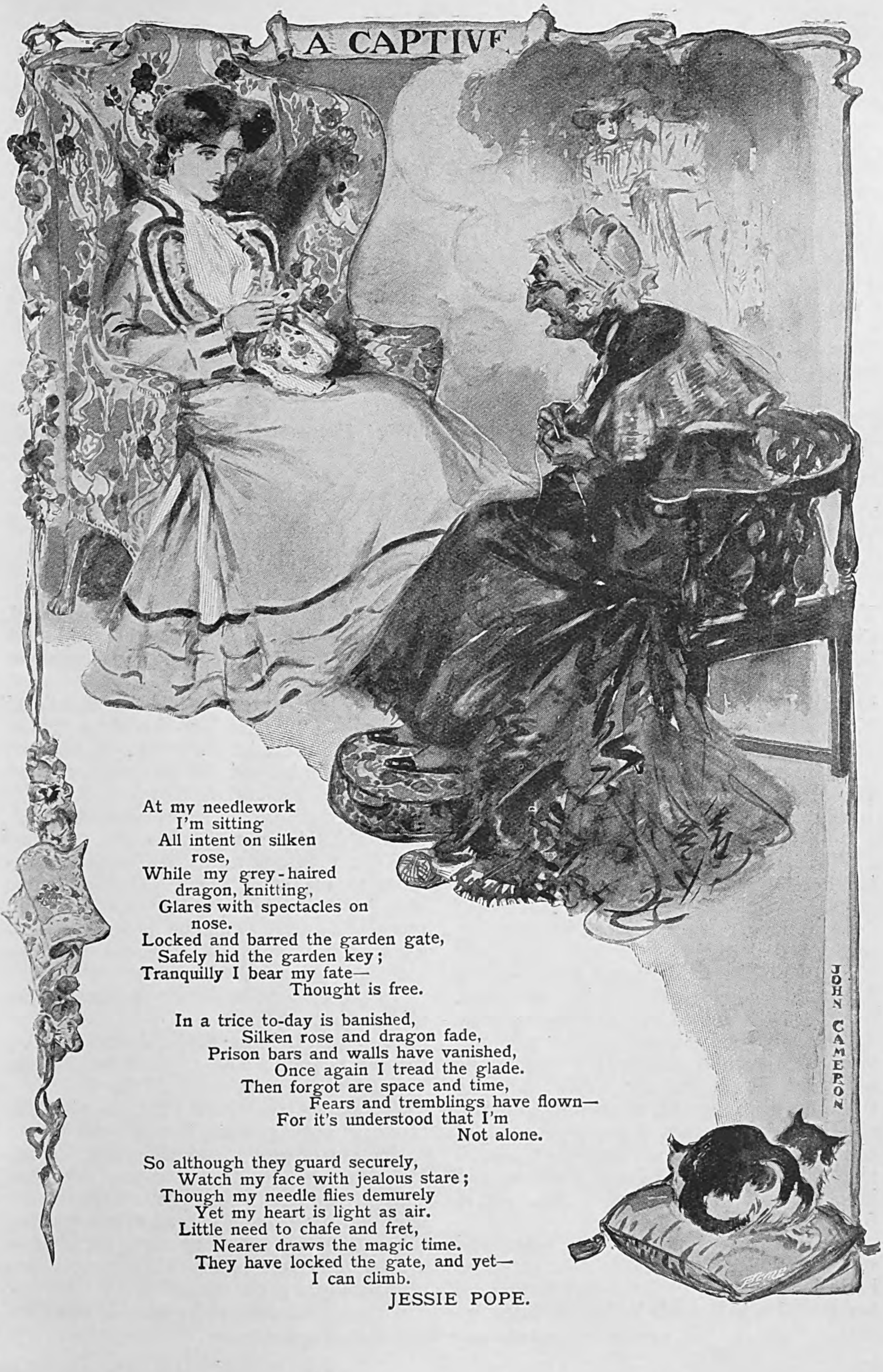
The only drawback at present to the universal use of liquid air is its costliness.

When the day comes that liquid air can be produced at a cost of a few shillings a ton—how the world will wag then! "It is probable," declares the inventor of liquid air, "that even electricity is not destined to be of greater service to mankind."

A final reflection. At any moment the problem of producing cheap liquid air may be solved, for many clever men are devoting their lives to it. This, I think, is comforting.

The photographs accompanying this article are reproduced by permission of the photographers, Messrs. Campbell-Gray and Edwards-Duncan Ltd., Cheapside, London. The magician in the pictures is the gentleman who, at the time of writing, conducted the clever show at the Palace Theatre, London, known as "The Magic Kettle."

A CAPTIVE

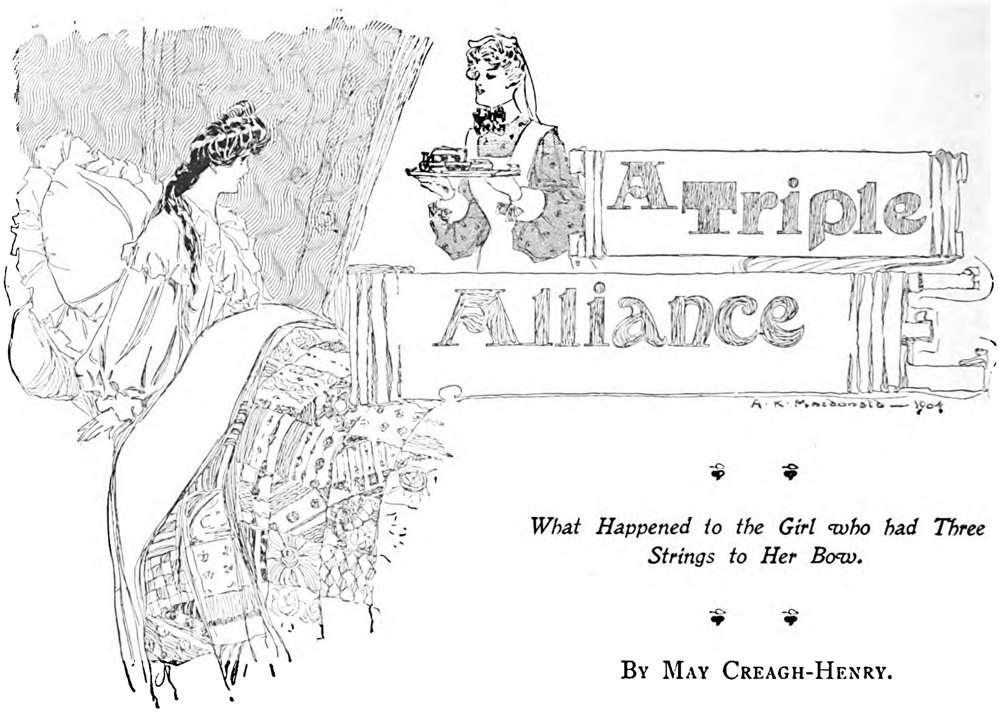


At my needlework
I'm sitting
All intent on silken
rose,
While my grey-haired
dragon, knitting,
Glares with spectacles on
nose.
Locked and barred the garden gate,
Safely hid the garden key;
Tranquilly I bear my fate—
Thought is free.

In a trice to-day is banished,
Silken rose and dragon fade,
Prison bars and walls have vanished,
Once again I tread the glade.
Then forgot are space and time,
Fears and tremblings have flown—
For it's understood that I'm
Not alone.

So although they guard securely,
Watch my face with jealous stare;
Though my needle flies demurely
Yet my heart is light as air.
Little need to chafe and fret,
Nearer draws the magic time.
They have locked the gate, and yet—
I can climb.

JESSIE POPE.



A Triple Alliance

◆ ◆

What Happened to the Girl who had Three Strings to Her Bow.

◆ ◆

By May Creagh-Henry.

Vera Norton turned on her pillow with a sigh of drowsy content as the maid placed her morning tea on the table at her bedside. The curtains had been drawn, and a stream of winter sunlight flooded the room. Miss Norton opened one sleepy eye.

"Is it frosty?" she inquired.

"No, miss; it's a beautiful morning. Mr. Alec is up, miss, and asked me to tell you it was a perfect hunting day."

"Thank you, Fletcher."

When the maid left the room Vera opened her blue eyes wide, and smiled. "Alec is up early," she reflected; "is that the result of being in love? It's never had that effect on me!"

She closed her eyes again. "He really is a very attractive person," she meditated. "I'm glad I came to stay with his mamma. It's the only good I got out of that very dull visit to Scotland last month. I wonder why old ladies always like me; they do bore me so horribly! However, one can put up with elderly boredom when it leads to youthful charm, and really Mrs. Manning's son *is* charming. I almost think I'll get up and have a short *tête-à-tête* with him before breakfast."

The blue eyes opened once more, and with a prolonged yawn Miss Norton sat up in bed. She drank her tea and then turned her attention to a small budget of letters on the tray. Two bills she tore up unopened. A forwarded letter which lay beneath them made her charmingly pencilled eyebrows contract in a frown.

"Oh, Jim, of course!" she ejaculated petulantly. "Bother Jim—I wish he hadn't got fifteen thousand a year! If only Alec had it instead! She read the letter through, and at the end she still frowned.

The remainder of her correspondence was dismissed with a cursory glance.

When Vera was ready she hurried downstairs to the hall, where she found Alec Manning—a tall, handsome, young fellow in immaculate pink—standing before the great log fire.

He greeted her cheerily.

"Fletcher gave me your message," she said.

"I'm glad it brought you down so early; yes, we ought to have a grand run to day, with a perfect scent."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Vera, clapping her hands; "you'll give me a lead, won't you?"

"He'd be a proud man who could do that, Miss Norton. You're a far better rider than most of us. But I've a friend arriving this morning who's the best man I know across country; he has just wired me to meet him at the station at ten, so I shan't have the pleasure of driving you to the meet."

"Then I am sure to be late—I never was

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in time for anything in my life!" Vera laughed and knelt down, extending her hands towards the cheerful blaze.

"No, please don't be late," Alec said, looking down with eyes of deepest admiration at the beautiful girl beside him.

"I wish that fellow hadn't been coming to-day," he continued; "for you are leaving to-morrow, and there is something I wanted to say to you—something very important; your answer matters to me more than anything else in the world."

Miss Norton dropped her eyes and was silent. Alec noticed how dark and thick the lashes lay on her cheek.

He paced up and down the hall for a few minutes, then returned to her side.

"Miss Norton—Vera—I can't wait. I *must* speak now," he said. "I love you, and I want you to marry me!"

The long lashes fluttered on Vera's cheek, whose delicate pink grew deeper as she clasped and unclasped her hands in evident agitation.

"Oh, I'm a fool—I startled you," said Alec in deep contrition. "I spoke too suddenly, but I thought you must have guessed."

Vera raised her lovely eyes to his, but as she opened her lips to speak, the portly and imposing family butler appeared to inform them that breakfast was served, and, crossing the hall with stately steps, he threw open the dining-room door and waited for Vera and Alec to enter.

"I hear mother coming downstairs." Alec whispered hurriedly, "Give me your answer now—only one word, Vera!"

"I can't—I can't," she answered, rising.

"Then send me a line by Mayne—he will be bringing the horses to meet us, and I can't wait till to-night to know my fate."

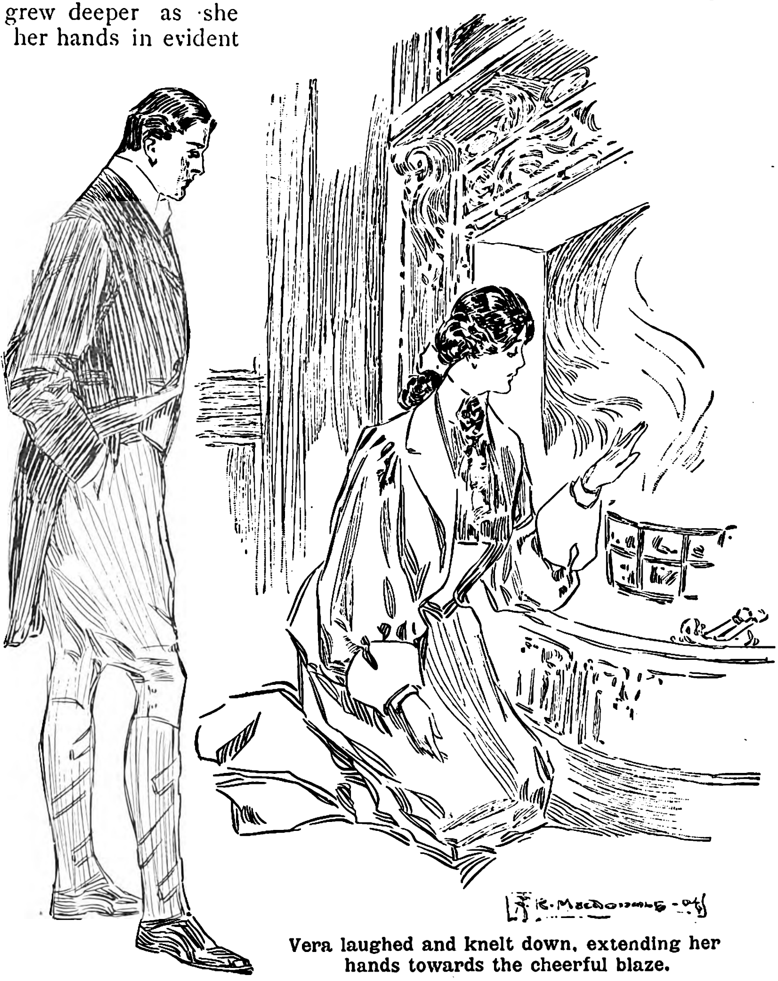
"Very well," Vera answered hesitatingly.

Together they turned to greet Mrs. Manning, and entered the dining-room.

An hour later Vera stood before her mirror in a well cut riding habit, but she seemed to have lost all interest in the charming appearance she presented, for she gazed vaguely at her reflection, and her thoughts were far away.

Presently she sat down at the writing-table, and, opening her blotter, took up a pen to write, but all she wrote was her own initial on the blotting-paper in various sizes so that it looked like a flight of birds.

"Oh, why on earth did I ever meet Alec?" she muttered. "It's landed me in a horrible muddle. What's the use of finding one's ideal man if it's only to upset one's carefully laid plans! There's no doubt Alec is quite



Vera laughed and knelt down, extending her hands towards the cheerful blaze.

ideal—really a darling, and Jim certainly is a gilded pill—poor old Jim!"

Vera took the letter she had received that morning and read it through again.

At the sound of horses' hoofs on the gravel, she started up and ran to the window.

A groom stood at the door with her hunter, and Mayne was there too.

She sat down at the writing-table once more, and, taking up a pen, hurriedly scribbled a note, then she tore the letter signed "Jim" into small pieces.

At this juncture a maid presented herself at the door.

"If you please, miss, your horse is waiting, and Mayne has orders to take a note."

"Here it is." Vera handed a note addressed to Alec Manning.

"I'll be down directly," she said.

When the door closed behind the maid, Vera sank into a chair with a sigh.

"How I wish I could have been off with Jim first!" she murmured; "it's the only time I've ever allowed my heart to over-rule my reason. Well—I'll write to-night, and, after all, what does it matter? Really at times, it's rather a bore to be so attractive—still I meant to make Alec care, and I've succeeded—that comes of being clever as well, for when I arrived on the scene I know he had a decided penchant for one of the dowdy vicarage girls."

Vera rose with a triumphant little laugh, and, crossing to the looking-glass, surveyed herself critically and smiled approval.

When Vera trotted out of the drive gates and turned into the high road, the groom, riding behind, watched her with respectful admiration. They reached the place appointed for the meet in good time, and Miss Norton's appearance on the scene caused quite a stir. Those who knew her jostled each other for a greeting; the remainder of the field looking on in envious admiration, inquired who the new beauty was.

Presently an elderly woman, with piercing black eyes and an aquiline nose, rode up to Vera's side.

"Morning, Miss Norton," she said in a hard voice; "what are you doing in these parts?"

"I'm staying with the Mannings."

"Ah, I didn't know. Gus would have been over to see you, I expect."

"Where is he?" Vera asked somewhat anxiously.

"Up at the hall at this moment, refreshing the inner man."

"Is he staying with you?"

"Yes, he came down for a few days hunting—to get over the shock, you know." Lady Dashover gave a short laugh.

"What shock?" enquired Vera, wishing Lady Dashover and her nephew Gus at Jericho.

"Why, Lord Scarsdale's death, of course."

"Lord Scarsdale's death!" echoed Vera.

"Yes, didn't you know? He died abroad three days ago. It's only in the paper today; perhaps you didn't see one this morning?"

"No," replied Vera feebly.

"The old man snuffed out most unexpectedly, so Gus comes into the property and title."

"Oh—yes—of course."

Everything seemed to be swimming round, and, as Vera spoke, she swayed in her saddle.

"What's the matter? You look awfully queer."

"I think it's—the heat," she stammered, moving away.

Lady Dashover rubbed her aristocratic nose—red with cold at the extremity—and pondered deeply as she watched Vera's retreating form, conjecturing as to the cause of the girl's strange agitation. Miss Norton murmured excuses to someone, and turned her horse's head homewards.

On reaching the house, she fled up to her room and locked the door, then throwing aside her hat and gloves, sank into a chair.

"Oh, what a fool I've been!" she muttered through her clenched teeth. Fool!—Fool!—Fool! And this morning I thought I was clever! But who could guess?—Lord Scarsdale! Oh, what a fearful mess I've made of it! I must get away before Gus finds out I'm here—now—to-day—this very afternoon. What excuse can I make? I must lie hard, anyhow, and once safely out of it, I can write my explanations."

Having arrived at this conclusion, Vera went downstairs to find Mrs. Manning, and drawing on her imagination, described in detail how she had stopped at the post-office to send an express letter, and found a telegram, recalling her at once.

Mrs. Manning trusted the news was not serious, greatly regretted the sudden termination of Vera's visit, and finally persuaded her not to leave till an afternoon train.

The four o'clock express, Vera calculated, would avoid the contingency of any awkward encounters.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Alec Manning's expectations

of a perfect hunting day were fully justified, for a few minutes after he and his friend had arrived at the meet, hounds found, and with a "tally-ho"—"gone forward!" were away in full cry, leaving the roadsters and all but the pick of the field far behind.

Alec was a straight rider, and keen as the best, but this morning the magnificent forty minutes' run had lost its charm for him, owing to the fact that nowhere had he been able to descry a trim little figure in a dark grey riding habit—the girl round whom, it seemed to him at the moment, the whole universe centred.

She should have been in the "first flight," but not even when hounds killed in the open, after a glorious run, was there any sign of her among the remainder of the field.

Alec's heart would have been heavy but for the thought of a hastily-scribbled note in his breast pocket, which told him how that same girl loved him, and might one day become his wife.

He happened to find himself near Lady Dashover, who at once informed him of Vera's sudden indisposition and departure from the meet. Alec had no fancy to listen to Lady Dashover's chatter and conjectures, so, politely cutting her short, trotted across the field to join his friend—an extremely plain man, but with something attractive in his ugliness.

"What's up, old man?" he questioned. "You look down on your luck."

"I'm not," Alec answered, "I'm the luckiest dog alive, Burne, only I had hoped to see someone who isn't here—tell you about it later."

"Right," answered his friend. "Of course it's a girl—the eternal feminine! I've a secret of my own; but, as it's a secret, I can't divulge it at present."

"No!" exclaimed Alec incredulously, "*you*, too? Well, I'm blessed!"

"So am I," laughed Captain Burne, as they trotted off after hounds to draw another cover.

Towards four o'clock Alec and Burne found themselves outside a village inn displaying the sign of the Three Fiddles; and, feeling thirsty after another long run, they dismounted and called for drinks. As they entered the bar-parlour, a voice greeted them in a peculiar drawl, and they turned to find Lady Dashover's nephew, Augustus Branson—known to his friends as "Gusta"—already in possession.

"Aw—by Jove," he said, "good old Burne! Fancy meeting you!"

"Hullo, Gusta! I didn't see you this morning. What are you doing here?"

"No—aw—I got left—somehow; awful rotten mount auntie gave me—gone in the wind, don't yer know."

"Manning—this is 'Gusta,' of 'Ours'; you've met before," said Captain Burne.

Alec nodded, as the owner of the drawl fixed an eyeglass in his eye and beamed mildly.

At this moment the landlord brought the drinks.

"Gentlemen," Gusta said solemnly—"will you wish me luck? Uncle has gone to another world and left me all he had in this."

"No, by Jingo! Has he really?" exclaimed Captain Burne.

"Ya—a—s; it's the first bit of luck that ever came my way."

"I drink to you, my boy." Burne raised his glass: "Gusta—Lord Scarsdale!" he cried.

"Here's to you, my lord!" laughed Alec.

"Aw—thanks awfully. Now, I'll give you a toast, by Jove!"

"Go on," they chorused.

Gusta raised his glass high:

"The lady I—am—engaged—to," he said slowly.

"You engaged! Gusta?" exclaimed Captain Burne.

"Aw—ya—as."

"What's her name, old man?"

"Yes, let's have the lady's name," echoed Alec.

"Her name? Aw—Vera."

Alec started.

"By Jove! I'll drink your toast," said Captain Burne, "and give you another to that name."

"I, too," said Alec, raising his glass. "Three Veras! what a strange coincidence!"

"Her surname, Gusta?"

Gusta smiled with unction.

"Here's to my *fiancée* — Miss Vera Norton!" he said blandly.

"Vera Norton!" exclaimed Alec Manning.

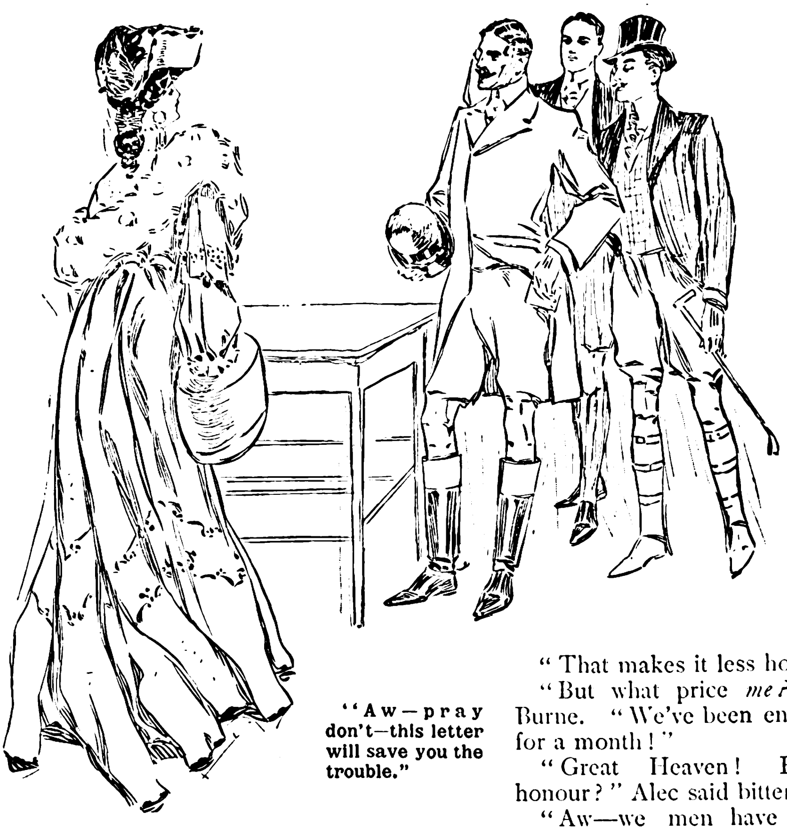
"Vera Norton!" echoed Captain Burne.

The three men stood facing one another, glass in hand.

"Aw—what's up—why don't you drink?" inquired Gusta.

"Did I understand you to say you were engaged to Miss Vera Norton?" inquired Alec, pale to the lips.

"Aw—ya—as; that's what I said," murmured Gusta.



"Aw—pray don't—this letter will save you the trouble."

"Then sir, it's a lie! *I* am engaged to Miss Norton!"

"*You!*" thundered Captain Burne, while Gusta looked blankly from one to the other. "Let me tell you, gentlemen, that Miss Norton promised a month ago to become *my* wife!"

"Aw—now, what the blazes does this mean?" said Gusta, dropping his eyeglass in agitation.

"It means, gentlemen, that I prove my claim by this."

Alec drew from his breast pocket the note Vera had written that morning.

"And I—by this."

Captain Burne produced a letter in Vera's handwriting, which began, "My dear Jim."

"And I—by this," said Gusta, opening and reading aloud a somewhat timeworn epistle which ran thus:

> My Dear Gus,—You're quite nice, and I'm really rather fond of you, but I wasn't cut out for love in a cottage! I can't say "yes" now, but if you ever become Lord Scarsdale, I might. One wants some sort of inducement to give up one's freedom, you know. Provided I've not found a greater one by that time, you may claim me if I am still
>
> Vera Norton.

There was silence in the room while one might count twenty.

"It seems to me," said Jim Burne at last; "it seems to me that we've been had."

"Then Miss Norton must have deliberately promised to marry me, knowing she was pledged to *you!*" Alec exclaimed.

"Aw — I don't think she can have known of uncle's death. The newspaper chaps only had it last night."

"That makes it less horrible."

"But what price *me?*" chimed in Jim Burne. "We've been engaged on the Q. T. for a month!"

"Great Heaven! Have women no honour?" Alec said bitterly.

"Aw—we men have the monopoly of that."

"Women's supply ceased with the demand, I take it," said Jim savagely.

"Well, what are we to do now?" asked Alec.

"Revenge ourselves!"

"Ya—as, by Jove! Revenge ourselves!"

"It's clear," Alec continued, "that she would have married you for your money, Burne; and you, Branston—I mean Scarsdale—for your title; but what the devil did she engage herself to *me* for?"

"For your attractive self, my dear chap—aw—you score."

"Score!—to have loved a mercenary, ambitious, heartless flirt. Score! to be made a fool of like this! What did she intend to do with us all, I should like to know."

"Bless you, she was clever enough to hook us. She would have been quite equal to chucking us back into the matrimonial pond, but it's unpleasant to be foul-hooked."

"Well, the question is, what's to be done?"

"Aw—let's go and call on the lady."

"'Pon my word, Gusta, we will."

"But she's my guest," said Alec.

"Cheer up, old man, she might have been your wife," replied Gusta.

Alec bit his lip and turned on his heel.

"Aw—I say—let's have our drinks."

The three men raised their glasses to their lips in silence, and Alec, having emptied his, threw the tumbler on the ground with a crash. The others followed his example.

As they rode away, the landlord exclaimed to his wife: "The gentry have strange ways when thirsty, Maria!"

On the road discussion ran high as to what should be said or done, and no entirely satisfactory conclusion had been arrived at when a dog-cart came in sight. As it drew nearer, Alec recognised his own coachman, and pulled up.

"Where have you been, Saunders?" he inquired.

"To the station, sir, with Miss Norton."

"To the station?"

"Yes, sir. The lady was to catch the four o'clock train, sir, but we was too early, by far, and the mare all of a lather, sir, the pace Miss Norton would 'ave me go."

"Is Miss Norton at the station then, Saunders?"

"Yes, sir; it wants still fifteen minutes to four."

Five minutes later the three men dismounted hot and breathless at the sleepy little country station.

Vera had been sitting deep in meditation, congratulating herself on having eluded Gus, and avoided any awkward interview, when suddenly she looked up to see three figures standing in the doorway.

She recognised Alec, and rose with a guilty start.

Then as she realised the identity of the other two men, she turned ghastly pale, and sank down in speechless horror.

To a casual observer the situation might have appeared farcical.

Jim Burne stepped forward and glanced at his watch.

"We do not wish to make you miss your train, or to interfere in any way with your extremely abrupt departure."

"And we regret," interrupted Gus, "that a delicate and private matter should be discussed in the unromantic surroundings of a station waiting-room."

"But"—continued Captain Burne—"we think there has been some little mistake, and we wish to avoid further misunderstanding."

Vera looked hopelessly from one to the other. She who could lately have turned any one of them round her little finger, now realised all her power was gone, since they had discovered the true—or rather—the untrue woman!

"If you have nothing to say, Miss Norton, we will leave you," Alec remarked coldly, "but we have each a letter to return. You are perhaps, a collector."

"I—I think I can explain," Vera stammered, determined to brazen it out.

"Aw—pray don't—this letter will save you the trouble."

"And this!"

"And this!"

The three men simultaneously placed the letters on the table.

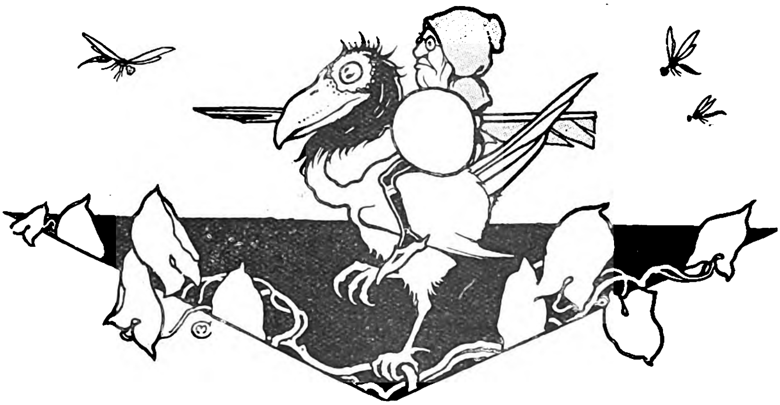
"But I—" began Vera, covered with confusion.

"Excuse me, Miss Norton, we must regretfully forego your explanation, for your train is signalled," said Captain Burne.

They raised their hats and left her.

Vera Norton felt extremely small.

All her deep-laid schemes had failed. After all, she caught neither fortune, title, nor husband—nothing, indeed, but the fast train back to town.



THE SHOW BOY OF ENGLAND

The Countess of Warwick and her little son, the Hon. Maynard Greville, about to start for a morning ride.

Telling About the Hon. Maynard Greville, who is Six Years Old, and who has Already Acted as Page at Twenty Weddings.

By S. Bertram.

It does not often happen that the life of a little boy is written when he is six years old. But then this is an exceptional little boy, and the son of an exceptionally pretty and clever peeress, which, of course, makes all the difference in the world.

The mother of this little boy is the Countess of Warwick, who, everyone knows, is one of the most beautiful women in England.

As might be supposed, the Hon. Maynard Greville, for such is the name of this young aristocrat, inherits a very large share of his looks from his mother. He is, in fact, herself in miniature, and Lady Warwick is not the slightest bit jealous. Of the many beautiful things that surround this noble lady's life, her little boy surpasses all. Far from being jealous of the admiration his appearance invariably provokes, the Countess is delighted and proud to think that her child should have so good a claim to number himself among the "handsome Warwicks."

Photo by *Lafayette.*

The latest portrait of the Hon. Maynard Greville, who is the most accomplished little wedding-page in England.

From the day that the Hon. Maynard Greville first made his appearance in public—it was at his christening, and when he was three months old — he has had endless admiration showered upon him, from the King and Queen down to the humblest dependent at Warwick Castle.

Although but six years old, he has attended more weddings than many people ten times his age. And in each of these he has taken a very active part, namely that of page of honour to the bride—really a most important post when it is remembered that on him depends the pace with which the bride trips to the altar rails.

In all the world there is not a more experienced little "wedding-page," or one that knows better how to conduct himself more correctly.

As may be supposed, this much experienced little personage is more often than not the junior in years to his brother train bearers. But this does not for a moment deter him from putting them through their paces, and showing them just precisely what they ought to do. In fact, the Hon. Maynard Greville has so far shown his superiority in this direction, that to-day no fashionable wedding is considered complete without his smart little presence as page of honour to the bride.

Photo by Charles Reid.

The Show Boy of England is a fearless little horseman.

A pretty anecdote is told of Maynard's first wedding. Of course, he was dressed, as he always is, in the smartest and quaintest costume imaginable, and for several days before he had been carefully drilled in all the little etceteras of etiquette and deportment at a wedding.

Well, at last the day arrived, and, as might be expected, his serious little face and angelic demeanour provoked quite an outburst of admiration. "Handsome as a painting!" "Just as lovely as his

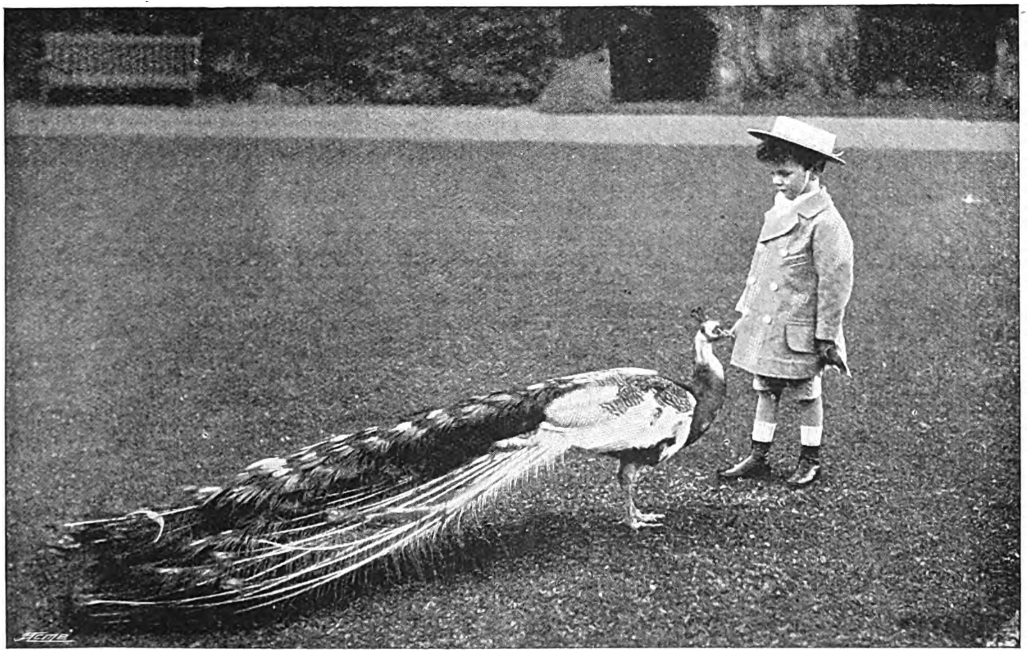


Photo by Charles Reil.

Every morning Maynard pays a visit to all his pets. Even the stately peacock deigns to notice his little master.

Photo by Charle Reid.

"In the days of my youth." An "early" picture of the Show Boy and his Japanese deer. Since this photograph was taken, Maynard has been promoted to knickers.

mother!" "Perfect as an angel!" These were only a few of the whispers that floated through the church, as down the aisle the young bride walked, with her little cousin Maynard following in her train, bearing the cushion on which she was to kneel and make her bridal vow.

So far, Maynard had lived up to the remarks of his admirers; but mischief was brewing in that four feet nothing of curly locks and velvet breeches. Religiously following his previous instructions, the little page carefully laid the cushion in position, and patted it into an oval shape for the bride to kneel upon.

Then the mischievous sprite broke loose. No one could say precisely how it broke loose or when; for, looking as solemn as any judge, he stepped back in his place beside the other little pages.

Everything was now ready for the bride to step forward. This she did, or, at least, tried to do. Then a sudden bursting of stitches proclaimed that something had gone amiss, and Master Maynard gave a hop, skip, and jump, and with a giggle let loose her long train upon which he had been standing all the while. With the exception of this occasion he has always behaved himself with astonishing solemnity.

Now it must not be imagined that, while at six years of age the Hon. Maynard is a little courtier and a little gentleman of the world, he is nothing else. The Countess of Warwick is far too practical a woman to devote her care to training up her small son to be nothing more or less than a mere "show child." As a matter of fact, he is what some people call a prodigy—bright and sharp as any boy twice his years.

In the lovely grounds of the Castle Lady Warwick delights to roam with her little son. Together they wander about the terraces and gardens, looking after the flowers, or down lower, where their numerous pets are waiting

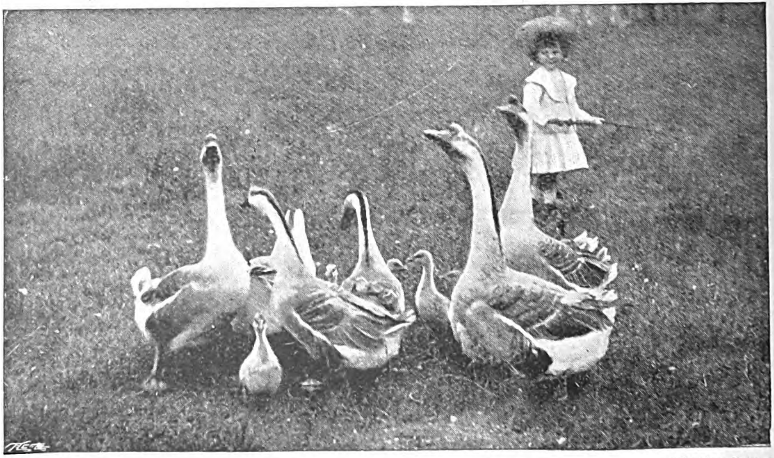


Photo by Charles Reid.

Some of his feathered pets.

to greet them. Like Lady Warwick, the Hon. Maynard loves animals. He fears nothing, from the geese that swim in the clear waters of the Avon to the baby elephant in the stable.

All his pets, both animals and birds, have come quite to know their little master. The Japanese deer knows quite well that he will receive nothing but hugs and kisses, and —perhaps he likes the last best—dainty morsels of bun and biscuit from Maynard's hands.

One of the most interesting pets is the baby elephant. Directly he spies his little master, whose curly head just reaches up to the top of Jumbo's back, he clumslly ambles up to him, and stretches out his trunk for a bun. Of course he gets it, and a parting kiss on the trunk as the little boy dashes off to pay his next morning's call.

Then there is the Japanese deer, to most people quite a terrifying little animal with its short, stumpy horns. But young Maynard loves the deer, and it quite returns his good feeling to judge by the way the little animal allows itself to be fondled, or nibbles tender bunches of grass from the little boy's hands.

The grounds of Warwick Castle are a miniature Zoo in themselves. Miniature is just the word to use, for the baby elephant is a miniature, and the Japanese deer, and the pretty Shetland pony upon whose back his small master, at present quite a miniature, tears fearlessly over the grass.

Then there are the Chinese geese—by no means miniatures. Many a Master Six-years-old has been put to flight by these doughty birds. But not Master Six-years-old Warwick. He does not mind a bit how much they hiss or crane their necks. What he wants them to do, whether to waddle amongst the grass, or to flop with a splash into the river, the geese must do it, or they will feel the hazel twig that he carries for their especial guidance.

Warwick Castle stands on the banks of the Avon. Fringing the river are many stately oaks, whose spreading boughs and thick trunks are only surpassed by the grey towers and ivy-clad walls of the ancient castle.

But we must not pause to admire the historic set of the Warwicks. It is not of ancient Warwick that I am writing, but of a vastly modern Warwick.

See! the castle gates are flung open to their widest. A whirring noise is heard, and forthwith comes a motor car. In it is seated a lady.

Who she is cannot for a moment be doubted, as she gazes fondly at the little boy seated beside her, whose white-socked legs dangle a full twelve inches from the floor of the car.

A whirr! a toot-toot! and the Show Boy of England and his mother rush past on their way towards the green, Warwick lanes.

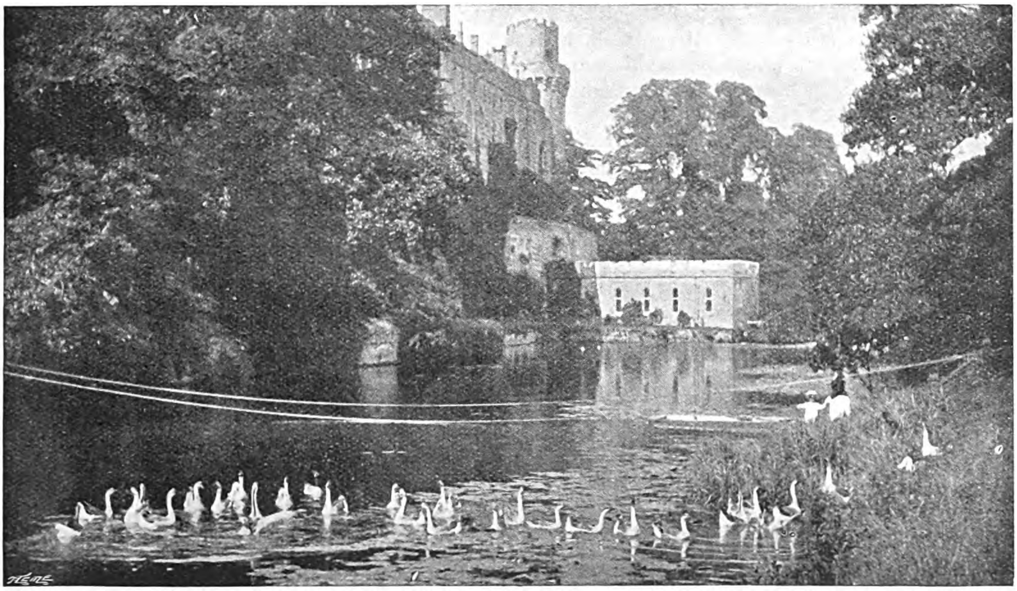


Photo by Warwick Castle, the stately home of the Show Boy of England. *Charles Reid.*

TOLD BY A BICYCLE

A Tale of Love, in which Two Punctures and a Tramp are Concerned.

By Gwendolen Bright.

It all began with that puncture! Now, I maintain that a puncture is a misfortune that may befall the highest grade bicycle as easily as a second-hand American, and reflects no sort of discredit upon the injured wheel.

I was very young at the time, and, naturally, well cared for. Every day, Kitty used to put on a big blue pinafore and a pair of her father's old gloves, and set to work herself to polish my silver-plated handlebars and rims, sometimes, in the excess of her devotion, even brushing my tyres, and trying to dust the under side of the mudguards.

I should have been much more comfortable if she had bestowed a little attention upon my hubs, and cranks, the nuts, and so on, and if she had poured the oil into the right places. I must say she was most liberal with the oil—when she remembered.

It is true that sometimes my thirst drew a loud groan from me, and Kitty, in a fit of self-reproach, would seize the oil-tin and empty it into every discoverable hole, until I was almost choked with the stuff, and wept oily tears all down my tyres.

But about this puncture. We were nearly eight miles from home when we discovered the damage—on a lonely country road, with not even a cottage in sight. But there! everyone knows the kind of place in which one always gets a puncture!

For some miles I had been feeling rather depressed in my back tyre. A sharp, pricking pain took my breath away, and every stick and stone on the road seemed to go right through me. At last, with a gasp, I subsided altogether, and there we were, stranded!

Kitty dismounted and looked sorrowfully at me, shaking her head as though I had grievously disappointed her. Now, I maintain—— But let me get on with my story! It really only begins at this point, when I saw a passing acquaintance of mine coming towards us.

He was rather a shabby machine, and, to tell the truth, I felt very uneasy when his master dismounted and laid him on the grass beside me. His quiet manner, however, soon set me at ease, and while his owner, a strapping young fellow in tweeds, attended to my wounds, we two became quite chatty. My new friend, it appeared, had often noticed me, and had long sought to make my acquaintance.

"Rather a dull business, riding alone, don't you think?" he said. "Besides, is it quite safe for a young and charming bicycle like you to be alone on these country roads?"

"What is there to be afraid of?" I asked.

"Well, tramps, for instance—bicycle thieves—highwaymen!"

"Highwaymen!" I repeated, with a little shriek; "I thought they were extinct!"

"Oh, not at all, I assure you. But, there! I am making you tremble. Only promise you won't go so far alone again."

I promised.

After that evening, it was surprising how often we used to meet—by chance, of course—at first.

What a summer that was! What merry spins we had together, flying side by side between tall hedgerows, skimming across the downs with the wind behind us, crawling leisurely up the hills, and rolling merrily down the other side! Then in some narrow,

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pretty lane we would rest, standing close together, with handle-bars entwined.

"Look at those two!" said the man in tweeds, one evening, as we stood thus lovingly together. Kitty looked at us, then at him, and they both laughed and blushed.

"Look at those two," whispered my companion to me a moment later, winking his lamp-bracket wickedly in their direction.

They were also standing with handle-bars entwined.

There came a time when my bicycle-friend spent an hour or two in the evenings with me in my little house in the back garden, while his owner, I suppose, was having supper with Kitty's family.

Then, towards the end of the summer, came a gap in our intercourse—long, dreary weeks, when we only saw each other in the distance—a time when life seemed hardly worth living, and cycling became a miserable bore! Just because *they* had quarrelled—those others! That's the worst of human beings—they consider only their own whims!

Once, after a month of this terrible separation, I spied my friend dawdling slowly along, a few yards before me. He had seen me, and was giving me an opportunity of overtaking him. My front wheel wobbled with excitement. But, alas! Straight past him I was whisked, turning neither to the right nor the left.

Kitty's head was inches higher than usual as we flashed past. Girls are queer creatures! It is beyond a mere bicycle to understand their ways.

When I was once more in my shed, leaning dejectedly against the wall, all at once Kitty put her arms on the handle-bars, and, resting her head on them, sobbed aloud!

"Cruel, horrid thing!" she sobbed. "And it was all my fault, I know! But he ought not to have said—said—what was it he said? Something about—well, never mind; he ought not to have said it, whatever it was! No gentleman would have said such a thing—and Jack was always so gentlemanly! I shall never speak to him again—never—never! But oh, Jack! How I miss you?"

Presently she dried her eyes.

"How miserable he looks, poor boy!" she murmured. "He'll be anxious, too, about my riding alone! Serves him right! I *will* ride alone, just to vex him—horrid thing!"

So she used to ride past his window every evening, holding her head a trifle higher each time. I believe she could see him from beneath those long eyelashes of hers, as he lurked behind the curtains, watching her go by.

One evening we had a narrow escape—nearly met him! We had called at Orchard House to order some apples, and as we came down the path, a voice on the road outside called out:

"Hello! Jack! riding alone, nowadays? How's that, old man?"

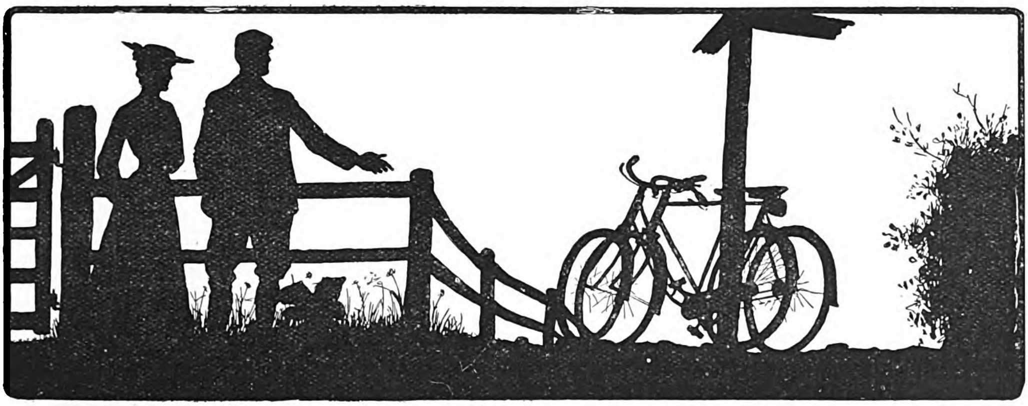
"Hello, Frank! that you?"

Kitty's hand was on the latch of the gate, but she drew back close to the high wall, when she heard Jack's voice replying. We heard the two men dismounting, and for quite twenty minutes we were imprisoned in that shadowy orchard, waiting for the end of their chat.

At last they bade each other "good-night" and parted, with a laugh over some joke.

A few minutes later Kitty cautiously opened the gate, glanced hurriedly up and down the road, and then mounted.

She seemed in good spirits, too, and



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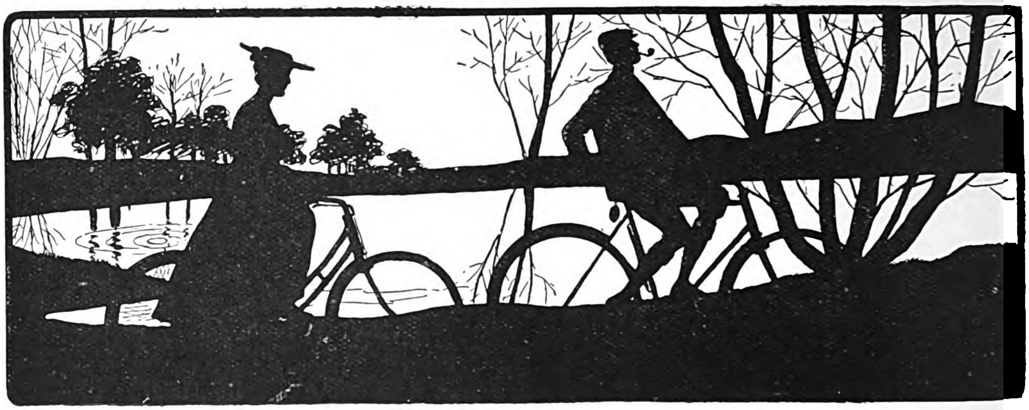


He had seen me, and was giving me an opportunity of overtaking him

laughed as she murmured, "Poor old boy! He does want to kiss and be kind!"

One evening she passed Jack's window as usual, with her head held higher than ever. She *must* have seen that cloud of tobacco smoke in the window! We had a lovely spin, in the quiet autumn sunset, and Kitty sang aloud as we scudded along before the breeze.

It was dusk when we turned into the narrow, high-hedged lane that led homeward. Just then a horrid bramble ran into my front foot—tyre, you call it. My little mistress was too absorbed in her own thoughts to notice it, or perhaps it was too dark for her to see. It hurt terribly. Every few yards I ran, the thorny piece of bramble sank deeper into my flesh. At last I could bear it no longer, and shrieking loudly, subsided, flat and helpless.

Kitty dismounted in great consternation. At the same moment a tramp sprang from the hedge and laid hold of my handle-bars. He was a terrifying object, with tattered old clothes, and hair sticking out through the holes in his hat. Kitty screamed, but clung tightly to me.

"Leggo that bike!' growled the ruffian, "and shut yer bloomin' row, else——"

He seized Kitty's wrist, and twisted his ugly face into the most dreadful contortions. Poor little Kitty screamed again, and struggled to free herself.

"Now I'll trouble yer for yer rings, young lady. 'Tain't safe for ladies to be riding abaht the country with so much joolry! An' yer can 'and out yer purse, too, while yer abaht it! Oh, yer won't—won't yer? Now look 'ere!" he drew a pistol from his ragged coat, and held it to her head.

"Mind it doesn't go off!" screamed Kitty, trying to snatch it.

"That's a good 'un, too, s'elp me bob!" shouted the tramp delightedly. "Mind it doesn't go horff, she says—as if it wasn't mide to go horff!"

"Oh, *please* take care!" wailed Kitty, now thoroughly frightened. "*Please* don't let it go off!"

"Now, look 'ere, Miss," said the dirty rascal, with a persuasive grin, "I don't want to 'urt yer—not me! Bless yer, I knows a purty gal w'en I sees one, as well as anybody else! And let me tell you, the purty gals ain't shy o' likin' me, neither! Now, let's talk the matter over friendly, and see if we cannot come to terms. S'pose we let the joolry stay, an' you 'and over the brass, an' this yere bike, an'——what! y'are goin' to show fight, are yer? Struggle, would yer? Box my ears, eh? Ho, ho! I'll soon——"

"Hello! you dirty, cowardly scoundrel! Clear out of that, quick! You wretched old scarecrow! How dare you?"

"Oh, Jack—Jack, save me! He's got a pistol, and he's going to kill me!"

Jack threw his bicycle into the hedge and made a dash for the tramp. The man turned on him with a snarl, and pointed his pistol.

Jack seized it, and the next moment the two men were rolling together on the dusty road, while Kitty promptly subsided on the grass and fainted.

The two men scrambled to their feet. Jack unfastened the neckband of Kitty's blouse. The tramp stood still and rubbed his head ruefully.

"Run and fetch some water—quick!"

said Jack curtly, "and then make yourself scarce!"

"Poor little bird!" he murmured, rubbing her hands gently. "He's scared you out of your wits!"

He bathed her forehead with the water which the tramp brought, and then signed to him to clear off.

When he had gone, Kitty sighed, opened her eyes, and went off into hysterics, laughing and crying at the same time, as women always do when they have had a shock.

Of course, Jack comforted her and petted her, and, as soon as she got control of herself, they walked homewards, with his arm around her—to support her, you know!

So you see, once more a puncture proved a blessing in disguise to these two lovers—to say nothing of their bicycles—and now they were even happier and more devoted than ever.

Kitty was loud in her praises of Jack's courage, in tackling and overcoming such a dreadful ruffian, and she was never tired of relating the adventure until he, being a modest man, became quite uncomfortable.

"I wish you wouldn't talk so much about it, Kitty," he would say. "It was nothing, really! Any fellow would have done the same!"

"But you must allow me to be proud of you, Jack dear! It was so brave of you to fight him, especially as he had a pistol——"

"Which probably wasn't loaded," laughed Jack.

They were resting on the stone parapet of a favourite bridge. The moonlight danced on Kitty's new ring.

"Kit," began Jack after a pause, "I want to tell you something."

"A secret?" cried Kitty. "Oh, I love hearing secrets, but mind, I cannot undertake to keep one!"

"No—a confession."

"A confession? Oh, that's better still! What is there in your dark, dark past, sir, that remains unrevealed?"

"I am half afraid to tell you."

"Oh—this *is* interesting! It must be something dreadful!"

"Look here, Kit—don't jest—I'm serious! I—I've played it awfully low down on you! It was very mean of me to pose all this time as a champion of the weak, and all that sort of thing——"

"But, Jack—that savage tramp——"

"Was a chum of mine—Frank Russell! You don't know him. I met him out riding one evening, and—he saw how cut up I was about—losing you. We laid our heads together and arranged the whole scene. I was to come up just at the critical moment, and—do you understand, Kitty? What do you think of me now? Kitty—turn your face this way—dear! Don't cry—for goodness sake don't cry! Take your hands from your face! Look up—do look up! Say you forgive me! Think how desperate I was!"

There was a pause. Kitty was struggling with her feelings.

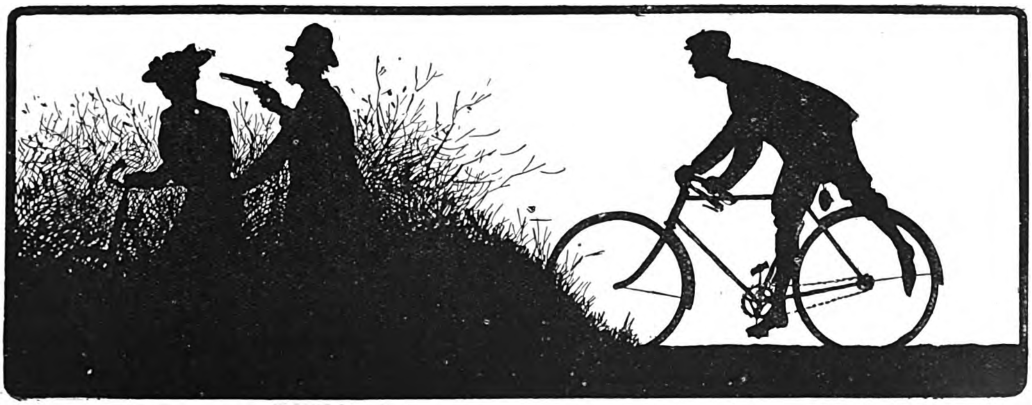
Presently a low voice said, "I forgive you—on one condition!"

"Well?"

"That you will also forgive me."

"Forgive you? Rather! But what is *your* crime?"

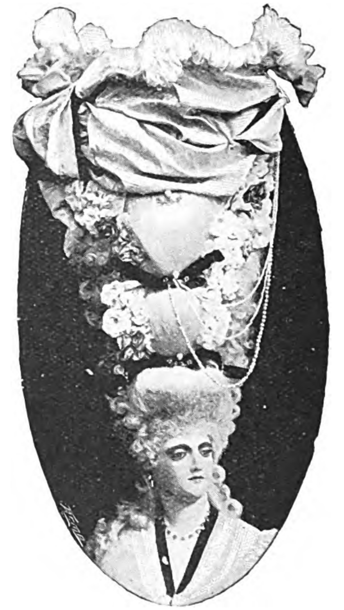
"Bend down and I'll whisper—lower still!" She put her hands round his neck, as schoolgirls do when they tell secrets, and whispered—"*I knew!*"



"Oh, Jack—Jack, save me! He's got a pistol, and he's going to kill me!"

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

This method of wearing the hair was affected by the Society lady of Paris during the reign of Marie Antoinette. It then became fashionable amongst the *grandes dames* of the English Court.



The Editor will be Pleased to Consider any Quaint Photographs Sent in.

ELABORATE HAIRDRESSING.

THE sight of this fair maiden with her somewhat lofty method of wearing the hair might well turn the hearts of theatre-goers to stone.

Still once—after all, not so very, very long ago—no Society lady would have dreamed of driving out, or going anywhere, unless her hair were thus arranged and adorned.

The fashion originated in France during the reign of Marie Antoinette, and for a time held sway amongst the Court ladies of England.

As may be supposed, it was only by the addition of much false hair that the hairdresser succeeded in arranging the tower-like structure above the head of his fair client.

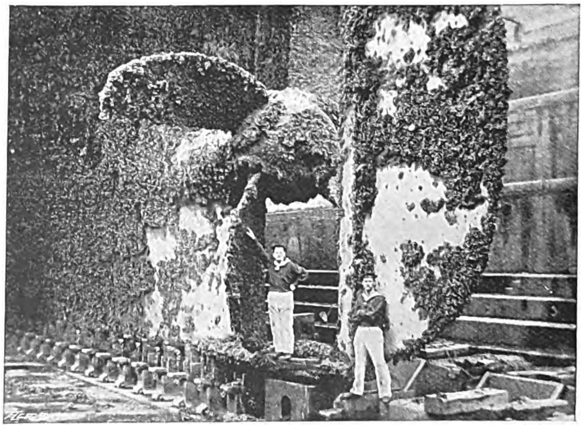
Rich silks and magnificent white ostrich feathers crowned this gorgeous arrangement of the hair, a perfect garden of flowers climbed luxuriously up the sides, whilst the whole was adorned with jewellery, diamond brooches, and long chains of pearls.

FISH THAT HAMPER WARSHIPS.

LOOKING at this picture one might pardonably suppose that it is of the keel of a disused warship considerably overgrown with ivy.

But it is nothing more or less than the bottom of a modern war vessel, recently returned from abroad. The dark masses that cluster over almost every part are barnacles. So quickly and in such numbers do these small shell-fish attach themselves to the hull of a boat that they considerably impede her speed.

Directly a warship returns from a long commission, especially if it be in the Pacific, she is docked, and the work of clearing the bottom of barnacles begins.



The keel, propeller, and rudder of the German warship "Frederick the Great," showing the hundreds of tons of barnacles that have made their home thereon.

A comparison with the two sailors standing near the propeller enables one to realise what a colossal undertaking this is, especially when it is known that the work is done entirely by hammer and chisel.

The task is long and tedious, and forms a considerable item in the upkeep of the World's Navies.

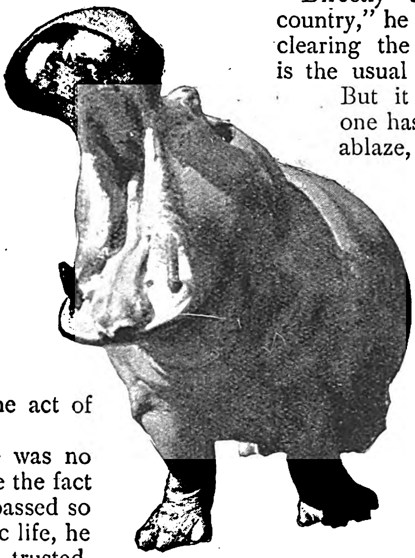
A RECORD GAPE.

Of all queer creatures that are, this certainly looks the queerest. One might easily suppose that here was some prehistoric monster, instead of a sleepy old hippopotamus named "Guy Fawkes."

Guy Fawkes' address is the "Zoo," London, and he has lived in the cage where he was born more than thirty-two years.

The photograph is unique, for, although many pictures have been taken of hippopotami with their mouths open, nobody has, hitherto, succeeded in securing a snapshot of one in the act of yawning.

To take the picture was no easy matter, for, despite the fact that Guy Fawkes has passed so many years of domestic life, he is by no means to be trusted. Escorted by the keeper, the photographer entered the yard in which the huge brute's swimming tank is built. At his master's command the hippopotamus opened its mouth, revealing an enormous tongue and blunt teeth. A hurried snapshot was then taken. But an instant later, the keeper suddenly called to the photographer to take another picture. This was done, and Guy Fawkes was "snapped" in the midst of indulging in a gigantic yawn. The result is shown in the curious picture at the top of this page.



A unique snapshot of a hippopotamus indulging in a gigantic yawn.

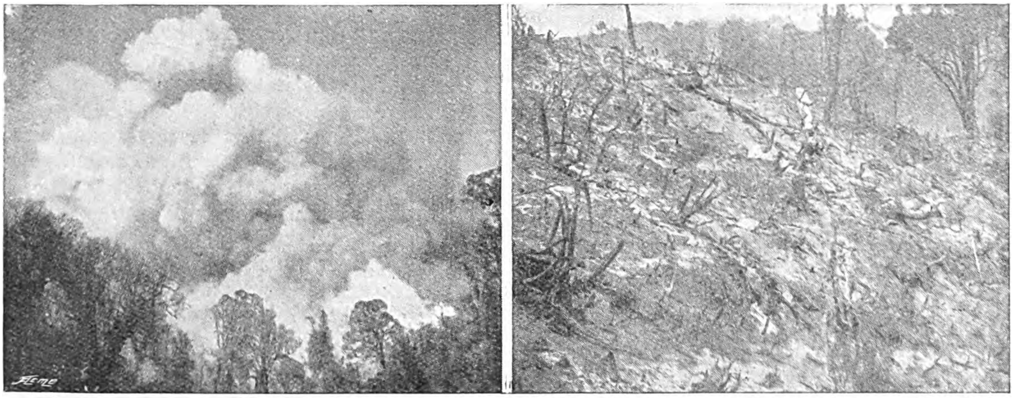
CLEARING THE BUSH.

Many colonists, settling in New Zealand, take up land in the "back country." Here the soil, although immensely rich, is overgrown with bush.

Directly the settler arrives up "back country," he begins making arrangements for clearing the trees and undergrowth. Fire is the usual means adopted for this object. But it must not be supposed that all one has to do is to set the undergrowth ablaze, and then sit down until the fire subsides. Such a method would be useless.

During the winter the settler occupies himself in felling trees and cutting down the undergrowth. By midsummer the fallen bush has become as dry as tinder. Then, with the greatest care, to insure a successful "burn," the settler sets it ablaze in many places. In a few minutes the bush has become a roaring furnace, that eats up tree and undergrowth, leaving the ground clear and ready for cultivation.

Burning the bush is not altogether devoid of danger. Care has to be taken not to venture inside to set the bush ablaze. Settlers who have ignored this caution have frequently never returned. At the best of times it is difficult to penetrate into the tangled mass of felled trees and undergrowth. But with the whole enveloped in a blinding cloud of suffocating smoke it is well nigh an impossible task to scramble out in time to avoid the flames. In this way many a settler has perished on the land he hoped to sow on the following year.



Dense volumes of smoke arising from the burning bush. On the right is shown all that remains of the once almost impenetrable bush after the settler has set it on fire.

My Nephew "Max".

By Fox Russell.

Being a Further Extract from a Married Uncle's Diary.

Have been feeling terribly worried ever since dear Mollie insisted upon our giving fancy dress dance

"Why fancy dress? So unnecessary. If one *must* have such idiotic functions as dances, why not dress as ordinary civilised human beings?"—Suggested this to dear Mollie.

"Oh no—fancy dress much better fun!" she says.

Sigh and resign myself to my fate.

Dear Mollie thinks I should make a good King Charles—object strongly, and ask why I should impersonate small spaniel?

"Not a King Charles spaniel, you silly old thing! I mean the martyred king himself," she says.

Object to martyred king—don't think his conduct was at all correct. Explain this. Dear Mollie says:

"Then be a Black Brunswicker?"

Wonder how I should look as Brunswick Blacker?—Black Brunswicker, I mean?

"We *must* ask Max and Tommy, you know, Charlie." Remonstrate with dear Mollie. Say I don't think boys should go to dances without a *chaperon*—I mean keeper. Must be very bad for them to sit up so late—bad for their digestion, too.

Dear Mollie laughs.

"Why I don't believe school-boys possess such a thing!"

Protest feebly for some time longer, but dear Mollie pats my cheek, calls me "dear old thing," and—succeeds, as usual, in having her own way.

Write invitation to boys to come on Tuesday and stay over dance—Wednesday night. Mildly hint in my letter I shall expect them to behave extremely quietly, and to wear strictly unobtrusive fancy dresses.

Max writes back as follows:—

"School (blow it!).

"Dear Uncle Charlie,

"I should think we *would* like to come to your Fansy Dress Kick-up! *Rather!* And I should have liked to bring poor old Boots—you remember him? Spotty-faced chap, orl over pimpils, but means well—only the sily young ass has just gone and caught scarlid fever or meesils or sumthing like that, just as the holidays are coming on too; why diddent he wait till they were over and then catch them?

"You say weer to wear unobstrusive dresses. What do you think of me as Oliver Cromwell or Lord Kitchener? I want sum dress where I can wear (or is it 'wear I can where?') a sword and a merstarch.

"I told young Stinker he oughter go as a Griller from the Zoo, becos he wouldent want any disguys. He got so enoide.

"Shall I ask Fatty Summers to come? He's orfly short, and round as a barril. I told him he oughter tie a piece of string to his leg and go as the Captive Baloon, and he got shirty and sed 'Why don't *you* go as a gentleman? No one would know you.' He thinks this is sarksum and reppartea.

"Another feller here, Stoddart major, suggested that I should put a paper frill round

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my neck and go as a ham. That's just becos I've got a rosy face—he's pasty himself. And I sed he was a fool; and he sed 'You shut up,' and I sed 'I shan't shut up for you, anyhow.' And he sed 'I'll jolly well lick you arfter school;' and I sed 'All right, young cocksure!'

"After 'absence' was called over we went and had it out in the playing-field. We had seven rounds, and I sucked a lemon until I got an orfle pain in the stum—chest. But I gave him an orfle licking, and then we shook hands.

"The guvnor ses we may go and choose our costewms as we pass through town on our way home for the holidays. I *can't* make up my mind how to go. Shouldn't I look fine as a Knight in Armer? Then I could wear a sword and a merstarch, only the merstarch would be hidden by my vizzer.

"There's a new boy come this term. He ses he's bin a pirate on the Spanish Mane, but when young Cheeky Walton arsked him where the Spanish Mane was, he had to own up he diddent egsackly know. This creates distrussed. But he swore he knew orl about pirates becos he'd bin aprentised to the business since he was nine—he's fifteen now—but had to retire from the profeshun when his galleon was captured.

"I've since heard that he's lived orl his life in Surbiton, and never seen the sea egsept when his mater takes him to Brighton. He *is* a liar!

"We'll arive *shay voue*—you see I haven't forgotten my French—on Tuesday. If you like to tellygram us we could come sooner.

"Love to Aunt Mollie.

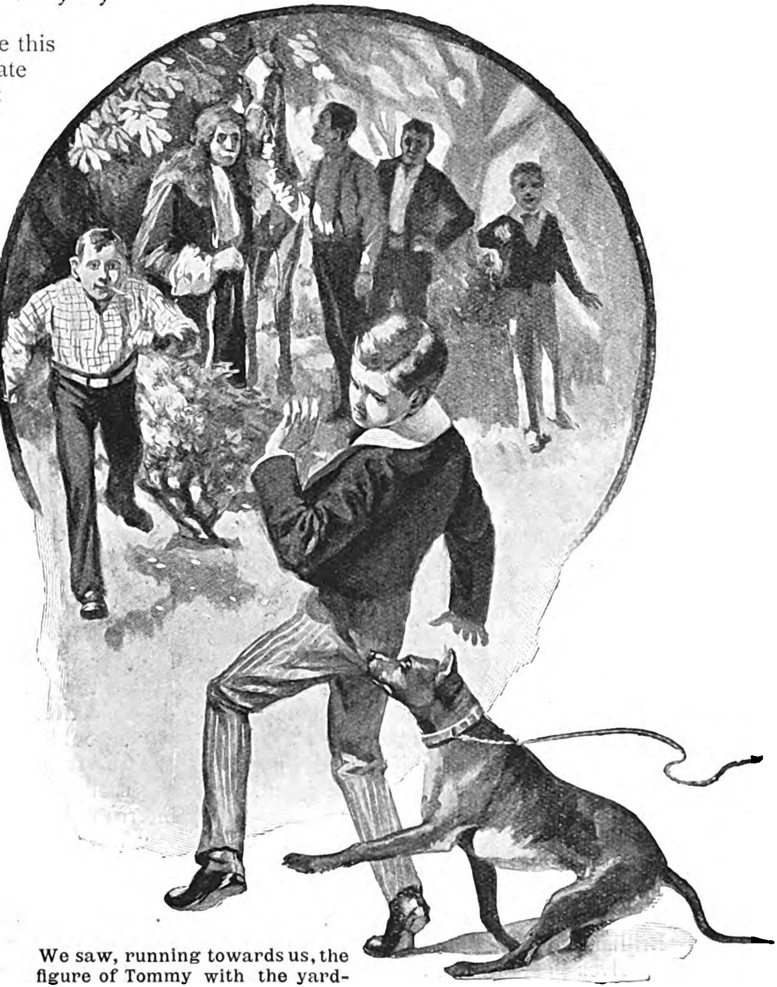
"I say, if you wear to die enny time—of coarse, I don't mean now, egsackly, but your getting rarther old, ain't you—do you think Aunt Mollie would like to marry me? Becos orlthough there's a predgejugice agenst widders, *I'me* not predgejugiced a bit. You mite tell her this sometime—prettend to let it out by axcident, you know.

"I hope my saying this won't hurt your feelings, but, on the conntry, you may be glad to know that Aunt Mollie will have the best of husbinds wen you have to kick, and you carnt live for ever, can you?

"Your affecte. nephew,

"MAX.

"P.S.—S'pose I was to come to the Dance ass the German Emprer? I told Stinker that if I did he'd have to be the Crown Prince—though he only looks big enough to be half-crown Prince. Should you like me to be Richard 3? or Coor de Liong? or R. Hood and his merry men?"



We saw, running towards us, the figure of Tommy with the yard-dog's teeth firmly fixed in the slack of his trousers.

Gave letter to dear Mollie. Dear Mollie positively ill from excessive laughter for rest of day.

Preparations for dance so wearing. My own sanctum invaded for reception of hats and coats.

So trying. Remonstrate—no use. Dear Mollie manages everything, including me. So worrying, too, considering what dress to wear.

Interview costume person, who comes from town on purpose. Costume person very annoying young man—makes perfect stream of idiotic suggestions. So distressing!

"Now, sir, you'd look very well as Bluff King 'Al. Could make you up a treat."

Decline to be made up "a treat," whatever that may be. Dear Mollie also negatives suggestion decisively.

"No, Charlie, the character might put bad thoughts into your head!"

Hasten to assure her no need for alarm, when I see she is laughing at me. Dislike being laughed at. Explain this. Sigh, and again consult costume person.

After much discussion, finally settle on Brunswick Black — Black Brunswicker, I mean—the dress originally suggested by dear Mollie. Feel, thus far in advance, that I shall look a monumental ass in it.

Within an hour of costume person's departure, change my mind and decide to appear as "Courtier of the time of Charles II." Wire costume person to that effect. Think black leather costume of Brunswicker too suggestive of modern motor-man.

Tuesday.—Boys just arrived. Inform me they intend to keep secret their characters—trust they are not bad ones. Butler informs me, an hour later, that "the young gentlemen is goin' on outrageous in the servants' 'all, and jest broke a winder." Go out and speak severely to boys, telling them to keep out of servants' hall in future.

Twenty minutes afterwards, cook rushes in to dear Mollie to give notice—"the young gents are in her kitchen," and she "can't be 'put about' in that fashion when company's comin', 'not if it was ever so!'"

Mollie pacifies cook, whilst I order boys to remain in sitting-room, and not go to the servants' regions at all.

"Well, what *is* a feller to do then?" asks Max half-sorrowful, half-indignant.

Suggest cards.

"Rot!" they both cry together.

Brilliant idea—would they like to amuse themselves at stables? They run off, whooping with delight. So thankful.

Go up to my room surreptitiously to try on costume. Don't tell dear Mollie, or she might think me conceited. Wig of long love locks rather trying—blue velvet trou—knickerb—trunks—what *are* they called? Very tight round—oh, everywhere. Struggle till purple in face to get them to meet.

Hah! at last—fearfully tight, though. Now for the jacket; this fits fairly well.

Blood suddenly freezes, as sound of horse galloping over croquet lawn, coupled with diabolical shriek, smote on my ears. Rush to window and see Max has got on one of my hunters, which has bolted with him, jumped rails out of park, and is careering round garden. Max, both hands clasped round horse's neck, shouting for help.

Rush downstairs and out into garden. Just then, stud-groom and two or three of the stablemen arrive. Horse can't get away, and we gradually corner him.

Directly he is caught Max recovers all his natural "cheek," and, looking at me, bursts into a fit of laughter. So rude.

"There's nothing to laugh at, Max!" I say indignantly; "how came you to get on this horse without my permission?"

"Well, Uncle Charlie, *that's* a good 'un! Why, you said yourself we could go and amuse ourselves in the stable. Well, we couldn't be amused without getting on the horses, could we? At least, I couldn't—but I don't know what's happened to Stin——" But at that moment a demoniac yelling arrested our attention, and we saw, running towards us, the figure of Tommy with the yard-dog's teeth firmly fixed in the slack of his trousers. A stable lad quickly rescued him, brought him before me, and stood him beside his brother.

Assumed magisterial air, and began with dignity:

"Boys, the behaviour you have been guilty of—the—the——" And then I noticed that not only my nephews, but all assembled were broadly grinning.

Felt very annoyed and puzzled at this—so disrespectful. Began again:

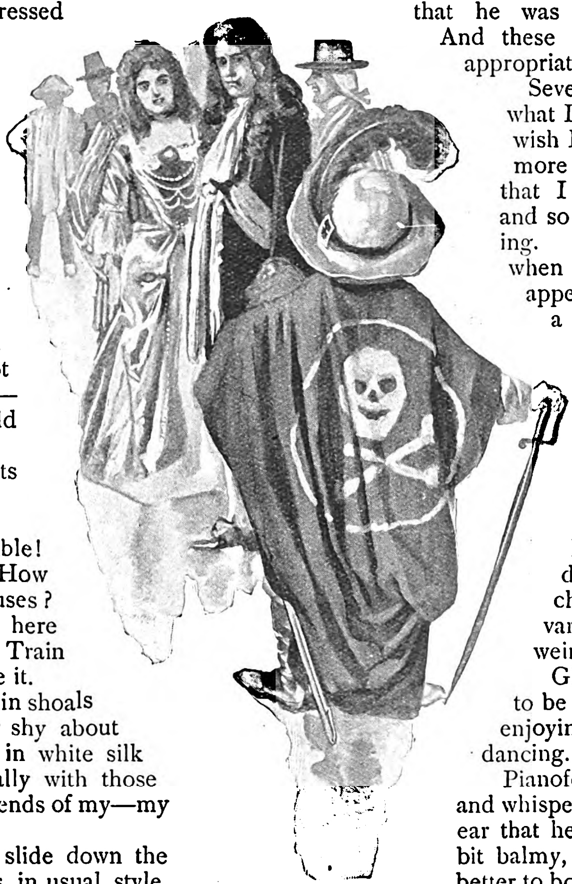
"I would have you know that when——" But a fresh burst of laughter from Max, together with smothered giggles from servants, interrupted me again.

"Well, Uncle Charlie, you *do* look a sketch! And I'm blowed if those things'll keep up much longer by the look of 'em."

I turned and fled precipitately. I had forgotten my "Courtier of the time of Charles II." dress. I had not even had time to button the braces to the—thingamys—

before rushing out to Max's rescue. And here was the ungrateful little bea—boy laughing at me! Then, just as ill-luck would have it, in hurriedly entering the house, I ran full into the arms of Lady Fitzfoodle, who had just called to see dear Mollie! So embarrassing. Had to stop and shake hands. Wish Lady F. wouldn't put up that confounded *lorgnette* of hers to look at my costume—or want of it.

Thomas, too, my butler, evidently suffering severely from suppressed laughter. Should sack Thomas to-morrow, but know I could not replace him.



"You *do* look an ass, Uncle Charlie!"

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.—Nine-thirty, and no musicians arrived yet. Anxiety horrible. Cannot have dance without music. Would not be ball, but orgie—and such a mild one!

First few guests already arriving.

Still no band!

This is too horrible! What can I say? How shall I make excuses? Thank goodness, here they are at last! Train late—don't believe it.

Guests arriving in shoals now. Feel rather shy about showing my legs in white silk stockings, especially with those little frills on the ends of my—my—thingamys.

Boys suddenly slide down the staircase banisters, in usual style. Max attired in weird costume of buff leather jerkin and high boots, broad buckled belt, with a lantern and a perfect armoury of knives, pistols, and daggers stuck in it; "a sword and merstarch" are also in evidence, the latter being simulated with burnt cork. Brown stockinette tights, trunks of green, slashed with white satin, and a long cloak, complete his bodily attire.

His head is covered—not to say smothered—by a soft felt sombrero, two sizes too large for him, with long plume in it. I wonder if he is a "Briggind Chief," as he called it in his letter, or Guy Fawkes?

Turned to Tommy, and found that his small form was enveloped in a scarlet robe, very much too long for him, and over which he continually tripped. His head was adorned by a skull cap, and his feet were in red shoes so large that all his skill was needed in keeping them from falling off. A burnt cork moustache seemed strangely out of place with the priestly robes, until he informed me that he was Cardinal Richelieu. And these were their ideas of appropriate dresses!

Several people asked me what I was? So annoying; wish I had worn something more distinctive, or else that I could label myself, and so save trouble of replying. Matters not mended when Max, to whom my appearance was evidently a shock, blurts out in loud, earnest tones: "You *do* look an ass, Uncle Charlie!" Forswear fancy dress for the future.

Dear Mollie simply fascinating as Marie Stuart. Why do women always look charming, and men invariably fools, in these weird costumes?

Glad other people seem to be enjoying dance. Not enjoying it myself—hate dancing. So heating.

Pianoforte approaches me and whispers confidentially in my ear that he thinks "Cornet is a bit balmy, and would it not be better to boot him out at once?"

So disturbing to nerve centres. Consult Thomas who undertakes "booting business" immediately. So relieved.

During earlier portion of evening Max and Tommy very much *en evidence*, Max amusing himself by, amongst other things, pouncing out at parlourmaid on dark staircase.

Having previously masked himself, effect sufficiently terrifying to cause faintings and hysterics. Rush off to pacify parlourmaid, and then to try and find that imp of juvenile depravity, Max. But he is too clever for me, and makes himself scarce. Lady Fitzfoodle, in passing dark place on staircase where I stand, frantically endeavouring to reassure parlourmaid, sniffs audibly, and, turning to Miss Scandleford, says, in stage whisper:

"Really, I think our host might have shown better taste than this. I think, too, that his wife ought to be informed."

So maddening. Should like to scalp Lady F., but know how impossible it would be to do this, as she wears a wig.

Towards supper time, prolonged absence of my nephews begins to excite in me uneasy feelings.

Hunt for them in unostentatious way, but it really looks as if—displaying common sense I should never have given them credit for—they must have retired to bed. So thankful.

We go into supper. Supper rather a success. Only enjoyable part of entertainment. Separate tables for two, or four. Very cosy arrangement. Had been rather annoyed all evening at a certain Captain Steyning's evident attention to dear Mollie, though quite sure dear Mollie herself never really flirts.

However, determined to play the part of the "bold, bad man" in revenge, so took in to supper, prettiest girl amongst the guests, though not to be compared to my own Mollie, as a matter of fact.

Had great fun at our *table á deux*, although sitting in slight draught. So treacherous! Then, without a moment's warning, the gas all went out!

Sat in black darkness for minute or two, wondering—then supposed I ought to "do something," so determined to grope my way out of room and make inquiries. First put my fair companion's cloak around her shoulders to keep off draught.

By bad luck struck my nose violently against her head, in darkness. Most painful. Eyes watered with force of blow, and just at that exact moment in rushed Thomas with lamp. May have been my heated imagination, but it really seemed that everyone in room happened to be looking at us at that precise juncture. So embarrassing.

All noise hushed, and most awkward silence ensued. Never passed such an anguishing two minutes in my life before.

Finally bolted out of room, and went down to cellar to see if anything had happened to meter. On arriving saw that gas had evidently been turned off there! Most mysterious.

After sending servants to attend to burners in various rooms, turned on meter-handle again; and, determined to have no repetition of *contretemps*, locked cellar door after me and pocketed key.

Dance proceeded rapidly to its close; and just as carriages began to arrive for the guests, gas suddenly went out again! At almost same moment our ears are saluted by sound of explosion in cellar.

Followed by Thomas and half-a-dozen guests, I rush down to basement to see what has happened, unlock cellar door, and, snatching lamp from butler, strive to pierce dense smoke with my eyes.

Dismal voice I at once recognize as Max's.

"Oh, Uncle Charlie, get us out of this! I believe Stinker's killed, and I know I'm dying. We've been blown up!"

Dragged both boys out of villainous smelling smoke. Max's eyebrows and hair singed, and face blackened with gunpowder. Tommy not singed, but begrimed with coal dust.

Fortunately our doctor present amongst guests. Makes thorough examination, and declares neither boy injured, except superficially. So thankful. Most agitated, however, and glad to see nephews to bed, and then retire myself.

Slept late next day. So exhausted. Dear Mollie also late. Also cross; said nasty things to me at breakfast about girl I took in to supper, and threatens to discharge that parlourmaid. So unjust. Explained. Dear Mollie refused to listen. Despaired of making her understand.

Nephews left by early train, perfectly sound and well. Dear Mollie wouldn't speak to me all day. Most unhappy.

Next morning, following letter from Max:—

"DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,

"Youle be glad to hear we got home all rite. I say I *was* in a funk, in that beasely coal-seller larst nite! I'll tell you all about it.

"We got rarther sick of the Fansy dress dance—none of the pretty girls seemed to want to dance with us—I allways thought gurls liked dancing with anybody whose a Bacheler as we are. But they seamd to preffer even old marrid men, like you.

"So I sed to Stinker, 'Let's go and find the coal-seller, and let on to be Catesby and Guy Fox in the sellers of the House of Commens—wee'll take those Pharoahs Serpints—it's a parlor firework they sell, for letting off indoors—and wee'll have a ripping lark.'

"So he tucked up his Cardinal Richlew robe, and we manidged to dodge the servants and got down to the seller. Wee'd taken the

2 candils out of our bedroom, and a box of matches, and then we went and eggsplawed under the coals, and I stuck my swored inter the ground and—— You know Shakepeare? At all evence, I s'pose you've herd of him? Well, I stamped my foot, and sed to Stinker—of coarse, it was a squotation that I had cribbed, you know:

"'Good Catesby, go, effect this beastly business soundly!'.

"And young Stinker sed:

"'Go and do it yourself!'

"I sed, 'You young ass, that's Shakepeare,' and he sed, 'I don't care a blow; if you want to dig a hole in the coals for the Pharoah's serpints do it with your swored.'

"So I did. And now I come to think of it, those were'nt the egsact words of Shakepeare. So I spose they're partly me and partly Shake's—'Max, Shakepeare & Co.' Eh? *I* think Shakepeare's rather clever, don't you?

"Wen Ide worked a hole in the coal (now, that ryme's mine, aint it?), I shuv'd the serpint in, and all was prepared for blowing up the House of Parlimint.

"Well, jest then I happened to see the gas meater, and so I sed:

"'Here's larks! We'll turn out the gas over the hole house.'

"And Stinker shouted 'Hooray!' so loud, I smaked his hed and told him if he did it again the conspiritters would be discoverd.

"I turned the gas orf at the meater, and soon as I herd footprints coming down stares, put out our lite and hid round the corner of the wall. Then you came, Uncle Charlie, and turned it on again; and then, blowd if you diddent axcerdently *lock us in!*

"We diddent know what to do. We lit our candel and roomynated—we diddent want you to find out it was us in the seller, yet we diddent want to be locked up all nite.

"So arfter more roomynashon we agreed wee'd turn out the gas again, and wen you came down and opened the door wee'd try to bolt.

"We got all reddy, and then I turned the handel of the meater and put out the gas again, but in stepping back I triped over my swored and knocked the candil flying.

"I suppose it set fire to the hole lot of the serpints—we only meant them to go off one at a time, of course—and, by gum, they all blew up and sent us flying!

"And you know the rest.

"Give our love to Aunt Mollie, and hoping to stay with you again soon,

"Your affecshunate nephew,

"Max.

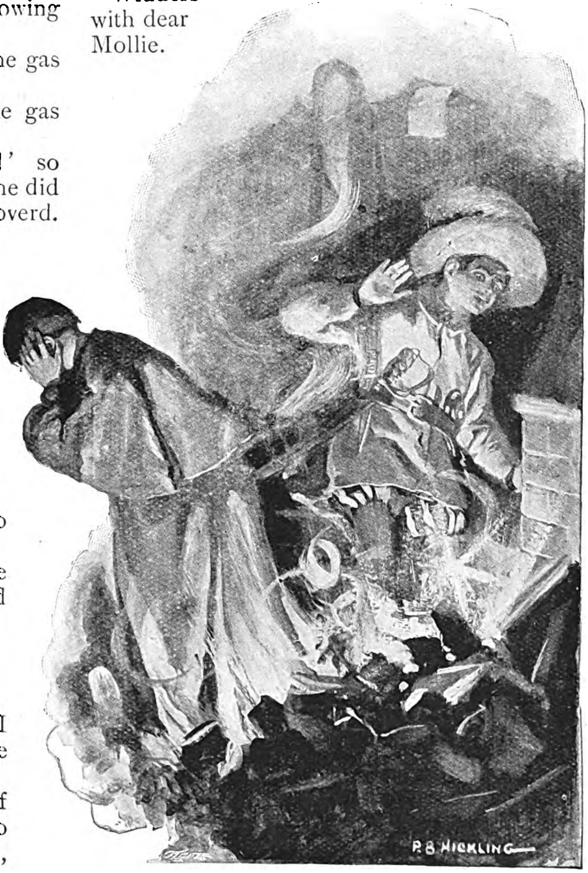
"P.S.—I say, you *did* look an orfle ass in your Fansy Dress, diddn't you?

"P.S.S.—I wonder if you've eggsplained that little thing I wrote of—you know: about widders—to Aunt Mollie yet? If you haven't, doant foreget to."

So ends this precious incident.

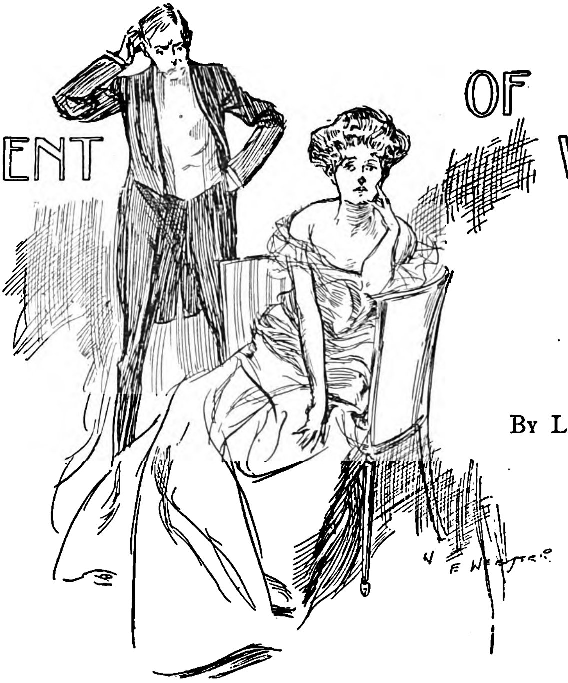
How it was that we escaped being blown up, I really cannot tell. Will take care that my graceless nephews do *not* escape "blowing up" next time I run across them. Might well have been annihilated by their confounded carelessness.

Think Max possibly right in his suggestion that I looked an "orfle ass" in my fancy dress. But as I have strenuous and conscientious objections to dying at present, no need remains to discuss the question of "Widders" with dear Mollie.



"By gum, they all blew up and sent us flying!"

THE MANAGEMENT OF WIVES



An Article for all Men About to Marry.

By Lilian Bell.

It is seldom that women will admit that wives are managed, but once in a while truth, like murder, will out.

It is far pleasanter for us women to turn our thoughts to the way we manage men, both as sweethearts and as husbands, than to pause in our mad career when we find ourselves doing things we don't want to do, and in a way we hate, and wonder why we are doing them. If we are honest, we will be obliged to admit, when we do so, that there is a man at the bottom of it every time. And, of course, it is the man we are in love with. And sometimes it means a husband.

In popular fiction, proverbs, and cartoons, husbands are pictured as stupid animals, blind, perverse, born to be managed by some woman, and *always* devoid of tact. Who ever heard the phrase, "As tactful as the proverbial husband?" And who ever heard anybody say, "As clever as a husband?"

But the pathetic and absurd truth of the matter is that when a husband is clever he is twice as clever as his wife, for when he is managing her the most she hugs herself in the fond belief that she is managing him, and that he is at the best a stupid old dear, fit for nothing else than to be piloted along whatever path she chooses.

In matrimony, a clever man is one that gets his own way without his wife's knowledge. If he discovers that mere flattery will cause her to ask him which he prefers, asparagus with the meat, or as a separate course, when hitherto she has persisted in having it the latter way, despite his pleading, why, he would be not a fool, but a wise man, if he flattered her. If, however, she suspects that his compliments are manufactured for this express object, then he must try some other plan.

However, very few men are clever enough to know this. Were it so, every woman I know would have her neck under the yoke.

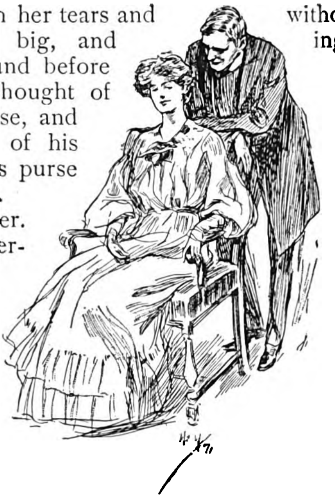
Another thing that the tactful husband does is to let his wife cry. I don't mean that he drives her to crying, or that he lets her weep while he stands unsympathetically by with his hands in his trousers pockets, his feet apart, and grinning sardonically. I mean that when an emotional woman needs a good cry, he realises that it will relieve the tension. He does not get up and rage, and kick chairs out of the way, and say, "Oh, for Heaven's sake, stop crying, or you'll drive me mad!"

No! He goes and pats her shoulder soothingly, and says:

"There, little woman! I'm sorry the cook has left, and your new costume fits so badly. But cheer up! Let's go out and have a jolly little dinner, and to-morrow I'll write that tailor such a letter that will make his hair curl!"

Then she looks up through her tears and thinks how handsome, and big, and strong, and glorious he is; and before the dinner is over she has thought of two ways in which to economise, and so pay for the extravagance of his orders to the waiter. For his purse is not elastic, and she knows it.

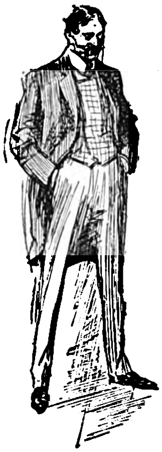
That is not the end, either. For days, yes, for weeks afterwards, that wife will remember how comforting her husband was when her heart was so racked that she didn't care whether she lived or died. Her soul will expand with gratitude until she will begin to pity every woman she knows because their husbands are so very inferior, and not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath as hers.



If a man sees that by flattering his wife he receives more attention, he would be a fool not to flatter her.

Now, when a woman compares her husband with those of other women in that spirit, it is not difficult to imagine that she will invent some way in which to show him what she thinks of him, for gratitude is an objective virtue, and demands deeds to prove its being. And when her heart is in that softened state, the first thought which occurs to her is the subject of their last dispute. How could she have held out against such an angel of kindness as Jack? Selfish creature that she is! Well, thank goodness! it is not yet too late to give in now, and as soon as he comes home she will tell him so.

Does that husband manage his wife?



A man should not stand, grinning sardonically, when——

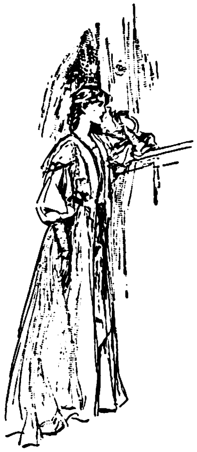
The clever man—and by that I mean, in this connection, the tactful man—is one without nerves; or if he possesses them, he has them under control. He is not a fussy man. He may be as particular as you please. He may be a perfect old maid in the way he takes care of his clothes. He may be so much of an epicure that the dinner is spoiled for him if there is no sauce with the fish. It may be that he cannot eat bacon for his breakfast if the cook has not trimmed it carefully before frying. Nevertheless, his temper and his nerves are under control, and he remedies these things without displaying anger or infuriating his wife. There are many quiet and insinuating methods of getting one's own way. It isn't always best to rip up the carpet, and break the furniture, and kick the cat.

I heard of one amusing incident which bacon reminds me of. An extravagant man had married a thrifty, nay, a stingy, wife. Added to this she was inclined to be a little selfish and forgetful of her husband's taste, and habitually allowed the bacon to come on the table with enough rind on it to make it taste. He complained several times, but to no purpose. His wife always patronised the least expensive shops, where delicacies were not even kept.

At about the sixth lapse of wife and cook combined, he went to an expensive butcher and ordered four dozen rashers of bacon already sliced and trimmed.

The price of it nearly sent his wife into hysterics. She saw half her week's profit out of the market money disappear at one fell swoop. So she took it back, and when the butcher obligingly refunded the money, she went into her kitchen and had a serious talk with her cook, which not only settled the bacon question once and for ever, but even improved the coffee and lightened the rolls.

Of course, this is only an example of tact in an individual case. Thousands of women, who do not receive a weekly allowance from their husbands, could not be reached in that way; but this man was clever enough to master the governing motives of his wife's character, and to touch her where she was most susceptible to a reminder.



——his wife is crying, in his opinion quite unnecessarily: he should comfort her.

However, for general practice, and without reference to special cases, the man who manages his wife most successfully is the one who keeps his wife always good tempered,

When a man's wife prefers social amusement on her holiday to a quiet time in the country, it is the husband's positive duty to accede to her wishes.

happy, and contented. The happy woman is most often the grateful woman. Of course, there are many instances of happiness making women selfish and callous, just as there are numerous cases of the neglected unhappy wife that still hopes to win her husband back by courtesy and unselfishness. It seldom works, however. And I have further observed that the most utterly selfish wives generally have the most indulgent husbands. It is an exasperating sight, and almost puts a premium on selfishness.

On the other hand it is some comfort to know that the happiest marriages are those where wife and husband strive to see which can be the most unselfish, which can give the most to the other. It is a fine art—the art of living together. Nor does it demand from each one that they should be wholly unselfish. The rarest pleasure comes in occasionally accepting a real sacrifice from the other; accepting it graciously, frankly, generously, and with wholesome appreciation of its worth.

Sometimes to accept such a sacrifice is an absolute necessity to the recipient's happiness.

If a husband, fond of a day's fishing, is married to a society wife, who would be wretched at a farm-house near the trout streams, while he could obtain not a little amusement at the golf links, it is his positive duty to substitute a minor for a major amusement, and take his wife to a resort where she can show her clothes. Women who love silk linings seldom can find any companionship in trees and wild flowers. The tactful husband humours his wife, for he knows that in her gratitude she will allow him to join a stag party and to go fishing at some other time, while she very willingly stays at home with the children. Oh, it pays to humour a woman!

There is, however, a type of woman of whom I would hesitate to speak if I did not believe she is oftener misunderstood and mistaken for another type. That is the contrary woman—the woman of small mind. The woman who wants to do a thing just because someone has told her she must not. The woman who thinks it is clever to do as she pleases, no matter who objects, under the mistaken idea that she is thus showing her independence. That woman is seldom managed by her husband, because he is too angry at her, most of the time, to take the obviously easy method of getting his own way. With this style of woman I have no patience. I agree with her husband—I won't bother with anyone so fitful.

But the other type of woman — the emotional, highly-strung woman, the very feminine woman, the woman of the whimsical imagination, the woman of the eager interest in things—she it is who, from pure femininity appears to be the contrary animal that we women are always pictured. Possibly she is contrary, if to go against tradition, or to be original is to be contrary. Perhaps she does change her mind a dozen times a week, and disbelieve to-day what she averred yesterday. Possibly the mysterious and the forbidden do appeal to her imagination. Therein lies her charm. Woman's infinite variety should never be mistaken for woman's stubborn mulishness.

Yet Englishmen make good husbands to even little fools. They live peaceably with even contrary women, and love them—ay, and even honour them! Certainly they respect them far beyond their worth and indulge them far beyond their deserts.

To live quietly with a quarrelsome woman —a woman who is filled with the conviction that she was born to command, to dominate all, her husband foremost—to manage that woman, that is what the Englishman can do, is doing in thousands of humble homes to-day. He lives with one: ill, fretful, complaining, and never lets her know that she is not as lovely as when he first met and loved her. His heroism is undreamed of by his neighbours, and least of all realised by himself.

But there they are—the unnamed, unhonoured heroes of the eternally commonplace.

To live quietly with a quarrelsome woman . . . . is what the Englishman can do.

THE PROFESSIONAL GUEST

The Last Experience of Sir Forrester Harvey in the Capacity of a Paid Guest. He now Undertakes the Duties of a Match Breaker, but himself Falls a Victim to the Heroine.

By Allen Upward.

VII.—THE HAND OF THE HEIRESS.

I now come to what was, as far as I was concerned, the most interesting of all my experiences in the character of a Professional Guest, though, for reasons which I hope the reader will understand and allow for, I am obliged to relate it with a little reserve.

The secretary of the Agency, through whose medium I had secured all my positions during my career as a Paid Guest, invited me to call upon her one morning to consider a proposal of a very unusual and delicate character. On my reaching the office she explained matters thus:

"There is a family named Rising living at an out-of-the-way place in Lincolnshire, called Bishop's Pickerel. They are a widowed mother, and one daughter named Isabel. The father made a fortune out of chemical dyes, I understand, and divided it by his will between his wife and daughter, so that the daughter, who is just coming of age, will have over one hundred thousand pounds, besides as much more when her mother dies.

"Now, the mother has brought her up with the idea of her ultimately marrying the son and heir of the principal landowner in the neighbourhood, an excellent match in every way. Both the families have looked on it as a settled thing. The young people seemed attached, and everything was going well, when a man suddenly arrived on the scene who has upset the whole plan.

"He calls himself Captain Spencer, and gives out that he held a commission in some Rhodesian mounted corps during the South African war; but he has no proper credentials. No one at the War Office knows anything about him, and, in short, he appears to be an adventurer.

"He came down and took a hunting-box of some kind close to the Risings' place a few months ago, and scraped acquaintance with them and one or two other families in the neighbourhood. Now he seems to have completely fascinated Miss Rising. They meet nearly every day, she will hear nothing against him, and, in short, her mother is afraid the girl will be drawn into a marriage with this man as soon as she comes of age.

"Poor young Carlton, who was to have been the lucky man, has been completely thrown into the shade by this dashing stranger, and now Mrs. Rising thinks that the only chance to save her daughter from a man whom she regards as a fortune-hunter is for someone like yourself to come on the scene, and cut him out."

I gazed at the secretary in some alarm.

"But I don't understand!" I exclaimed. "Surely it is not expected that I should

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engage myself to marry a young lady I have never seen!"

"O dear no!" the secretary hastened to explain. "Quite the contrary. Mrs. Rising wants someone who will bind himself beforehand *not* to marry her daughter, but to retire in favour of the local candidate."

I drew myself up.

"I am afraid I must decline the engagement," I said stiffly. "It does not sound at all the kind of thing I should care to be mixed up in. What right have I to go down and try to win the affections of a young girl whom I have no intention of marrying? You had better advise Mrs. Rising to take her daughter abroad."

"She says Captain Spencer would follow them. And I think she fears letting her daughter meet anyone who might outshine Mr. Carlton."

I could scarcely forbear smiling.

"Mr. Carlton seems to have made a stronger impression on his future mother-in-law than on his sweetheart. But, however, I must absolutely decline to play such a part."

I went home, not expecting to hear anything more of the matter. To my surprise I received a letter two days afterwards from Mrs. Rising herself.

> "Dear Sir (she wrote),— I quite understand and respect the delicacy you feel about coming down here. But I think the agency may not have put the situation before you in the best light. My daughter and Mr. Carlton have been practically engaged for years, and I am sure that I could trust to your honour to respect my wishes with regard to such an arrangement. The unfortunate impression made on Isabel by Captain Spencer is a mere fancy, due to her never having met anyone outside our own quiet circle, and I am sure it would soon be dispelled if she had an opportunity of contrasting him with a gentleman like yourself. I am in great distress, and should gladly pay £1000 to see this entanglement broken off, and my daughter saved from lifelong misery. Excuse the appeal of a mother, and believe me, with the greatest respect,
>
> "Yours very truly,
> "MARIAN RISING."

This letter made me think I might have been over hasty in refusing, and the sum offered was certainly large enough to tempt a man in my financial circumstances.

I consulted an old friend of my father, General B——, and, on his advice, decided that I might accept the engagement.

The next thing was to arrange my appearance in the neighbourhood so as not to arouse Miss Rising's suspicions. It was decided that I should go and stay with young Carlton, whose father had recently died, leaving him in possession of the family mansion and estates. The old lover could hardly be suspected of wishing to bring another rival on the scene.

I found Carlton a very good specimen of the young country squire, good-natured and steady-going—evidently the kind of suitor to attract the favour of a match-making parent rather than that of a romantic girl. He said very little about the errand on which I had come, and I fancied that he was a more or less passive instrument in Mrs. Rising's hands.

The day after my arrival he drove me over to Bishop's Pickerel, and I was introduced to the widow. I found her a bright, bustling dame, not so far advanced on the wrong side of forty as not to have plenty of attractions of her own for a wooer, fortune-hunting or otherwise.

She received me with a gushing welcome, under cover of which, I was uneasily aware, she took stock of my appearance and deportment, no doubt calculating my chances of outshining Captain Spencer in her daughter's eyes.

The result seemed to be fairly satisfactory, for she at once proceeded in the most businesslike way to fill me up with information about Miss Rising, her tastes, habits, and inclinations, appealing occasionally for confirmation to the prospective son-in-law, who showed a good deal of confusion, as he might, in his embarrassing position.

I listened, feeling a more cordial dislike for Miss Rising every moment, when the sitting was mercifully interrupted by that young person herself, who burst in upon us through an open French window, leading on to a verandah.

Prejudiced as I was against her, I could not deny to Isabel Rising the possession of good looks. In fact, if the circumstances had been different, it is just possible that I might have found her attractive.

As she stood in the frame of the window, holding on to her head a straw hat the size of a sunshade, while the wind and light rippled through her hair, and her lips parted in a mischievous smile, I will confess that for the moment I disliked her rather less than I expected.

Miss Rising stepped into the room and saw her suitor.

"You here, Harry!" she exclaimed in a tone of good-natured indifference.

Then as she caught sight of me she stopped abruptly, a bright blush springing to her cheeks.

Carlton managed to get on his legs and pronounce our names with some indistinctness.

"A friend of Harry's is a friend of mine," Miss Rising said easily, as she advanced and favoured me with a small white hand. "We are like brother and sister, as I daresay Harry has told you."

I saw Mrs. Rising turn purple under this thrust, though Harry received it with stolid resignation.

"The man who makes a sister of you, Miss Rising, must be very fortunate—or very stupid," I retorted, entering into my part.

She blushed, laughed, and then blushed again, turning her eyes away after a hasty glance into mine.

"Captain Spencer is coming to lunch," she announced to her mother. "I didn't know there would be other visitors."

"I daresay Sir Forrester Harvey won't mind meeting Captain Spencer," Mrs. Rising said acidly. "This is a man who has just taken a small house near here," she pursued, turning to me. "We know nothing about him, but perhaps you may be able to tell us something."

"What is his regiment?" I asked.

"The Rhodesian Horse," Isabel Rising put in quickly, looking annoyed at the turn the conversation was taking.

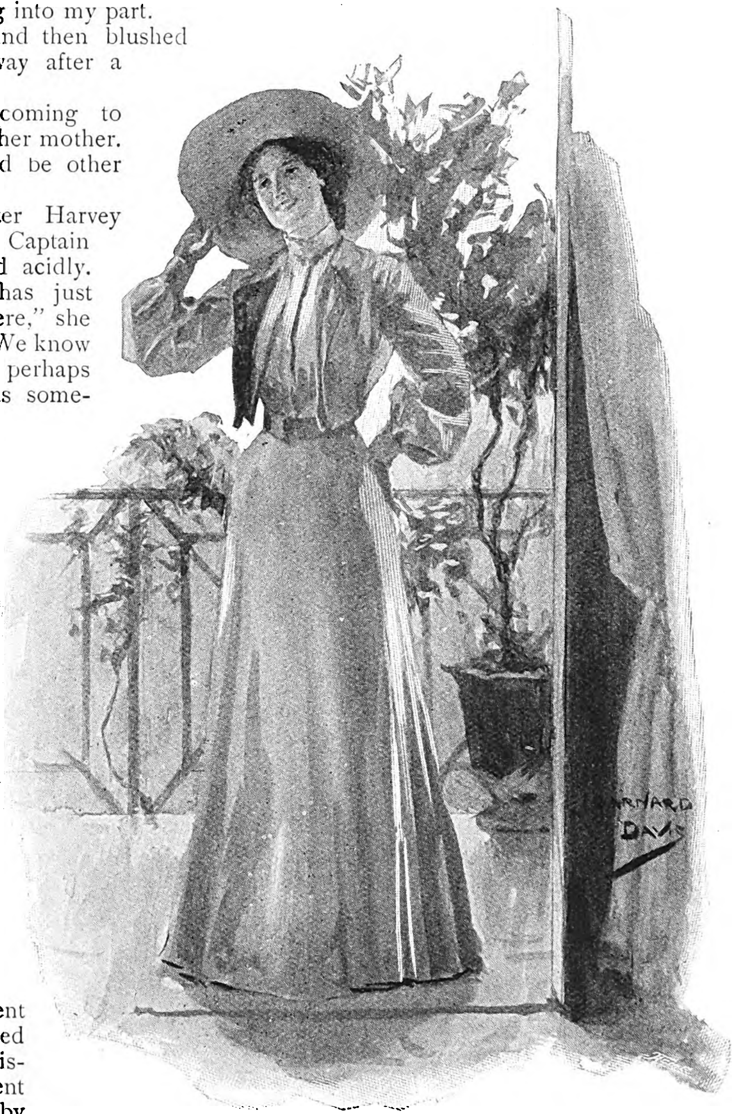
"Oh, then, in that case I am afraid I should not be likely to have heard of him," I answered with assumed carelessness.

I saw already that Mrs. Rising was taking the wrong course with her daughter, and that if I lent myself to any attacks on my rival's character, I should alienate the young lady at the outset.

To Mrs. Rising's evident annoyance I therefore refused to be drawn into any disparagement of the absent man; and I was rewarded by an increasing friendliness on the part of Isabel.

Captain Spencer was announced shortly afterwards. He was evidently a man of some breeding, who had knocked about the world a good deal, and probably seen the seamy side of it. Although I could imagine his dashing approaches must have been a refreshing change after young Carlton's rather placid style of courtship, it seemed to me incredible that he could have made any really deep impression on a girl like Isabel Rising.

His features were coarse and hard, his sandy hair was getting noticeably scarce, his



As she stood in the frame of the window, holding on to her head a straw hat the size of a sunshade . . . her lips parted in a mischievous smile.

clothes were in loud taste, and his whole manner was that of the gentleman sharper.

The moment we were introduced I saw a look in his eye which told me that he suspected I had come on the scene as an enemy, and that he had reason to feel alarmed.

Mrs. Rising, in her tactless way, tried to bring us into collision at the luncheon table.

"I wonder if you and Captain Spencer have any mutual friends, Sir Forrester?" she threw out.

Spencer immediately bristled up like an animal about to be attacked.

"It is quite possible, though, of course, not very probable," I returned, meaning to be merciful.

Unfortunately Spencer took my remark in an unfriendly sense.

"I don't know in what circles Sir Forrester Harvey has moved," he said rudely, "but I have plenty of friends in society and on the turf, who, I should think, would be esteemed worthy of his acquaintance."

"I beg your pardon," I said sharply. "I understood you had distinguished yourself in South Africa, where I have never been? If you will tell me the names of any persons in English society with whom you are intimate, I will at once say whether I know them?"

Thus cornered, the Captain (if he were one) stammered and hesitated, and finally muttered that he had misunderstood me.

I was glad to see that this little exchange had not damaged me in the eyes of Miss Rising, who, I thought, looked from one to the other of us as if she considered Spencer to blame.

As soon as luncheon was over I took Mrs. Rising apart and remonstrated with her.

"If you expect me to help you against this man," I told her, "you must let me go to work in my own way. The more you attack him, the more Miss Rising will be drawn to him, if only out of a spirit of opposition. If I appear as his enemy at this stage, I shall simply set her against me, and lose all chance of winning her confidence. Leave us alone and, if I am not much mistaken, your daughter will gradually cool towards him of her own accord."

During the next few days I had further opportunities of studying the situation. Every day either Carlton drove me over to the Risings', or they came across to our place, and Spencer was generally of the party.

Captain Spencer's manner towards Isabel showed something of the confidence of an accepted lover, nevertheless I formed the opinion that her mother had taken an exaggerated view of Isabel's attachment to the Captain.

Whether that were so or not, she certainly showed no disinclination towards a mild flirtation with myself.

My tactics were, of course, to ignore any supposed understanding between the other two, or to play up to my assumed *rôle* of an admirer. But though I laid myself out to do this, it went so much against the grain that I was myself conscious of something forced in my manner towards Miss Rising.

Possibly she detected the insincerity of my attentions, and was piqued into trying to convert me from a sham wooer into a real one.

At all events she did not discourage me, but on the contrary led me on, particularly when Spencer was not present.

On one occasion, when we happened to be by ourselves, she deliberately gave me an opening.

She had been questioning me a little closely about the extent of my acquaintance with Mr. Carlton, and seemed rather pleased than otherwise when I confessed that we had known each other a very short time.

"I have known him for years," Miss Rising observed. "We were boy and girl together. The worst of it is that there are always silly people who expect that kind of thing to end in an engagement. Don't you agree with me that it is quite the other way about?"

I glanced at her, unable to conceal my surprise at this plain speaking, as I responded:

"I must do Carlton the justice to say that he has never asserted any formal claim on you, though it is evident that he would be very glad to be in a position to do so. But your mother, it seems to me——"

Miss Rising shook her head impatiently as she interrupted:

"I don't know what is the matter with my mother, unless she wants to get rid of me. She is always assigning me to imaginary husbands. First it was Mr. Carlton, and now——"

She broke off short, and cast down her eyes as though afraid to commit herself further.

"I don't think your mother wishes to get rid of you to anybody else," I ventured to say gently.

Isabel stole a glance at me.

"Do you mind telling me, Sir Forrester,

what is your frank opinion of Captain Spencer?"

"Do you mean as an acquaintance, or as a possible husband?" I returned lightly.

To my dismay the girl drew herself back with a sharp catch in her breath, and then, before I could apologise for my levity, she sprang to her feet and left me.

From that moment Miss Rising's manner towards me underwent a change. In the presence of others, particularly of Spencer, she continued to receive my hypocritical attentions with apparent pleasure, but she avoided being left alone with me, and when circumstances did throw us together with no one else by she kept me at arm's length.

These occasions were fairly numerous, thanks to Mrs. Rising, who was always contriving elaborate schemes for the defeat of Spencer, which usually involved the pairing off of herself with Carlton, and Isabel with me, Spencer being artfully excluded from the party.

These manœuvres at last led to the decisive scene.

We four had driven off one morning, on an impromptu picnic, the object being, of course, to prevent Spencer's having a chance of joining the excursion. We lunched very pleasantly in the ruins of an abbey or castle, or one of those places which our ancestors have thoughtfully provided for the use of picnic parties, and after lunch Isabel and I found ourselves alone in a corner of the ruin.

Carried away by the romantic influences of the spot, I found myself playing my assumed *rôle* a little more earnestly than was my wont. Isabel has since told me, indeed, that I quite made her fancy I cared for her on this particular afternoon.

I had just settled her comfortably with the aid of a rug and some cushions, when I heard her give a startled cry. I looked round hastily and saw Captain Spencer, striding towards us.

Isabel made a hasty motion as if to rise.

"What is the matter?" I said to her calmly.

"Captain Spencer!" she faltered.

"What of him?" I returned with some disdain.

Before she could speak again the Captain was upon us. His face was pale, and it was evident that he was labouring under strong excitement. I lifted my hat as he came up, but he did not return the civility.

"Isabel!" he burst out as soon as he was standing in front of her. "What does this mean?"

"Excuse me, Captain Spencer," I put in, speaking mildly and with a slight effort, "but this young lady is under my care for the moment, and I think you forgot to salute her in the usual way."

He turned and gave me a fierce scowl. Then he renewed his attack on Miss Rising.

"I told you I would not have it. You have no right to treat me in this way."

"I mean"—I ventured to interpose again —"that you have not yet taken off your hat to Miss Rising. I believe you have been introduced?"

He flashed a look at me as though he would have liked to strike me.

"Tell this fellow what our relations are," he said to Isabel in the tone of a master.

"Tell me if you are bored by Captain Spencer's exhibition," I threw in.

The girl looked from one to the other of us in evident distress.

"I don't know what you want—what you expect me to say," she murmured to Spencer.

"I expect you," he answered, "to tell Sir Forrester Harvey that you have promised to be my wife."

In spite of my resolve to keep cool, I could not suppress a movement of anger. It will be understood that I did not dislike Isabel sufficiently to make me wish to see her married to the ill-tempered brute in front of us.

"Promised!" she cried in real or affected indignation.

"Led me to believe, if you like that better," he sneered.

"All this seems to me quite irrelevant to the main question," I put in with quiet persistence. "I fail to see why the hope you entertain of marrying this lady should make you forgetful of the rules of courtesy. You have not taken off your hat."

Isabel addressed herself to me.

"You are a gentleman, Sir Forrester, and a man of honour. I want you to know the whole truth. When Captain Spencer came here I was supposed to be going to marry Harry Carlton. There had never been any formal engagement between us, but my mother had always treated it as a settled thing, and he had seemed to take it for granted in the same way, and so between them I was drifting into a false position, from which I found it very difficult to escape. What I wanted was some opening to declare myself plainly, and they would not give me one. Well, when Captain Spencer came, it gave me the opportunity, or I thought so. He paid me some attentions, and I accepted them, simply by way of asserting my independence, and showing Harry and my mother that I did not consider myself bound. I may have gone farther than I meant, and led Captain Spencer to think that I had more regard for him than I really had; but I had no intention to deceive him. My mother was always attacking him, and I took his part, and that may have helped to make me more friendly than I should have been otherwise. When you came here——"

"Ha!" Spencer showed his teeth in a snarl.

"When you came here I treated you in just the same way. I soon saw, of course, that you were only amusing yourself by flirting to pass the time, and that there was nothing serious in it. But Captain Spencer chose to be jealous, and to complain to me, and in fact to behave as though he had some right to control my conduct."

"Right!" the man burst in furiously. "Do you deny that you would have married me if this fellow, with his airs and his title, hadn't arrived on the scene?"

I glanced at the infuriated man with cool contempt.

"My title, such as it is, is at least a genuine one, to which I can prove my right, *Captain* Spencer," I retorted with pointed emphasis.

He clenched his fists.

"Answer me, girl," he shouted at Miss Rising.

"Tell me what you think, Sir Forrester?" she implored me.

"I think this gentleman really must take off his hat," I responded gravely. And rising to my feet, I took one step towards the ruffian, and sent his hat flying through the air.

I will do Spencer (if that were his name) the justice to say that, though a bully, he was not a physical coward. He stood up to me like a man, and Isabel has since asserted to me that she thought for the first minute or two I was going to get the worst of it. She will not admit, however, that in that case she would have married the conqueror.

For my part I was never in much doubt. Spencer was a powerful man, at least a stone better than myself, but he was not in such good training, and, what was more important, he had evidently given no study to the noble art of self-defence.

After one or two fierce rushes and some rather wild blows, very few of which landed where he meant them to land, I got him well in hand, and proceeded to administer a severe and scientific thrashing.

My object was to punish him as much as possible before knocking him out. I went carefully all over him, closed up his eyes one after the other, tapped what is known in scientific circles as his "claret," extracted a few front teeth, and finally let out from the shoulder and stretched him on the grass, gasping like a newly-caught fish.

"Whenever you feel disposed to renew this afternoon's amusement, you have only to treat Miss Rising with discourtesy," I said to him. "And please to understand that it will make no sort of difference to me whether you are engaged, or married, or a widower."

I gave Isabel my arm to lead her away. As soon as we were fairly out of reach she became a little silly, pretended to think I was hurt, and insisted on treating what was for me a healthy form of recreation as if it had been some heroic deed.

As I was really not very presentable, I made an excuse to get away before the other two rejoined us. I went back by myself to young Carlton's place, and busied myself in packing up.

Carlton turned up an hour or two afterwards. After expressing himself very generously about the trifling service I had rendered to Miss Rising, he noticed the preparations I had been making.

"You're not going?"

"I think there is nothing now to detain me," I said. "I believe the object of my visit is accomplished. I don't think Mrs. Rising need be under any further apprehension as to her daughter's marrying that man."

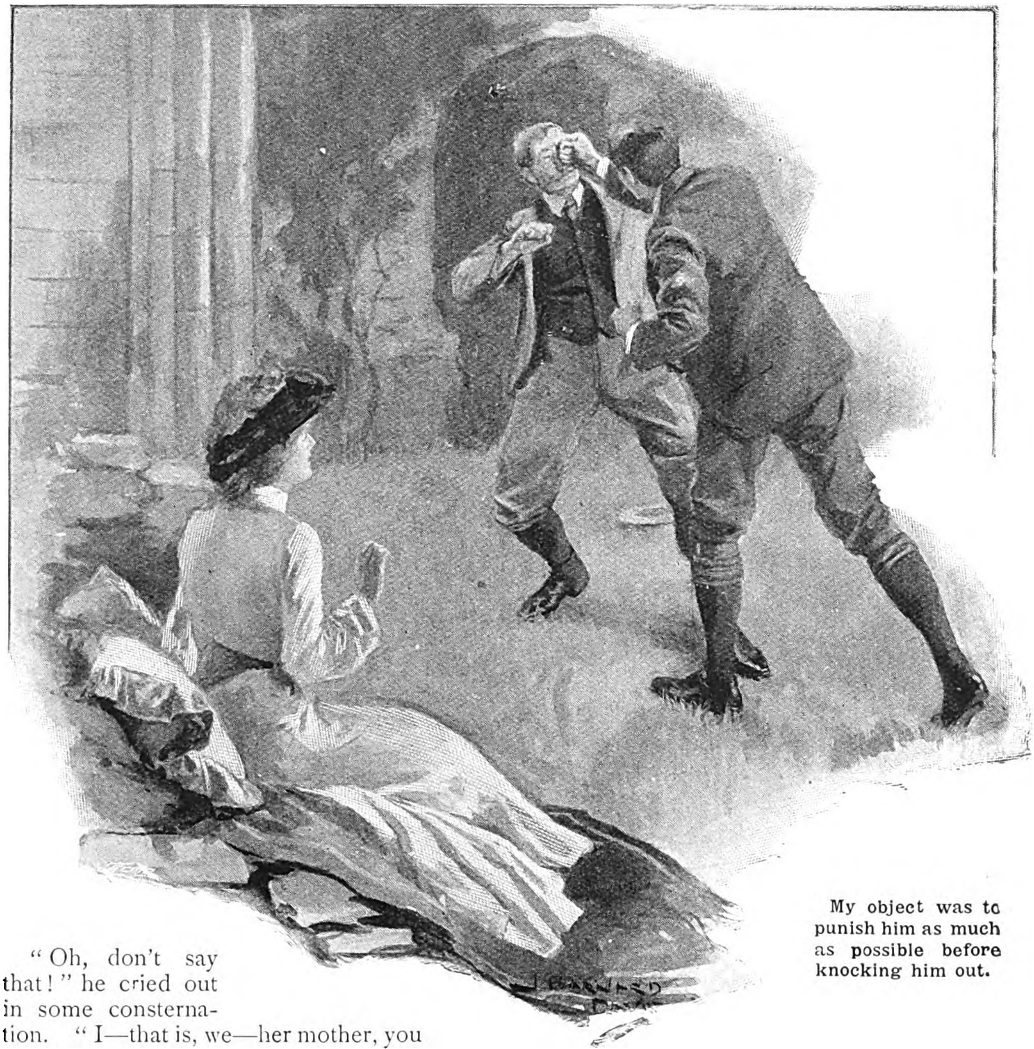
"She ought to be grateful to you for ever, and I know she will be," he said earnestly. "We all owe you more than I can say. As far as Spencer is concerned, Isabel's mother is quite relieved of any fear in that direction."

"Well, I suppose the next thing will be for me to congratulate you?"

I was conscious of not speaking with any very great heartiness. The fact is that Carlton's courtship, if such it could be called, had been so lukewarm that I found it difficult to believe his heart was in the affair.

He now hung his head, and stammered out a few confused syllables.

"Excuse me if I have been indiscreet," I said in as light a tone as I could assume. "But I shan't feel strictly entitled to my fee till all is happily settled."



My object was to punish him as much as possible before knocking him out.

"Oh, don't say that!" he cried out in some consternation. "I—that is, we—her mother, you know—in short we no longer think—I no longer wish—Well, to come out with it, *we* are going to make a match of it instead."

"You?"

"Mrs. Rising—Marian and I came to an understanding this afternoon."

As soon as I grasped what had happened, and that the mother had replaced the daughter, I congratulated him again, a little more warmly this time, perhaps.

Then I returned to my packing.

After dinner, to my surprise, Carlton ordered the dogcart, saying that he had promised to go over to Bishop's Pickerel and report how I was. I declined an invitation to accompany him.

He came back rather late, with a grave face.

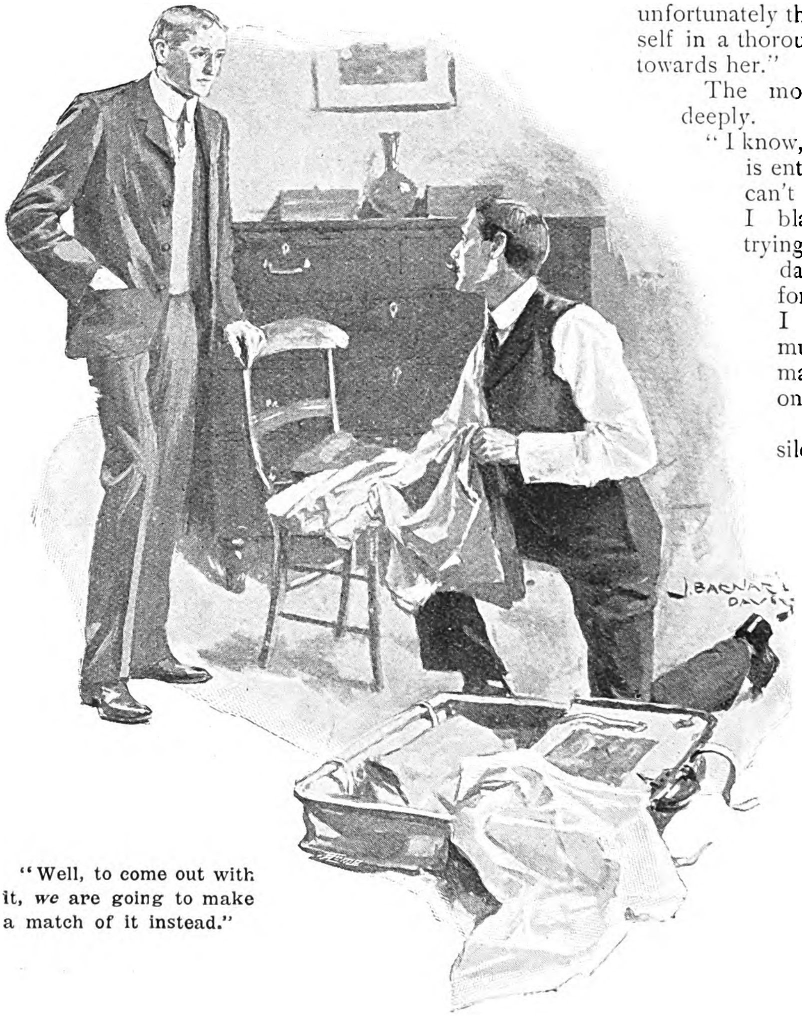
"I hope you are not obliged to go by an early train to-morrow," he said. "Mrs.—Marian is very anxious to thank you before you leave."

"I intended going by the 10.12," I answered. "I would much rather be excused receiving any thanks."

He said no more that night. At breakfast, next morning, Mrs. Rising was announced. She had driven over by herself to say good-bye to me, and I could not do less than go into the library where she was waiting to see me.

Her manner was also grave.

"I suppose there is no chance of your



"Well, to come out with it, *we* are going to make a match of it instead."

reconsidering your decision to leave us?" she threw out, after exhausting the vocabulary of thanks.

"I am afraid not."

"We shall all of us miss you very much."

I bowed.

"Perhaps you may be willing to come down again, at some future time as a friend."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I know my daughter will be particularly pleased to see you again."

In spite of myself I grew irritated.

"Mrs. Rising, don't you think this episode had better end here? I have come down under conditions about which I will say nothing more. I have paid attentions to Miss Rising which have been, to some extent, encouraged, and the result has been unfortunately that I now find myself in a thoroughly false position towards her."

The mother then sighed deeply.

"I know, Sir Forrester. It is entirely my fault. I can't tell you how much I blame myself. In trying to save my daughter from one form of unhappiness I am afraid, very much afraid, that I may have brought on her another."

I sat perfectly silent.

"You have made a great impression on Isabel, Sir Forrester."

"You hired me to," I said bitterly.

"I fear she will not get over it very easily."

"Woman, woman!" I cried fiercely, "what do you mean?"

"Don't you think, Sir Forrester — you must pardon a mother's anxiety — don't you think that perhaps if you came here again on a different footing, and saw more of Isabel, you might in time come to feel differently towards her? She is generally considered an attractive girl, and what I desire most in the world is to see her happily married."

I gasped.

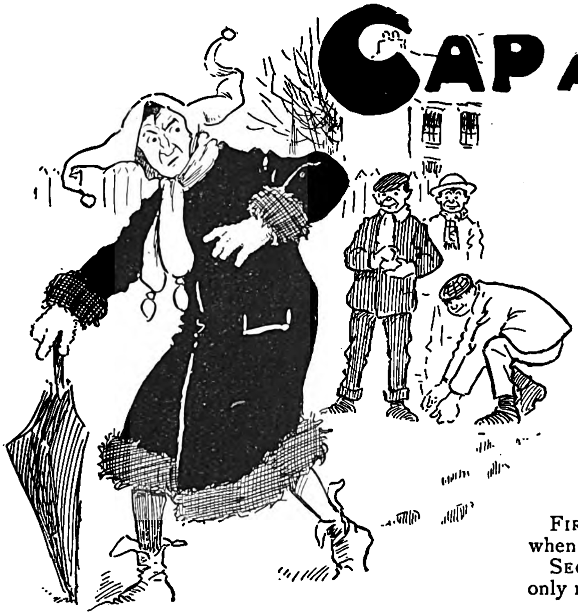
"Mrs. Rising, are you blind? I have loved Isabel from the moment I first set eyes on her."

I have never seen a woman so surprised in my life. (Isabel pretends that she was surprised too, but I don't believe her.)

Well, now that things had taken such an unexpected and satisfactory turn, I very naturally let the 10.12 train go off without me.

Needless to say, I have not since had occasion to resume the part of Professional Guest.

CAP AND BELLS



THE TUG-OF-WAR.

See, six aside, strong arms, strong thighs—
The rope between them loosely lies·
| | | | | |———————| | | | | |
And now, behold, the strain each feels;
They bend their backs and plant their heels:
((((((———————))))))
Hurrah, hurrah! the right side's stronger,
The others can't hold out much longer:
))))))———————))))))
I told you so, their grip they miss,
And fall down flat, a row like this:
— — — — — — ———————| | | | | |

* * * * *

TALKING SHOP.

First Telephone Girl: "What did Belle say when you told her your engagement was broken?"

Second Telephone Girl: "Oh, she said it only meant another ring off!"

* * * * *

THE FRUIT OF EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Spenders: "I wonder what will be the popular styles in bonnets this spring?"

Mr. Spenders: "My dear, women's bonnets will be divided into two styles this spring, as usual: the style you don't like and the style I can't afford."

* * * * *

TONGUE EXERCISE.

A Russian young girl named Navajokszakancszojivitch,
Who lived in the village of Goloskjcxeoksljijvitch,
Got tired of her name
And to better the same
She married a man named Zhskalychz-and-a-whole-lot-more-of-the-alphabetovitch.

* * * * *

SHE GOT IT!

"Harry," she said, "I want a hundred pounds."

"But, my dear," he protested, "that's nearly all the cash I have on hand at the present moment, and I had planned to use it to take up a debt."

"Oh, well," she returned carelessly, "if you think the man who holds the I.O.U. can make things any hotter for you than I can, why, go ahead!"

Thus it happened that she got the money.

* * * * *

"THAT ALL!"

Mrs. De Flat: "Can you show me anything new in folding beds?"

Dealer: "Only this, madam, and it seems to be quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring, and it turns into a washstand and a bath-tub. After your bath you touch another spring and it becomes a dressing case with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast you press three buttons at once and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin."

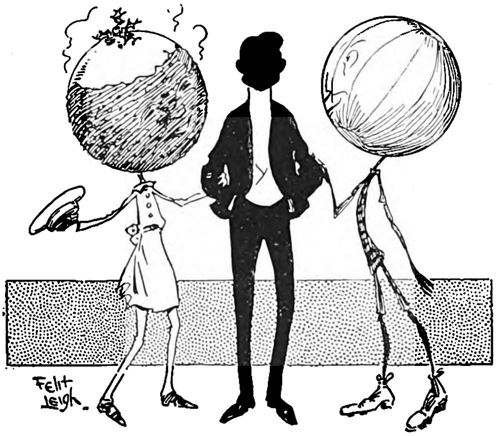
CAUSED A "ROUGH HOUSE."

"Never heard what broke up their friendship? Dear me! I thought everyone had heard that. Brown is engaged, you know."

"Oh, yes; I've heard that. Was White in love with the same girl?"

"No, no. Not at all. But White saw her portrait in Brown's room and asked whose it was. 'It's a picture of my *fiancée*,' said Brown. White examined it critically, and then put it down with the remark that she must be very rich. I don't know what happened after that, but White was taken home in a cab, and neither of them was seen out of doors for a week."

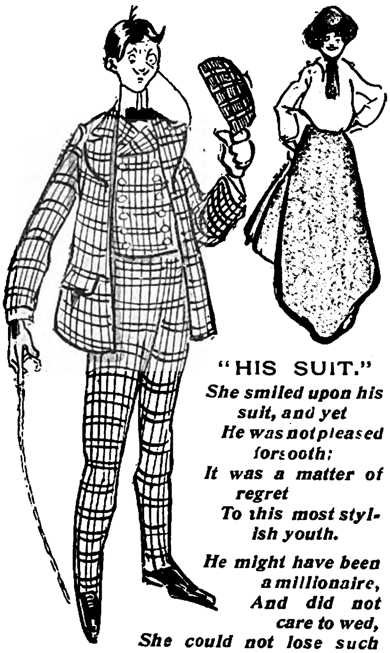
* * * * *


Felix Leigh.

RIVAL SPHERES.

***The Football:* "Meet me on the field in an hour."**

***The Plumpudding:* "Nonsense! he has a previous appointment with me!"**



"HIS SUIT."

She smiled upon his
suit, and yet
He was not pleased
forsooth:
It was a matter of
regret
To this most styl-
ish youth.

He might have been
a millionaire,
And did not
care to wed,
She could not lose such
chances rare—
She had a level head.

Although he loved the maiden sly,
His feelings were acute,
He wore a loud plaid—that is why
She smiled upon his suit.

* * * *

SUCCINCT.

The class was having lessons in Natural History, and the teacher asked: "Now, is there any boy here can tell me what a zebra is?"

TOMMY: "Yes, sir, I can."

TEACHER: "Well, Tommy. What is a zebra?"

TOMMY: "Please, sir, a zebra is a donkey with a football suit on."

* * * *

Though "money talks,"
As we've heard tell,
To most of us
It says "Farewell."

* * * *

WASTE LABOUR.

JUDGE: "You are acquitted."

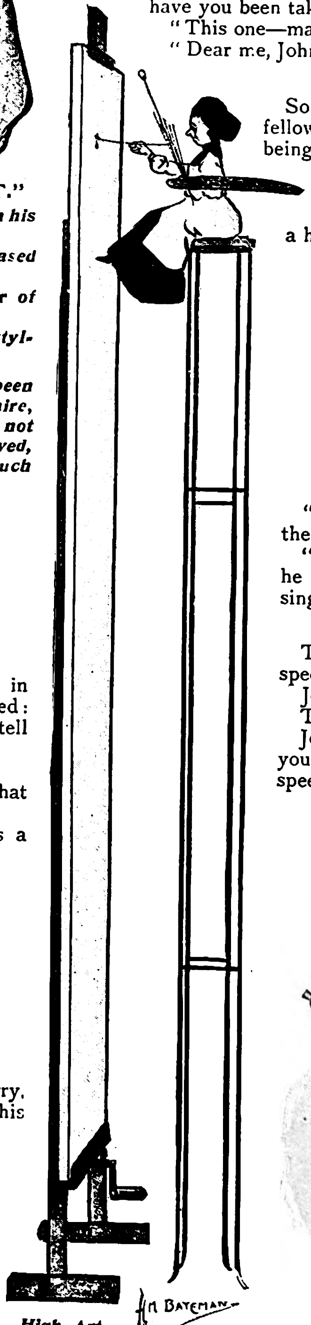
PRISONER (to jury): "Very sorry, gentlemen, to have given you all this trouble for nothing."

* * * *

HE KNEW HIS PARENTS.

TEACHER: "If your father gave your mother three pounds to-day and ten pounds to-morrow, what would she have?"

SMALL BOY: "She'd have a fit."



High Art.

A SLIGHT ERROR.

"My dear," Mr. Finnicky said to his wife, "I don't think those pills I have been taking have done me much good."

"Why, you haven't been taking any for three weeks."

"Yes, I have; I've swallowed one three times a day as directed."

"You have? Then why is it that there are as many left in the box as there were three weeks ago? What box have you been taking them from?"

"This one—marked for me."

"Dear me, John. That is my shoe-button box!"

* * * *

Some men are born to misfortune. A fellow got a licking the other day for being too familiar with another fellow's *fiancée*, and when he tearfully explained that he had known her for the last thirty-five years, she took a hand in and nearly scalped him.

* * * *

The sky is just as blue to-day
As when I used to meet her
Down in the lane. No bud of May
Was more unspoiled or sweeter.

And she is still as fair, they say—
Would that her heart was truer—
The sky is just as blue to-day,
But I'm a great deal bluer.

* * *

A CANARY-CAT.

"That cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night."

"Yes, father, I suppose that since he he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

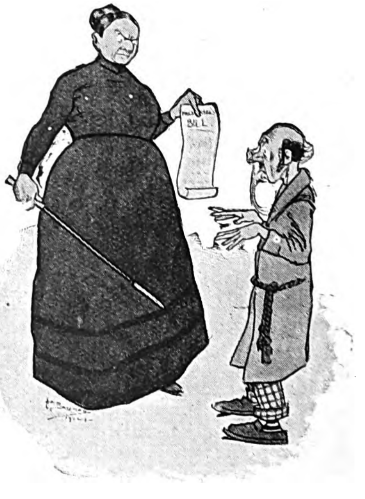
* * * *

TEACHER: "Johnnie, what part of speech is nose?"

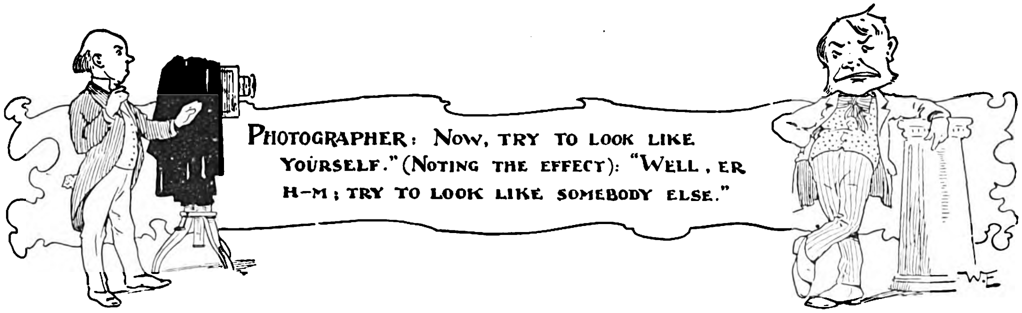
JOHNNIE: "'Taint any."

TEACHER: "Ah, but it must be."

JOHNNIE: "Mebbe yourn is because you talk through it, but the only part of speech that I've got is my mouth."



"George and the Dragon."


PHOTOGRAPHER: NOW, TRY TO LOOK LIKE YOURSELF." (NOTING THE EFFECT): "WELL, ER H-M; TRY TO LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY ELSE."
W.E.

A ROMANCE.

"I hate a tunnel!" the maiden said,
And closer to the traveller drew;
"They always make me feel afraid
Of some disaster; don't they you?"
And then the traveller shook his mane:
"You're safe enough with me," said he;
"Whatever happens to the train,
You always can rely on me."

And, with ear-splitting whistle's shriek,
The train plunged in the black abyss;
The traveller sought her blooming cheek,
And frescoed it with many a kiss.
Emboldened by her sweet alarm,
As on they tore through that eclipse,
He laid her head upon his arm
And kissed again her ruby lips.

"Ah, me!" the lovely maiden smiled,
As she arranged her ruffled hat;
And once again the sunbeams filed
In at the window where we sat.
"Ah, me! for once that horrid pest
Was robbed of every startling fear;
I thank you for your interest.
Excuse me, sir, I get out here!"

And so she left him, drowned in sighs
And on the sea of soft dreams tossed;
Of her sweet lips and deep blue eyes
So quickly gained, so quickly lost.
To dream; but, ah! at last to seek
The time, and find that in the din
She'd seized upon her chance to sneak
His watch and chain and diamond pin!

THE PEDANT GETS A SOAKING.

"It looks like rain."

"I beg your pardon."

"I say it looks like rain."

"What does?"

"The weather."

"The weather, my dear sir, is a condition. Rain is water in the act of falling from the clouds. It is impossible that they should look alike."

"What I meant was that the sky looked like rain."

"Equally impossible. The sky is the blue vault above us—the seeming arch or dome that we mistakenly call the heavens. It does not resemble falling water in the least."

"Well, then, if you are so thunderingly particular, it looks as if it would rain."

"As if what would rain?"

"The weather, of course."

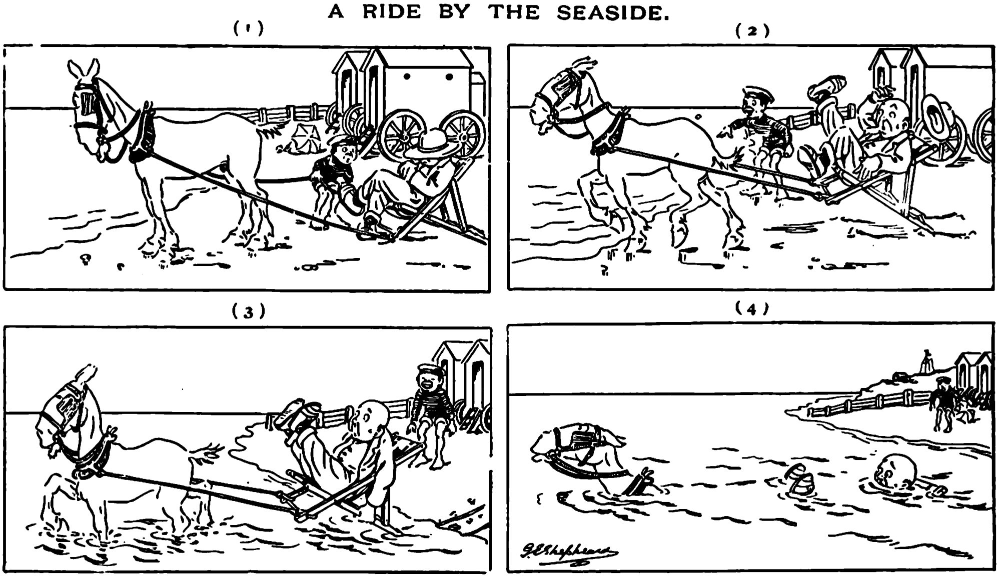
"The weather, as before stated, being a condition, cannot rain."

"The clouds, then, confound you."

"Ah! Here it comes. And I have taken so much time in talking to you that I shall get wet to the skin before I can reach my street car."

"I may not know as much about it as you do, but I've got sense enough to get in out of it, and you haven't," said the other, as he raised his umbrella and walked away in a huff.

A RIDE BY THE SEASIDE.



A HERO.

Jinks: "When burglars were in your house the other night, did Mrs. Filkins look under the bed for a man?"

Filkins: "Yes, and found one too."

Jenkins: "One of the burglars?"

Filkins: "No; me!"

* * *

WHERE THE REAL PULL COMES.

Patient: "Well, now, can you give me the gas?"

Doctor: "The tooth is out, my dear sir."

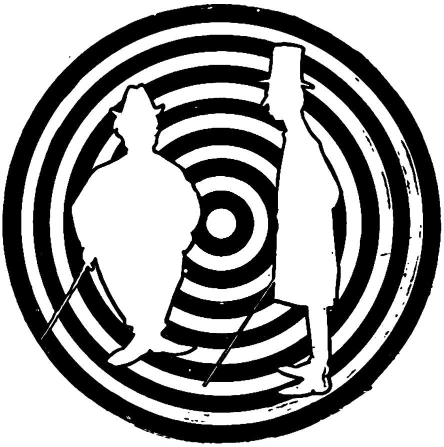
Patient: "Yes, but it's paying the fee that hurts."

* * *

THAT WRETCHED BOY!

A little boy was coming home with his mother from church, when he heard her saying that the sermon was not worth much. The little boy immediately turned round and said:

"Oh, ma, what could you expect for a halfpenny?"



FATTY GOT THE BEST OF IT.

A very thin man was once saying nasty things to a very fat one.

"If I were as fat as you," he said, "I'd go and hang myself."

"In the event of my taking your advice," retorted the fat man, "I'd use you for a rope!"

* * * * *

WAR À LA MODE.

General (in the near future): "Quick! What news?"

Aide (breathlessly): "The enemy's pneumatic cycle brigade is attacking our flank."

General (promptly): "Tell the gunners to load with tacks."

* * *

FEMININE ELECTIONEERING.

"I thought you said you never again would elect her president of your club," he suggested, after she had told him all about the result of the club election.

"Well, we didn't intend to," she replied, "but when she broke down and cried we just couldn't help it."

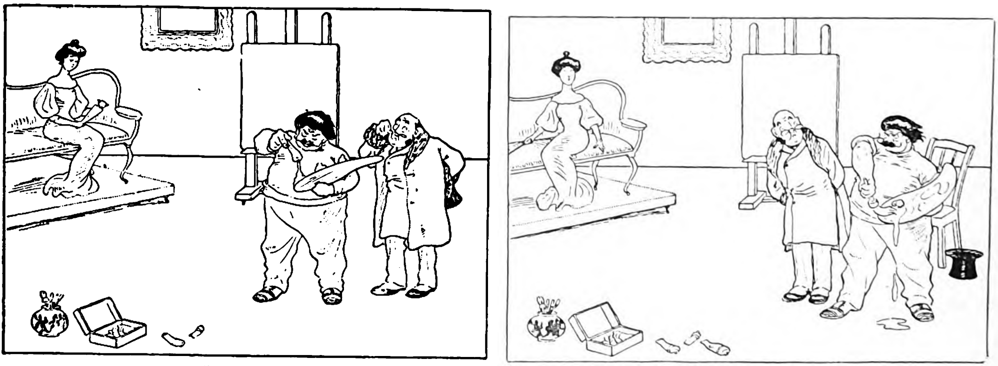
* * *

BOBBY KNEW A THING OR TWO.

"I think I know why they call idols idols," said Bobbie. "It's because they sit still all the time and do nothing!"

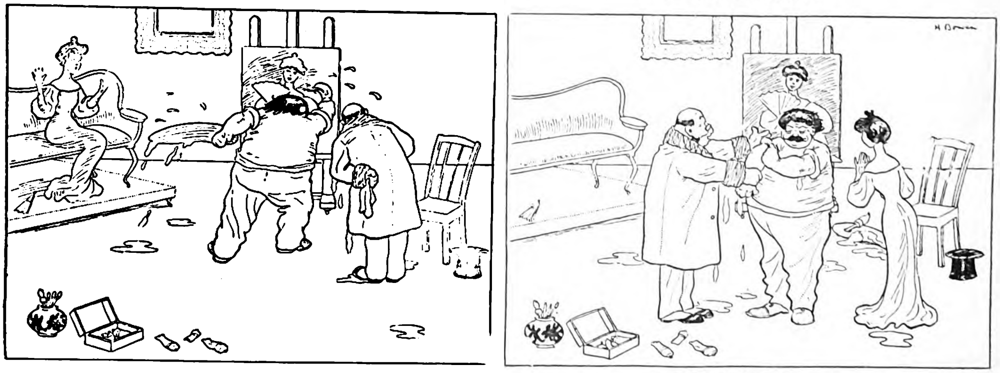
* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE LIGHTNING ARTIST.



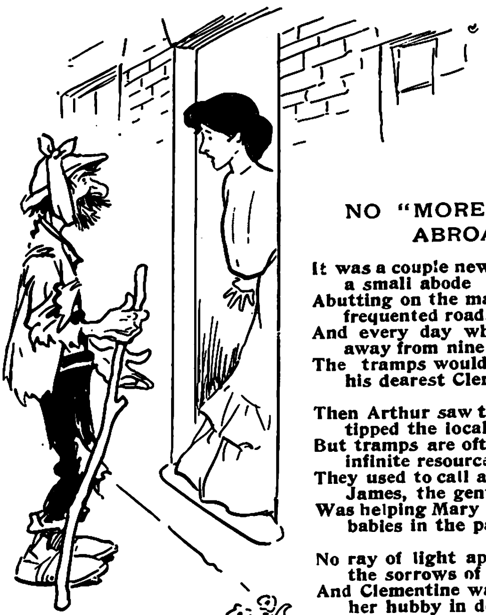
1. *Preparation.*

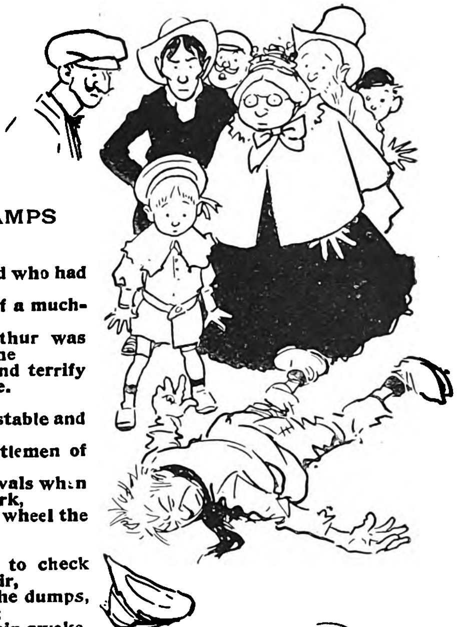
2. *Determination.*



3. *Desperation.*

4. *Gratification.*





NO "MORE TRAMPS ABROAD."

It was a couple newly-wed who had a small abode
Abutting on the margin of a much-frequented road.
And every day when Arthur was away from nine till nine
The tramps would call and terrify his dearest Clementine.

Then Arthur saw the constable and tipped the local force;
But tramps are often gentlemen of infinite resource.
They used to call at intervals when James, the gentle spark,
Was helping Mary Ann to wheel the babies in the park.

No ray of light appeared to check the sorrows of the pair,
And Clementine was in the dumps, her hubby in despair;
When Arthur's fertile brain awoke, and this is how he spake:
"Suppose you give them pieces of that last sultana cake."

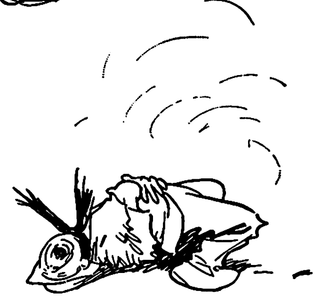
When Arthur strode along at night and neared the loved abode,
He noticed quite a little crowd collected in the road.
They stood in awful silence round the body of a tramp;
The doctors said he perished from acute internal cramp.

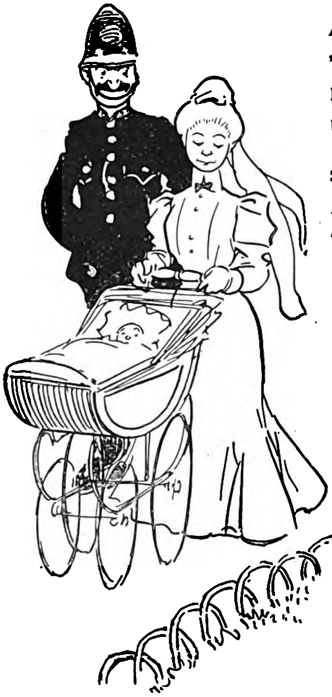
And further on he saw a corpse a-gazing to the sky.
'Twas underneath a currant bush where he had crawled to die,
But even in extremity his hands were crossed in woe
Upon a certain part of which it's not polite to know.

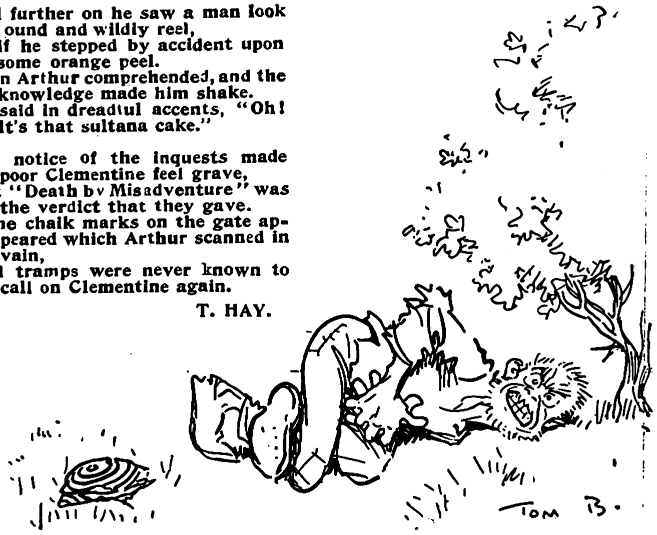
Still further on he saw a man look round and wildly reel,
As if he stepped by accident upon some orange peel.
Then Arthur comprehended, and the knowledge made him shake.
He said in dreadful accents, "Oh! it's that sultana cake."

The notice of the inquests made poor Clementine feel grave,
But "Death by Misadventure" was the verdict that they gave.
Some chalk marks on the gate appeared which Arthur scanned in vain,
And tramps were never known to call on Clementine again.

T. HAY.







CHRISTMAS BOTANY.

Fresh from their dance, they paused awhile
And looked about the room;
The Christmas candles sparkled clear,
White roses breathed perfume.
The walls, all brave with greenery,
Re-echoed Christmas folly.
"Ah," she exclaimed, "of all that grows,
Give me the dear old holly."

A little later, in a nook,
I saw the pair secluded;
Her face was flushed—and looked—well,
As likely once you, too, did.
But what had happened is much more
Than I can swear I know,
I only vouch for what he urged:
"It was the mistletoe."

Once more ere holidays were done
I saw those two, one day;
They walked as if through Paradise,
Each footstep sped their way.
And, lagging at her side, I caught
A voice to hunt dull hours:
"Why, Jack, you stupid boy! of course,
I'll wear those orange flowers."

STRAPPED AT THE START.

It was his wedding day. Radiant in the newest of outfits, he started for the church, accompanied by his best man. But his tight shoes hurt his pet corn, and it looked as if he would have to hobble up the aisle. The best man came to the rescue in escorting him to a neighbouring boot shop, where a larger pair was bought.

When the happy bride and groom knelt at the altar-rails a general titter passed through the assemblage, for on each of the soles of the new boots, turned up to view, was inscribed: "*Reduced to half price.*"

* * * * *

SMOKES AND SMOKES.

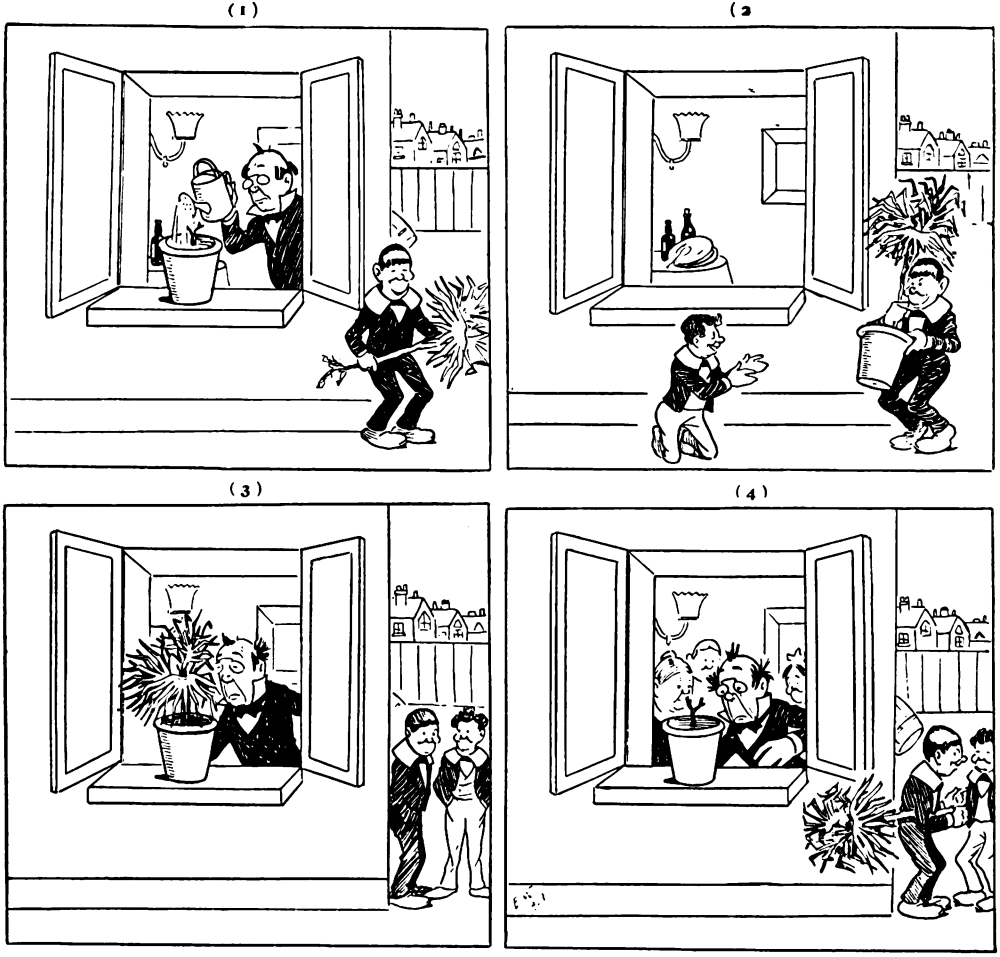
GRANGER: "How did he make all his money?"

KIMMINS: "Smoking. He was the greatest smoker in the world."

GRANGER: "Dry up, Kimmins; you can't make money by smoking."

KIMMINS: "He did. He smoked hams."

THE MAGIC PLANT.



A NEW USE FOR POLICEMEN.

Mrs. d'Avnoo (at front window): "Officer!"

Policeman: "Yes, mum; what's wrong, mum?"

Mrs. d'Avnoo: "Nothing's wrong, but I wish you'd step into the kitchen and tell the cook not to burn the meat as she did last night. I'm afraid to."

* * *

THE BLACKSMITH.

When at his glowing 4 G stands
L8 with childish glee,
The children love to see the sparks,
They say, "It 7ly!"

10 A C T of purpose marks
Each heavy, driving blow;
The B10 iron rings again,
And red the embers glow.

Withal, a man of P C is,
His character is fine;
At home his 4 C does not use,
But smiles a smile B9.

* * *

STOCK EXCHANGE ANIMALS.

"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked an acquaintance of a speculator.

"Neither," he replied. "I was an ass."

* * *

There was a young lady of Tenby
Who wrote to a lady friend: "N.B.
Now, don't be misled,
I don't *want* to wed,
But where *can* the eyes of the men be?"

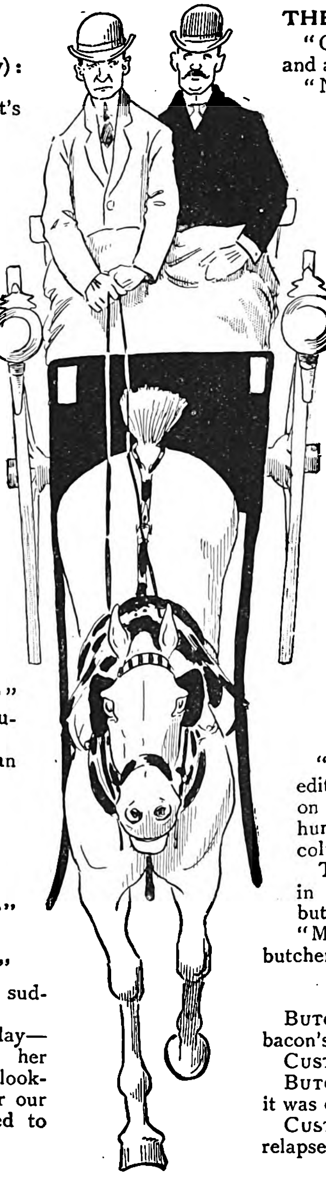
* * *

"HOW THEY LOST HER."

"Why did your cook leave so suddenly?"

"She baked two cakes last Saturday—one for us and one to take to her married sister. When she wasn't looking I exchanged them, and took for our own use the one she had intended to give away."

* * * *



THE WAY OF SOME WOMEN.

"Grace and Minnie have quarrelled, and are both miserable."

"No, they have made friends, and are perfectly happy again."

"How do you know?"

"I saw them crying together."

* * *

THE PARSON AND THE POPPIES.

Upon a girl's bright head that day
A bunch of poppies nodded
While thro' a waste of rustling leaves
Our good old parson plodded.

My ears were on the sermon, but
My eyes were on the bonnet,
While I was idly wond'ring if
The face beneath outshone it.

A most delightful drowsiness
My senses did enthral then;
A pillar of the church, alas!
I toppled to my fall then.

Between the parson's sermon and
The poppies on her bonnet,
The very air was full of sleep,
And I just fell upon it!

But tho' in dreams I saw the face
I'd been in thoughts adoring,
I've hated poppies ever since—
I woke myself a-snoring!

* * * *

DID AS HE WAS TOLD.

"Always," said the astute news editor to the new reporter, "always be on the look out for any little touch of humour that may brighten up the columns."

That evening the new reporter handed in an account of a burglary in a butcher's shop, which commenced: "Mr. Jeremiah Cleaver, the well-known butcher, has been losing flesh rapidly of late."

* * * *

A RELAPSE.

Butcher: "I tell you, ma'am, that bacon's as right as you are."

Customer: "I tell you it's bad."

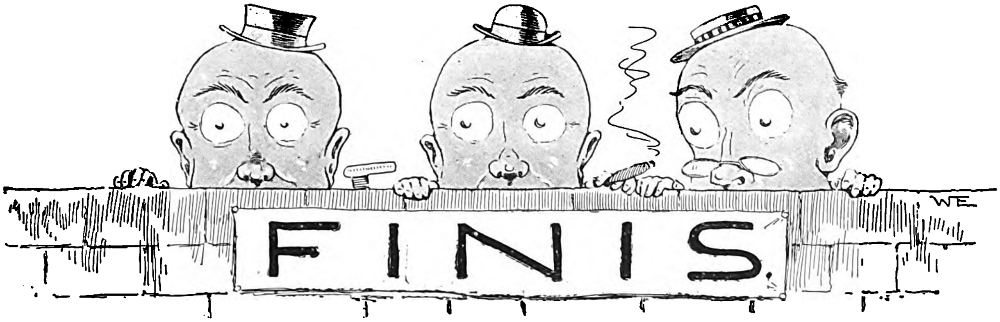
Butcher: "How can that be? Why, it was only cured last week."

Customer: "Then it must have had a relapse, that's all."

* * * *

HE OUGHT TO KNOW.

***Giles:* "There is a fortune in grand speculation." *Miles:* "How do you know?"**
***Giles:* "Because I put one there."**



MR. EDITOR—HIS PAGE.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Santa Claus on the cover greets you all with open arms, and, indeed, I hope he will treat you with all kindness and generosity this year. This is now the sixth Christmas The Royal has seen, and I feel sure that you will all be pleased to hear that never since its commencement was it in a more flourishing condition. My only hope is that it finds its readers equally so, and that the same ever-increasing prosperity may attend The Royal and its readers (not to say anything of its Editor) for many and many years to come.

SONGS AND MUSIC AT 6d. A TIME!

If "Homeward," the first of the series of sixpenny songs published by this firm, was a success, "Echoes," by Robert Eden, with words by Clifton Bingham, might almost be described as a popular "hit." Among my acquaintances, and they are by no means unlimited, I found both songs on several pianos, and have heard them sung so often that I am quite looking forward for the next to make its appearance. There's nothing like change. "Echoes" owes its success to the fact that it is as melodious as it is easy to play and sing.

"THE DIVER'S POINT OF VIEW."

The author and artist of the weird article on page 146—Walter Wood and Lawson Wood—consider that we should club together for the purpose of presenting them with a medal in recognition of the dangers and discomforts they underwent in providing copy for the Editor and entertainment for the readers of The Royal. It was, of course, absolutely necessary that they should first of all go through the ordeal of diving before they tackled the subject with pen and pencil.

"And I can assure you," said Lawson Wood, "it needed no little pluck to make the plunge after we had been screwed into the unwieldy diver's costume, and weighted fore and aft with huge lumps of solid lead."

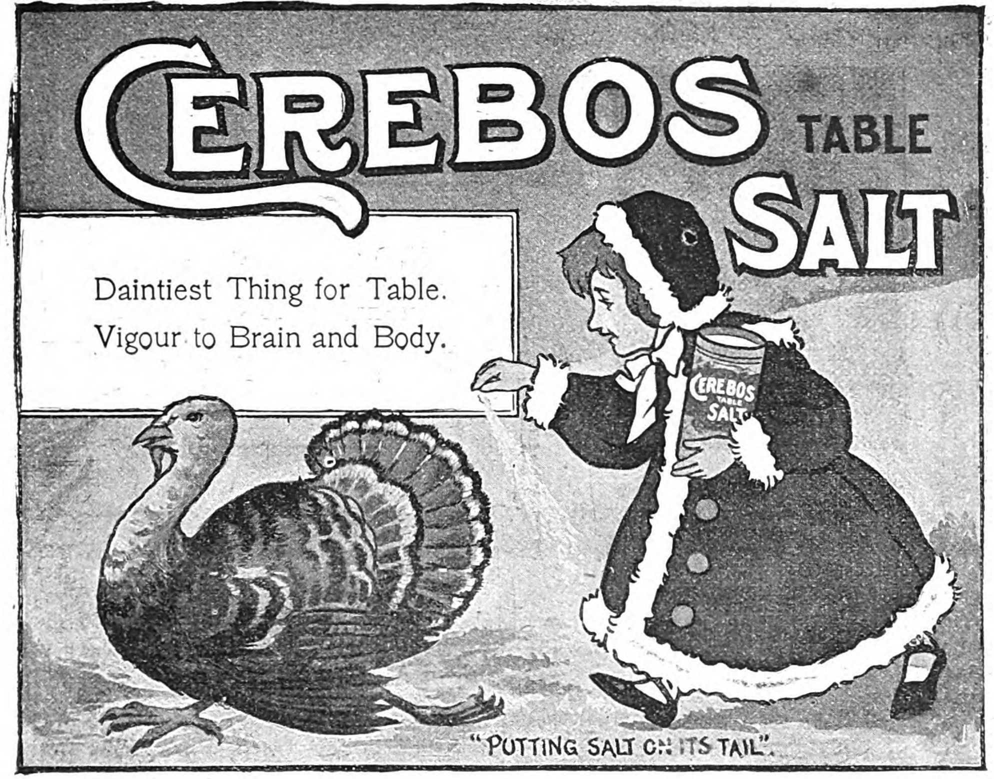
But the two heroes went through the ordeal without any particular mishap, though Walter Wood got himself unpleasantly entangled on one occasion and Lawson Wood nearly turned a somersault twenty or thirty feet under the water. After strolling about the sea bottom for over half-an-hour they both returned to the surface somewhat exhausted, but, on the whole, none the worse for their strenuous experiences.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM ABROAD.

A short while ago I published a letter from a little girl in Africa who wrote to give me a description of the many difficulties she overcame in securing a copy of The Royal. Here's a letter from an Australian boy who gets The Royal whenever he can, and was lucky enough to secure the last April number, which contained one of the Baroness Orczy's best mystery stories:

"I was doing a bit of wood cutting in the bush," he writes, "three other men and I, when The Royal came along. I don't think you know what a magazine such as yours means to men who don't sometimes get the sight of a paper for months at a time. And The Royal, in my opinion, is better than many newspapers (tut! tut!—Ed. Royal). It's quite a job to resist the temptation to chuck work, steal The Royal, and slink away into some quiet nook and enjoy a good long read. But my friends and I made a pact not to read a word till the evening, and then each of us read one of the stories aloud to the others. I had to read "The Old Man in the Corner." I never read a more wonderful story. We all tried to solve the mystery, but none of us succeeded. It's a good thing for criminals the Baroness Orczy isn't a detective."

It tickles my imagination that picture of the four Australians in the depths of the bush reading The Royal aloud by night.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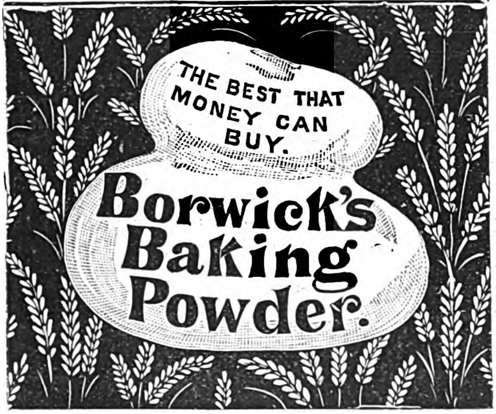
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"CRYSTALATE" BILLIARD BALLS

Five Professionals, including H. W. Stevenson, broke their records with "Crystalate" last Season.

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Throw same Angle as ivory.
Look the same.
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BILLIARD BALLS

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THE ENDOLITHIC MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.,
POMONA BUILDINGS, FORE ST., LONDON, E.C.

Mrs. Bull's Xmas Party.

Mr. Harry Lauder.

Photo, *Ward & Downey.*

THERE was great excitement in the Bull home, and Mr. and Mrs. John Bull, over a quiet cup o' tea, were discussing the home-coming of the boys and girls for the Xmas holidays, and what they would do to provide amusement for the children and the old folks who would make up the party.

"John," says Mrs. Bull, "we must really give the children a good time this year. It is their first Xmas holiday from school, and I should like the girls and boys to feel they are keeping up this merry season in the good old way."

"Well, my dear, I suppose we must take them to the pantomime, and I should like it if we could arrange an evening party when they could invite their little friends."

"Of course, John, we could do so, and have one or two entertainers, such as the Punch and Judy man, the smart Conjurer, and——"

"Yes, my dear, I should very much like that, but things, you know, are very dull in the City, and I really couldn't afford it. Can't we think of something else? O, by the way, I saw Uncle Will to-day. He is leaving town in a few days, and asked me to apologise for not being able to come and see us at Xmas. He told me he had a little surprise for the kiddies, as he is sending something which will be a source of delight to all of us."

"Don't you know what it is, John?"

Mme. Kirkby Lunn.

Photo, *Ellis & Walery.*

"Well, my dear, he made a lot of mystery about it, but it is something musical, I believe. Anyhow, Will says it is just what we want when the children come home."

Next morning, when Mr. and Mrs. John Bull went down to breakfast, they were hugely delighted to find Uncle Will's Xmas present had arrived. Much curiosity was evinced by both as to what it was.

John, with a smile on his face, amused his wife by saying, "Maria, can you guess what it is?"

"No, my dear, that I can't," Mrs. Bull replied.

"Well, I have an idea; but we had better open it and see."

With considerable excitement John undid the case, and found inside a cleverly-constructed little bit of machinery, the usefulness of which at first sight was not quite clear to them, but the following letter explained matters:—

Hampstead,
Dec. 22nd, '03.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—

Here's the little gift I want you to give to the children, with my best love, and have no doubt they will get very much fun and amusement from it. It is what is called a "Perfecta" Sound Reproducing Instrument, and I think when you hear what beautiful music, songs, etc., it is capable of producing, you will be more than astonished. Enclosed you will find particulars showing you that the machine can be put together very easily, and the wax records in the other box are reproductions of the voices of leading singers of the world, and all you have to do is to fix one of these "Salon" Records

Signor E. Caruso.

Photo, *Scintto, Genoa.*

Mr. C. Melfort D'Alton.

Photo, *D'Arcy, Dublin.*

Mr. J. C. Doyle.

Photo, *Lafayette, Dublin.*

on the metal cylinder, wind up the machine, and hear the charming result.

With love to the youngsters,

Your very affectionate brother,

WILL.

"It is very thoughtful of Will to send this gift, dear, and here is the difficulty of the children's party quite got over, for with this wonderful machine and records, we shall be able to give them a complete entertainment."

"Yes," says John, with a sigh of relief, "now there will be no more expense for conjurers, pantomimes, and Punch and Judymen, and the children will be equally well pleased."

In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Bull put the machine together, and after a look through the records selected the following as an excellent programme for the children's homecoming :—

SALON PROGRAMME.

Band.................................... Light Cavalry
Grenadier Guards.

Song.............................. One Spring Morning
Kirkby Lunn.

Violin......................... Polonaise (Wienawski)
Johannes Wolff.

Song.............................. The Girl You Love
Ada Reeve.

Song........... Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes
Ben Davies.

Recitation... Lucie
Sarah Bernhardt.

Comic Song .... Hey Donald
Harry Lauder.

Song .... The Miller's Daughter
(Three Little Maids.)
Hilda Moody.

Duet......................... Home to Our Mountains
(Il Trovatoré, 4th Act.)
Kirkby Lunn and Ben Davies.

Song.................................. Caller Herrin'
Leo Stormont.

Song....................................... My Little Canoe
Annie Purcell.

Band................................... Les Patineurs
Municipal Band of Milan.

Song.. La Tosca
CARUSO.

Song................................. Love is a Dream
Kirkby Lunn

Air .... Toreador (Carmen)
Renaud.

Comic Monologue ...... The Boy and the Cheese
Burt Shepard.

Quartette................................... Nellie Gray
Meister Glee Singers.

Song.. Blue Bonnets
Jessie Maclachlan.

Song..................................... I Had a Flower
C. Melfort D'Alton.

Song.. Annie Laurie
Walter Harvey.

Song.............................. The Wise Old Owl
Vesta Tilley.

Song................... The Sweetest Girl in Dixie
("Sergeant Brue")
Olive Morrell.

Xmas Carol. .... Good King Wenceslas
"Perfecta" Trio,
With Orchestral Accompaniment.

God Save the King
Henry Turnpenny.

"Oh, Mother! Isn't it lovely?" broke out little Flossie.

Miss Ada Reeve.

Photo, *Ellis & Walery.*

Miss Vesta Tilley.

Photo, *Ellis & Walery.*

Miss Marie Dainton.

Photo, *Ellis & Walery.*

"And Dad," said Jim, "I should like to know how it's done."

The other children all clustered round Mr. Bull, each one of them in frantic excitement, wishing to hear it all over again.

"Well, little ones, it is as simple as A B C, and, as a special treat, if you will take partners, you shall all have a dance."

To the children's amazement, the "Perfecta" immediately broke out into the sweet melody of the "Blue Danube" waltz, and for the next few minutes the children danced merrily to the jolly measure.

Then came the tea, the cakes, and the presents; and the children all went home perfectly happy and contented with the beautiful music of the "Perfecta" running in their little heads.

The experience of the Bull family is that of many other happy family circles, and you, dear reader, can enjoy this at very little cost.

Messrs. Pathé Freres, of 14 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C., have succeeded, where others have failed, in bringing out a sound-reproducing instrument, known as the "Perfecta," whereby the nasal twang and hard, brassy sounds which have hitherto characterised this class of instrument have been entirely eliminated, and finality in the art of sound-reproduction has been attained. The success which has characterised this wonderful development in the "Perfecta" has been carried into the Records associated with the name of this firm. By general consent, Messrs. Pathé's productions are recognised as the WORLD'S SWEETEST RECORDS. The most eminent artistes have contributed to this result.

Mr. Ben Davies.

Photo, Biograph Studio.

ENGLISH.

All the foremost English vocalists have contributed to the Pathé programme a selection of their favourite songs. Mr. Ben Davies, England's greatest tenor, has over forty records on their list, and writes: "Your Records are certainly the best I have heard, and so perfect as to tone and purity, that all who listen to them are deeply interested and amazed."

Mr. Watkin Mills has supplied some of his most characteristic songs, as has also Mr. Denham Price, whose records include those charming little songs, "Because" and "The Dawn."

The Meister Glee Singers are represented by a number of their famous part-songs, and Mr. Leo Stormont by many popular and patriotic songs.

Mme. Kirkby Lunn, the eminent contralto of Covent Garden opera, writes of "the marvellous records made of her voice." She has joined Mr. Ben Davies for Pathé reproduction in some charming duets, and has contributed many songs, including "O Peaceful England," "Come Lassies and Lads," and "The Three Fishers."

Miss Ada Reeve, Miss Louie Pounds, Miss Hilda Moody, Miss Marie Dainton, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Olive Morrell, and Miss Annie Purcell—a bevy of talent—are numbered among the many favourites who have given of their best to the "WORLD'S SWEETEST RECORDS."

The comic part of the Pathé programme is complete, and all the great music-hall stars have contributed, among others: R. G. Knowles, Harry Lauder, Harry Ford, Tom Costello, Malcolm Scott, Charles Coborn, George Bastow, Neil Kenyon, Burt Shepard; also Miss Vesta Tilley, Miss Marie Lloyd, Miss Kate Carney, Happy Fanny Fields, &c., &c.

SCOTTISH.

By general consent, Mr. Andrew Black, the eminent baritone, is first favourite, and there are few musical festivals at which he has not a part. His oratorio and other selections are great successes among Messrs. Pathé's Records. Other well-known Scottish vocalists who have a large following among the lovers of good music are Mr. Walter Harvey and Mr. Walter Lewis, whose rendering of the "auld sangs" (as reproduced by the Pathé methods) are very fine indeed.

Miss Jessie Maclachlan, Scotland's Prima Donna, who is an immense favourite at home as well as in Canada and Australia, has contributed to the Pathé collection her most popular Gaelic songs, as well as others, including "The Scottish Blue Bells," "Auld Robin Gray," "Will ye no come back again?" Mme. Kirkby Lunn's list of songs includes among others the following: "Ye

Banks and Braes," "My Heart is Sair," "Caller Herrin'." Miss **Mary Garden**, a favourite singer of Scotch songs, contributes "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Annie Laurie," etc., etc.

Mr. **Harry Lauder**, one of the most amusing comedians of the day, says "the public are sure to appreciate the glorious results of the Pathé Records," which include his greatest successes. Another favourite Scotch comic is Mr. **Neil Kenyon**, so well known in Glasgow and the North, whose humour is of the broad Scotch order. Mr. Kenyon's Pathé records sell well up North.

Speaking of things Scotch, it may interest the reader to learn that Messrs. Pathé have got over the difficulty of introducing the drones into bagpipe records, and have some excellent Bagpipe Selections on sale.

IRISH.

The songs of the Emerald Isle form no inconsiderable part of a Pathé programme, and few entertainments are complete without the inclusion of some of the treasures of Irish melody. Messrs. Pathé have been singularly successful in their choice of subjects, and as happy in their selection of singers as in the results of reproduction which are sure to charm.

The artistes associated with the Irish section of the WORLD'S SWEETEST RECORDS include Mr. **C. Melfort D'Alton**, Ireland's tenor—the Ben Davies of Ireland; Mr. **J. C. Doyle**, the darling of the Irish concert platform; Mr. **Denham Price**, the eminent baritone, who gives "The Low Back Car," "The Wearing of the Green," "Little Mary Cassidy," &c.; Mr. **W. F. Cope**, and sweet-voiced Miss **Agnes Treacy**, whose "Avourneen," "Irish Lullaby," and "The Coulin" are specially fine.

Miss Jessie Maclachlan.

Photo, *Johnston & Hoffman.*

CONTINENTAL.

The great artistes of the Continental Opera Houses, whose appearances in England are almost exclusively made in London—at Covent Garden Opera House—have permitted Messrs. Pathé to reproduce their marvellous voices, so that the public in provincial and other cities may hear for themselves that of which they read. The records thus obtained may be had in several languages, and the amateur and lover of high-class music will, on hearing those records, be amazed at the truthfulness of reproduction.

The eminent Italian tenor, **Signor Enrico Caruso**, who has become the great star of the Operatic world, sings faultlessly through the medium of Pathé "Salon" Records. M. **Vaguet** (of the Opera House, Paris) contributes from Gounod's *Faust* and other Operas; M. **Renaud**, the renowned baritone, from *Carmen*, *Tannhauser*, etc., etc. M. F. **Delmas**, of Paris Opera gives his "Church Scene" from *Faust*, M. **Lassale** (baritone), M. **Van Dyck**, the great operatic tenor, and M. **Herold**, one of the successful new-comers at Covent Garden Opera this year, are among those that may be heard by means of Pathé "Salon" Records. **Mlle. Mary Boyer**, M. **Piccaluga**, **Mlle. Jane Merey**, who belong to the famous troupe associated with the Opera Comique, Paris, may also be heard.

To a section of the Pathé programme, which is somewhat unique, are contributions by **Mme. Sarah Bernhardt**, the elder **Coquelin**, and **Mme. Yvette Guilbert**—a wonderful trio.

INSTRUMENTAL.

In the reproduction of Military Band, Orchestral, or other Instrumental Music Messrs. Pathé have achieved some of their greatest successes. The general public have a keen enthusiasm for instrumental music, when it is well played. This is always the result from a Pathé Record, and a glance at the Pathé catalogue will convince the reader that a varied programme by "Crack" bands can easily be compiled.

The selection includes Marches, Valses, Polkas, Cake Walks, and other Dance Music, Descriptive Pieces and Reminiscences of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and all nations can be procured. Also the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, and all the popular musical comedies.

The Bands include H.M. Grenadier Guards, the Municipal Band of Milan, and the famous French Band of the Garde Républicaine, which had the honour of playing before King Edward. In instrumental solos Messrs. Pathé have records of the following: Cornet, with or without Orchestral accompaniment, Flute, Clarionet, Saxophone, Xylophone, Banjo, Mandoline, and Violin Solos, by the most famous of instrumentalists. The Italian Bands, as well as the Mandoline Solos, are simply wonderful.

The eminent soloists who have contributed to the WORLD'S SWEETEST RECORDS include Mr. JOHANNES WOLFF, the celebrated violinist; MR. FERNAND LUQUIN, MR. A. S. PETIT, cornet soloist of the Colonne concerts, and others associated with the Grand Opera House, Paris. Messrs Pathé have also achieved a great triumph in getting COUNTESS X, the mysterious Italian titled lady, to play for them her charming mandoline solos, which all visitors to Venice are familiar with. These additions to the WORLD'S SWEETEST RECORDS are remarkable for their purity of tone.

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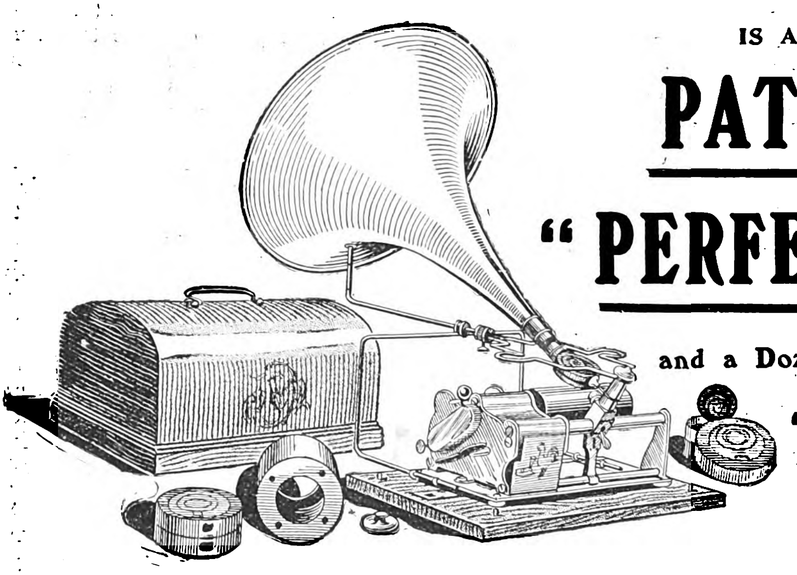

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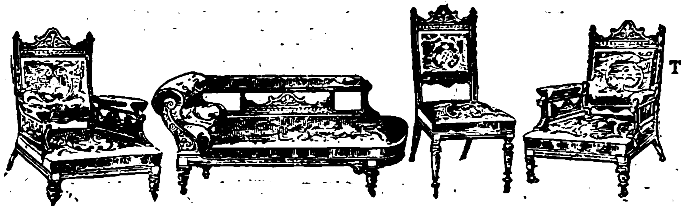

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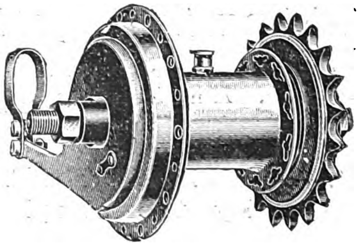

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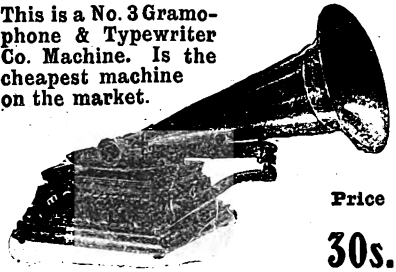

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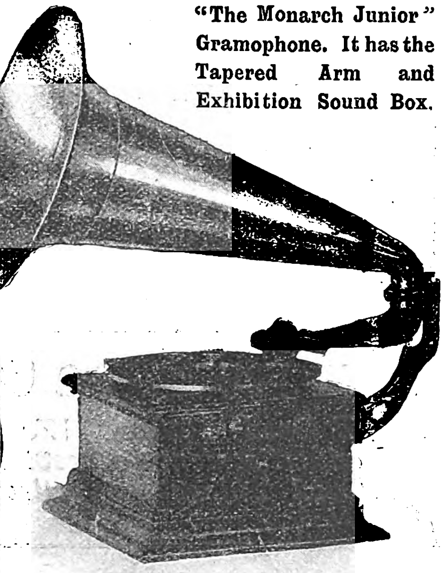

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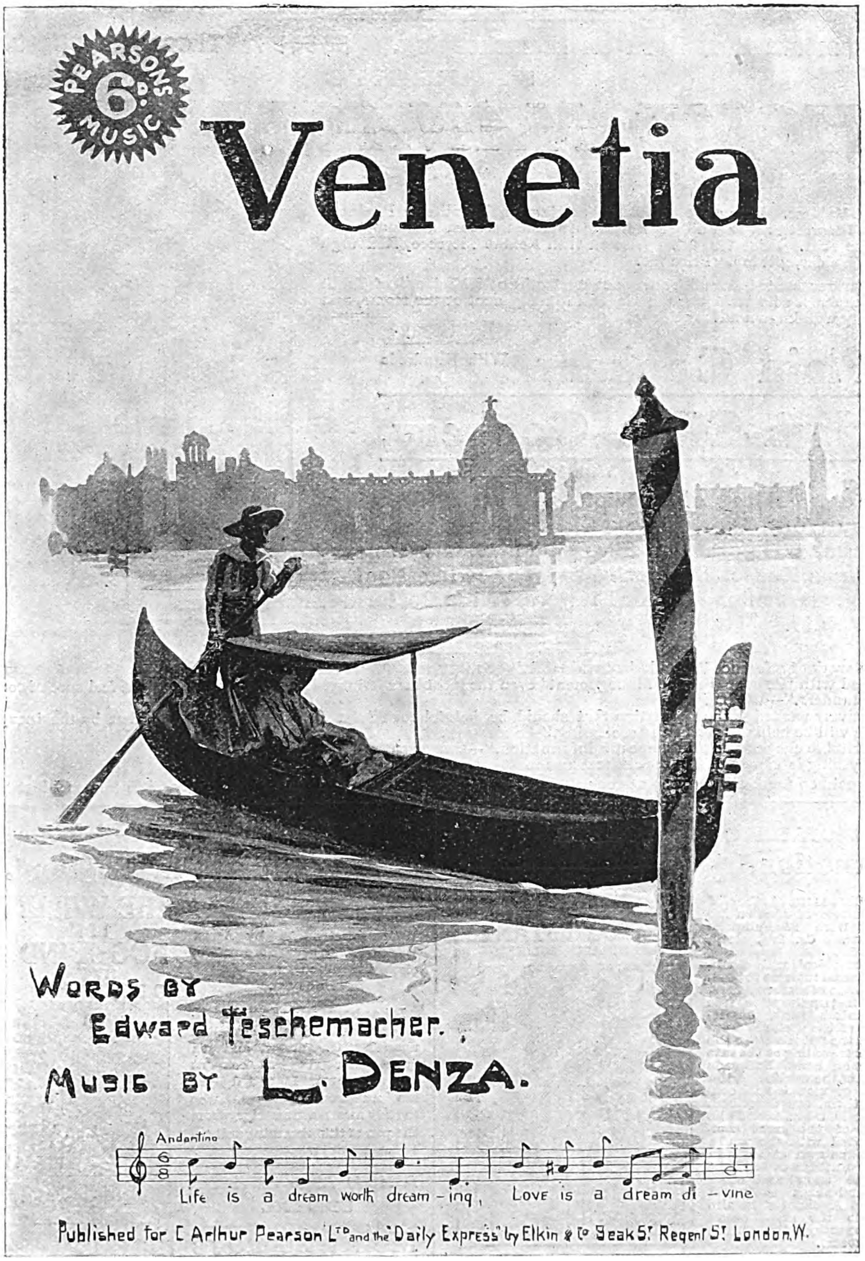
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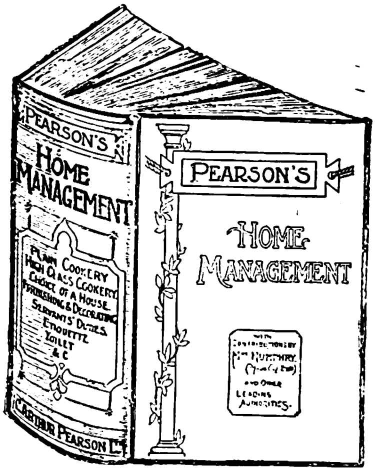
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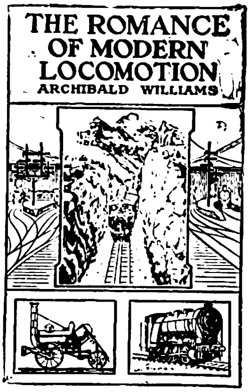
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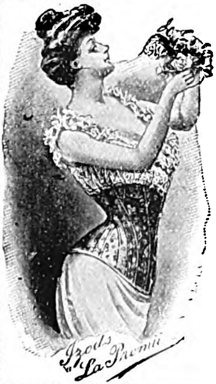

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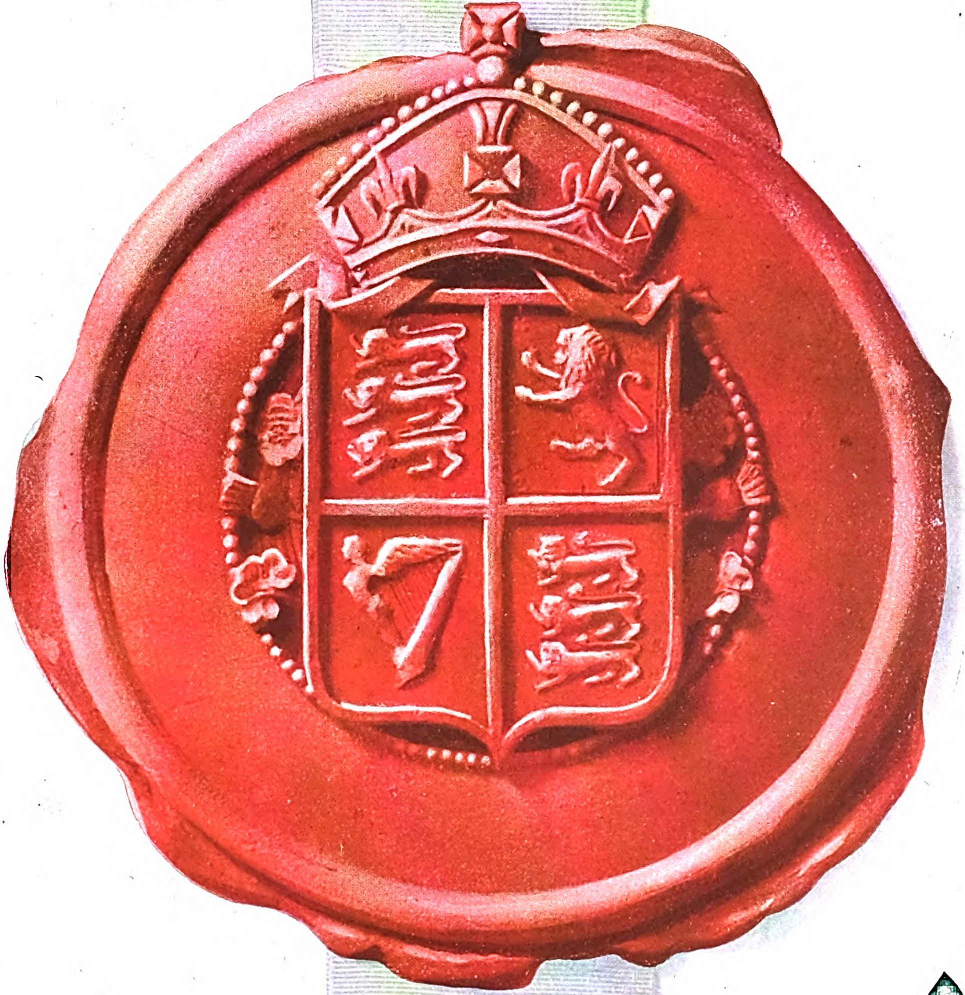

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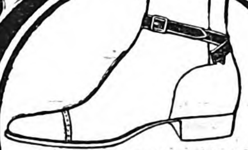

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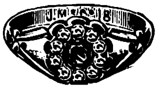

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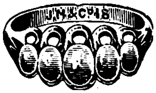

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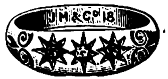

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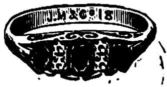

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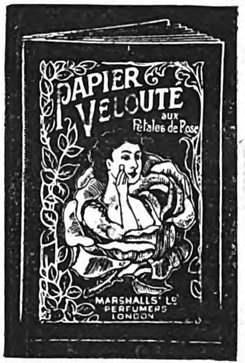
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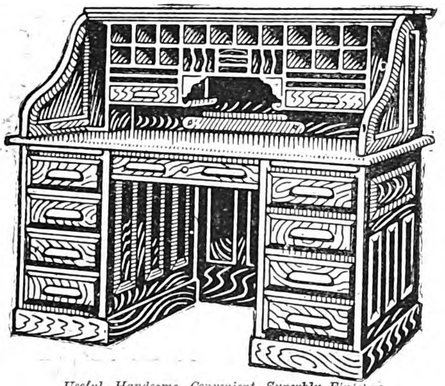

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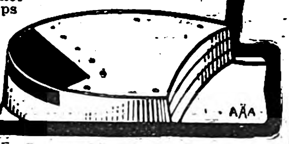

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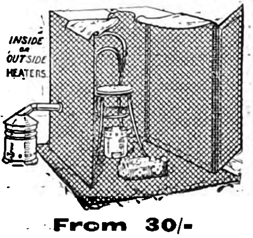

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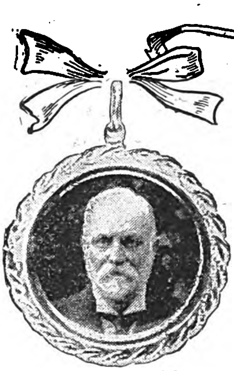

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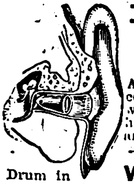

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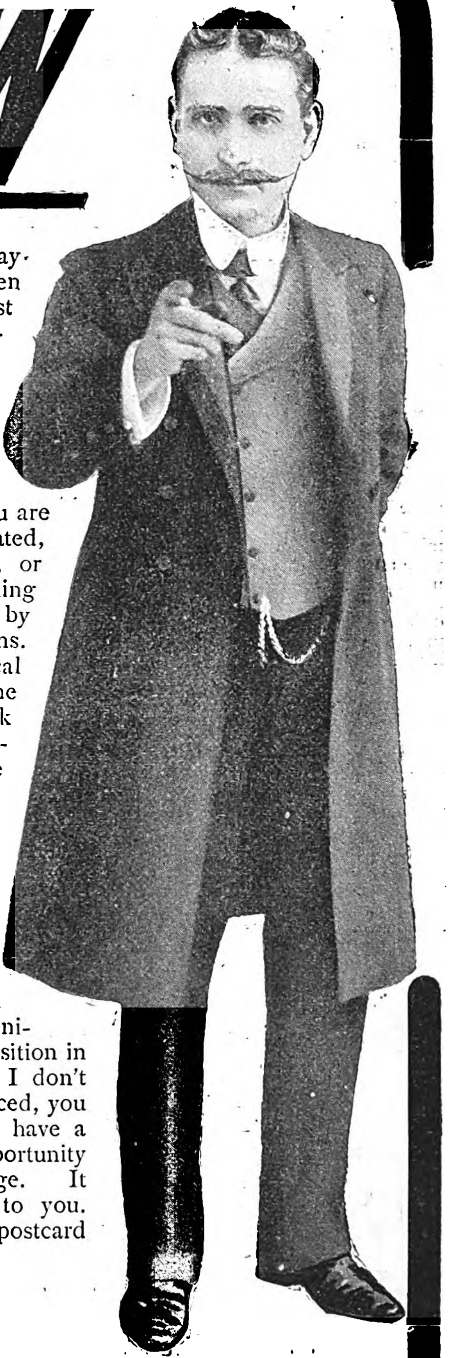

what I am talking about, and what I have been saying to you many times over in this Magazine, when I tell you I can show you the way to earn at least double your present salary, and ensure for yourself a first-class position with first-class pay. If I did not carry out what I state, how is it that our work is increasing all over the world? How is it that to-day we are recommended by the best-known men, and our system endorsed all over the world? This proves what I say to you is correct. I don't care what position you are holding to-day, where you have been educated, whether you are a labourer, office boy, clerk, or manager, I can put you on the way to something better. Thousands of people have been lifted by us from poor positions to high-salaried positions. How? By entering the profession of Electrical Engineering. I know, and you know, that the ordinary trades are overcrowded, men are in work to-day, out of work to-morrow. The "unemployed" question is staring them in the face all the time. I want you to be in a different position. I want to qualify you, by post, direct to your home, in your spare time, and at little cost to yourself, to become an Electrical Engineer. This profession is not overcrowded, and it ensures you good pay and permanent work. I know I can do this for you if you will send me your name and address, so that I can send you *Free* our Book called "How to become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer." I want you to read my proposition in that book, and consider things for yourself. I don't want you to take my word for it. I am prejudiced, you know; but I am not so without a reason. I have a reason when I say to you: "Don't miss the opportunity of looking into my statements, free of charge. It might mean all the difference in the world to you. Write me your name and address to-day. A postcard will do.

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Offers His Services Free To The Sick and Afflicted, Distance No Barrier.

For the past three years accounts have come from America of the most astonishing nature regarding marvellous cures that were being performed daily by the famous physician and scientist, Dr. James W. Kidd.

At first these stories were received with considerable doubt, but there continued to come reports of men and women being restored to health after years of suffering. Chronic and so-called incurable invalids were brought back to perfect health. There seemed no affliction or disease but what he might cure. Thousands of patients were treated by the doctor until his name and the fame of his marvellous remedies spread all over the civilised world. Investigation has proved every assertion made by Dr. Kidd. Some of the stories told and letters received from grateful patients seem to indicate that this man's remedies possess a mysterious power over disease. No matter how severe the case, how chronic, of how long standing, what other men have said or failed to do. These are the cases he especially solicits, because they give him a chance to prove his superior ability. When asked the secret of his success, the doctor modestly answers that it is partly due to the wonderful remedies which he uses, and partly to the careful attention given each case. He treats patients all over the civilised world by mail, and seems equally as successful as though they were present in his office. His greatest ambition is to give every sick, afflicted, and suffering man and woman in the world a chance to try his wonderful treatment.

In an interview recently the doctor said, "I believe that I have discovered a way to relieve most of the suffering from sickness and disease in the world, and I believe that it is my duty as far as possible to make this fact known to all. For this reason I am offering to send a free treatment to every applicant, rich or poor, no matter where they live, no matter what their disease. I am not a rich man, and cannot afford to always give my medicines away, but I am going to continue as long as possible or until every afflicted person has had a chance to try and satisfy themselves without expending one penny." Do you mean that you will send treatment absolutely free to every one who applies? was asked. "That is exactly what I mean. Any sick or afflicted person who will write to me and describe their condition may have a trial of this treatment entirely free. There are no conditions, no restriction. Distance is no barrier. I cure as readily thousands of miles away as in my office. A letter does just as well as a personal visit."

The above statement appeared in all the leading American papers and from there to the English Press. As a result Dr. Kidd's mail has been flooded with applications for free treatment. All have been answered promptly, but still they continue to come. For the benefit of his thousands of patients in the British Empire, the doctor has been compelled to establish an office in London. To secure a free treatment, it is only necessary to address Dr. James W. Kidd, 430 Saracens Buildings, Snow Hill, London, E.C., being sure to describe your case. Remember that the doctor treats all diseases, from the simplest and easiest cured to the so-called incurable and chronic afflictions. There is no disease that he may not cure. In view of Dr. Kidd's marvellous success, his standing among America's most famous physicians, his reputation for honesty and integrity, this offer affords a remarkable opportunity to all who are sick and in need of medical help. It means a chance to get well. It means the opinion and advice of one of the world's most famous and successful physicians on your case absolutely free.

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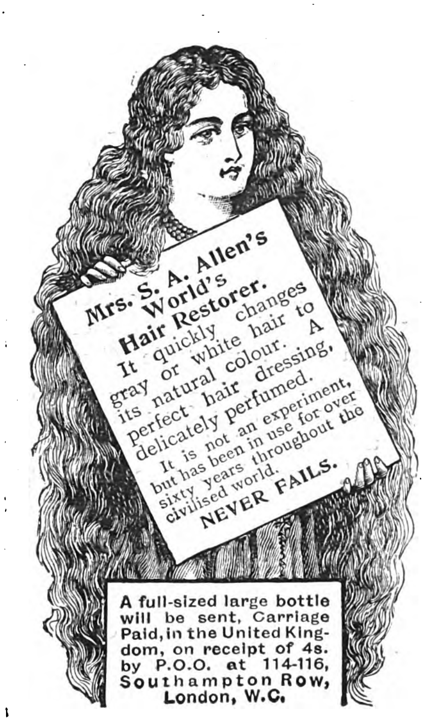

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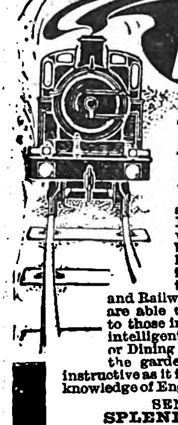

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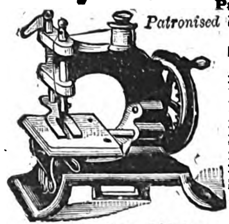

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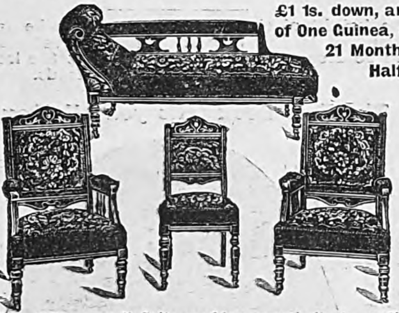

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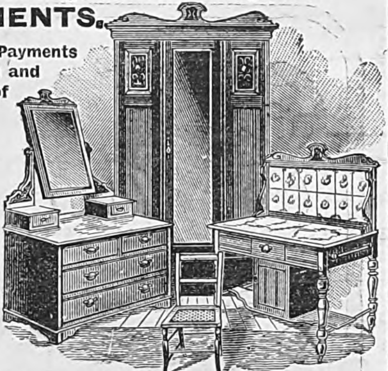

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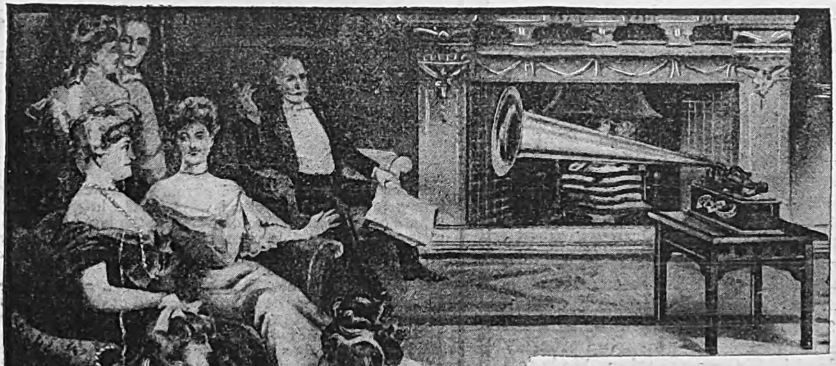

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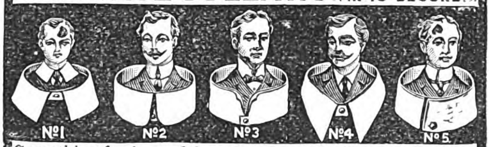

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spoil the beauty of the fairest face, and deprive the eyes of their defence against dirt and dust. The eyelashes are strengthened and restored by **SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT**, a remedy with 300 years' reputation. Supplied by chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each. A little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight" will be sent to any applicant by STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London. All who suffer from any eye trouble should send for it.

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FOR INDIGESTION
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Guy's Tonic

Are you Weak and Languid?

You find it difficult to get up in the morning; when you are up, you cannot eat any breakfast, and when it's time to work or play, it's hard to summon up Energy enough to do either. And so you go through the day—Languid, Sleepy, disinclined for any exertion, and feeling that "everything is a trouble."

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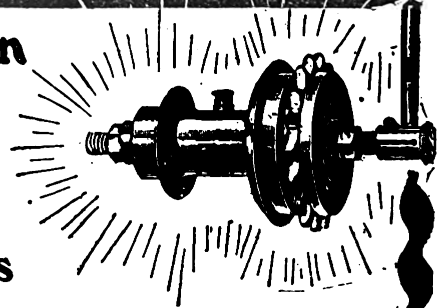

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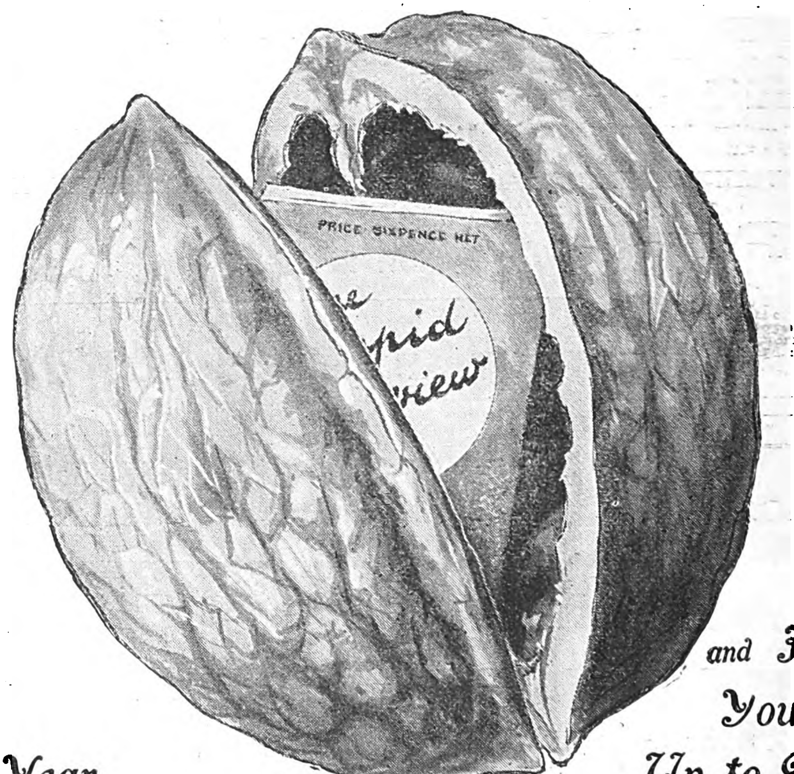
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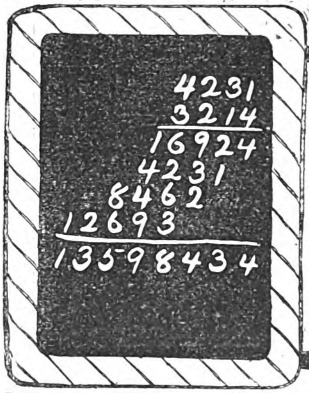

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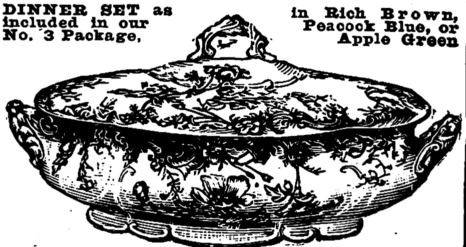

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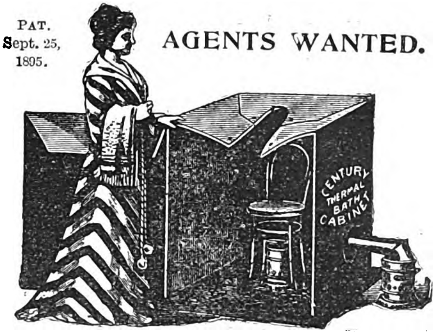

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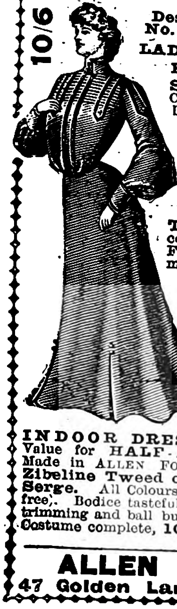

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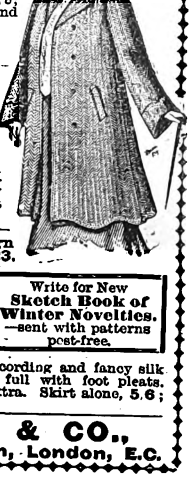

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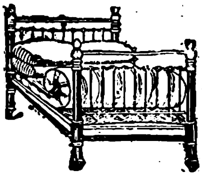

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and where stamps are inclosed will make every endeavour to insure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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IS UNEQUALLED FOR BEAUTIFYING

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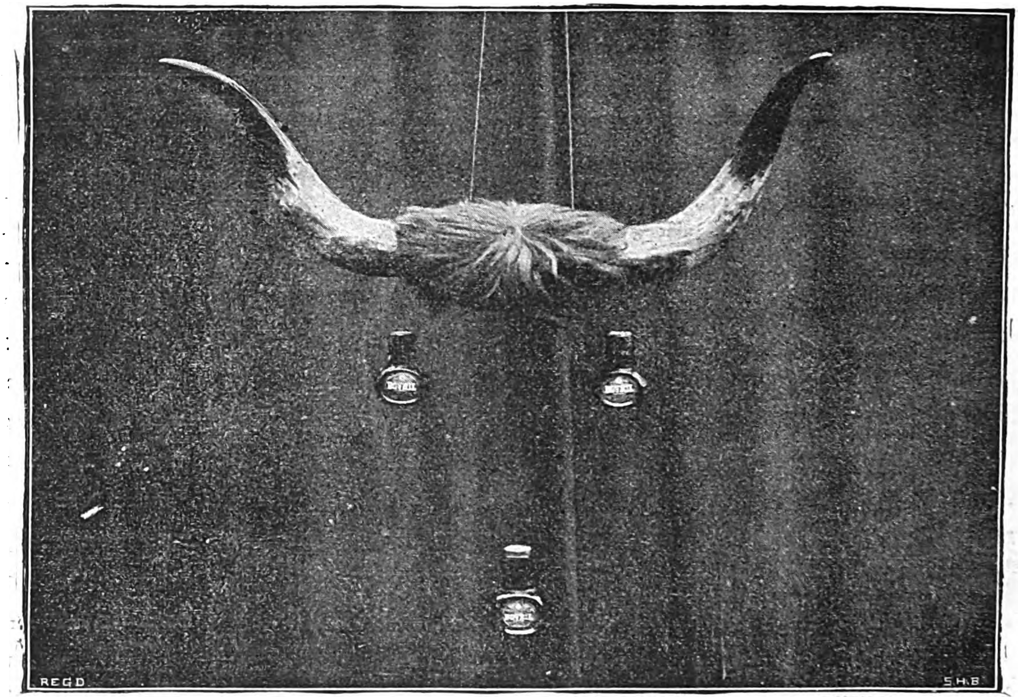

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· AND NO OTHER ·

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Is BRITISH ALL THROUGH.

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Photo *Bassano.*

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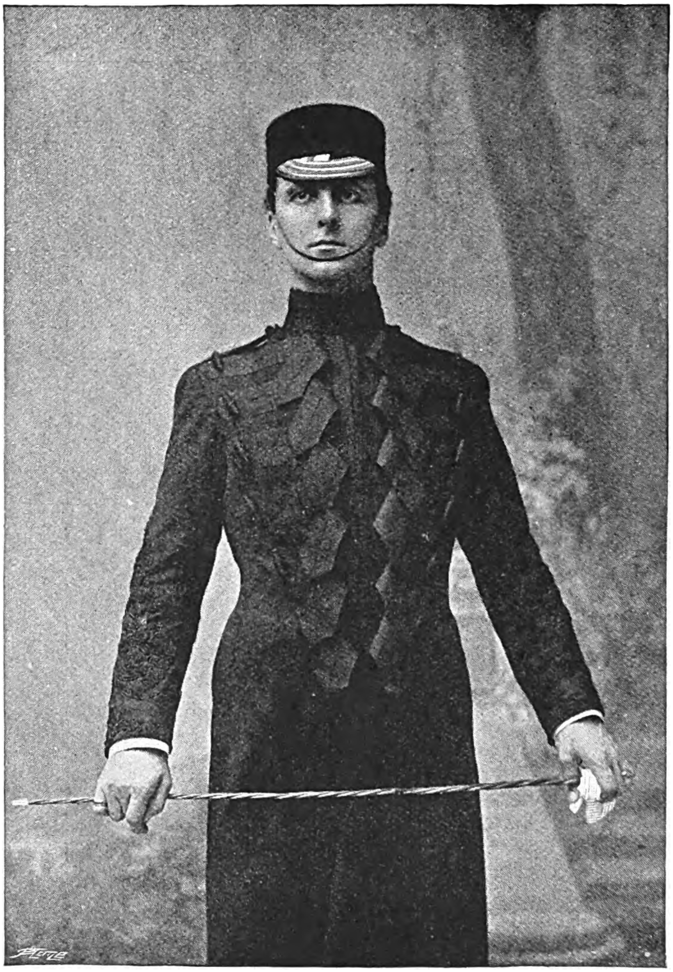

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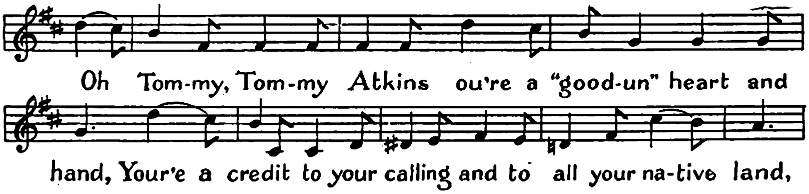
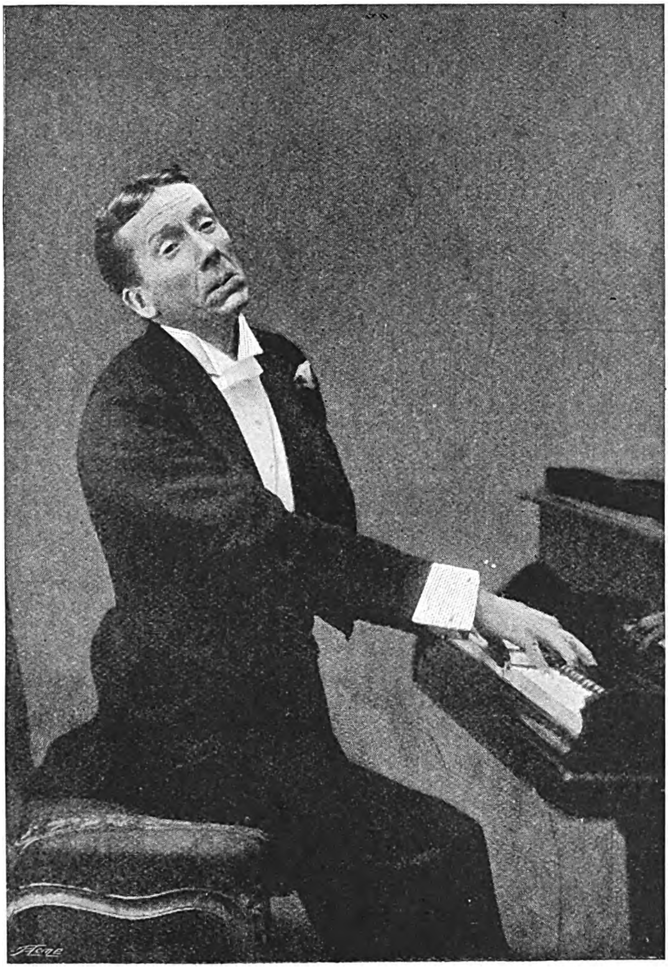

Oh Tom-my, Tom-my Atkins ou're a "good-un" heart and
hand, Your'e a credit to your calling and to all your na-tive land,

HAYDEN COFFIN.

A soldier's uniform is a capital thing to show off a man's figure and face, and Hayden Coffin looks his best in uniform. He vies with Lewis Waller for the position of first favourite with matinée maidens, and, we should say, the competition must be pretty keen, for though Lewis Waller has the splendid, dashing cavalier manner, Hayden Coffin has the voice. Still, there is room for them both, and many more.



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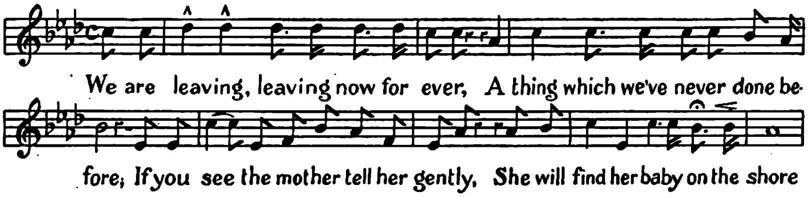

We are leaving, leaving now for ever, A thing which we've never done be-
fore; If you see the mother tell her gently, She will find her baby on the shore

GEORGE GROSSMITH.

♡♡♡

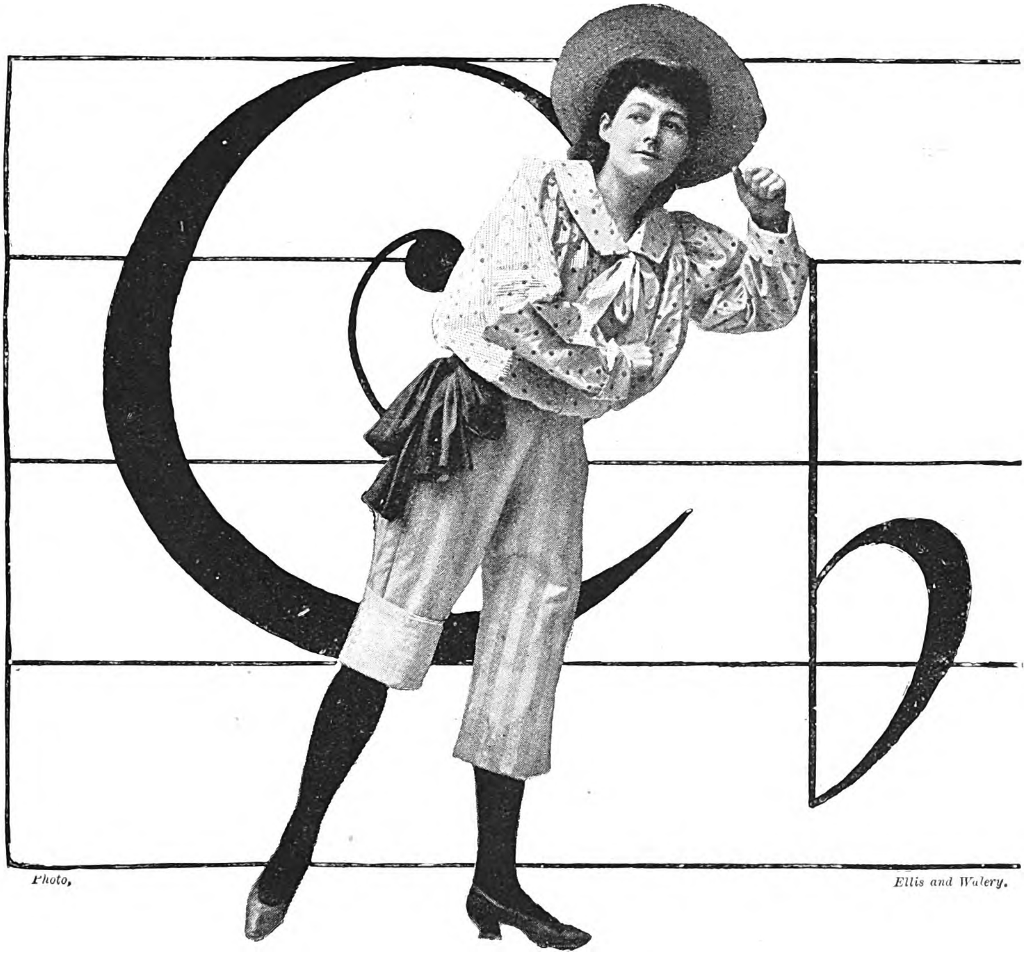
The baby was being brought round for inspection in the drawing-room. It behaved beautifully until it came to George Grossmith, then it suddenly yelled, and was carried away howling by its nurse, who was heard to make some remarks about "a horrid, ugly man, then, didums." George Grossmith must have felt the shame keenly, and it is evidently reflected in "The Baby on the Shore," the most pathetic of pathetic, farcical ballads.

HUNTLEY WRIGHT.

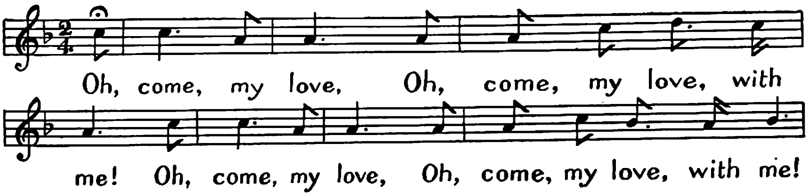
It would be difficult to say how many times Huntley Wright has sung "Chin Chin Chinaman," or to estimate the amount of applause he has received. Huntley Wright has a bulldog, a splendid fellow, who, unfortunately, is always wandering. One day he was lost, and finally found in a newspaper shop, asleep on a bundle of papers. The lady in charge declared that no one dared come into the shop, and that she must have large compensation for loss of trade! And bulldogs are so gentle, too.

Chin chin Chi---na---man Much---ee much---ee sad!
He a---fraid Al--lo trade Well---ee well---ee bad!

Ellis and Walery.



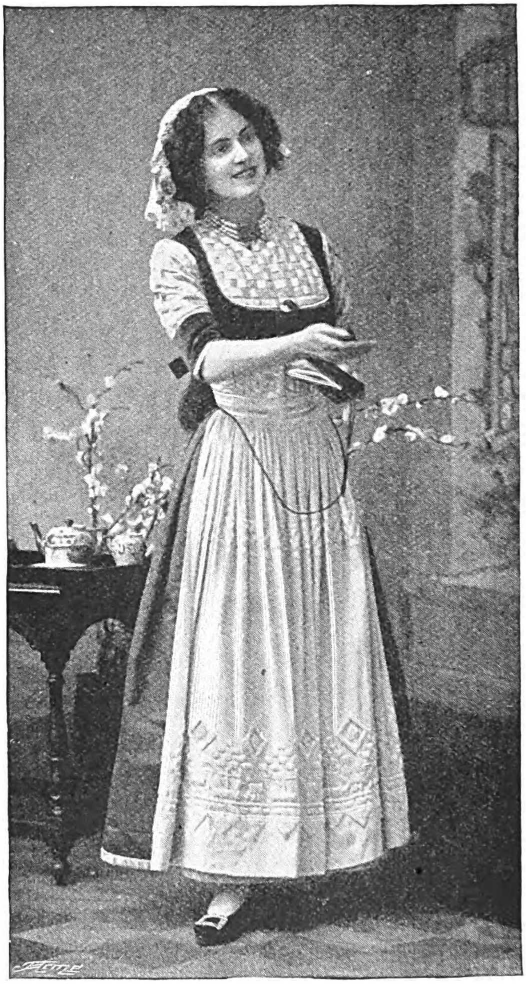
Photo, *Ellis and Walery.*


Oh, come, my love, Oh, come, my love, with
me! Oh, come, my love, Oh, come, my love, with me!

MAY YOHE.

♡♡♡

Some time ago May Yohe declared that she would never act in petticoats again, but always play boys' parts. She certainly looks bewitching as a boy. Miss Yohe was rehearsing a play by George R. Sims once, and had to speak a line she could not quite understand. "Say, Sims, what's that?" "A joke," said Mr. Sims. "Oh," was the doubtful answer. "Say, Sims, will you make a map of all the jokes in this piece, anyway?" Everybody remembers how her song "Oh, come, my love," took the town by storm.



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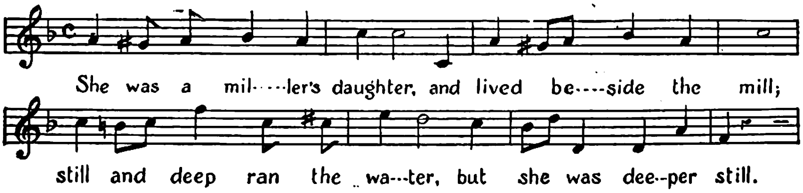
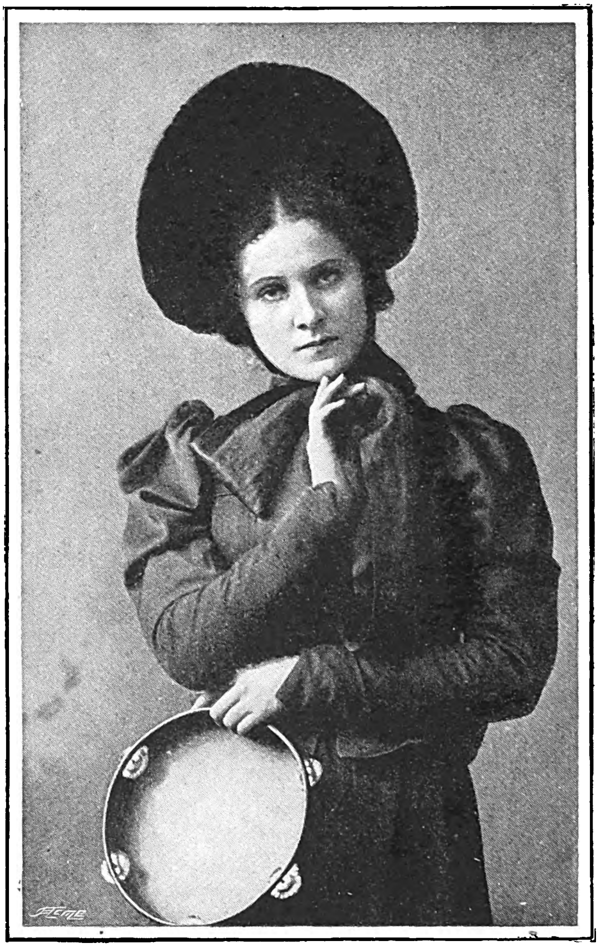
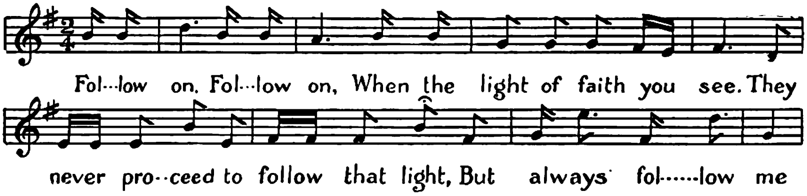

She was a mil----ler's daughter, and lived be----side the mill;
still and deep ran the wa---ter, but she was dee--per still.

HILDA MOODY.

A musical young lady, from a family of musicians. Hilda Moody used to sing to herself, when a little girl, for hours together, long selections of Italian operas. Her song, "The Miller's Daughter," was an enormous success. One night, at the end of the song, a huge bouquet was given to her in the shape of a mill, sails and all, entirely made of flowers.



Photo, *W. & D. Downey.*


Fol-low on, Fol-low on, When the light of faith you see. They
never pro-ceed to follow that light, But always fol-low me

EDNA MAY.

♡♡♡

There are three kinds of triumphs that all girls love—social, theatrical, and triumphs of the heart. Edna May scored a splendid social one once. The Horse Show at New York was crowded with the prettiest of pretty ladies in the chic-est of chic toilettes. Suddenly a vision appeared. It was Edna May in ermine—ermine in her hat, ermine on her dress, ermine muff—everything ermine, dazzling white ermine. All eyes were turned to her, and all New York talked of her for days afterwards.

The Confessions of Cupid

W. F. Webster 04

I.—THROUGH A WINDOW.

The First of a Series in which the Famous Little Matchmaker Tells of some of his Doings.

By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.

Directly I saw that the little, tight, hard look (which had hitherto played only very intermittently round the corners of Vallie Prynce's baby-curved mouth) was becoming almost perpetual, I knew it was time for me to interfere.

There were also other signs which made me realise that I was the only person who could put matters right.

When a girl who is dainty, delicious, and designed for loving, begins to do her hair without looking in the glass, leaves off making her dressmaker's existence a serialised sorrow, and ceases to hear her own passionate heart-beats in the throb of a waltz-measure played by strings, it is desperately necessary that Cupid should exert himself before it is too late.

And it *can* be too late, alas! even when youth is young—that is if Ambition, Fame, and Success, or Strife and Failure, have got the reins too tightly in hand.

Success can fill a woman's heart till there is no room for me, just as Failure can so empty it that the doors close to with a heavy hollow sound—never to re-open!

Success and Failure are my two most formidable rivals!

Well, in the case of Vallie Prynce, it was with the former that I had to cope.

She was gradually, insidiously, becoming famous, and often, as I tried to make my way to her side while she stood busily at work in her studio, a high wall of commissioned pictures seemed to bar my progress; and one day (I was hovering, shivering, unseen, and unwelcome, by the doorway) I overheard her answer a blue-eyed, glad-faced girl who was twisting a new pearl ring on her finger.

Then I knew that one of my hardest tasks lay before me, and that I must begin work at once.

"Oh! Vallie, dear, I want—*so* much I want it—to see you just only happy as I am happy! And nothing but love can do it—*nothing but love!*" said the dear little blue-eyed girl.

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Then Vallie turned round with a *little* real, and a great deal of imitation, scorn in her eyes.

"*Nothing but love!*" she cried, turning round, palette and brush in hand, her beautiful brown eyes blazing and almost black (how I longed to soften that brilliancy as only *I* can do!). "Nothing but love when there is ambition—ambition that may lead to fame! . . . What is love? Something that takes up time and hinders Art — something unsatisfactory, illusionary, that leaves no golden trail of Fame behind it! Forgive my saying it, Millie, dearest, but lately I have more and more begun to regard love as a *myth*, a—a—nothing—that—matters!"

Oh! how I longed for a *visible* personality that I might actively avenge these slights! I — a *myth!* I — a "nothing — that— matters!" I, who, though only a plump little curled and winged boy, carry more real things in my quiver full of bitter-sweet-tipped arrows than ever Ambition gave away in her breath of vanishing thistledown fluff!

Vallie Prynce must learn my greatness, and, if needs be, as others have learned before—*in a lesson of tears!*

I at once began to inspect with my mind's eye the ranks of those who would be likely to help me in bringing about the what-had-to-be.

The bank manager with the watch chain? No, no, too much curvature beneath the watch chain.

The velvet-coated R.A.? The manicured officer? The healthy chartered accountant? The Spanish 'cellist? The ——

Ah! of course, the very man!

Oscar Deveson — the cold-eyed, sleek-headed, strong-profiled, private-incomed occupant of the flat below!

I had just realised that my man was found when the door—which had only five minutes previously closed behind the blue-eyed little girl—opened to admit the one who was to be my ally.

With a light friendly nod, Vallie turned round and greeted him—such an unpromisingly "chummy" nod from my point of view!—which he returned with an expression on his face that I could not entirely understand.

"How's it going?" he asked, alluding to her half-finished *magnum opus* by a pronoun that gave evidence of entire intimacy.

"Oh! *stiff*," she answered discontentedly, squeezing the colour out of a tube, "I can't get a model to pose as I want, and the lay-figure is the most incomplete contrivance ever left unfinished. Until they put spurious life into lay-figures they will remain uninspiring. A thing must be able to move, in order to keep still gracefully. Oh! no, that isn't a hint! You may sit down!

With these last words she half-turned, smiling at him over her shoulder, and as he returned the smile I noticed that he was looking steadily into her eyes.

My moment had arrived as far as he was concerned—very little would be required to teach him my beautiful lesson.

Silently I flew forward, and standing on a pedestal just behind his shoulder, whispered in his ear.

"Look at her neck—isn't it soft and white and young, rising like a lily-flower above the cut-away collar of her gown? Doesn't she make a sweeter picture than *she* could ever create, standing right there in the sunlight, her blue painting pinafore flowing about her like the gown of a goddess, her wonderful, electric hair almost brightened to gold, her glorious brown eyes full of mysteries, and her red, red lips parted and smiling? Ah! Oscar, what lips for kissing! Think of the rapture in cutting out her art and her fame-dreams! Think of taking all that sweetness to your heart and crying 'she is mine—all, all mine.' Oh! think of it!"

He moved a step nearer and his breath came quickly.

"Swish!" I flew back and took aim.

"Ping" went my bitter-sweet-tipped arrow and then—and then—well, I knew at once by the light in his eyes that the aim had been accurate and effectual!

My victim was in love!

Like every nice man, Oscar Deveson became silent with misgiving directly he understood the new strong beating of his heart.

For half-an-hour longer they chattered—the man hesitatingly and half-timorously, the girl easily, brightly, and with daunting friendliness.

At last he rose to go.

"Er—may I come again soon?" he said, holding her firm, strong little hand in his for just a space longer than demanded by the conventional *adieu*.

Vallie laughed with unconscious amusement, and showed her pretty white teeth as she returned his tender hand-pressure with a hearty clasp of good-fellowship.

"Why this sudden ceremony? Of *course* you can come again, as usual; just as soon as you like! You funny man! Good-bye. Don't forget about the brushes, will you? All thanks. 'Goo'-bye'!"

As Oscar passed me in leaving, I felt quite touched by the wistful look on his face, as with a sigh he closed the studio door behind him.

Then began my tussle.

"He loves you," I whispered. "He is good, brave, honourable, and a gentleman; and he loves you!" (She started ever so slightly.) "You are young *now* and luck looks your way, but you are only one among hundreds of women artists and can never be first with the world. You *can* be first with him." (She mixed her paints slowly and mechanically.) "Why not *be* first? Ambition, fame, and success are only substitutes at best, as every loveless woman knows when the grey curtains close and shut out youth's daring flaring pictures." (She laid down her palette and looked dreamily out into the sunlight.) "Think of a home shared by you and one loved man! Companionship, confidence, tenderness, and passion. Think of his lips murmuring 'my wife!' O! lay down the hope of laurel leaves and reach out for white orange blossoms. They are best! They are best!"

I paused.

Ah! it has been useless—all useless!

With a light laugh Vallie left sunlight dreams, and picking up her palette and brushes re-commenced patterning an Oriental brass screen with marvellous delicacy and skill.

I was worsted! She had *laughed* at my whispered words!

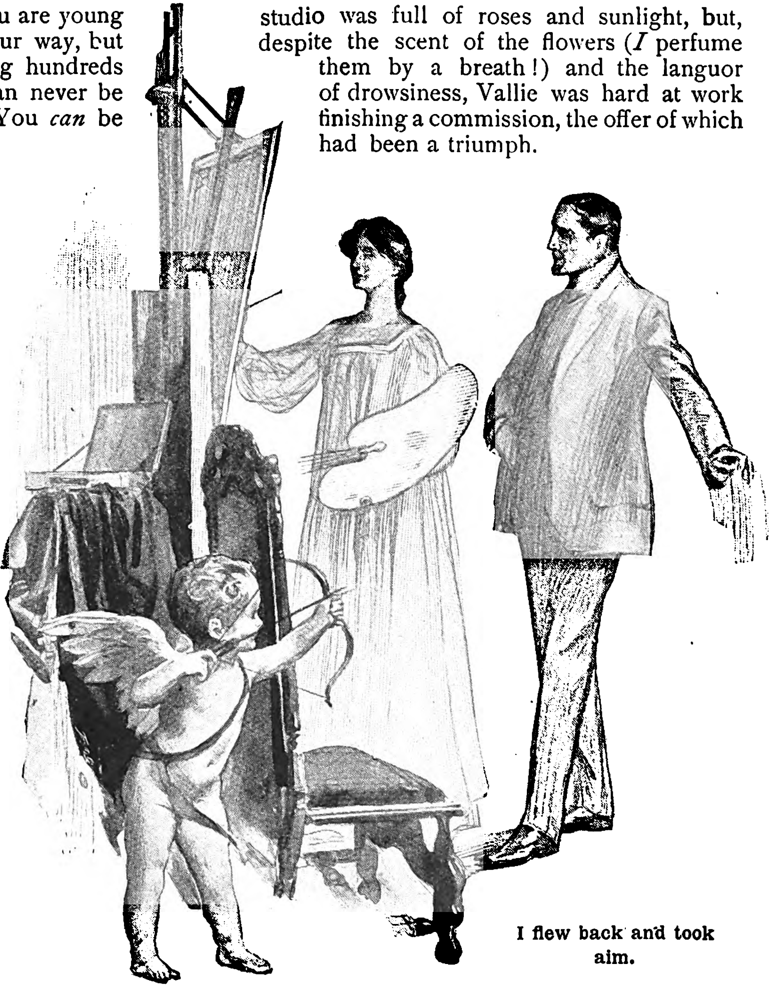
Passionately, I took aim, again and again, but each time my bitter-sweet-tipped darts touched her soft flesh, and then bounded lightly off without even grazing or scratching the warm smooth skin!

Day after day, week after week, it was the same.

Oh! the whispered words and arrows I wasted!

However, at last a green-eyed ally came to my aid, and between us we achieved what I could never have managed alone.

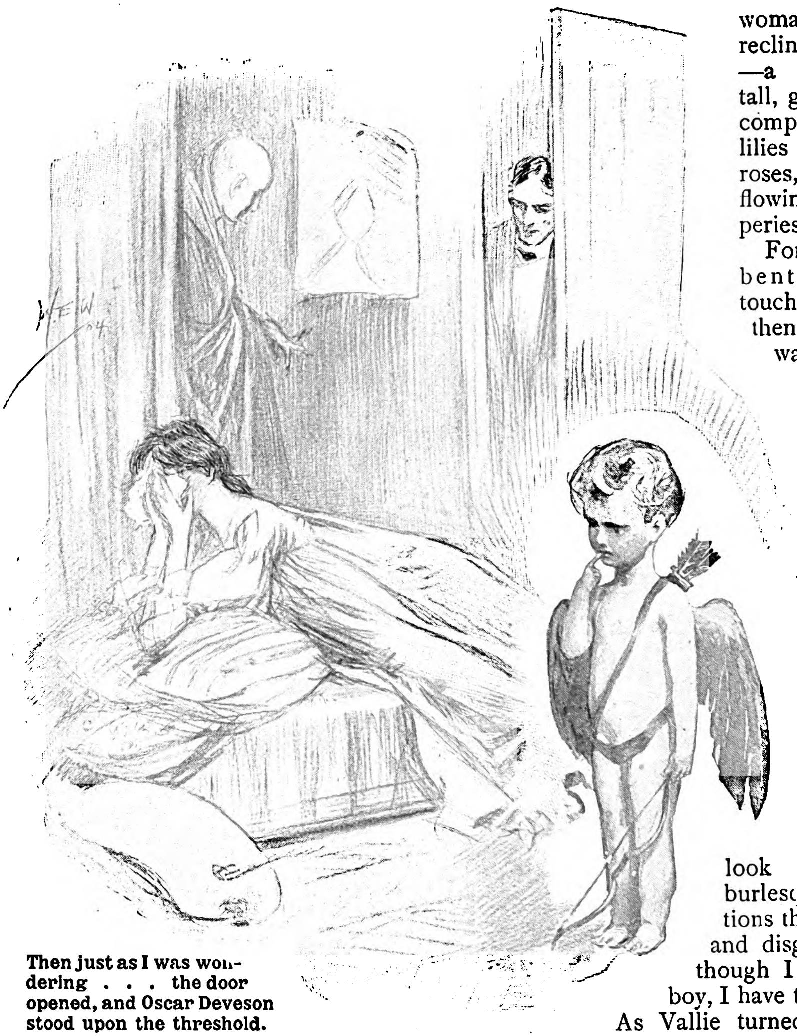
It was a soft summer afternoon. The studio was full of roses and sunlight, but, despite the scent of the flowers (*I* perfume them by a breath!) and the languor of drowsiness, Vallie was hard at work finishing a commission, the offer of which had been a triumph.



I flew back and took aim.

Suddenly the door opened and her maid (a good elderly creature of the "bless-'er-little-'eart" type) entered the studio.

"Oh! Miss Vallie," she panted excitedly. "Such goings on! Lor'! I'd 'ave never believed it, despite being a widow and knowing men's wicked ways. You know 'ow you can see into that little study what Mr. Deveson's built out, by looking out of the bathroom window? Well, I 'appened to be glancing down jest now, taking in a bit of fresh air, so to



Then just as I was wondering . . . the door opened, and Oscar Deveson stood upon the threshold.

speak, and I saw—well, come and look for yourself, miss."

Laying down her "tools," Vallie ran lightly and laughingly into the bathroom.

Of course, it was some joke, and Oscar *meant* her to see, like when he painted a caricature of her Academy picture and fastened it on the sill.

"Now look, miss, look! Did you hever!"

And Vallie looked—looked till her face seemed suddenly less young—and I, who was peeping over her shoulder, felt that I must have been making some ghastly mistake about the occupant of the flat below.

He possessed no feminine relatives of any description, and yet—and yet——

Oh! who *could* she be?

Down in Oscar Deveson's study was a woman, half-lying, half-reclining on the lounge—a beautiful woman, tall, gold-haired, with a complexion whiter than lilies and pinker than roses, clad in loose flowing sea-green draperies.

For a moment Oscar bent over her and touched her yellow curls, then, stepping backward, he stood still waiting for an answering caress. And the waiting (*ugh!* the minx!) was not long! Slowly the gold-haired syren rose from her indecorously easy attitude, stretched out two exquisitely moulded white arms, and with a graceful, gliding movement, advanced towards——

Ugh! I couldn't look any more—any burlesquing of the emotions that I create revolts and disgusts me, because, though I am only a little boy, I have the soul of a man!

As Vallie turned away, *I* turned away.

"*That's* a picture for you, isn't it, miss? So I s'pose Mr. Deveson's gone and got married *sub-rose-water*, so to speak! Dearie me! Now, I shou'd say——"

But Vallie and I didn't wait to hear what Parkins "would say"—we hurried back to the studio where the sunlight seemed cold and the roses scentless.

Quite still, she stood, quite, *quite* still; her lips moved, her hand clutched one fold of the blue painting pinafore.

Now, if ever, was my time.

The lesson must be learnt, even though taught by tears!"

"*Ping!*"

It was done! *It was done!!*

The bitter-sweet-tipped arrow had pierced her white young arm, and one tiny drop of blood, unseen save by me, fell upon the blue painting apron.

She loved—and more than that, she *knew* she loved, now that it seemed too late.

With a desperate little cry she threw herself on to a low cushioned divan, and shed those tears that a girl must shed before she becomes a woman.

Then, just as I was wondering if I should have done better to have left those cold Fame-dreams alone, the door opened, and Oscar Deveson stood upon the threshold.

Up to that moment he had waited for some sign (not daring, because of his great humble love, to take the lead), but now, now that his little girl-love was crying, it was different.

He was a man, strong with man's devotion, and she was a woman, weak with woman's tears.

Swiftly he advanced towards her (forgetting that his love was unconfessed and unaccepted, forgetting his own humility and fancied unworthiness—everything, except that he loved her), and kneeling beside the divan, he took her right masterfully into his arms. (Of *course*, I willed him to do it—it's one of my most approved methods.)

"My darling! My dear little love," he murmured. "Don't cry, sweetheart, oh, don't cry; it hurts me. I love you so, I love you so, my Vallie—my Vallie!"

With a look of half-glad, half-agonised non-comprehension on her face, Vallie wrested herself from his embrace.

"How can you, how *can* you say you love me, when, when——"

"When I have not dared to speak before? O! my dear, a woman can't guess at the fears of a man who *really* loves. *Now* I dread to ask you if you care, as I have dreaded all these months, because, if you say 'no,' why, I shall be just about as soulless as the lay-figure I have had made for you!"

"L-lay figure?"

"Yes, you know you said that the usual lay-figure was the most incomplete contrivance ever left unfinished; and that 'a thing must be able to move to keep still gracefully.' Well, longing to be of use to you and the art which is my rival, I have had a waxen and completely-jointed figure put together and furnished with springs that make movement possible. It seems to me quite successful; by pressing a spring on the head it will move forward, hold out its arms, and behave most usefully! I'll send it up later; it's now in my study . . . But never mind about wax women, when — dearest, *dearest,* what is the matter?"

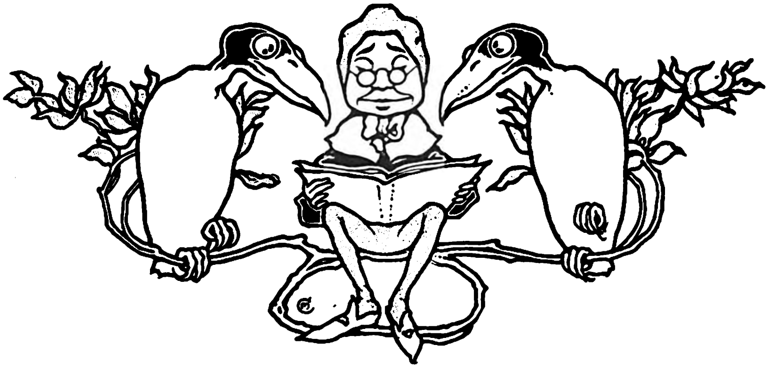
With a glad swift movement Vallie dried the tears that were once more over-brimming, then, quite bravely and steadily, she *told* him what was the matter.

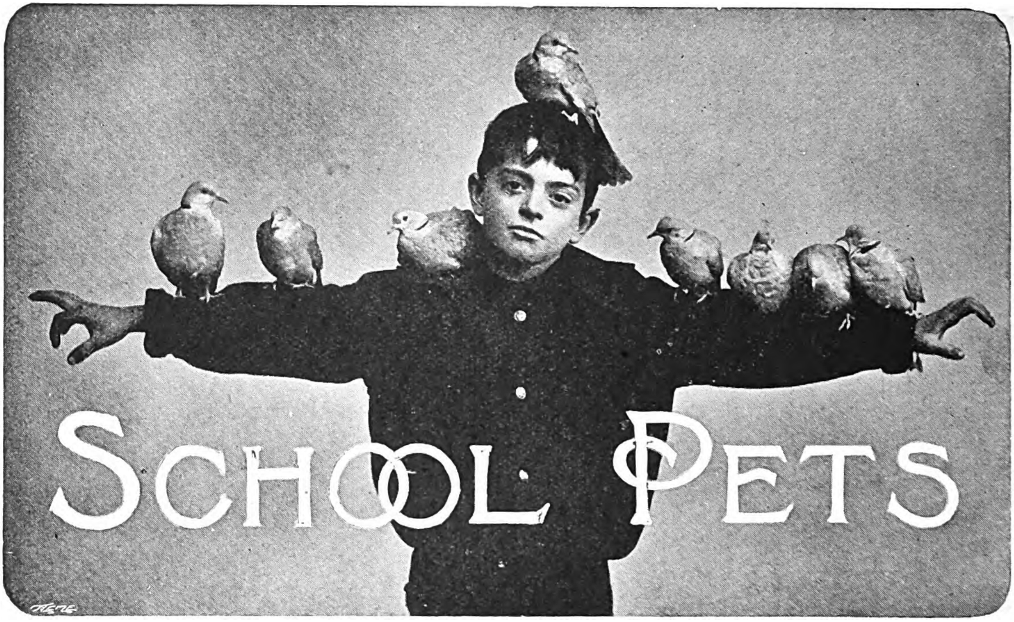
When the explanation was finished I felt that there was no need for me to linger any longer. . . . .

Humbly, Ambition stepped down and took a lower place; once again, I, a little boy, had defeated her! — while Vallie and Oscar came hand-in-hand into my world of kisses.

There was nothing more for me to do, so I packed up my arrows and flew to the new millionaire in Park Lane.

(I was anxious to get his golden god off its pedestal).





SCHOOL PETS

Birds, Animals, and Reptiles Kept by Boys and Girls at School.

By Wilfred Mark Webb, F.L.S.

Of recent years the keeping of pets at school has been recognised as a valuable aid to the the education of children.

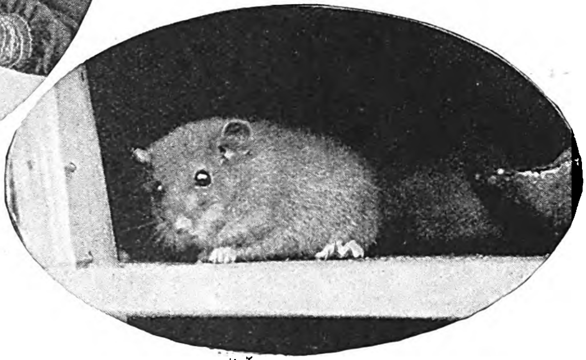
Apart from the opportunities afforded in studying the habits and peculiarities of animals, pets have another sphere of usefulness. The regular attention that they require has a considerable influence in forming the character of their young keepers.

No doubt when the benefits arising from this delightful fashion of acquiring a knowledge of natural history are fully realised, the keeping of pets will be encouraged in many more schools.

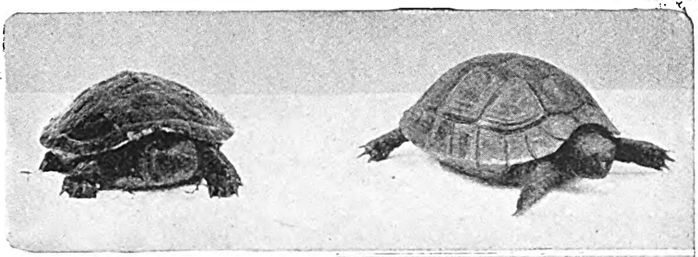
Children living in large cities and towns cannot possibly gain a practical knowledge of the smaller common animals, except from studying those kept in captivity. They cannot, as their more fortunate comrades of the country, sally out into the fields and watch the rabbits gambolling outside their warren, and the birds building nests or feeding their young. What glimpses of bird and animal life they may obtain must be derived from their pets. Thus it will be seen that to the town child pets are of vastly more importance than to the country child.

Christchurch Endowed Infant School is an excellent example of a town school, where pets hold an important place in the training of young children. Here the majority are drawn from the ranks of birds and animals that for

Tame rats are much favoured by boys. The little animals are very harmless, and seldom bite.



The queer pet of a small schoolgirl is a sleek, old toad. He is a most amusing fellow to watch catching wasps and flies, and has got quite to know his young mistress. On the right is a pretty little dormouse. These tiny creatures make delightful pets, and become extraordinarily tame.



A pair of tortoises.

generations past have been born and bred in captivity.

It must not be supposed, however, that more out-of-the-way creatures are not among the inhabitants of the school menagerie. To a number of small children several large snails are a never-failing source of amusement. Amongst the older pupils snakes prove a great attraction, and are handled without the slightest fear.

Although the pupils delight in playing with their reptile pets, they naturally hold but a very secondary place in their affections. A tame rat and a guinea-pig, perhaps, come first. Each of these has its own particular little attendant, whose duty it is to see that his particular animal or bird is regularly fed and kept clean.

Not long ago the pets were shown at the Nature Study Exhibition, Burlington Gardens. On the day when High School girls and their governesses visited the exhibition, the animals were greeted with "What a *sweet* rat! What a *dear* guinea-pig!" Beyond this the little maidens could find no other words to express their admiration.

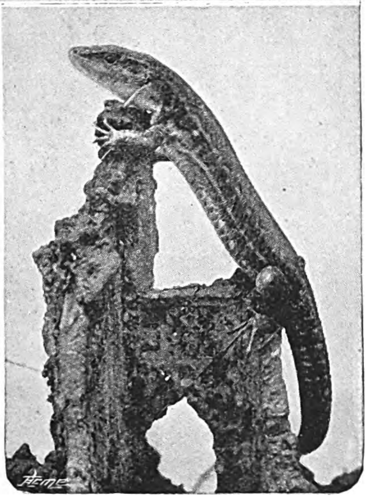
Later on, the arrival of County Council School boys, many of whom had never seen such animals outside a naturalist's shop, caused much amusement. One boy stood for quite a long time admiring two rats.

"That is not a bad rat, Bob," he ejaculated presently.

A few minutes before a small apple had been given to the rats, and as they had already an abundance of food, it lay on the bottom of the cage untouched. Bob noticed the fruit.

"I say, look there!" he exclaimed, "why, that old rat has laid an egg."

To this ignorance of dumb creatures may be ascribed the many cases



This green lizard is one of the inmates of the "menagerie" at a girls' High School.

The aquarium is a never ceasing subject of interest to school children.

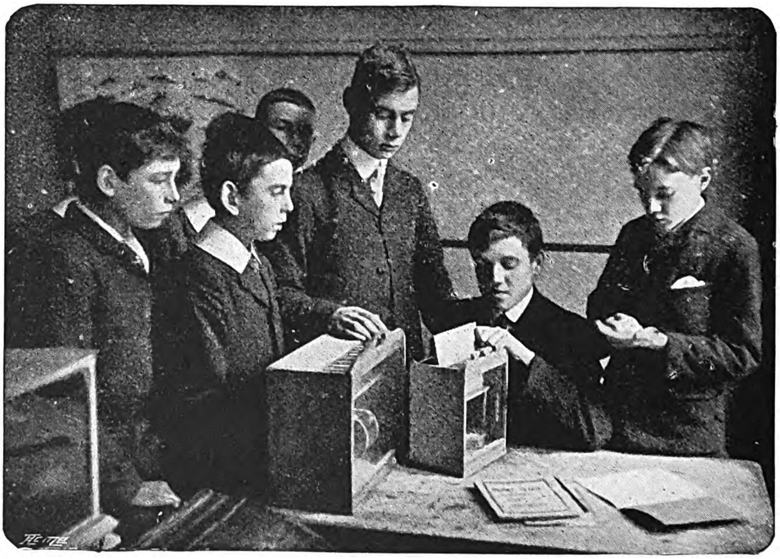
of cruelty of which we constantly read. Were the teaching of simple natural history and the keeping of pets to become general throughout the schools of Great Britain, such offences would be rare. Cruelty arises through ignorance, and when once a fondness for dumb creatures is cultivated, it ceases to exist.

The horror with which the majority of people regard snakes is to a certain extent due to their scant knowledge of these reptiles. Out of the many varieties that exist, very few are dangerous or even harmful to human life. To illustrate this dread of snakes, an amusing incident happened at the Exhibition of School Pets.

During the afternoon one of the young keepers discovered that his snake had managed to escape. An alarm was raised, which, when the spectators heard the cause, cleared them as if by magic from the neighbourhood of the cage. After searching vainly for some time, the young keeper suggested that his snake might have sought the warmth of the hot-water pipes, and would be, most likely, under the grating on which an old lady happened to be standing. A terrified shriek followed this announcement, and the old lady displayed a sudden agility surprising in one of her years.

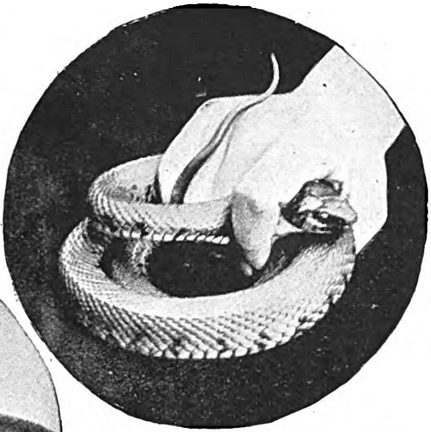
Of course, in schools where pets are kept, the masters are compelled to keep a watch to see that they are properly looked after. A boy may lavish much affection on his four-footed friends, but neglect entirely to feed them and clean their cages.

To meet this fault it is customary for a master or mistress to make a daily inspection of all places, rabbit-hutches, dove-cotes, and kennels, and to place a mark against the name of the owner of an uncared-for pet.

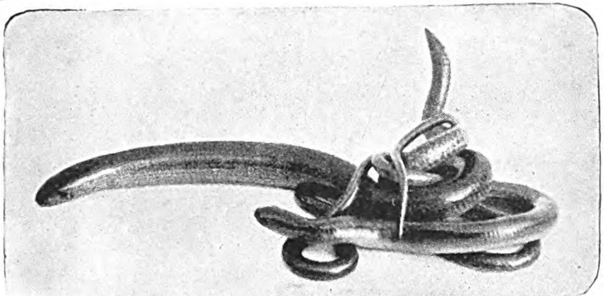


The boys at a college for the deaf keep a large number of tame mice, besides other animals.

Three marks carries with it the punishment of having to dispose of that pet. However, it is pleasant to know that there is seldom occasion to enforce such drastic measures. Children may neglect their pets at times. More often this arises, not from a lack of interest in them, but through forgetfulness.



This snake has been kept by the pupils of a boys' school for over three years. Boys do not display the slightest fear of these reptiles, allowing them to twist about their arms with the most perfect composure. The picture on the left shows a small boy holding a blindworm.



A bunch of young blindworms reared at a village school.

A lizard captured in France, and kept at a girls' High School.

Anyone who has seen school children playing with their four-footed friends must have been struck with the affection that they display for them. The total absence of fear in the little creatures in itself points to the kindness with which they are accustomed to be treated.

Amongst feathered pets, pigeons, doves, canaries, and fowls figure as the chief favourites of school-children.

At one school a certain small boy has chosen for his pet a hen of no particular breed. Poultry are proverbially stupid, but, owing to the attention bestowed on it, this fowl has become remarkably tame and intelligent. It follows its young master around the playground, and when tired will allow itself to be picked up and fondled like a cat.

A curious characteristic of this hen is its delight in looking at coloured pictures. Ordinary black-and-white drawings have no charm for it. But let its young master bring out a book of coloured prints, and the hen will gaze at each one with the greatest appreciation.

Of all pets, none, I think, repay the attention bestowed on them so much as toads and frogs. Their slow movements and sudden springing into life at the sight of a fly or cockroach, together with the quaint way in which they gobble down their prey, make them the most

Tortoises, although devoid of all intelligence, make interesting pets.

Frogs are undoubtedly the quaintest and most delightful little reptiles to keep in captivity

interesting pets imaginable. Unfortunately, these ugly little reptiles have a peculiar habit of escaping from their quarters. Frogs do not thrive in such dry surroundings as toads. In captivity they seem to have a craving for water, consequently when they escape they invariably seek a damp place. Two frogs belonging to a certain high school managed one day to find an outlet from their glass cage. Keeping together, as is their custom, the little creatures started off on a voyage of discovery. Their disappearance was soon discovered, but although a careful search was immediately made, it was not until the next day that Master Froggy and his mate were found.

Then one of the pupils happened to look in the bathroom. And there, comfortably squatting in the middle of a dish, placed to catch the drippings of a defective cistern, she found the lost frogs. No doubt the frogs had been having a glorious time, imagining as the water dripped down upon them that they were out in a summer shower.

On another occasion a lizard escaped from her cage in the schoolroom. These little animals when they break loose in a room seem to be filled with a desire to climb. Thus when this one found itself free it ran up the curtain and hid itself on the cornice running over the window.

The next morning the servant came in as usual to clean the room. Nothing happened until she began to shake the curtains. This caused the lizard to lose its balance, and, making a headlong dive, it alighted right on the top of the maid's cap.

The result can be imagined. Shriek after shriek echoed through the schoolroom from the terrified girl. Her cries brought the cook and page-boy to the rescue. But seeing the cause, they drew back to consider how they could capture the terrible creature.

Meanwhile the lizard had crawled down to the floor, and the housemaid was indulging in a mild attack of hysterics.

In the end the problem was solved by the cook dispatching the page-boy for a long shovel. And, very gingerly, the harmless little lizard was scooped up from the floor, and carried in fear and triumph back to its quarters.

In schools where pets are permitted a strong keenness for natural history exists. This is shown by the increased interest that the pupils take in country rambles. To them their walk is not merely undertaken for exercise, but to give them an opportunity of watching birds and animals in their wild state, similar to those that they keep at school.

The prickly hedgehog, with his curious propensity of curling himself up into a ball when alarmed, is one of the pets of a small schoolboy.

My Nephew "Max"

By Fox Russell.

Being Extracts from a Married Uncle's Diary.

This time, on being appealed to by my sister Constance to take her "dear boys" for a week of their Easter holidays, I stood firm. Nerves not in sufficiently good order to bear another visit from Max and Tommy just at present. Explained this to dear Constance —Dear Constance sighed. Dislike people sighing when I make statements about my nerves. Disliked matters still more when my sister said:

"Really, Charlie, I think you are getting more 'tibby' than ever."

Why "tibby"?

Searched dictionary and failed to find word "tibby." Secretly rejoiced at this. Felt I had scored off dear Constance when I told her. So gratifying, as dear Constance almost invariably scores off me. Never more so than when she succeeds in "planting" my graceless nephews on me during their holiday time. Know I shall have to ask them to stay, later on in year. Must fortify nervous system before then by course of tonic or sea-bathing. Or might try Harrogate waters. Max and Tommy very wearing.

Wonder why I, of all men, should be curs—blessed—with two such awful little bea—boys—for nephews?

To-day I received from Max following descriptive letter.

"Dear Uncle Charlie,

"Wee're spending our summer holidays at home witch is rather rot. The Govnor dussent do ennything for our amewsment, and he issent a bit amewsing himself—dellykitt people aint, are they? The first few days I startid keeping a Diry, but soon got sick of it. The only entries Ide got for the first day we were home, were:

"Beasely rainy day. Skalded my tongue with hot tea at breakfast. Gave piece of Haddik, well pepperd, to the cat, who let go a yell and bolted to the door, upsetting flower-pot thing ass she went. Govnor sed it was all *my* fault—beasely unfair—seems *I* can't do ennything rite.

"Went to stables and ragged James, the groom—James got orfly shirty. Jolly good mind to hit him in the eye, but thought praps, Ide better not, ass he's two sizes bigger than me.

"Rain stopped in afternoon, so ass there was nothing to amews me, I walked to Tosher's Farm, climed over the wall, and—met Tosher. T. was orfly rood, and sed, 'What did I mean by it?' So I sed, 'Oh, orl rite, if you don't like me to come here, I won't,' and was walking orf when he called out, 'Don't you let me catch you climing over my wall again, or Ile lock you up.'

"I felt rather an ass.

"Went into anuther farmyard and got a long stick and began to stir up a big black pig with it. The pig seemed quite amewsed—at leest, he began hollering like beans, and then an afishus sort of farmer chap interfeared, and gave me a strong hint to go—took me by the ear and led me inter the road.

"Waited until he'd got out of site, and then drove some of his turkeys a mile down the road to next farm and mixed 'em up with

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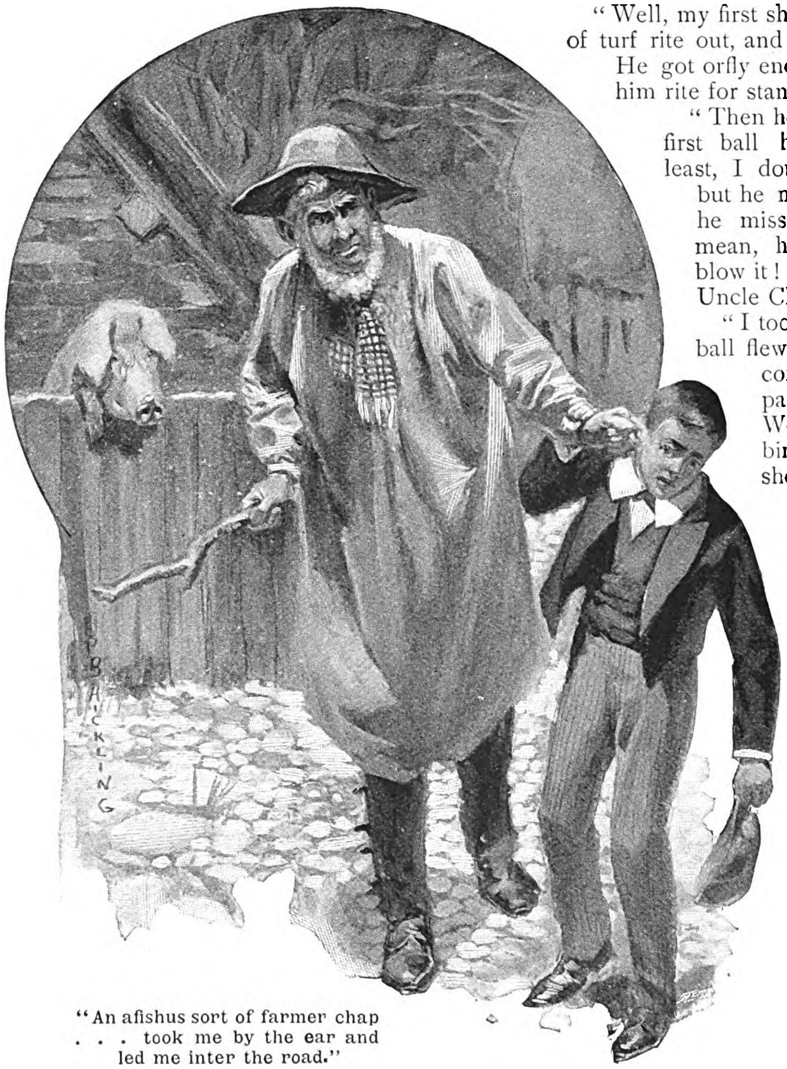


"An afishus sort of farmer chap . . . took me by the ear and led me inter the road."

anuther flock. Returned home, longing for sumthing to do and quite disconesolate. No criket, no football—oh, it *is* rot! I wished I was at Uncle Charlie's. You *can* rag there!

"Well, the next day I chucked keeping a Diry, and suddenly thought that though there wassent any criket, there was goff. So I made young Stinker" (I wish he wouldn't call his brother "Stinker") "carry the Govnor's clubse, and we startid off to the lynx. Then I told Stinker he mite play if we could get a caddie. We got one, and then we comenced.

"Of coarse, goff is orl rot compaired to criket and football, but ennything's better than sitting at home over the books the Govnor's always wanting us to read.

"Well, my first shot at goff I cut a peace of turf rite out, and it hit Stinker in the eye. He got orfly enoide, and I sed it served him rite for standing in the way.

"Then he startid to play, and the first ball he hit, he missed. At least, I don't mean that eggsactly, but he missed the ball he hit—he missed *at* the ball—no, I mean, he hit at the miss—oh, blow it! you know what I mean, Uncle Charlie, don't you?

"I took a second shot, and my ball flew out at rite angils, and cort the caddie on the back part of him, and he howled. Well, he shouldn't have bin looking the uther way, should he?

"I told him he oughter look out for himself, and by gove, he did, for at my next shot he bolted fifty yards off, ass he sed I wassent safe.

"I got a lot of good shots, though theyiddent go very far, and finelly I holed out in 37—Stinker took 39, and the caddie seemed to find it very amewsing, as he rored with larfter till I told him to shut up, and that rearly diddent matter how many strokes a feller took, but only the stile in witch he played.

"Then he larfed again, and sed I must be a funny sort of player, and I sed he was a sily young ass, and then he got shirty and chucked my—I mean the Govnor's—clubse on the ground and sed 'Carry them yourself.'

"Then I tride a skornfle, withring remark, and sed, 'You fathead, d'you think I'me going to stand your beasely cheek?' And he sed, 'Stand it or sit it, witch you like,' and I spose he thought that orfly sarcakstic; then he folded his arms and tride to look defyunt.

"I dunno eggsackly what happened next, but suddinly we—me and the caddie—were rolling over and over on the ground pummelling each other like mad, and two fellers in red coats were yelling out 'Fore!' to us to get out of the way, ass they were going to drive. Well, of coarse, we were too busy to stop, and finelly we struggelled till we fell over a bunker together, and the caddie being underneath, he cort his head a whop and it knocked him out of time.

"I looked up and saw the red-coated chaps rushing up in an orfle wax, so I thought Ide better bunk, witch I did, and so did Stinker. I dunno what happened to the caddie.

"We got home orl rite and were larfing over it when Stinker suddinly sed:

"'Where are the clubse?'

"By gum, we had forgoten them wen we bunked and left them on the lynx!

"If the Govnor wantid to play next morning, there *would* be a row! He's orfly unreasenabble in littel things like that—he makes too mutch fuss about trifools. Altogether, the prospect was gluemy when we came down to breakfust next day. But the govnor sed he diddent feel well—witch is orl rot, of coarse. *I* never feel ill eggsept I've been on the gorge or had a hapenny cigret.

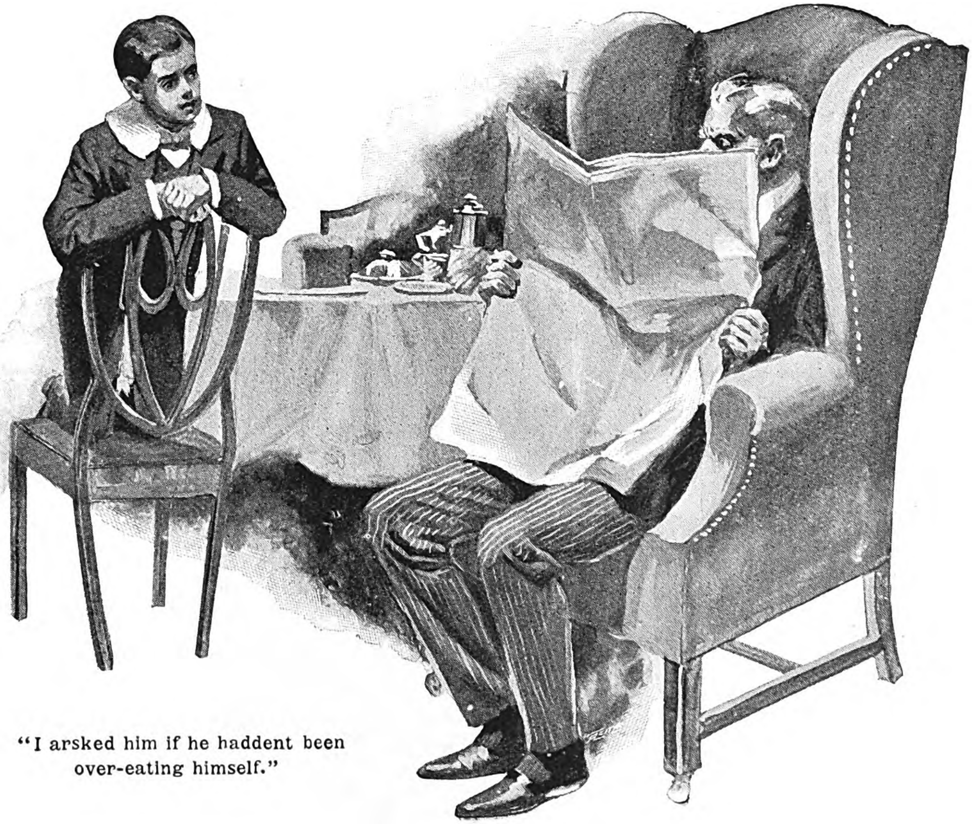
"I arsked him if he haddent been over-eating himself, becos I know that's jest what he'd have sed if *I'de* bin ill—and he got rather wild, and when I sed I thought it was a mistake for people when they got old, to eat so mutch, he got orfly drawn and told me I was egstreamly impewdent and that my owtragus conduct was one of the sorrers of his life!

"*Me* a sorrer! Fancy!

"But ass he was in this nasty mood I thought it would be better to go and try to find those clubse. So we started orf and hunted orl over the beasely lynx and couldn't see a sine of them. And that same caddie came up again and threttend to have me up for a salt if I diddent give him harf-a-crown. So I sneard and sed 'didn't he wish he mite get it.'

"And he sed if I diddent pay up he'd corl a bobby, and I sed if he did Ide charge him with steeling my clubse and I orlso sed if he tride to get money by threts Ide summon him for embezzlyment.

"That fritend him I think, becos he went orf swaring and saying he'd have the law on me—I notis that wenever a feller ses that, it



"I arsked him if he haddent been over-eating himself."

meens he's got the worst of the quarel and knows it.

"Jest then, one of those red-coated fellers came up and reckonised me and larfed litely and sed:

"'Hullo, young shaver! You're the boy who was fiting with the caddie yestiddy.'

"I sed that 'I was pointing out the caddie's faults to him certainly, and——'

"But he rored with larfter, then, and gave me a two-bob peice and sed:

"'I know who you are, but you needn't be afraid—I shan't tell the General' (meaning the Govnor) 'I like to see a boy with a bit of devil in him, and I'm sure you're an orfle little devil!'

"Then I larfed too. He was a jolly good sort, wasn't he, Uncle Charlie?

"And then he went on:

"'You'll find the General's clubse at the club-house. I sent a boy in with them after you two decamped yesterdy.'

"'Well, you *are* a brick!' I sed. 'Do you know my Uncle Charlie? He's a brick, too, tho' he *is* rather an old ass about sum things—he's too fidgety, but he's orfly good to us and genrus in his tips, too. You'd like him.'

"He only larfed again and shook hands, and then he gave Stinker a two-bob piece, too. Only I found out drectly he'd gone that Stinker's two bob was a harf-crown. So I couldn't stand that, and I collard it and gave him my two bob insted. Fancy, the little sneak wouldn't have sed anything about it if I hadn't twigged.

"Well, ass we were on the spot, we thought weed have another game, so got out the clubse, and diddent have a caddie, and got on mutch better, egsept that I had a slite accident, and broke the Govnor's favrit driver. I tride to stick it with Giant Sement wen I got home, but, orltho it *looks* orl rite, I can't help wundring what'll happen the first wack the Govnor takes with it.

"And if he spots the sement round the edges, my eye! *Won't* there be a jolly old row!

"Well, we were at the 4th hole, and jest putting, wen young Stinker sed Ide played one more than him wen it was realy one less. I sed he was a liar, and we had a bit of a row, and orl the while sum fellers who were behind us and wanted to hit on to the green were yelling themselves black in the face to make us get out of the way. 'Fore! Fore!' they kept shouting, and at larst one of the fellers played and hit me an orfle crak, and stung me up like mad.

"It made me in an orfle wax, and I cort Stinker a jolly good smak on the hed. If it haddent been for him kicking up a row, I shouldn't have been hit. Then I waited till the feller who drove the ball came up, and told him he must be an ass and a cad, too. He turned red with fewry, and sed 'ill-mannered cubse had no business on goff lynx,' and I sed he aparrently diddent even know the Rools of Goff; and then I sed I should speak to the Govnor about his driving inter me, and told him who the Govnor was—and then he looked orfly sheeppish, becos my Govnor's the Pressydent of the club.

"So I scored orf him pretty well, I think. Orl the same, it herts orfly.

"You know I have littry tasts, uncle Charlie. You remember that riping gost story I wrote for a Xmas maggotseen, witch didn't publitch it, well, I'me now writing a book on goff. It's to be corled 'The Goffers Guyed,' a handbook for the use of schools, by a Vettran Player.

"Well, you see, I've done a lot of goff these holidays, and know orl about it. I've apointed Stinker sub-eddyter. I can't, of coarse, give it you orl here—you will be able to see it and buy yourself a copy wen its publitched; but Ile jest give you a spessymen or two of the rools I've invented speshally for the use of our school. I think they'll be found very usefool. Praps you could pick up a tip or two from them and mite like to introduce them into your own golf club?

"Rool I.—It is the duty of every goffer wen he cuts a blob of turf out to go and put it back again, or he'll jolly well get his hed smakd.

"Rool II.—Wen another feller's making a tee, you must not shove him over.

"Rool III.—Wen a goffer looses his ball, that's no reason why he should go and try to bag any other feller's.

"Rool IV.—Any feller wishing to pass another feller can do so if he's bigger than the other feller and the other feller takes a licking from the first feller. If he isn't, he'd better not try it on.

"Rool V.—The subskription for the whole season shall be eighteenpence.

"Rool VI.—If any member's subskription's in arrear for more than two hours arfter school on the first day of term, any member of the comitty may go and colect it with a criket-stump.

"Well, that's all—no more news at present, Uncle Charlie. Shall look forward to seeing you and Aunt Molly again very soon.

"I say, we get a Merrit Holiday Saturday to Monday in the middle of term. It's rather slow to go home to one's people, ain't it?

"I read in a book the other day 'The tyred brain-worker requires change ass well ass rest.' Well, it ain't mutch change going to be jawed by the Govnor and asked your dates and gography questions and if six herrings and a harf cost sevenpince-hapeny, how many close can you send to the wash for ninepince, is it?

"So if you happened to want a feller's help in hanging pictures, or knocking nails in, or unpacking hampers or anything, jest at that time, you mite remember that I and Stinker would be quite at libberty to spend that Saturdy to Mondy, *shay voo*, ass they say in French. I hope you won't get a wrong impreshon and think Ime hinting for an invitation, becos its reelly nothing of the sort. And now good-bye with love from both us to both you.

"Yours affecshontly,

"MAX.

"P.S. There's been three fites orlreddy over Rool VI. This looks omnibus—I mean ommynus—don't it?"

So thoughtful of Max to suggest my borrowing a hint from these highly original "rools." Really that boy's impudence can only be described as massive. How am I to escape the awful infliction of entertaining these two little dev—dears I mean—on their "Merrit Holiday"? Prospect of having them here so upsetting—must consult dear Mollie on subject.

* * * * *

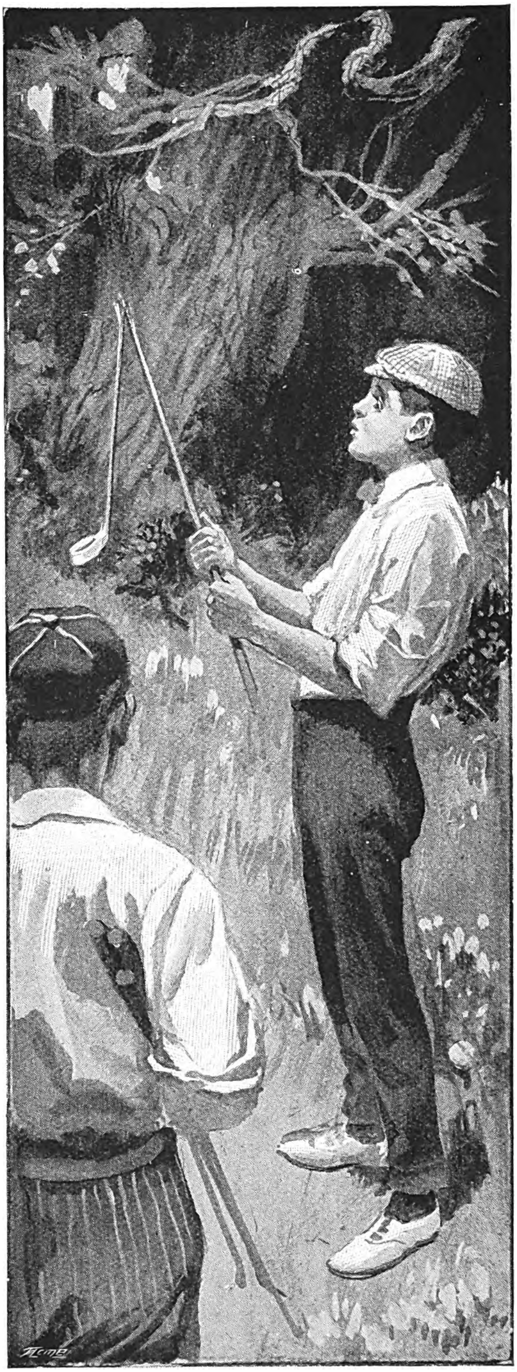
Have now consulted dear Mollie, and dear Mollie says:

"Oh, *of course* we'll ask them, Charlie."

"Think so, dear?" I say feebly, "seems to me that life would be altogether better, brighter, and more beautiful without the da—dear boys."

Dear Mollie pats my cheek, and laughs at me. Dislike being laughed at. Explain this. Dear Mollie says it is good for me; also that Max and Tommy "take me out of myself." Agree in this, no time to even think of one's meals when these brats are present.

Argue with Mollie for some time, but, as usual, have to submit in the end. How can I—what could I—I mean is there any way of escaping the infliction in future, I wonder? Greatly fear that my prospects of so doing are remote—or to quote the irrepressible Max himself, "gluemy."



"We thought weed have another game, so got out the clubse . . . I had a slite accident and broke the Govnor's favrit driver."

PALMISTRY EXTRAORDINARY

A Duologue.

By A. Demain Grange.

Characters:

Ethel Maydew, *An Amateur Palmist.* Guy Ralston, *An Unbeliever.*

Scene: A Palmist's Tent at a Charity Bazaar.

The scene represents the interior of a small marquee. There is a curtained entrance at the back, and another entrance, also curtained, on the right. Near the centre is a table, with two chairs. The scene is faintly illuminated by a shaded lamp on the table.

Ethel Maydew is discovered standing by the entrance at the back, looking cautiously out between the curtains. She wears a long scarlet cloak with a hood attached, and holds in her hand a small black mask. Her attitude is suggestive of an amused interest in some person who has just left the marquee.

Ethel (*laughing gaily*). Oh, what fun this palmistry is! I never thought that telling fortunes could be half so amusing. It is so easy, too, when you know all about the people you are dealing with. Poor old Lady Gadabout! She looked quite pleased when I told her she would marry and live to a ripe old age. She is considerably over forty, and has been married twice already! I think that it is just as well that people don't know who I really am, or they mightn't be so struck by my wonderful prognostications. That is where the best part of the fun comes in! (*Again looking through the curtains.*) I wonder who I shall have next. Not a stranger, I hope, because that might be rather unfortunate for *both* for us! But as I know most of the people here, I think I am fairly safe. And for the rest—well, they can't expect much for half-a-crown at a charity bazaar! (*Starting suddenly.*) Why, there is Guy—Mr. Ralston, I mean. What can *he* be doing here? And—yes—he is with that horrid Mrs. Golightly, *as usual!* Of course, I know he and I are no longer friends, and I am never going to speak to him again; but that is no reason why he should make himself *ridiculous*. She is nearly double his age, and a *widow*, too! It—it makes one feel quite sorry for him. (*Peers through the curtains and then draws back hastily.*) Good gracious! He has left her, and is coming straight over here. I do hope he won't come in. And yet what a splendid chance it would be to find out if—if he really does care for her. Not that it matters much, of course; but still, I should like to know. (*A bell rings outside. She goes quickly over to the right.*) Oh dear! there he is. (*In a mysterious voice.*) Come in! (*Turns and goes out through the curtained entrance on the right. As she does so Guy Ralston enters through the curtains at the back.*)

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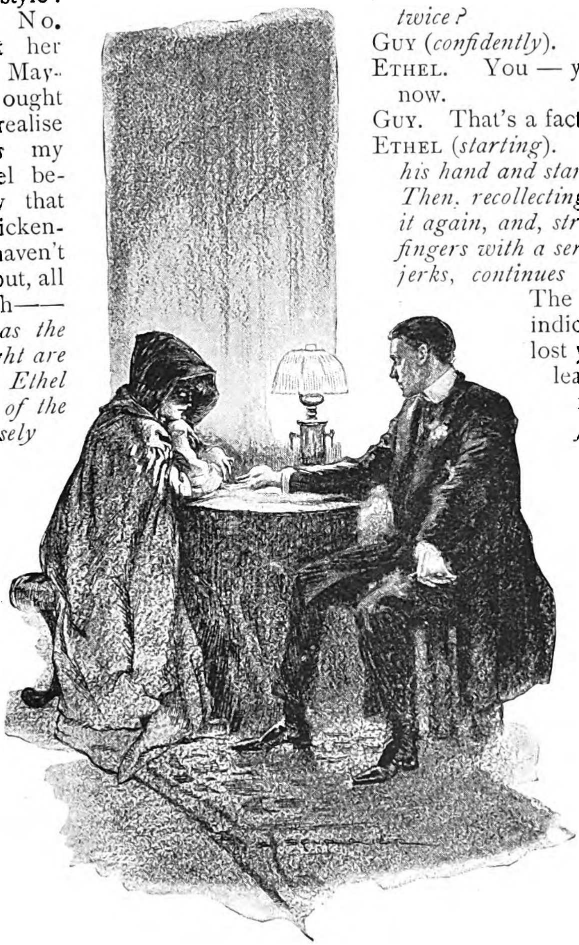
Guy (*looking round*). H'm! Nobody here. That is part of the performance, I presume! Probably the lady will condescend to materialise, or whatever they call it, later on. In the meantime, I will do myself the honour of offering myself a chair. (*Comes down and takes a seat on the left of the table.*) What a silly business this palmistry is! How any reasonable person can believe in it beats me. But, of course, nobody is expected to be *reasonable* at a charity bazaar. That must be my excuse for coming here. That and Mrs. Golightly's limpet-like attentions. Bit of a nuisance, Mrs. Golightly! She is not bad-looking, I admit, in a china doll sort of way, and I found her rather amusing at first; but one can have too much of a good thing; and when it comes to an open flirtation—well, a short, stout widow, of uncertain age, and, I suspect, an equally uncertain temper, isn't exactly my style! (*Thoughtfully.*) No. When I contrast her with Ethel—Miss Maydew, I suppose I ought to say now—I realise precisely what *is* my style. True, Ethel behaved abominably that night at the Twickenham's, and I haven't forgiven her yet; but, all the same, I wish—— (*Pauses abruptly as the curtains on the right are swept aside, and Ethel enters. The hood of the cloak is drawn closely over her head, and the upper part of her face is hidden behind the black mask. Her manner is suitably impressive, and she speaks in a carefully-disguised voice. Guy rises.*)

Ethel (*solemnly*). Pray be seated. You wish to consult me about your future?

Guy (*smiling rather nervously*). Oh—thanks! Yes, that is the idea.



"You have been in love *twice?*"

Ethel. You understand, of course, that my—er—services are given on this occasion in the interests of charity.

Guy (*diving into his pocket*). Oh, yes, of course. Half a-crown, I think? (*Lays a coin upon the table.*)

Ethel. Thank you. Now let me look at your hand. (*He holds out his hand. She takes it somewhat diffidently and proceeds to examine it with minute care.*)

Guy (*uneasily*). Is—is it so very bad?

Ethel. It is a very complex hand, and one not easy to read. There is much that is good in it, and also, I am afraid, much that—er—might be better.

Guy. Dear me!

Ethel. The life line is well marked——

Guy. Thank goodness!

Ethel. But the line of *heart*—ah, well! (*Sighs again dismally.*)

Guy. What is wrong with that?

Ethel. You have been in love *twice?*

Guy (*confidently*). I think not!

Ethel. You — you are in love now.

Guy. That's a fact!

Ethel (*starting*). Oh——! (*Drops his hand and stares at him blankly. Then, recollecting herself, she seizes it again, and, straightening out his fingers with a series of vicious little jerks, continues her examination.*) The lines here plainly indicate that you have lost your heart twice, at least; but perhaps the first time you only *fancied* you were in love.

Guy (*easily*). Ah, that must be the explanation! But what—what about the second time, then?

Ethel (*vindictively*). Oh, *that* is obviously real enough *at present!*

Guy. And will be for *ever!* (*Stares thoughtfully before him.*)

Ethel (*continuing*

her examination). The *person* you are in love with is not young.

GUY. She *was* the last time I saw her!

ETHEL (*aside*). Oh, what a fib!

GUY (*enthusiastically*). She was young, pretty, and altogether adorable!

ETHEL (*aside, scornfully*). That Golightly *thing!*

GUY. I loved her then, as I love her now—passionately and devotedly. But——

ETHEL (*eagerly*). You have quarrelled?

GUY (*dejectedly*). Yes.

ETHEL. I knew you had quarrelled.

GUY (*staring at her*). You *knew*——?

ETHEL (*airily*). Oh, yes! It—it was in the lines. You could never have been happy with her. She isn't at all the sort of woman you evidently imagine her to be.

GUY. How do you know that?

ETHEL. Oh, I can read it in your hand. And then, she has been married before.

GUY (*starting up*). I swear she hasn't!

ETHEL (*surprised*). Surely you know——?

GUY (*angrily*). No; I don't know. And what is more, I don't believe you do.

ETHEL. But, my dear sir, the lines——

GUY (*impatiently*). I don't care a fig for the lines, and I am not going to listen to any more of this nonsense. Good afternoon. (*Strides up towards the curtains at the back.*)

ETHEL (*aside, clasping her hands*). Can he mean——? (*Turning quickly.*) Oh, don't go! I—I want to ask you something *very* important.

GUY (*pausing*). Well——?

ETHEL (*in a low voice*). I—I may have made a mistake.

GUY (*returning*). Ah! (*He regards her furiously. She catches his eye, and promptly pulls herself together, resuming the disguise of manner and voice she had momentarily forgotten in her excitement.*)

ETHEL (*more calmly*). It is just possible—only *just* possible, you know—that we were not thinking of the same person.

GUY. I see. (*Sits again, watching her with a puzzled expression on his face.*)

ETHEL (*uneasy under his glance*). The—er—lines sometimes get a bit mixed, as it were, and that naturally misleads one.

GUY. Just so. Of whom were you thinking?

ETHEL (*reflectively*). I was thinking of a short, stumpy little woman, with yellow hair, pale, washy, blue eyes, and a figure that is quite indescribable.

GUY. H'm!

ETHEL. And you——?

GUY (*staring before him*) I was thinking of a tall,* slender girl, with nut-brown hair, eyes of the deepest hazel, and a figure—by Jove! I find that indescribable, too!

ETHEL (*softly*). Ah!

GUY. She is just *perfection*, and nothing less.

ETHEL (*gently*). And you—you really do love this girl?

GUY. Really and truly I do.

ETHEL. Why, then, did you quarrel?

GUY (*in injured tones*). I didn't quarrel with her. *She* quarrelled with *me*.

ETHEL (*starting*). Oh!

GUY. Just before I turned up at a dance, after I'd told her I shouldn't be there, and she found me dancing with a—a certain widow.

ETHEL (*aside*). Exactly. (*Turning to him.*) But why didn't you dance with her?

GUY (*gloomily*). I wanted to, but she never gave me the chance!

ETHEL. Perhaps—perhaps she didn't understand.

GUY. She seemed to think I had been deceiving her in some way.

ETHEL (*quickly*). And hadn't you?

GUY (*indignantly*). Of course not! I merely happened to find myself disengaged at the last moment, and went to oblige my hostess, who I knew would be short of men. That's all.

ETHEL (*aside*). Oh, Guy!

GUY. A nice return for putting oneself out to oblige somebody! (*Stares frowningly before him.*)

ETHEL (*after a slight pause*). I wonder how the girl felt about it, on her side. Perhaps—perhaps I could tell, if you would let me see your hand again.

GUY. I don't think so.

ETHEL. Oh, I'm sure I could! (*Hastily.*) It is—er—wonderful what one can do with the aid of palmistry, you know.

GUY. H'm.

ETHEL (*artfully*). I might even be able to tell if she cared for *you*.

GUY. Really?

ETHEL. If—if it would interest you.

GUY. It would interest me more than anything else.

ETHEL. Very well, then, let me look. (*He holds out his hand. She takes it, and once more pretends to be deeply engrossed in it.*)

GUY (*anxiously*). Have you discovered anything?

ETHEL (*tracing a line with her finger*). Ah—yes—she thought you were deliberately trying to avoid her.

GUY. How absurd!

ETHEL (*coldly*). I think it was quite natural.

---

* This description can be altered to suit the person playing the part of Ethel.—AUTHOR.

GUY. I couldn't get away from that wretched widow, you know.

ETHEL. Um! (*Frowns judiciously.*)

GUY. What else did she think?

ETHEL. She thought that you, too, were angry because she appeared at the dance when she had said she couldn't come.

GUY. I was a little surprised.

ETHEL. She only went because her young cousin begged her to see her through her first ball.

GUY (*starting*). Oh!

ETHEL (*pointedly*). And, naturally, she felt your conduct was a nice return for putting herself out to oblige somebody!

GUY (*virtuously*). What did I do?

ETHEL. You hardly looked at her, and you never asked her to dance once.

GUY (*frowning*). I wish I hadn't looked at her.

ETHEL. Why?

GUY. Because every time I did so she was flirting shamefully with a conceited-looking ass in uniform!

ETHEL (*suddenly*). Oh, Guy, I'm sure I wasn't! (*Springs up and turns away from him indignantly.*)

GUY (*rising*). You—? (*Advancing a step.*) Why——

ETHEL (*tearfully*). I th—think it is v-very mean of you to say s-such a th—thing! (*Takes out her pocket handkerchief and tries to wipe her eyes through the holes in the mask.*)

GUY (*staring at her blankly*). Ethel! (*She starts, recollecting herself, and hangs her head shamefacedly. A short pause ensues.*)

ETHEL (*twisting the handkerchief nervously*). Of course, you—you are angry with me.

GUY (*approaching her*). Why should I be angry with you?

ETHEL. Because of what I said.

GUY. On the contrary. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

ETHEL (*turning to him*). Wouldn't you?

GUY. No! (*After a slight pause.*) But, I say, you haven't yet told me what—what the girl thought.

ETHEL. Oh, I don't think I could tell you that.

GUY. Try. (*Slyly*). It is—er—wonderful what one can do with the aid of palmistry, you know.

ETHEL (*turning away*). Well, she thought just what you thought.

GUY (*dubiously*). H'm!

ETHEL (*hanging her head*). And she—she thinks just the same as you think now.

GUY (*eagerly*). You mean it—*really!*

ETHEL (*in a low voice*). Yes, Guy.

GUY. Ethel! (*Takes her into his arms.*) I can't kiss you with this thing on, you know. (*Removes the mask and then kisses her. As he does so, a bell is heard ringing outside.*)

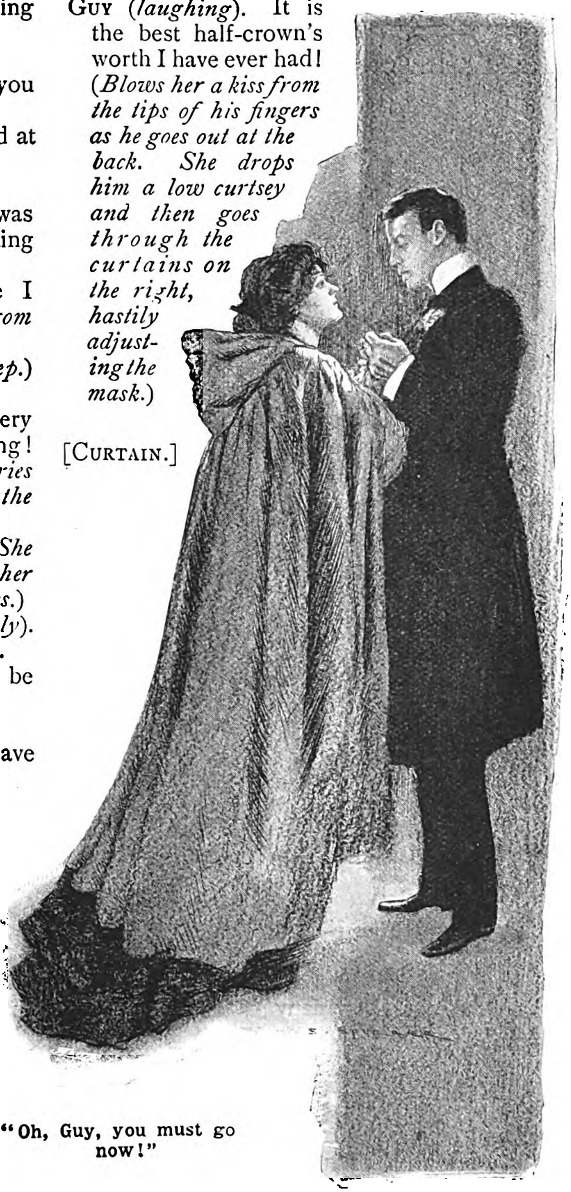
ETHEL (*breaking away from him*). Oh, Guy, you must go now!

GUY. Hang it all—! Well, I suppose I *must.* (*Moves up towards the curtains at the back.*) But I shall come again.

ETHEL (*archly*). It will cost you half-a-crown.

GUY (*laughing*). It is the best half-crown's worth I have ever had! (*Blows her a kiss from the tips of his fingers as he goes out at the back. She drops him a low curtsey and then goes through the curtains on the right, hastily adjusting the mask.*)

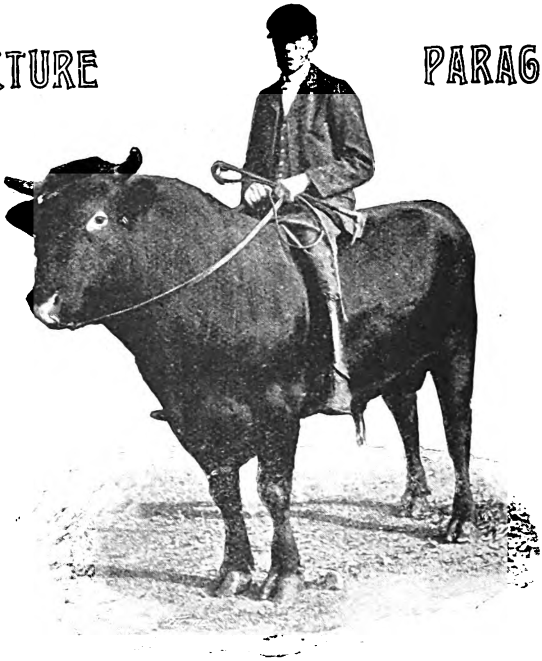
[CURTAIN.]



"Oh, Guy, you must go now!"

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

♣ ♣ ♣



This bull is more obedient and free from vice than many a horse. On it the owner rides about his farm and has even ridden to a local cattle show.

♣ ♣ ♣

Oddities from all Parts of the World are Required for this Feature.

♣ ♣ ♣

A NEW USE FOR CATTLE.

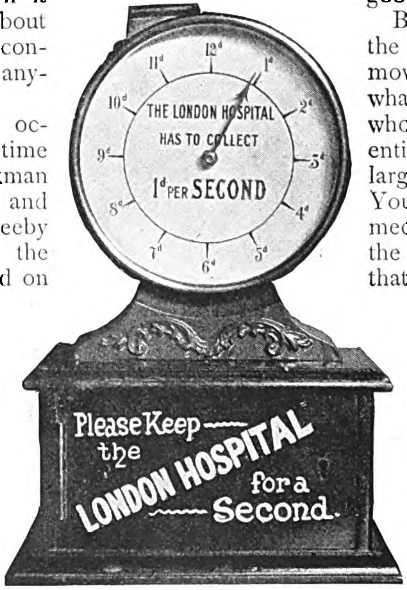
Not everyone would care to ride on a bull's bare back. In fact, there are few who relish standing within six feet of one—except from the opposite side of a gate or fence.

Yet Mr. Walter Beeby, of Kingstone, Derby, treats his bull as if it were a horse, riding on it about his farm, apparently unconscious that he is doing anything out of the way.

The idea of doing this occurred to him some little time ago. Seeing his stockman exercising the bull up and down the farmyard, Mr. Beeby attached a light rein to the bull's nose-ring, and vaulted on to its back. To his surprise Master Taurus did not in the least protest. Since then his master has ridden him all over the farm, guiding him by the rein with the most perfect ease. The bull is freer from vice than many horses. It gallops or walks at its master's will, and even when passing those of its own kind shows no inclination of becoming unmanagable.

CHARITY FOR A SECOND.

This clock-like machine has been adopted by the London Hospital Authorities for the purpose of collecting subscriptions. At the present time there are upwards of one hundred and fifty—all working for the same good cause.



One penny a second are the expenses of the London Hospital. When that amount is dropped into this machine the indicator moves one point, thus showing to the donor that he has kept the Hospital for one second.

By dropping a penny into the machine the indicator moves one point. Just think what that means! For one whole second you bear the entire expense of keeping the largest hospital in London. You pay for the upkeep of the medical staff, the nursing staff, the porters, and servants. But that is not all. You pay for the medicines that are daily dispensed and distributed to hundreds of sufferers.

Who could resist the temptation of bearing the expenses of so vast an undertaking?

Sixty pence gone every minute! Even Carnegie would hesitate to take a year's worth of seconds—£131,400 would buy many libraries, but support the London Hospital one year.

A NOVEL MOTOR UNICYCLE.

Whether we shall see in the next few years cyclists careering down the Strand in this queer contrivance is a matter of surmise.

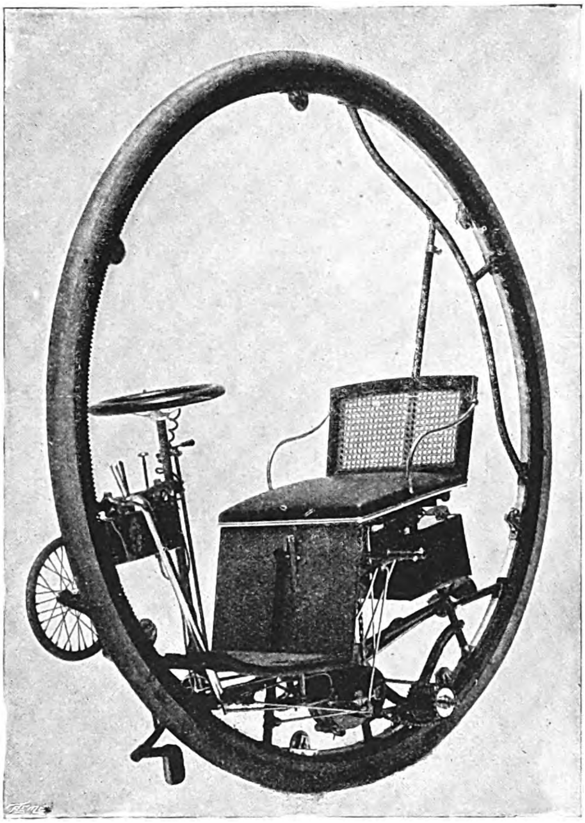
The weird-looking machine is a unicycle, and is claimed in many respects to be superior to its two-wheeled fellow. It is the invention of Signore Lilio Negroni, an Italian, of Milan.

The machine consists of a very large pneumatic-tyred wheel, running on an inner rim. The latter is so arranged that the large wheel, comprising the unicycle, runs smoothly round it. To the circular frame, or inner rim, is attached the driver's seat, and the motor that propels the machine.

The mechanical reaction necessary to driving the unicycle is obtained from the weight of the frame, together with that of the motor and cyclist.

Looking at the machine one would naturally imagine that it must be difficult to guide.

Such is not the case. Merely bending the body either to the right or left is sufficient to steer the machine in whichever direction the driver wishes. However, as an additional precaution, the inventor has provided the unicycle with a small steering-wheel, which, on being turned, moves the seat to whichever side desired, thus shifting the centre of balance, and guiding the machine. A clever automatic brake completes the equipment of this novel cycle.



A motor unicycle, invented by an Italian, of Milan.

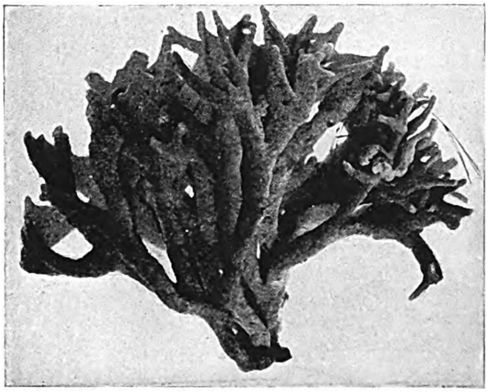
A LARGE FRESH-WATER SPONGE.

There is an unmistakable likeness to mistletoe in the bunch of vegetation below. But only in the photograph. In reality the original does not bear the least resemblance to that well-known Christmas plant.

It is a fresh-water sponge, and was found last summer in the River Colne, at Thorney Weir Fishery, near West Drayton. A number of them were attached to the sides of an arch through which the river runs, bu the one shown in the picture was by far tthe finest specimen.

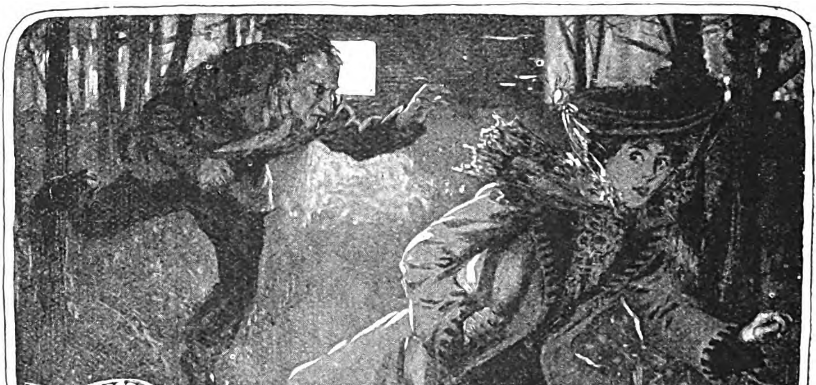
As the sponge lay in the large basin in which it was photographed, it measured thirteen inches across, and nearly nine-and a-half in length.

When taken out of the water it had a slimy coating, owing to the presence of animal matter, and a sharp fishy smell. This smell is peculiar to all sponges in their natural state, but with those found in fresh-water it can never be got rid of. Moreover, the latter, when dried, are extremely brittle, and crumble away under the least pressure.

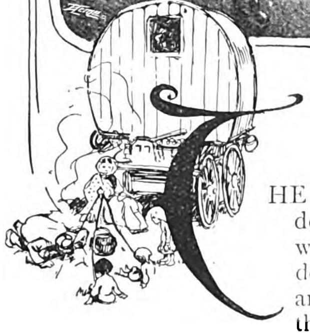


A fresh-water sponge that was found in the River Colne, near West Drayton. It measured thirteen inches across, and was nine inches in height.

THE LIGHTED WINDOW



ESTHER WAKE
THE VICTIM



A Weird Experience.

By Jessie Pope.

THE sudden slowing down of the train woke me from my doze with a start, and brought back the reality of the dimly-lighted railway carriage to my reluctant eyes. I had been dreaming of the dear heather hills, left behind that morning, and my heart, also left behind, had been light as air, until the sudden grinding of the brakes dispelled the dream, and reminded me that my month's holiday in the Highlands was over, and I was half-way back to London pavements.

I had not even the memory of a good-bye kiss to comfort me. He had merely taken my hand—the train bore us apart—and the cairngorm brooch fastening the sprig of white heather we had spent such heavenly days to find was the only visible token of all those tremulous memories.

Fortunately, I was alone in the carriage, and could shed a tear at will until sleep took pity on me, and now the train had stopped suddenly and recalled me to the bitter fact that at two-and-twenty I was at the end of all things. Opening the window I peered into the darkness—there was nothing to be seen but the level glitter of the lines beneath, and I drew back again with a forlorn shiver.

As I did so my cairngorm brooch caught against the window bar, and before my hand could fly to secure it, it had fallen down in the darkness outside. It was all I had of him—precious beyond price—and without the least hesitation I flung open the door and sprang down on the line after my treasure.

Searching frantically here and there between the cold silvery lines, I was too distressed at my sudden loss to notice a little sound in the distance—a little sound like a gust of wind that grew and grew from a gust to a gale, from a gale to a tearing hurricane. I looked up from my search in sudden amazement—saw a flash of round, radiant lights—and the down express was on me with a roar.

With a wild cry I flung myself across those treacherous lines, spurning them with winged feet, till I tripped across some low wires at the side and fell clutching at the grass beyond, while heaven and earth crashed above me in an overpowering, unending tumult.

Gradually the thunder died down, my brain cleared, and I found myself sitting on the far side of the line, safe and sound but considerably scared, with the lights of the down express twinkling out in the distance. From that moment the railway carriage I had loathed so much and discarded so lightly rose in my estimation by leaps and bounds, but when I picked myself up to return to it I saw to my dismay that it was no longer stationary, but was gliding away from me in the darkness.

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My compartment had already passed, the mail van was abreast, and in a few moments nothing would be left but the brake.

"Stop!" I shouted. "*Stop!*" and I began to run alongside the guard's van, expecting his head to look through the window. I shouted again, a break crept into my voice, but like water running through my fingers, the train slipped by; the tail lights suddenly flashed out crimson, watching my futile efforts to catch them in red-eyed amazement till they disappeared round the bend.

I stopped running, and, not forgetful of my late experience, picked my way to the side of the line where a telegraph-post loomed in the darkness.

I knew I was somewhere between Inverness and London, and that was all—somewhere in the dark void of the midnight country. It was more than I could bear, and, flinging my arms round the telegraph-post, I burst into sobs and tears.

"Oh, if you were only Donal'!" I cried convulsively to my tarry support. "I wouldn't mind then at all. Oh, Donal'! Why did I leave you?"

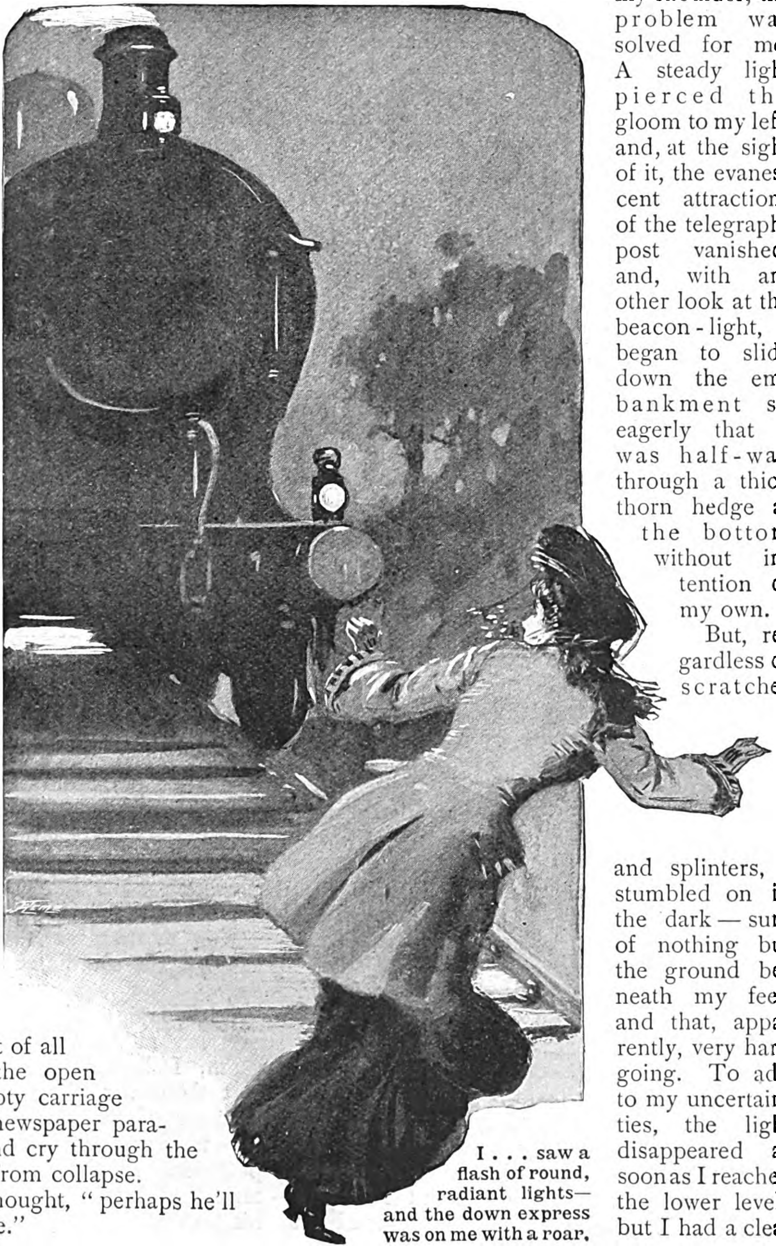
Then the thought of all the discovery of the open door and the empty carriage would mean, the newspaper paragraphs, the hue and cry through the country, saved me from collapse.

"And *now*," I thought, "perhaps he'll wish he'd kissed me."

Slightly comforted, I dried my eyes, and began to consider my position. Should I stay where I was till morning, or walk down the line in the hope of reaching a station? No; I had had enough of the line. Or should I strike across country on the chance of finding help and shelter?

But I felt such a desolate atom among so much unexplored darkness that I shuddered at the idea; and, glancing apprehensively over my shoulder, the problem was solved for me. A steady light pierced the gloom to my left, and, at the sight of it, the evanescent attractions of the telegraph-post vanished, and, with another look at the beacon-light, I began to slide down the embankment so eagerly that I was half-way through a thick thorn hedge at the bottom without intention of my own.

But, regardless of scratches and splinters, I stumbled on in the dark—sure of nothing but the ground beneath my feet, and that, apparently, very hard going. To add to my uncertainties, the light disappeared as soon as I reached the lower level; but I had a clear



I . . . saw a flash of round, radiant lights—and the down express was on me with a roar.

idea of its direction, and pushed on, never thinking of brooks till I found myself on my hands and knees in the middle of one.

I was horribly scared, and, scrambling out of the muddy water, I began to run away in the opposite direction, which happened to be the right one; for all at once through the poles of a fir plantation just ahead of me I saw the light again, large, and clear, and close at hand.

Almost crying with relief and gratitude, I scrambled across the intervening space—which seemed generously sprinkled with brick-ends—until I was near enough to discover that the light shone from a window rather high up on the ground floor of a long, wooden building of curious shape.

In the darkness I fancied I saw other buildings near; but the only thing I could be sure of was my own beacon-light that had brought me safely to the end of my troubles. Twice I walked round the house to find a door without success, and, piling some brick-ends together beneath the window, I climbed up on them and peeped in.

At first I did not realise what I saw—slowly and by degrees the full horror dawned upon me. The room was long and low, with the further portions half hidden in shadow, but a guttering lamp on the wall, and a brazier of glowing coals, over which bubbled a black cauldron, illuminated that part near the window. There was evidently a strong draught blowing, for the light flickered, and added to the distortions of a man—already bowed and misshapen—who was the only living occupant of the room.

The only *living* occupant, for on a low table lay two figures, lifeless and rigid, and at the sight of them my fingers clutched convulsively at the window-frame.

The first was a woman, dark-haired and young, dressed in a gaudy array of village finery—threadbare satin and tarnished tinsel—that seemed to deny the dignity of death to the wide-eyed, staring face. One arm had slipped over the edge of the table, and a big red stone on the finger sent back a lurid flash to the glowing brazier.

Next, lay the lifeless form of an old, old man, partly covered by a cloak of rusty black. His hair and beard were white and flowing, and there was a venerable peace on his livid countenance. His hand had slipped from its covering, and pointed stiffly upwards to the window where I clung paralysed with the fascination of horror. But the living man was busy over something else at the far end of the table—something that might have been a heap of clothes, but for the dimly-defined shape beneath that betrayed its humanity.

His hand moved swiftly here and there, and the flickering lamplight revealed a pair of glittering scissors in his grasp. He stepped back to glance at the contents of the cauldron, but as he did so the stiff, pointing hand of the old man caught his eye. He seized it roughly, and tried to bend it down, without success; he twisted it up and down and from side to side, and then—oh, horror!—the hand came off in his grasp, and fell to the floor!

"Ah-h-h!!!" came the sharp scream that made the monster turn to the window as if he had been stabbed. I did not know that scream was mine—all I knew was that I was racing—stumbling—leaping—flying for dear life away into the dark world again—anywhere from the wicked horror of that lighted window. Then I heard him coming after me, and——

"Donal'!" I screamed. "Donal', help me!"

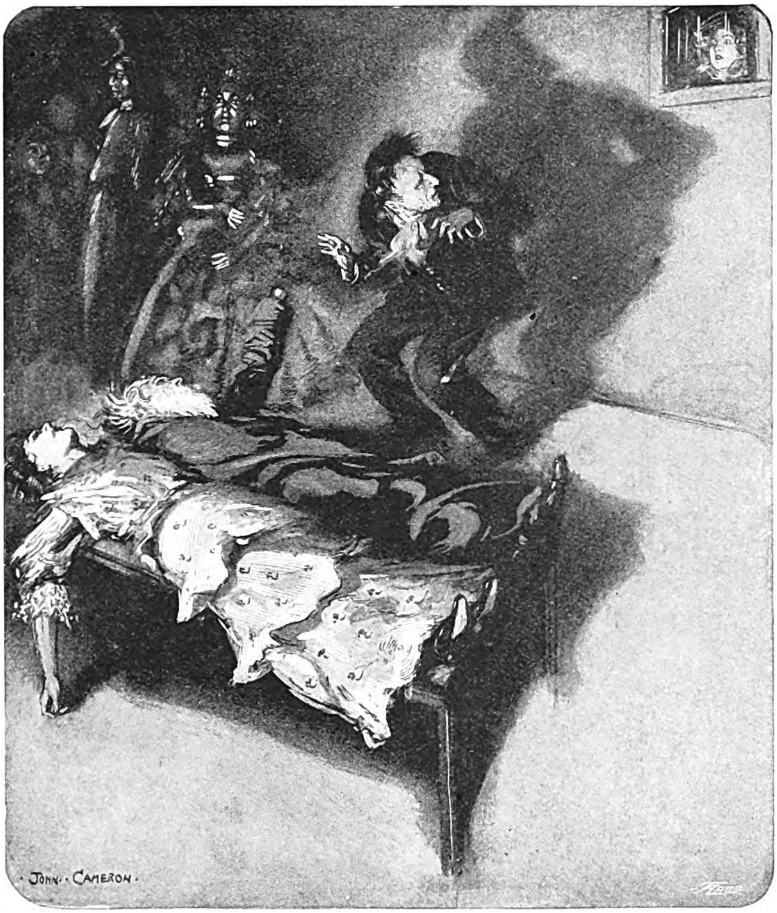
But Donal' was sound asleep hundreds of miles away, and there was nothing to save me from that thud, thud, thud, and the loud, panting breath coming closer and closer. Then all at once the life seemed to go right out of me; I doubled up and fell, as a huge hand gripped my shoulder and bore me down — down — down into darkness— stillness — nothingness.

* * * * *

"What a hard bed!" was my next thought—"and how lumpy!" then, opening my eyes and finding myself lying fully dressed on a heap of clothes in the tiny interior of a gipsy caravan, I began to seriously conjecture as to who and what I was.

At first the problem entirely floored me, and I went to sleep over it; it was not until hours later, when I opened my eyes to the same prospect, that the distant whistle of a speeding train branded yesterday on my memory in a burning flash. Yes, I evidently was in a caravan, and, what was more to the point, it was standing still, and the door was open.

Escape might still be possible, and, making my way rather unsteadily across the little room, I looked cautiously outside. The first thing my glance fell upon was the monster of the preceding night, seated on an upturned bucket peacefully peeling potatoes. In the daylight his face looked mild, and even benevolent, and the hump on his back excited pity rather than fear.



"Ah-h-h!!!" came the sharp scream that made the monster turn to the window as if he had been stabbed.

Here and there, over the waste building ground—which was evidently the furthest outskirts of the town that I could see smoking beneath me in the hollow—were other caravans and tents, and right opposite to my wondering eyes was a long, low structure, half wood, half canvas, with a huge placard over the entrance bearing the legend:

National and Imperial Waxwork Exhibition.

Come and See Esther Wade, the Victim of the Ruined Barn!

Patronised by London Society and the Nobility of England.

"Mother," said the hunchback, looking up, "here's the lady woke up."

I turned tremulously to the old gipsy woman, who hobbled up from the next van.

"Are those only waxworks in there?" I faltered.

"Yes, my lady," she replied, "and my son will be proud to show them to you—when ye're rested."

"Oh!" I said.

"If it 'adn't 'a been for 'im giving 'em a bit of a do up last night, 'e'd never 'a found ye. But ye did give 'im a skeer!".

"Oh!" I said again, and sat down.

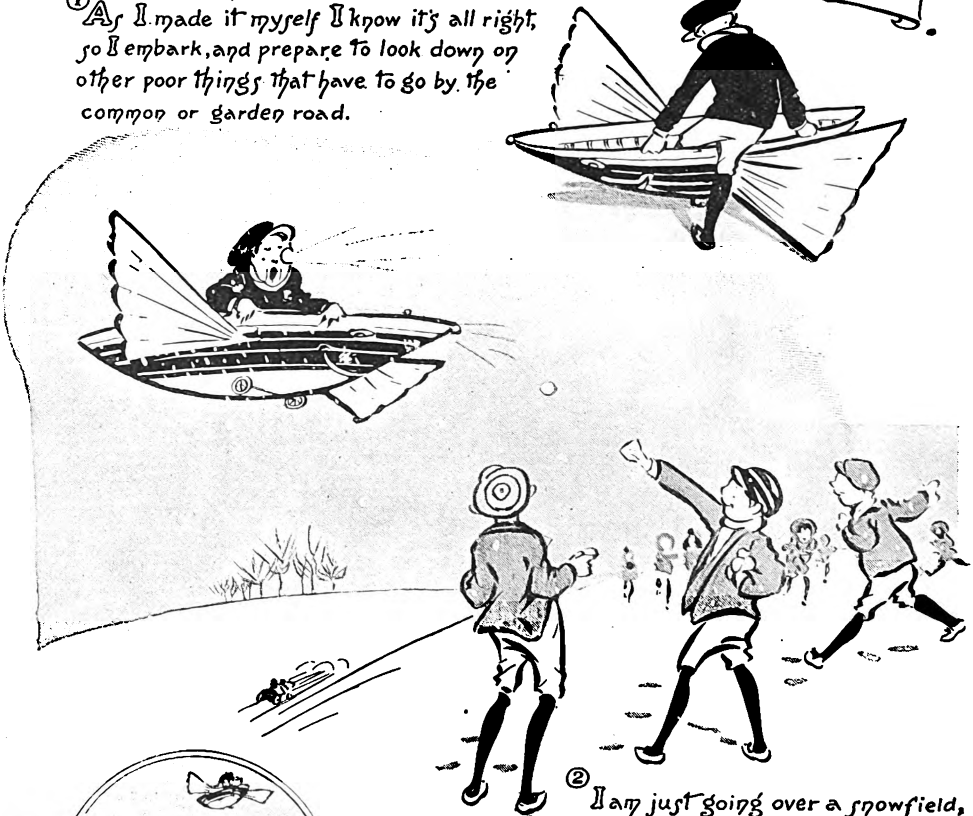
They looked at me with silent curiosity, but left me to myself to think it all over. The gipsy caravan was not an ideal place for meditation, and I was conscious of the combined smell of paraffin and tainted mutton—the joint was hanging from a neighbouring shaft—yet the events of the preceding night had left me wearily incapable of making an effort. Once again the whistle of a speeding express roused me to the remembrance of home and anxious friends, and helped to bring me to myself. Calling my host and hostess, I told them as much as was necessary of my story, and then dispatched the hunchback to the town to send off a telegram and fetch me a cab.

That evening as I told my story at home, more than half an heroine, though I dwelt on my perils on the line, my escape from the express, and my midnight adventures across country, with considerable effect, I touched but lightly on the waxwork part of the performance—to tell the honest truth, I omitted it altogether.

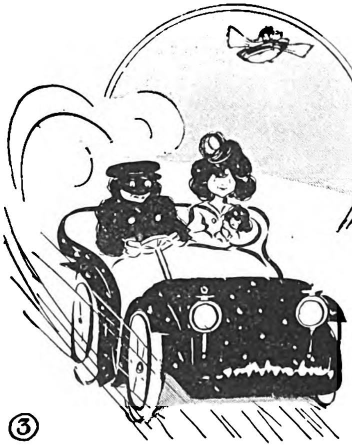
So, after all, the loss of my cairngorm brooch was the worst of my adventures, and I don't worry about that now, for the simple reason that I've got a ring instead.

HOW I WENT TO THE PONSONBYS' IN MY FLYING MACHINE

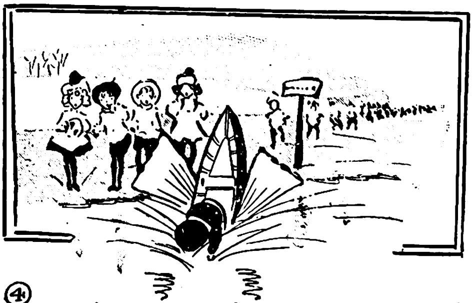
① As I made it myself I know it's all right, so I embark, and prepare to look down on other poor things that have to go by the common or garden road.



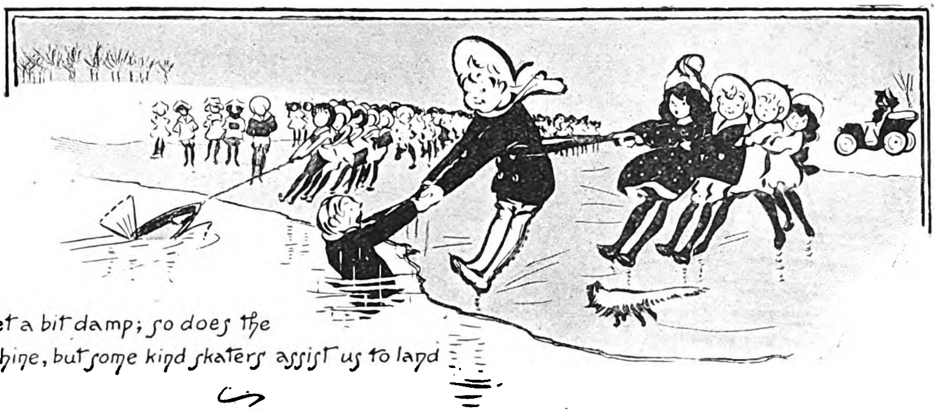
② I am just going over a snowfield, where some horrid boys pelt me with snowballs— I have rather a job to get along,



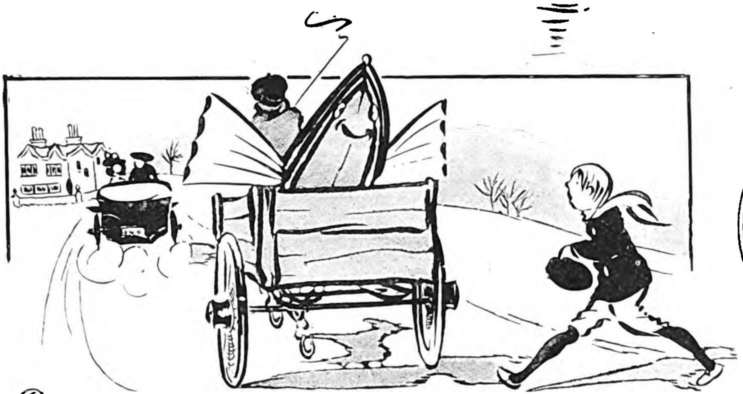
③ But all goes well till I see the beautiful Floss riding in her motor with that ass Jackson driving her. I know he's proposing,



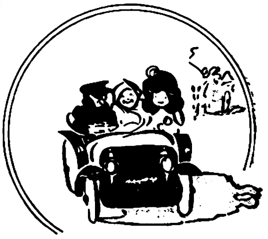
④ and it fills me with such wrath that I pull the wrong rope, and fall headlong into the pond—the end marked "Danger."



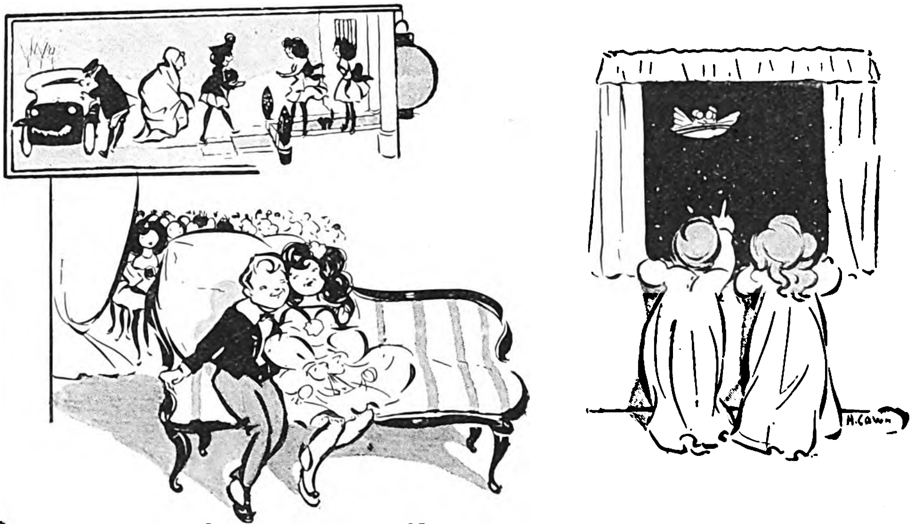
⑤ I get a bit damp; so does the machine, but some kind skaters assist us to land



⑥ I put my machine on a donkey cart as the sails are too wet to be of any use, and run behind to keep warm.

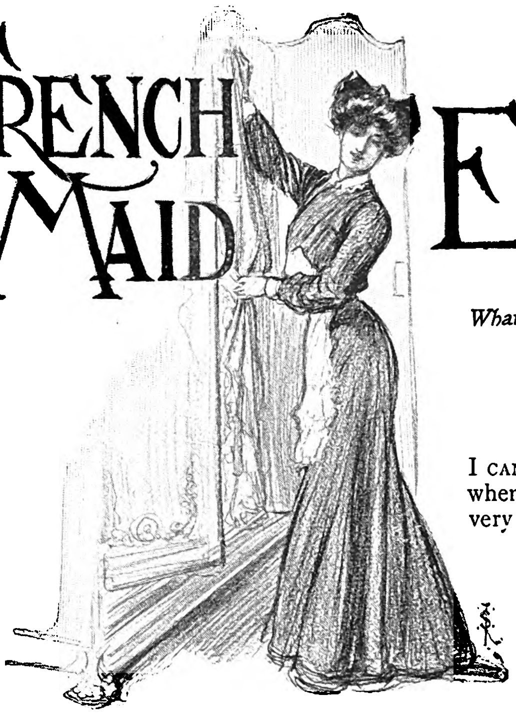


⑦ We catch up Floss and the man Jackson. They are very kind, and wrap me up in one of their rugs.



⑧ And we arrive at the Ponsonbys', where Floss, after much persuasion accepts me, so we go home together in the flying machine, and good little children take us for Santa Claus going home, and taking a fortunate little girl with him - after the Xmas festivities.

A FRENCH MAID IN ENGLAND



What a Society Lady's-Maid has to Do.

By Nancy Dallas.

I can speak English very well now, but when I first came to this country it was very difficult for me. I had heard that the English of the *haute noblesse* made the best mistresses in the world, so I determined to attach myself to one of them, and to acquaint myself with the English aristocracy as soon as possible.

My first mistress, I soon discovered, was only on the borders of Society, and although she desired most ardently to cross that border, I do not think she has ever succeeded. As soon as I found this out I made my adieux, much to her chagrin, for never had she looked so *chic* or so *bien mise* as when I had the management of her wardrobe and *coiffure*. Since that time I have served milady, and do not wish to leave her, for many reasons.

But I have been requested to relate how I spend my day, and what milady requires of me, and I shall endeavour to do so, but if my English is sometimes a little strange, you must please excuse, for although Monsieur Brown, milord's valet, has helped me much, he was not always at hand to aid me with his elegant language.

Every morning at eight o'clock I go to milady's room with a cup of chocolate in the winter, and a glass of cold water in the summer—never tea, for that is so bad, so dangerous for the complexion. Then I bring her her letters, and whilst she is looking through them, I massage her gently for about a quarter of an hour. Previous to my arrival, a professional masseuse used to come daily, but I have learned this art so well that I soon proved to milady that the entrance of a stranger into her room was quite unnecessary.

I know so well the touch that is needed.

If the letters are disturbing, annoying, if a bill from Madame Valerie is amongst them, ah! the soothing strokes, the gentle manipulations that I use to calm milady's anger or distress, they never fail to have their effect. If, on the contrary, the news seems joyful and encouraging, a brisk invigorating stroke tends to increase the quick circulation, and add yet more to milady's good looks, for you must know, happiness is essential to real beauty.

Milady now takes her bath, about which she is most particular. The water must be tepid, always of the same temperature, and delicately scented with her own special perfume, with which all her wardrobe is permeated, so that it seems part of herself.

I will not tell you the name of this perfume, for it must not lose its value by being used commonly, but that it is delicious, exquisite I, who have used it, can assure you.

The *coiffure* takes some time to complete, and then milady robes herself in a pretty *negligée* in which she sits down to her breakfast, and I have some leisure in which to converse with the housekeeper or Monsieur Brown, and to arrange my affairs and make my plans for the day, until about half-past ten, when milady has to be attended to again before she goes out shopping.

This is the hour when I generally receive those robes that milady wishes to wear no longer. Such beautiful creations! Such elegant costumes! Yesterday it was a black *mousseline de soie* trimmed with magnificent lace, and that I shall be able to use for myself. More often the robes are of a colour so delicate and of a make so elaborate that no maid of taste like myself would think of wearing them. But there are many establishments at which I can receive a handsome sum in exchange for these costumes, and, failing this, I know of many ladies in a less exalted society, who are delighted to have these works of art to copy.

Before milady goes out I attend to her hands, which are long, and white, and delicate, and one of her chief cares. I know well the duties of a manicurist, and take a pleasure in keeping her nails smooth and polished and the tips of her fingers soft and dainty.

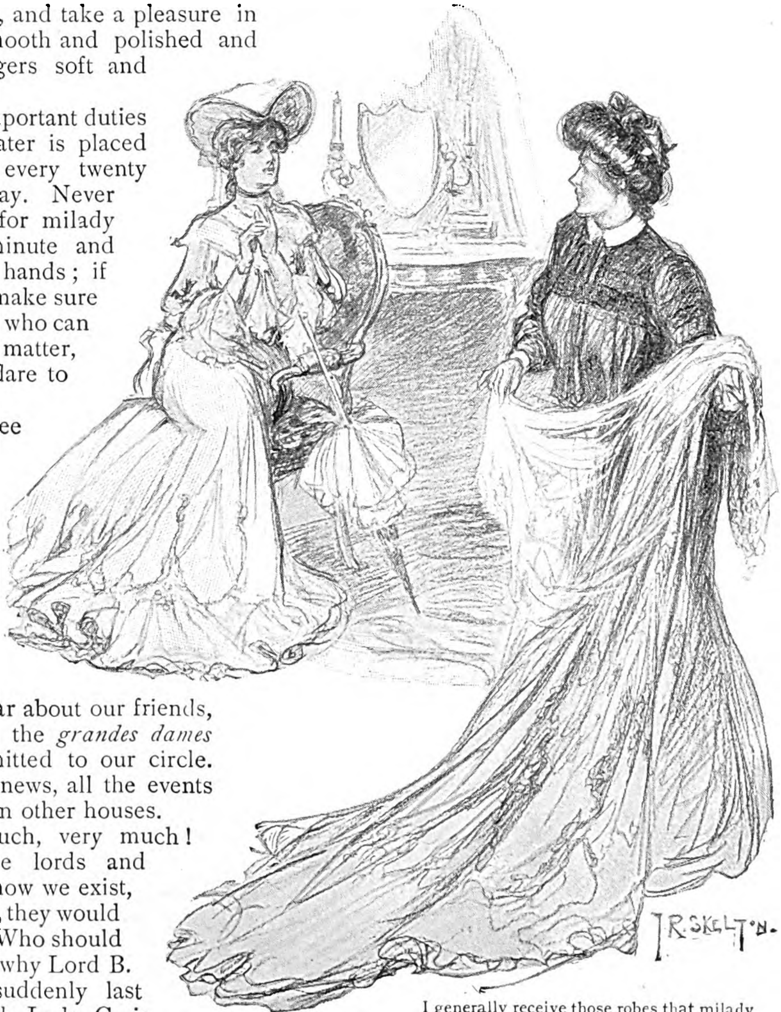
One of my most important duties is to see that hot water is placed in milady's room every twenty minutes during the day. Never must I fail in this, for milady may enter at any minute and require to wash her hands; if therefore I go out I make sure that someone is there who can take my place in this matter, which I would not dare to neglect.

I do not often see milady before three o'clock, so I have plenty of time to go out to other fashionable houses and see my friends there, who, like myself, are mostly ladies' maids, French or English. We are very particular about our friends, only those who serve the *grandes dames* of Society are permitted to our circle. But we hear all the news, all the events that have happened in other houses.

Ah, we know much, very much!

If some of these lords and ladies, who hardly know we exist, could hear us talking, they would be surprised indeed. Who should know better than we why Lord B. went abroad so suddenly last month, or how much Lady C. is in debt? For an example of this, it was well known in our circle that Sir A. was bankrupt months before the matter became known to his most intimate friends. Other affairs too, affairs of the most private character, are freely discussed amongst us.

At about three o'clock I lay out for milady one of her more elegant and elaborate costumes, in which she is to go to a garden party or fashionable concert or *matinée*. The fatigues of the morning have by this time robbed her of some of the beauties of complexion for which she is so justly famous. So with skilful touches, such as only an artist like myself could administer, I restore to her her natural colour, and she goes out rejoicing in a delicate *teint* which is the admiration of all who see her.



I generally receive those robes that milady wishes to wear no longer.

Alas! Have I revealed a precious secret of the toilette?

But no, I think not, for milady's name is not known to you, nor is mine—moreover the custom of aiding nature and supplying her defects by means of lotions and powders has become so general that few will find fault with the practice.

When milady has departed in all her elegance to grace some fashionable gathering, I see to her wardrobe and perform a thousand small duties. Very often I have some message to take to the dressmaker, or an appointment to arrange, and once or twice the message has been that "milady will attend in a few days to the communication she received this morning."

I know well that this means that milady's bills have increased to an enormous sum, and that she is being pressed for payment at last. Then I speak in glowing language of milord's generosity, and of his pride in his wife, of how he will deny her nothing, and insists on her being the best-dressed woman in society, whatever extravagance this may lead her into. I speak of his enormous wealth, and how a few thousand pounds are to him a mere nothing, a drop in the ocean, and although milady does not know it, I think these words of mine have often caused her creditors to give her more time, and have enabled her to pay her bills without the inconvenience and unpleasantness of the law-courts.

I do this for my own sake, as much as for my mistress's, for it would be a great blow to my pride if I were to see her in less beautiful, less expensive robes. She is my work of art; I am proud of her, and I always wish to see her shine among the other *grandes dames* as the brightest star of them all.

As a rule I have no more to do after this until the evening, but occasionally milady has a special *tête-à-tête* in the afternoon, and gives up any engagement she may have made for that day, in order to devote herself to the favoured friend. Then I alone must attend them—no other is permitted to intrude on their confidences.

So when milady says to me, "Pauline, I should like you to bring tea to my boudoir this afternoon," I know that orders have been given that her ladyship is "not at home," and that no one will be admitted except the friend who is expected. How quietly I bring in the tea on these occasions! How quickly my duties are completed!

And yet I learn much during the few minutes I spend in the room.

If the visitor is a lady I hear many well-known members of Society discussed, criticised, and pulled to pieces; if the visitor is a gentleman—but no, these are secrets that no lady's-maid would betray to the public.

Before milady returns to robe herself for the evening, I am ready for her, and have made all preparations. Two or three beautiful dresses are laid out ready for her choice, and the lotions and perfumes necessary for the toilette are carefully prepared. Milady is generally in need of a short rest at this hour, and, if time allows, she likes to take once more a scented bath, to cool and refresh her after the hot hours she has spent at crowded receptions.

The *coiffure* for the evening is important, and takes some time, and it is whilst I am doing this that I relate to milady all the news, the gossip, the scandal, which I have heard during the day.

Do not imagine that she questions me on such matters. Oh, no! her ladyship is much too proud to *ask* her maid to tell her these things, but if she is *told* them, then she will listen.

She listens, but the beautiful, haughty face looking at me out of the mirror remains cold and unmoved, as if news of the deepest interest were not being poured into her ears.

Occasionally a faint smile or frown show that some speech of mine has touched her nearly. I am always much interested in these slight changes of expression on milady's face, and my best opportunity for observing them is when I am delicately pencilling her eyebrows, softly shading her lashes, and adding a rose-leaf pink to her clear, pale cheeks, so I reserve my most important items for these moments.

And now there comes for me the most wearisome of all my duties, and that is, the long, long waiting for milady to come home, so that I can attend her, and at last go to bed myself. It is all right at the beginning of the evening in the housekeeper's room, where we can talk and play cards (Monsieur Brown says I am the best bridge player he has ever met).

But when, one by one, my companions leave me, I feel, oh! so lonely and sleepy, and long for the sound of milady's bell to call me to her room.

At last she returns, and I hasten to attend her, and there is much to do. Not only must I brush her hair and arrange it for the night, but I must see that milady has her specially prepared night gloves, and massage her face slightly with a certain preparation, before I can think of going wearily—at about four in the morning—to my own rest.

I have given here an account of my chief duties, but a lady's-maid must be ready to do almost anything at a moment's notice, and I am always being called upon for some unaccustomed work.

The other day milady brought to me a young relation of hers, a girl of eighteen, and told me to make her look smart and elegant, like her fashionable friends. My heart sank, for the young lady had lived all her life in the country, her dresses were terrible, and so badly arranged, her hair was not *coiffée* at all, and her hands—heavens! that I should say this of a relation of milady's!—*Her hands had never been manicured!*

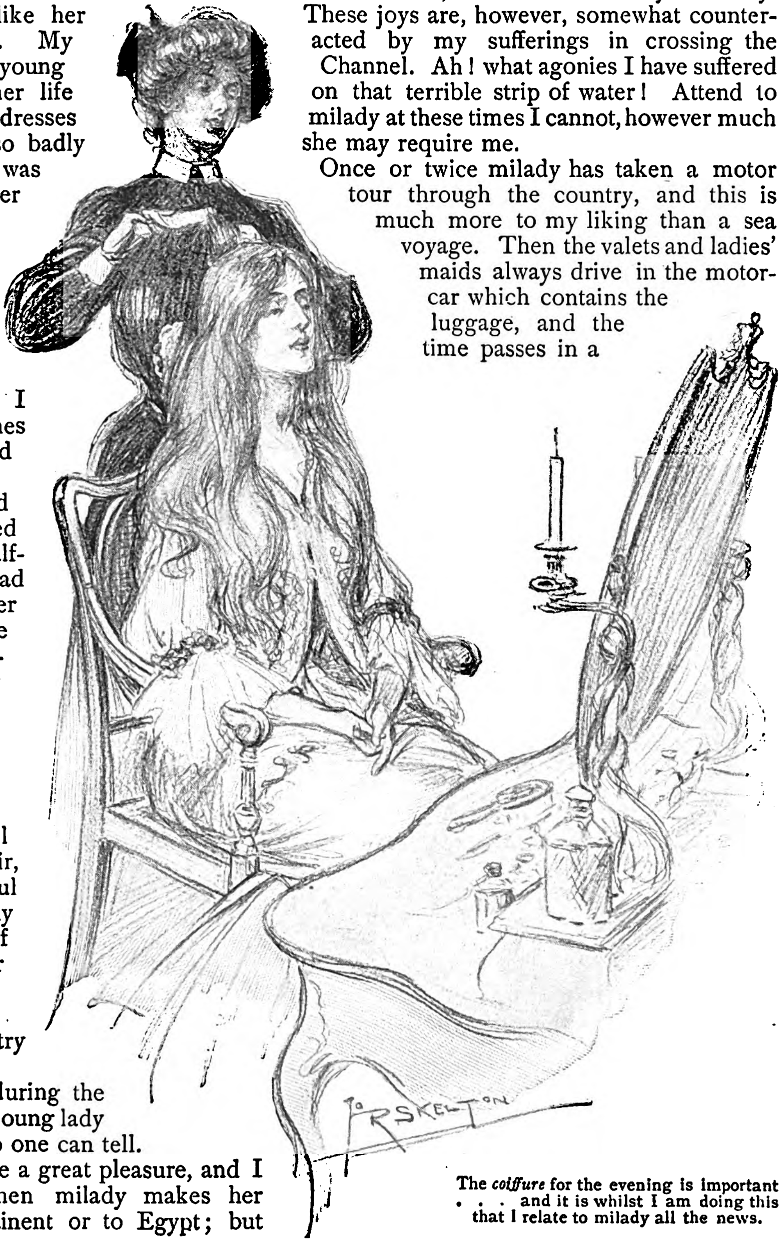
I did my best. I ordered new costumes for her; I arranged most carefully her *coiffure;* I improved her hands and looked to her footwear. Half-an-hour after I had seen her leave her room looking like another girl and almost smart, I met her in the corridor. But—horrors! Her waistband had slipped up, the *chic* little bow I had tied at her throat was all awry, and her hair, unused to such careful dressing, was already untidy, and wisps of it hung round her face; she might as well have been wearing one of her country dresses.

What I suffered during the few weeks that that young lady spent with milady no one can tell.

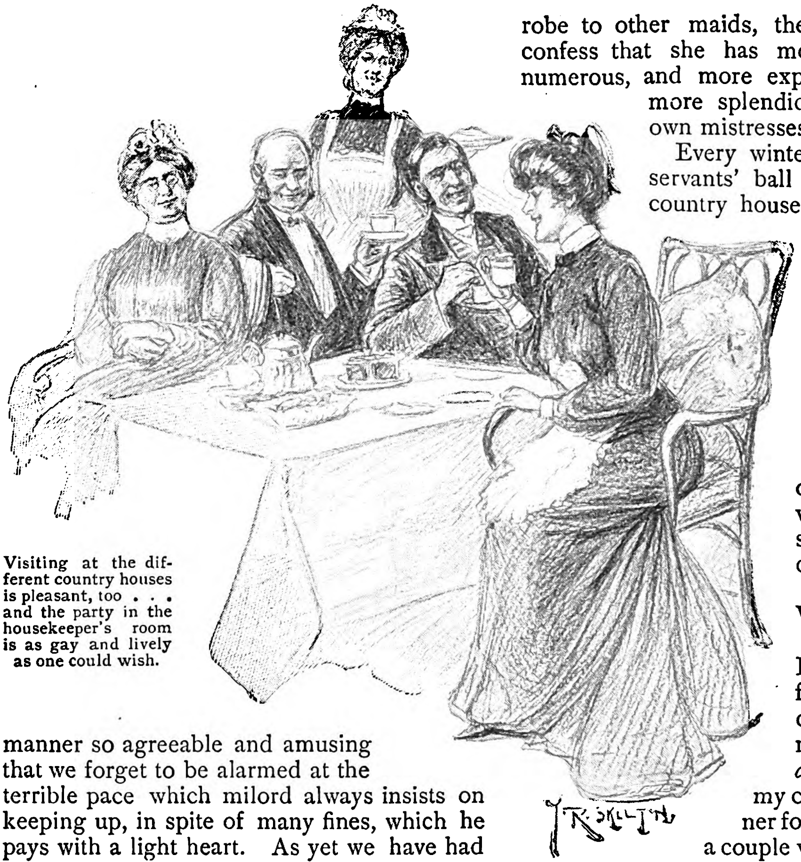
Travelling is to me a great pleasure, and I am always glad when milady makes her journey on the Continent or to Egypt; but my greatest pleasure of all is when we go to my dear Paris.

What joy to revisit my friends! What rapture to see once more the brilliantly-lighted cafés, and to feel around me the happy, merry life of my gay city! Our stay there seems all too short, and I depart with such regret that more than once I have felt inclined to give up milady and stay behind, but I know that I should regret this still more in the future, and so I tear myself away. These joys are, however, somewhat counteracted by my sufferings in crossing the Channel. Ah! what agonies I have suffered on that terrible strip of water! Attend to milady at these times I cannot, however much she may require me.

Once or twice milady has taken a motor tour through the country, and this is much more to my liking than a sea voyage. Then the valets and ladies' maids always drive in the motor-car which contains the luggage, and the time passes in a



The *coiffure* for the evening is important . . . and it is whilst I am doing this that I relate to milady all the news.



Visiting at the different country houses is pleasant, too . . . and the party in the housekeeper's room is as gay and lively as one could wish.

manner so agreeable and amusing that we forget to be alarmed at the terrible pace which milord always insists on keeping up, in spite of many fines, which he pays with a light heart. As yet we have had no worse accident than the death of a few dogs, who have been foolish enough to run across our path.

Visiting at the different country houses is pleasant, too, one always meets friends, and the party in the housekeeper's room is as gay and lively as one could wish, You may be sure that by the end of the day of our arrival I know every detail of the wardrobes of the different *grandes dames* who are staying in the house, and can advise milady with good reason as to what robe she should wear in the evening in order to appear to the best advantage, and she knows this well and relies on my judgment.

With my mind on a brilliant orange robe shading to yellow, which I have seen in one of the rooms, I will advise her to choose, instead of the delicate pink which would look pale and sickly beside it, her sapphire blue, in which she has an air so stately and *distinguée*. Or, on the contrary, I suggest a splendid flame coloured robe that will quite eclipse a pale yellow I have seen elsewhere. It is a matter of great pride to me to find that, frequently, when I display milady's wardrobe to other maids, they are obliged to confess that she has more elegant, more numerous, and more expensive robes and more splendid linen than their own mistresses.

Every winter there is a great servants' ball given at milord's country house, to which all our friends in the neighbouring great houses are invited. This is a truly enjoyable night, and many of the dresses would rival those worn in Society, I myself always have one of milady's, which I can make suitable for the occasion.

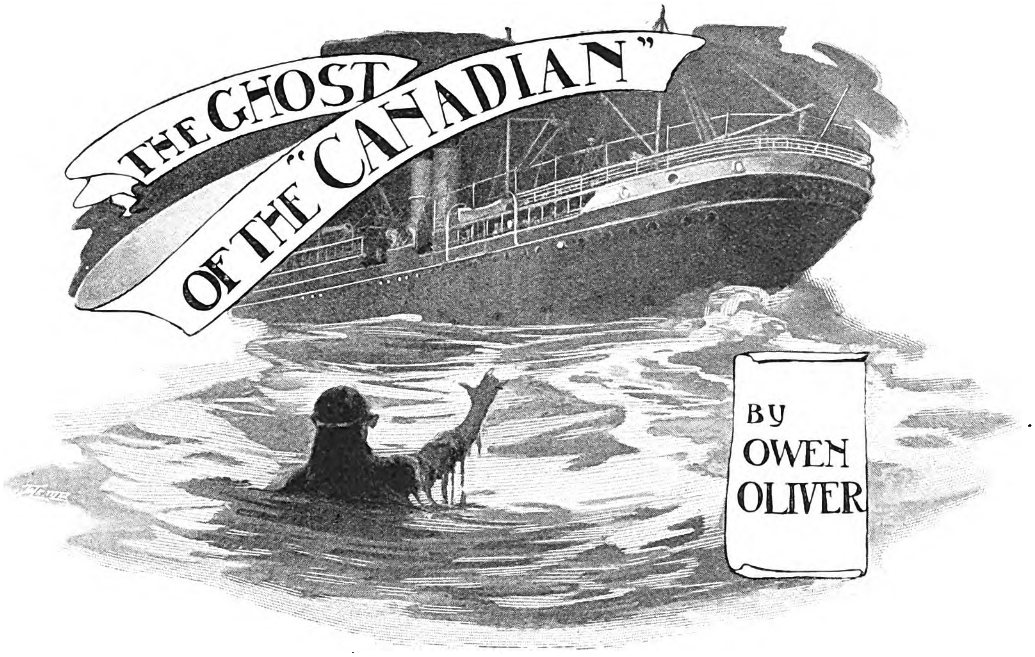
How I dance! With what energy! For I am a true Parisienne, and I feel the joy of the dance tinkling to my finger tips. The *chef*, too, being of my country, is a fit partner for me, and we make a couple worthy of comment as we glide round the great hall. Milady is always present early in the evening, but she is not one who can readily make herself agreeable to any but her personal friends, she is of the cold and stately type, and so with great good sense she soon leaves us.

Of personal affection I have none for milady, and if I left her I would relate stories of her to my new mistress without regret.

Milady in her turn has not the slightest feeling of personal affection for me. I know my value as one of the cleverest maids in Paris or London, and she knows it, too, and so our relations are amiable.

I have, I hope, now given you a full account of my duties. You will have seen that the life of a lady's-maid in high Society, although a busy one, is not without its pleasures. For myself, I would not exchange it for any other, whatever attractions might be offered to me. Therefore I have refused to assist Monsieur Brown to conduct a public-house in the country, as he kindly suggested to me. The gay life of a lady's maid to be abandoned for that of the wife of an innkeeper!

Quelle idée!



THE GHOST OF THE "CANADIAN"

BY OWEN OLIVER

A Strange Story of Love.

THEY remembered afterwards that Mrs. Craig-Myers started the subject; but it was the chief officer who told the story, as they sat in their deck chairs, looking down at the sea. Arthur Bourne was beside Ella Ray, of course. Her arm was on the arm of her chair, and his hand was on her hand. There were only the four of them, and the lights were out. The decks had been chalked for the dancing, and the moonlight was shimmering on the sea, and the waves were swirling by in a medley of green water and white foam. It was nearly half-past eleven, and they had just become the sole occupants of the promenade deck.

"I've never seen the ghost myself," the chief officer stated. "She became a ghost in lat. 13 south, at the spring equinox. She is so unfemininely consistent that she only appears at that time and place. I've never been aboard under those conditions; but several of the crew swear that they've seen her, and old Henderson, the quartermaster, declares that he's heard her four times. He's a Presbyterian, without enough vice to salt him. He wouldn't lie, and he couldn't invent. I don't see how to get over *him*. He was aboard the *Canadian* when it happened. She was called the *Dunloch Castle* then."

"The—*Dunloch—Castle!*" cried Bourne. There were gaps between his words, and he dropped his cigar. They were too busy putting out the sparks to comment upon his excitement. "You don't mean that this ship was the *Dunloch Castle?*"

"She was, wasn't she, Mrs. Craig-Myers?"

"Of course," said that lady carelessly. "Didn't I tell you when we met at the Smythes'?" Bourne shook his head. "I'm sorry if you attach any importance to the matter, especially as I believe I suggested the ship to you."

"It is of no importance," Bourne shivered. "It is quite cool to-night."

"Cool!" cried the chief officer. "Nonsense! You must have a chill. You'd better take some quinine. Where was I? Oh, the name! They altered it at the time of the Union-Castle amalgamation. She didn't fill up well, and I suppose they thought it was on account of the ghost. Some people are superstitious about such things. I don't know what made me mention it. We don't want the story to get about on board."

He lit a fresh cigarette from the old one, and paused doubtfully.

"We won't repeat it," Mrs. Craig-Myers promised. "You must tell us, now you've excited our curiosity."

"Yes, you must," Miss Ray insisted.

Bourne said nothing.

The chief officer altered a cushion, and leaned back, with his feet on a rail. He was a discreet man, but he loved telling a story.

"There were the usual elements of a 'board-ship romance,'" he began, "a man and a woman; too little to do; too much sea; too much moonlight; two chairs beyond the wind screen; two people in them; no chief officer and Mrs. Craig-Myers to chaperon them."

He nodded playfully at Bourne and Miss Ray, and she looked up and laughed, with the starlight sparkling in her big brown eyes. She was a frank, clean-minded English girl, and her laugh was good to hear. She had accepted Bourne on board, and was very much in love with him, and did not care who knew.

"Having no one to look after them, they went a little too fast, and a little too far. People *do* get on quickly at sea, don't they? I suppose it's the moon. Anyway, they were desperately in love before reaching Madeira. After Madeira they were inseparable till—lat. 13 south."

"And then?"

"It is supposed that she found out that he was already engaged—or married, for all I know. That is one of the sea-risks not insured at Lloyds'."

"Don't joke about it," Ella Ray entreated. "It was very sad for her if she really loved him."

The chief officer nodded.

"There is no doubt that she was in love with him. For the matter of that, I believe he was in love with her. All the same, they quarrelled—just where we are sitting now, at about this time of night. Henderson and the deck steward saw them. She cried, and held his arm, and pleaded with him as if she wanted him to stay, but he pushed her away and went below. He seems to have been rather a brute."

Bourne leaned forward suddenly, clutching the arm of his chair.

"You have no right to say that," he protested. "You don't know what passed between them."

"I know what generally *does* pass," said the chief officer. "Anyway, he went below, and she stayed here looking at the water. It's a foolish thing to look too long at the water, especially at night. It hypnotises you. The sea and the sky seem so big, and you and the world so little. You think how cool it is in the water, and picture yourself in it, as if you were someone else, and wonder what drowning would be like, if you *did* fall over. I don't suppose she really meant to do it, but—" (he waved his hand at the water) "she went over just here, in front of Mr. Bourne's chair."

"Oh—h!" Ella Ray gave a shivering cry, and clutched her lover's arm. She felt, without thinking so definitely, that his arm was nerveless and unresponsive. "Poor, poor girl!"

"Poor heart-broken girl!" said Mrs. Craig-Myers.

"Poor girl!" echoed the chief officer. "Do you know, I pity the fellow, too, rather. I don't suppose he meant any harm. Just flirted a little—and drifted—and then——! Fancy having a thing like that on your mind all your life."

"He wouldn't have had it on his mind long if it had really troubled him," said Mrs. Craig-Myers bitterly. "If he was a *man*, there was only one thing that he could do."

"He tried to jump over when he heard of it. They had to watch him all the way to Cape Town. I don't know what became of him afterwards. The sailors declare that some day he'll be aboard again when the ship makes 13 south at the spring equinox, as she does to-night, and jump over to her; and that she will 'walk' till he does. Perhaps he's a passenger now, unknown to us."

"Don't!" cried Ella Ray. "Don't! It would serve him right, of course, but——" she shuddered. "Isn't it awful, Arthur?"

"Awful!" he agreed slowly. "Awful! Of course it's only a sailor's story—about the ghost."

The chief officer rose and yawned.

"I don't know," he said. "I've lived too long to disbelieve anything, and Henderson is an accurate man. However, my going to sleep is a certainty, and seeing the ghost is only a speculation. Shall I carry your cushions down for you, Mrs. Craig-Myers?"

"You haven't told us what she is like, or what she does," Ella Ray observed.

"She was a tall, dark, handsome girl, half Irish, half Spanish, according to Henderson, who, by the way, is inclined to stick up for the fellow. Her name was Desmond. She comes out of nowhere in particular, and stands by the rail wringing her hands. Then suddenly she screams, 'Arthur! Arthur.' His name was Arthur Graham."

"Stop, stop!" cried Bourne. "I—I beg your pardon. It's horrible—horrible!"

"Then she jumps up on the rail and goes over, screaming his name as she falls, and she keeps on calling from the water. Henderson says that he's never caught sight of her himself, only heard her voice; but some of the hands declare that they've seen her quite plainly. It's all nonsense, of course."

"I don't call it nonsense at all," said Mrs. Craig-Myers quickly. "Of course she would haunt him if she could. *I* would—you see *I* have Spanish blood in me—Look!" She waved her hand at the water. "I can almost see her now. Just at the edge of the foam, beyond the light—looking up here as if she saw someone—holding out her hands—calling——"

Bourne sprang up, and Ella Ray caught at his arm.

"Stop!" he cried hoarsely. "Stop!"

"Stop!" cried Ella. "*Please!*"

"Her eyes are fixed on someone. She——"

"Come, come, Mrs. Craig-Myers," the chief officer interposed. "You mustn't excite yourself. I wouldn't have told the story if I had thought you would take it so much to heart. It is distressing; but it's all over now. Remember, it happened ten years ago."

She turned on him with her eyes flashing.

"Do you think no one can remember for ten years? A mother? A sister? It is only men who forget. But he will not always be able to forget. He will stand here some night—perhaps to-night. He will hear her calling; and then——"

Her voice ended almost in a snarl. Then she laughed harshly.

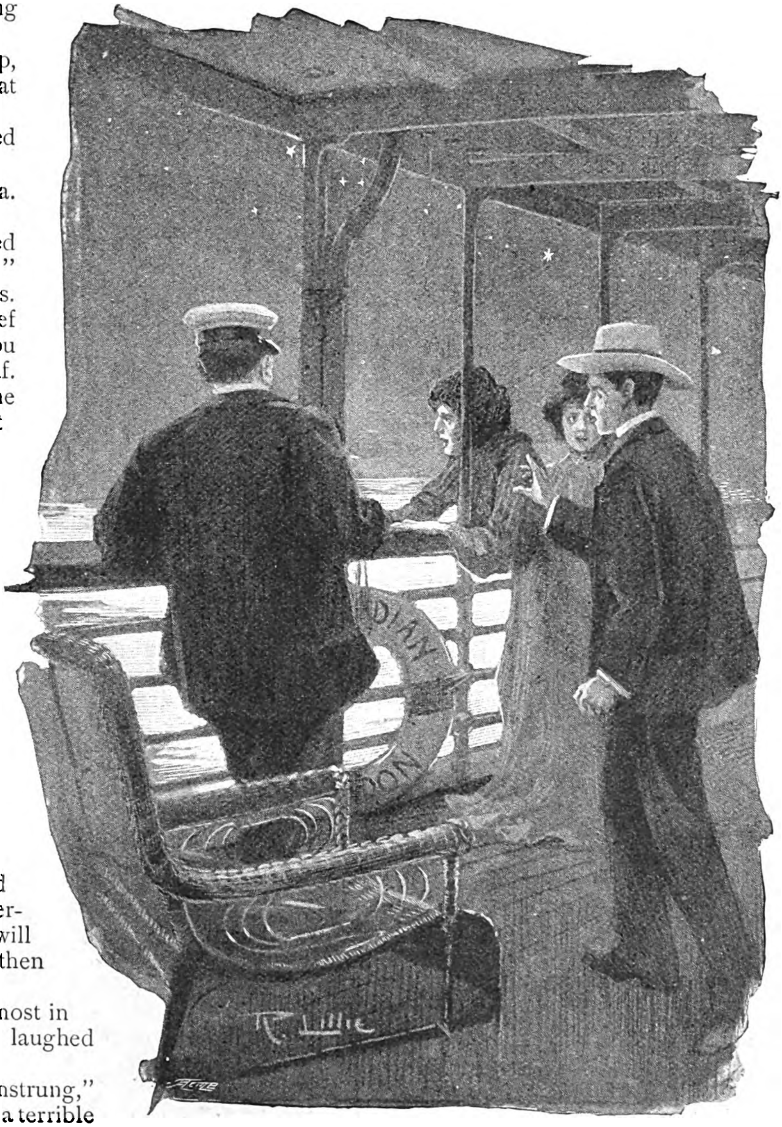
"My nerves are unstrung," she apologised. "It is a terrible story, and it seemed so real to me, here in the very place. She appears about twelve to-night, I think you said?"

"I don't know that I said so, but that is the time."

"Ah! well, it's too late for ladies. You can stop and see her, Mr. Bourne. Wouldn't you like to see the pretty ghost, with her lovely dark eyes, and her nice voice?"

Bourne turned away suddenly.

"I don't think it is a subject to jest about, Mrs. Craig-Myers," said Ella firmly.



"Look! . . . . I can almost see her now. Just at the edge of the foam, beyond the light."

"No," said Mrs. Craig-Myers, "I don't think it is a jest. I don't think it will end in a jest. Some day the man will hear her, and——Well, good-night, my dears. Don't *you* quarrel, and jump overboard."

Then she swept away, with the chief officer carrying her cushions, and Ella put her cheek softly against her lover's shoulder. His chin was on his hand, and he was staring at the sea. He did not even offer to kiss her.

"Arthur," she said softly.

He did not answer.

"Arthur?" She touched his hair, but he did not move.

Suddenly she took his face in her hands, and turned it round, so that the dim starlight fell upon it.

His teeth were set, and his breath came in jerks. His face was white, and his eyes stared wildly. "Arthur! you don't mean—Arthur!"

"I—was—the—man," he said, in a dull, far off voice. "I never thought that she would do it. If you knew everything! But I can't tell you about it—she is dead, and—I can't." His voice stopped, and he buried his face in his hands again.

She caught at the rail, and stared blankly at him.

"But—but—your name isn't Graham?"

"It was. I changed it."

"You—you killed her!" she gasped. "I—wish it would kill me, too. No, don't touch me, *I* shall not jump over. I am not that sort. You have broken my heart, I think."

She gave a queer little choking cry, and he put out his arm. She pushed it back, and staggered away, and he stood staring at the water. Swish—swish—swish! White foam spreading out over the green. The glint of the stars among the green and white. Swish—swish—swish! The voice of the waters saying what no man knows; the silence of the stars saying what no man knows either. And under the shadow of the ship's side the dark.

His hands grasped the rail tighter and tighter as he looked down. Ella Ray paused at the saloon companion and saw him looking, and came to a stand. The white-haired quartermaster stepped softly from the shadow and touched her arm.

"You know?" he asked excitedly. "You know? I caught a word of what he said."

"Oh!" she sobbed tearlessly, "I know. What *shall* I do?"

"Go back to him," the old quartermaster said. "Go back to him. There is only the love of you 'twixt him and death. She will be calling to him to-night."

"He is hers," she said passionately. The old man shook his head. "He killed her!" He laid his hand softly on her shoulder.

"Dear lassie," he said, "no. The fault that parted them was hers, and he was a man and kept her secret. I watched over him when we feared that he would kill himself; and he told me the story under the pledge of secrecy. I cannot break my oath and tell you, but it was a terrible crime in her past that he had discovered—something that made it impossible for him to marry her. Murder runs in the family, and—there, there, I am saying too much. Go to him now, if you love him."

"Oh, I do! He is leaning over." She took a quick step forward, but the quartermaster caught her by the arm.

"Go gently," he whispered, "if you startle him he'll jump over. Good heavens!"

A soft, wailing cry rang up from the depths of the sea.

"Arthur! Arthur!"

Bourne put one foot slowly on the lower rail.

"Arthur!" called the voice again.

He stiffened himself as if to spring, then Ella found her voice.

"Arthur!" she called. "Come to *me*, Arthur."

He relaxed his muscles, and looked round, but did not seem to see them.

"Creep to him softly, so as not to startle him," the quartermaster whispered, and she went on tip-toe with her arms held out.

"Arthur!" the voice that seemed to come from the sea called again. "Dear Arthur! Remember me, who loved you."

He raised himself again; the second foot left the ground.

"Arthur!" Ella called. "Dear, dear Arthur. I am Ella, your Ella."

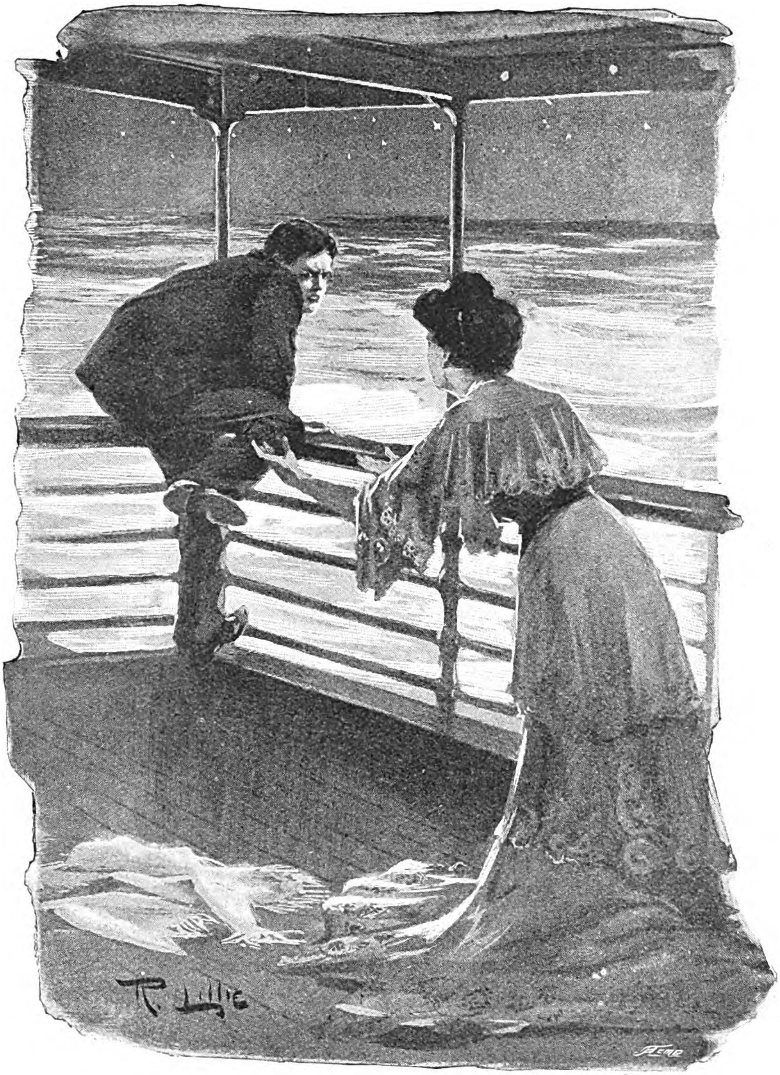
He hesitated, and she began running towards him. The voice called again. He swayed a little forward—a little further—put one knee on the top rail—swayed over—but Ella's strong young arms were round him, and the quartermaster's were round her, and between them they pulled him back, and led him towards the saloon companion.

His eyes were staring blindly, as if he was in a trance, till they rested on Ella's face, then they suddenly lit up.

"Why!" he said. "It is *you* dear! I think I was walking in a dream, or—what was it?"

"Yes, yes," she said softly, "you were walking in a dream, and in the dream you loved me, and I loved you."

She threw her wrap round his head to shut out the voice, and put her arm through his. As they passed through the companion, the voice called again. The quartermaster looked over the side of the ship curiously. The moon was shining on the long row of port-holes, and at one of them he saw a frenzied upturned face — the face of Mrs. Craig-Myers! As he watched her she called again, "Arthur! Arthur!"



"Arthur!" the voice that seemed to come from the sea called again. "Dear Arthur!"

The Captain had an interview with her the next morning, and she kept to her cabin for the rest of the voyage. He did not want a further scandal about the ship, and ordered the quartermaster to keep silence; but, when Arthur Bourne and Ella Ray had landed at Capetown, the old man obtained permission to relieve their minds in regard to the ghost.

"Mrs. Craig-Myers was Miss Desmond's sister," he explained, addressing himself to Ella Ray. "Whatever their faults and crimes—and, I fear, they were heavy—they were greatly attached to one another. When she heard of her sister's death, she vowed vengeance on Mr. Graham—Mr. Bourne as he called himself afterwards. At first she failed to trace him, so she travelled several times by the ship, taking the main-deck cabin underneath the place where it happened, so that she could call out of the port-hole, and set about the ghost story. She seems to have had an idea that this would help to discover him, or bring him to the ship. As it did not, she made further efforts till she tracked him. Through her influence with business friends, he was offered the appointment which brought him out now. She managed to make his acquaintance and to persuade him to travel by this ship. She led the chief officer on to tell the story at the right moment; and when she had worked upon Mr. Bourne's feelings until he was in such a state that he was ready to fancy that he saw the ghost, she went down below and called out of the cabin window."

MR. X—HIS PAGES.

Christmas again! and "Mr. X" with a wider, jollier set of friends than ever! Well, here is his very best greeting to each single one of them. May they have the most **X***ceptionally* **X***cellent* **X***mas they ever* **X***perienced, with all the usual accompaniments—Roast Beef, Turkeys, Plum Puddings,* Chestnuts, *Crackers, and Laughter galore.*

Puzzle Penknives or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X." and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

MR. "X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.

No. 7.

[Answers must be sent in before January 20th, addressed "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, W.C., and marked on the outside, "No. 7."]

No real, old-fashioned Christmas dinner concludes without a drinking of healths—why not prepare a capital little toast of your own, with which at once to please your family and perhaps win five shillings? "Mr. X" this month offers a prize of five shillings to the sender of what is, in his opinion, the best toast—either a short verse, or a short, smart sentence. It need not necessarily be original. Here, for example, is a good old Derbyshire toast:

Here's to thee, and me, and all of us;
May we ne'er need nowt, noan on us;
Neither thee, nor me, nor anybody else,
All on us, noan on us.

* * *

SIMPLE DEDUCTION.

JOHN: "If I prove to you that that penny of yours is a shilling, will you give it to me?"

ALPHONSO: "Yes."

JOHN: "Right. Now, follow carefully. A penny is a copper." "Yes." "A copper is a policeman." "Yes." "A policeman is a bobby." "Yes." "A bobby is a bob." "Ye-es." "And a bob is a shilling. Thanks."

* * *

Q. Why is a new play like a cigar?

A. Because if it is bad it won't draw, no matter how you "puff" it, and if it is good everyone wants a box.

A WEAKLY WEEK.

JAMES: "Do you know why Sunday is the strongest day in the week?"

JONES: "No. Why?"

JAMES: "Because all the others are week days."

* * *

TRY IT ON A FRIEND.

Offer someone a box of matches, saying: "Here's a curious thing you probably did not know before. If you light a match and blow it out *immediately* you can strike it again."

Your friend, accepting your word, will try, but, of course, the match will not relight. Make him try again and again till at last he gives it up in disgust, saying that he is convinced it will not light again.

You then say in a tone of surprise: "Light again! of course not. I said you can *strike* it again, not *light* it."

* * *

Q. What made the cake-walk?

A. Seeing the biscuit-box.

* * *

STICK TO THE TRUTH.

JOHNSON (who has seen Samson pick up a penny): "Here, that's mine."

SAMSON: "Why, has yours got a hole in it?"

JOHNSON: "Yes!"

SAMSON (triumphantly): "Well, this hasn't." (Walks off chuckling.)

A PARADOX.

Now here's a puzzling paradox
Of which I've oft heard spoken;
A valued thing you have to break
Before it's yours unbroken.

ANSWER: A record.

* * *

THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.

Here is a method of proving yourself a veritable magician with figures. A friend gives you a number of seven figures; to this he may add any other three numbers of seven figures, and you will add three seven-figure numbers also; yet immediately he has told you his first number you can tell him what the total of all seven added together will be! It adds to the mystery to write this total down on a piece of paper, fold it, and tell your friend to look at it when the other numbers have been given and he has found the total.

The rules are simple: From the last figure of the number he gives you subtract 3, and place 3 before the whole number. That will be the answer.

Thus: "9672015," says he, and immediately you write down the total as 39672012.

But now about the remaining six numbers. Well, the rules are simply these: (1) That you supply the numbers in turn, your friend starting. (2) That each number you give him is arrived at by subtracting his latest number from seven nines (9999999). (3) That his third and fourth numbers must be less than his second (but must contain seven figures).

For example: 9672015 is his first number, and 39672012 your total.

Very well	9672015
Now he gives his second number, say	8543210
You, subtracting this from seven nines, give	1456789
His third number, say	6231008
Your second number.........	3768991
His fourth number, say	5318270
Your third number............	4681729
Total, just as you have written on the folded paper	39672012

* * *

EXPENSIVE.

SMITH: "Now, Mr. Smart, have you heard about herrings being a shilling each?"

SMART: "No."

SMITH: "Dear, dear!"

MR. X's MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 4.

RESULT.

Descriptions of "The Courtship and Wedding of Miss Rose Bush and Mr. Bill Berry" (Bilberry) given in a series of questions, the answers to which had to be made out of the names of fruits, flowers, and plants came to "Mr. X" in huge numbers—and nine out of every ten sent in were from ladies. Evidently courtship and marriage has a more absorbing interest for ladies than for men. The prize of Five Shillings goes to a contributor who sent a list containing no fewer than 277 different names of plants, but omitted to send her name and address; will she please do so? "Mr. X" was on the look out for quality rather than quantity, but was able to award the prize to this list on both counts. Puzzle penknives or puzzle-purses are awarded to Miss M. A. H. Page, 65 Lansdowne Road, Notting Hill, W., and to Miss Shapter, The White House, Marlborough. A few extracts are given:—

Which sister did Mr. Bill Berry propose to?
The *Elder*.

What, in reply, did she ask for?
Thyme.

What did he gain when she said "Yes"?
Heartsease.

What did he say she would never do?
Rue it.

What did she think Berry?
Sloe but *Sage*.

What was the prospective father-in-law's first question to Mr. Berry?
"*Anemone?*" (Any money?)

What part did her little brother play during the courtship?
Gooseberry.

And what did Berry think him?
A little *Medlar* who loved to *Nettle* him.

Rose asked Berry what kind of love his was. What did he reply?
"An *Everlasting*; not a *Lad's Love*."

"Is it really deep?" she asked. And what did he reply?
"You cannot *Plum* its depths."

Had Berry a rival?
Yes, Sir *Valerian* (Val Erian), of London.

What did he hiss in Berry's ear?
"*Ivy* (I vie), Berry, with you; and I will *Whin* her yet."

State Berry's rejoinder.
"I will *Beet* you and trample on your *London Pride*, you *Cockscomb*."

Who were the distinguished guests at the wedding?
Lords and Ladies.

Any undesirable guest?
Yes, *Ragged Robin*.

Who was the best man?
William Allen Richardson.

What did the chief bridesmaid inwardly think him?
Sweet William.

What saw the bride through her veil?
Love-in-a-mist.

What felt the bridegroom on finding he had forgotten the ring?
Orchid.

What said the bride to him immediately the ceremony was over?
Kiss-me-quick.

And where did he kiss her?
On her *Tulips*.

Who drew up the marriage settlement?
Jonquil. (John Quill.)

A shower of rain damped the clothes of the wedding party. What had they to do to their clothes?
Arum. (Air 'em.)

OTHER RESULTS.

FIVE ODD NUMBERS WANTED (p. 26): 16, 1, 1, 1, 1. "But 16 is not an odd number!" "No, but it is a very odd number of horses to go into one stable."

THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER

X.—THE AYRSHAM MYSTERY.

By The Baroness Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who relates the story to—	Sir John Fernhead	Squire of Fernhead.
The Lady Journalist ...	Who re-tells it to the Royal readers.	Lord Walterton	A small arms manufacturer.
Mat Newton	A small shopkeeper.	Mervin Ledbury...	His brother.
Mary Newton	His daughter.	Michael Pitkin	A publican.
Samuel Holder	A carpenter.	Edward Sanders	A butler.

I.

"I have never had a great opinion of our detective force here in England," said the man in the corner, in his funny, gentle, apologetic manner, "but the way that department mismanaged the affair at Ayrsham simply passes comprehension."

"Indeed?" I said with all the quiet dignity I could command. "It is a pity they did not consult you in the matter, wasn't it?"

"It is a pity," he retorted with aggravating meekness, "that they do not use a little common sense. The case resembles that of Columbus' egg, and is every bit as simple.

"It was one evening last October, wasn't it? that two labourers walking home from Ayrsham village, turned down a lane, which it appears is a short cut to the block of cottages some distance off, where they lodged.

"The night was very dark, and there was a nasty drizzle in the air. In the picturesque vernacular of the two labourers, 'You couldn't see your 'and before your eyes.' Suddenly they stumbled over the body of a man lying right across the path.

"'At first we thought 'e was drunk,' explained one of them subsequently, 'but when we took a look at 'im, we soon saw there was something very wrong. Me and my mate turned 'im over, and "foul play" we both says at once. Then we see that it was old man Newton. Poor chap, 'e was dead and no mistake.'

"Old man Newton, as he was universally called by his large circle of acquaintances, was very well known throughout the entire neighbourhood, most particularly at every inn and public bar for some miles round.

"He also kept a local sweet-stuff shop at

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Ayrsham. No wonder that the men were horrified at finding him in such a terrible condition; even in their uneducated minds there could be no doubt that the old man had been murdered, for his skull had been literally shattered by a fearful blow, dealt him from behind by some powerful assailant.

"Whilst the labourers were cogitating as to what they had better do next, they heard footsteps also turning into the lane, and the next moment Samuel Holder, a well-known inhabitant of Ayrsham, arrived upon the scene.

"'Hello! is that you, Mat Newton?' shouted Samuel as he came near.

"'Aye! 'tis old man Newton, right enough,' replied one of the labourers, 'but 'e won't answer you no more.'

"Samuel Holder seemed absolutely horrified when he saw the body of old man Newton, he uttered various ejaculations, which the two labourers, however, did not take special notice of at the time.

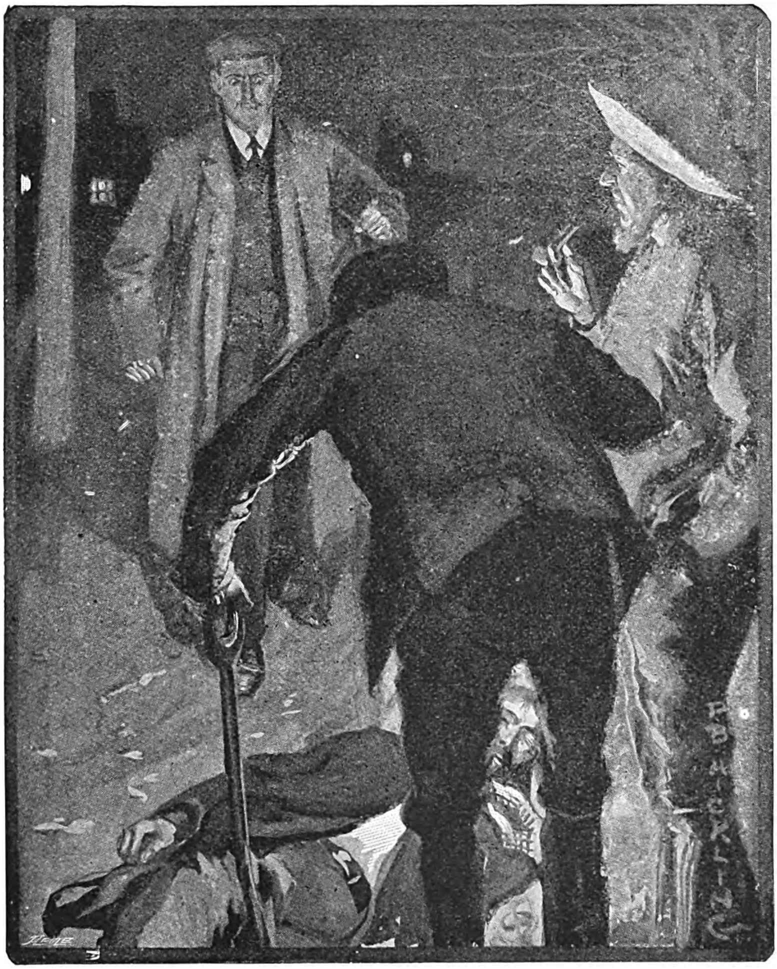
"Then the three men held a brief consultation together, with the result that one of them ran back to Ayrsham village to fetch the local police, whilst the two others remained in the lane to guard the body.

"The mystery—for it seemed one from the first—created a great deal of sensation in Ayrsham and all round the neighbourhood, and much sympathy was felt for and shown to Mary Newton, the murdered man's only child, a young girl about two or three and twenty, who, moreover, was in ill health.

"True, old man Newton was not a satisfactory protector for a young girl. He was very much addicted to drink; he neglected the little bit of local business he had; and, moreover, had recently shamefully ill-treated his daughter, the neighbours testifying to the many and loud quarrels that occurred in the small back parlour behind the sweet-stuff shop.

"A case of murder—the moment an element of mystery hovers around it—immediately excites the attention of the newspaper-reading public, who is always seeking for new sensations.

"Very soon the history of old man Newton and of his daughter found its way into the London and provincial dailies, and the Ayrsham murder became a topic of all-absorbing interest.



"The next moment Samuel Holder, a well-known inhabitant of Ayrsham, arrived upon the scene."

"It appears that old man Newton was at one time a highly respectable local tradesman, always in a very small way, as there is not much business doing at Ayrsham. It is a poor and straggling village, although its railway station is an important junction on the Midland system.

"There is some very good shooting in the neighbourhood, and about four or five years ago some of it, together with 'The Limes,' a pretty house just outside the village, was rented for the autumn by Mr. Ledbury and his brother.

"You know the firm of Ledbury and Co., do you not—the great small arms manufacturers? The elder Mr. Ledbury was the recipient of Birthday honours last year, and is the present Lord Walterton, his younger brother Mervin was in those days, and is still, a handsome young fellow in the Hussars.

"At the time—I mean about five years ago—Mary Newton was the local beauty of Ayrsham; she did a little dressmaking in her odd moments, but it appears that she spent most of her time in flirting. She was nominally engaged to be married to Samuel Holder, a young carpenter, but there was a good deal of scandal talked about her, for she was thought to be very fast; village gossip coupled her name with that of several young men in the neighbourhood, who were known to have paid the village beauty marked attention, and among these admirers of Mary Newton during the autumn of which I am speaking, young Mr. Mervin Ledbury figured conspicuously.

"Be that as it may, certain it is that Mary Newton had a very bad reputation among the scandalmongers of Ayrsham, and though everybody was shocked, no one was astonished when one fine day in the winter following she suddenly left her father and her home, and went no one knew whither. She left, it appears, a very pathetic letter behind, begging for her father's forgiveness, and that of Samuel Holder whom she was jilting, but she was going to marry a gentleman above them all in station, and was going to be a real lady; then only would she return home.

"A very usual village tragedy, as you see. Four years went by, and Mary Newton did not return home. As time went by and with it no news of his daughter, old man Newton took her disappearance very much to heart. He began to neglect his business, and then his house, which became dirty and ill-kept by an occasional charwoman who would do a bit of promiscuous tidying for him from time to time. He was ill-tempered, sullen, and morose, and very soon became hopelessly addicted to drink.

"Then, suddenly, as unexpectedly as she had gone, Mary Newton returned to her home one fine day, after an absence of four years. What had become of her in the interim no one in the village ever knew, she was generally supposed to have earned a living by dressmaking, until her failing health had driven her well-nigh to starvation, and then back to the home and her father she had so heedlessly left.

"Needless to say that all talk of her 'marriage with a gentleman above her in station' was entirely at an end. As for old man Newton, he seems after his daughter's return to have become more sullen and morose than ever, and the neighbours now busied themselves with talk of the fearful rows which frequently occurred in the back parlour of the little sweet-stuff shop.

"Father and daughter seemed to be leading a veritable cat and dog life together. Old man Newton was hardly ever sober, and at the village inns he threw out weird and strange hints about 'breach of promise actions with £5000 damages, which his daughter should get, if only he knew where to lay hands upon the scoundrel.'

"He also made vague and wholly useless inquiries about young Mervin Ledbury, but in a sleepy out-of-the-way village like Ayrsham, no one knows anything about what goes on beyond a narrow five-mile radius at most. 'The Limes' and the shooting were let to different tenants year after year, and neither Lord Walterton nor Mr. Mervin Ledbury had ever rented them again."

II.

"That was the past history of old Newton," continued the man in the corner after a brief pause, "that is to say, of the man who on a dark night last October was found murdered in a lonely lane, not far from Ayrsham. The public, as you may well imagine, took a very keen interest in the case from the outset: the story of Mary Newton, of the threatened breach of promise, of the £5000 damages, roused masses of conjecture to which no one as yet dared to give definite shape.

"One name, however, had already been whispered significantly, that of Mr. Mervin Ledbury, the young Hussar, one of Mary Newton's admirers at the very time she left home in order, as she said, to be married to someone above her in station.

"Many thinking people too wanted to know what Samuel Holder, Mary's jilted *fiancé*, was doing close to the scene of the murder that night, and how he came to make the remark: 'Hello! is that you, Mat Newton?' when the old man lived nearly half-a-mile away, and really had no cause for being in that particular lane, at that hour of the night in the drizzling rain.

"The inquest, which for want of other accommodation, was held at the local police-station, was, as you may imagine, very largely attended.

"I had read a brief statement of the case in the London papers, and had hurried down to Ayrsham Junction, as I scented a mystery, and knew I should enjoy myself.

"When I got there, the room was already packed, and the medical evidence was being gone through.

"Old man Newton, it appears, had been knocked on the head by a heavily-leaded cane, which was found in the ditch close to the murdered man's body.

"The cane was produced in court; it was as stout as an old fashioned club, and of terrific weight. The man who wielded it must have been very powerful, for he had only dealt one blow, but that blow had cracked the old man's skull. The cane was undoubtedly of foreign make, for it had a solid silver ferrule at one end, which was not English hall-marked.

"In the opinion of the medical expert, death was the result of the blow, and must have been almost instantaneous.

"The labourers who first came across the body of the murdered man then repeated their story; they had nothing new to add, and their evidence was of no importance. But after that there was some stir in the court. Samuel Holder had been called and sworn to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"He was a youngish, heavily-built man of about five and thirty, with a nervous, not altogether prepossessing expression of face. Pressed by the coroner, he gave us a few details of old man Newton's earlier history, such as I have already told you.

"'Old Mat,' he explained with some hesitation, 'was for ever wanting to find out who the gentleman was who had promised marriage to Mary four years ago. But Mary was that obstinate, and wouldn't tell him, and this exasperated the old man terribly, so that they had many rows on the subject.'

"'I suppose,' said the coroner tentatively, 'that you never knew who that gentleman was?'

"Samuel Holder seemed to hesitate for a moment. His manner became even more nervous than before; he shifted his position from one foot to the other; finally he said:

"'I don't know as I ought to say, but——'

"'I am quite sure that you must tell us everything you know which might throw light upon this extraordinary and terrible murder,' retorted the coroner sternly.

"'Well,' replied Samuel Holder, whilst great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, 'Mary never would give up the letters she had had from him, and she would not hear anything about a breach of promise case and £5000 damages; but old Mat 'e often says to me, says 'e, "It's young Mr. Ledbury," 'e says, "she's told me that once. I got it out of 'er, and if I only knew where to find 'im——"'

"'You are quite sure of this?' asked the coroner, for Holder had paused and seemed quite horrified at the enormity of what he had said.

"'Yes — yes — your worship — your honour—,' stammered Holder. ''E's told me 'twas young Mr. Ledbury times out of count, and——'

"But Samuel Holder here completely broke down; he seemed unable to speak, his lips twitched convulsively, and the coroner, fearing that the man would faint, had him conveyed into the next room to recover himself, whilst another witness was brought forward.

"This was Michael Pitkin, landlord of the Fernhead Arms, at Ayrsham, who had been on very intimate terms with old Newton during the four years which elapsed after Mary's disappearance. He had a very curious story to tell, which aroused public excitement to its highest pitch.

"It appears that to him also the old man had often confided the fact that it was Mr. Ledbury who had promised to marry Mary, and then had shamefully left her stranded and moneyless in London.

"'But of course,' added the jovial and pleasant-looking landlord of the Fernhead Arms, 'the likes of us down here didn't know what became of Mr. Ledbury after he left "The Limes," until one day I reads in the local paper that Sir John Fernhead's daughter is going to be married to Captain Mervin Ledbury. Of course, your honour, and me, and all of us know Sir John, our squire, down at Fernhead Towers, and I says to old Mat: "It strikes me," I says, "that you've got your man." Sure enough it was the same Mr. Ledbury who rented "The Limes" years ago, who was engaged to the young lady up at The Towers, and last week there was grand doings there—lords and ladies and lots of quality staying there, and also the captain.'

"'Well?' asked the coroner eagerly, whilst everyone held their breath, wondering what was to come.

"'Well,' continued Michael Pitkin, 'old man Newton went down to The Towers one day. 'E was determined to see young Mr. Ledbury, and went. What 'appened I don't know, for old Mat wouldn't tell me, but 'e came back mighty furious from 'is visit, and swore 'e would ruin the young man and make no end of a scandal, and he would bring the law agin' 'im and get £5000 damages.'

"This story, embellished, of course, by many details, was the gist of what the worthy landlord of the Fernhead Arms had to say, but you may imagine how everyone's excitement and curiosity was aroused; in the meanwhile Samuel Holder was getting over his nervousness, and was more ready to give a clear account of what happened on the fatal night itself.

"'It was about nine o'clock,' he explained in answer to the coroner, 'and I was hurrying back to Ayrsham, through the fields; it was dark and raining, and I was about to strike across the hedge into the lane when I heard voices—a woman's, then a man's. Of course, I could see nothing, and the man spoke in a whisper, but I had recognised Mary's voice quite plainly. She kept on saying: "'Tisn't my fault!" she says, "it's father's, 'e 'as made up 'is mind. I held out as long as I could, but 'e worried me, and now 'e's got your letters, and it's too late."'

"Samuel Holder again paused a moment, then continued:

"'They talked together for a long time: Mary seemed very upset and the man very angry. Presently 'e says to 'er: "Well, tell your father to come out here and speak to me for a moment. I'll see what I can do." Mary seemed to 'esitate for a time, then she went away, and the man waited there in the drizzling rain, with me the other side of the 'edge watchin' 'im. I waited for a long time, for I wanted to know what was goin' to 'appen; then time went on. I thought perhaps that old Mat was at the Fernhead Arms, and that Mary couldn't find 'im, so I went back to Ayrsham by the fields, 'oping to find the old man. The stranger didn't budge. 'E seemed inclined to wait—so I left 'im there—and—and—that's all. I went to the Fernhead Arms, saw old Mat wasn't there—then I went back to the lane—and—old man Newton was dead, and the stranger was gone.'

"There was a moment or two of dead silence in the court when Samuel Holder had given his evidence, then the coroner asked quietly:

"'You do not know who the stranger was?'

"'Well, I couldn't be sure, your honour,' replied Samuel nervously, 'it was pitch dark. I wouldn't like to swear a fellow creature's life and character away.'

"'No, no, quite so,' rejoined the coroner, 'but do you happen to know what time it was when all this occurred?'

"'Oh yes, your honour,' said Samuel decisively, 'as I walked away from the Fernhead Arms I 'eard Ayrsham church clock strike ten o'clock.'

"'Ah! that's always something,' said the coroner, with a sigh of satisfaction. 'Call Mary Newton, please.'"

III.

"You may imagine," continued the man in the corner after a slight pause, "with what palpitating interest we all watched the pathetic little figure, clad in deep black, who now stepped forward to give evidence.

"It was difficult to imagine that Mary Newton could ever have been pretty; trouble had obviously wrought havoc with her good looks. She was now a wizened little thing, with dark rings under her eyes, and a pale anæmic complexion. She stood perfectly listlessly before the coroner, waiting to be questioned, but otherwise not seeming to take the slightest interest in the proceedings. In an even, toneless voice she told her name, age, and status, then waited for further questions.

"'Your father went out a little before ten o'clock on Tuesday night last, did he not?' asked the coroner very kindly.

"'Yes, sir, he did,' replied Mary quietly.

"'You had brought him a message from a gentleman whom you had met in the lane, and who wished to speak with your father?'

"'No, sir,' replied Mary, in the same even and toneless voice, 'I brought no message to father, and he went out on his own.'

"'But the gentleman you met in the lane,' insisted the coroner with some impatience.

"'I didn't meet anyone in the lane, sir. I never went out of the house that Tuesday night, it rained so.'

"'But the last witness, Samuel Holder heard you talking in the lane at nine o'clock.

"'Samuel Holder was mistaken,' she replied imperturbably; 'I wasn't out of the house the whole of that night.'

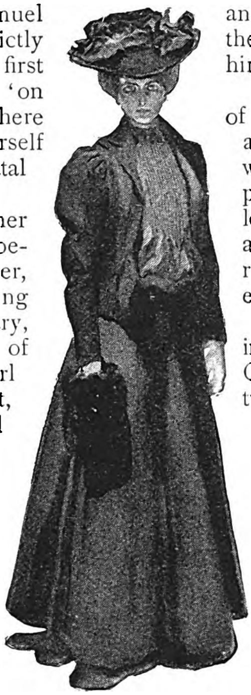
"It would be useless for me," continued the man in the corner, "to attempt to convey to you the intense feeling of excitement which pervaded that crowded court, as that wizened little figure stood there for over half-an-hour, quietly and obstinately parrying the most rigid cross-examination.

"That she was lying—lying to shield the very man who perhaps had murdered her father—no one doubted for a single instant. Yet there she stood, sullen, apathetic, and defiant, flatly denying Samuel Holder's story from end to end, strictly adhering and swearing to her first statement, that her father went out 'on his own,' that she did not know where he was going to, and that she herself had never left the house that fatal Tuesday night.

"It did not seem to occur to her that by these statements she was hopelessly incriminating Samuel Holder, whom she was thus openly accusing of deliberate lies; on the contrary, many noticed a distinct touch of bitter animosity in the young girl against her former sweetheart, which was singularly emphasised when the coroner asked her whether she approved of the idea of a breach of promise action being brought against Mr. Ledbury.

"'No,' she said, 'all that talk about damages and breach of promise was between father and Sam Holder, because Sam had told father that he wouldn't mind marrying me if I had £5000 of my own.'

"It would be impossible to render the tone of hatred and contempt with which the young girl uttered these words. One seemed to live through the whole tragedy of the past few months—the girl, pestered by the greed of her father, yet refusing obstinately to aid in causing a scandal, perhaps disgrace, to the man whom she had once loved and trusted.



"Samuel Holder was mistaken," she replied.

"As nothing more could be got out of her, and as circumstances now seemed to demand it, the coroner adjourned the inquest. The police, as you may well imagine, wanted to make certain inquiries. Mind you, Mary Newton flatly refused to mention Mr. Ledbury's name; she was questioned and cross-questioned, yet her answer uniformly was:

"'I don't know what you're talking about. The person I was going to marry four years ago has gone out of my life—I have never seen him since. I saw no one on that Tuesday night.'

"Against that, when she was asked to swear that it was *not* Mr.—now Captain—Ledbury who had promised her marriage she flatly refused to do so.

"Of course, there was not a soul there who had not made up his or her mind that Captain Ledbury *had* met Mary Newton in the lane, and had heard from her that all his love letters to her were now in her father's hands, and that the old man meant to use these in order to extort money from him.

"Fearing the exposure and disgrace of so sensational a breach of promise action, and not having the money with which to meet Mat Newton's preposterous demands, he probably lost control over himself, and in a moment of impulse and mad rage had silenced the old man for ever.

"I assure you that at the adjourned inquest everybody expected to see Captain Ledbury in the custody of two constables. The police in the interim had been extremely reticent, and no fresh details of the extraordinary case had found its way into the papers, but fresh details of a sensational character were fully expected, and I can assure you the public were not disappointed.

"It is no use my telling you all the proceedings of that second most memorable day; I will try and confine myself to the most important points of this interesting mystery.

"I must tell you that the story told by the landlord of the Fernhead Arms was fully corroborated by several witnesses, all of whom testified to the fact that the old man came back from his visit to Fernhead Towers in a terrible fury, swearing to bring disgrace upon the scoundrel who had ruined his daughter.

"What occurred during that visit was explained by Edward Sanders, the butler at The Towers. According to the testimony of this witness, there was a large house-party staying with Sir John Fernhead to celebrate the engagement of his daughter; the party naturally included Captain Mervin Ledbury, his brother, Lord Walterton, with the latter's newly-married young wife, also many neighbours and friends.

"At about six o'clock on Monday evening, it appears, a disreputable-looking old man, whom Edward Sanders did not know, but who gave the name of Newton, rang at the front door bell of The Towers and demanded to see Mr. Ledbury. Sanders naturally refused to admit him, but the old man was so persistent, and used such strange language, that the butler, after much hesitation, decided to apprise Captain Ledbury of his extraordinary visitor.

"Captain Ledbury, on hearing that old man Newton wished to speak to him, much to Sanders' astonishment, came downstairs and elected to interview his extraordinary visitor in the dining-room, which was then deserted. Sanders showed the old man in, and waited in the hall. Very soon, however, he heard loud and angry voices, and the next moment Captain Ledbury threw open the dining-room door and said:

"'This man is mad or drunk; show him out, Sanders.'

"And without another word the captain walked upstairs, leaving Sanders the pleasant task of 'showing the old man out.' That this was done very speedily and pretty roughly we may infer from old man Newton's subsequent fury, and the threats he uttered even while he was being 'shown out.'

"Now you see, do you not?" continued the man in the corner, "that this evidence seemed to add another link to the chain which was incriminating young Mr. Ledbury in this terrible charge of murdering old man Newton.

"The young man himself was now with his regiment stationed at York. It appears that the house-party at Fernhead Towers was breaking up on the very day of old man Newton's strange visit thither. Lord and Lady Walterton left for town on the Tuesday morning, and Captain Ledbury went up to York on that very same fatal night.

"You must know that the small local station of Fernhead is quite close to The Towers. Captain Ledbury took the late local train there for Ayrsham Junction after dinner that night, arriving at the latter place at 9.15 with the intention of picking up the Midland express to the north at 10.15 p.m. later on.

"The police had ascertained that Captain Ledbury had got out of the local train at Ayrsham Junction at 9.15, and aimlessly strolled out of the station. Against that, it was definitely proved by several witnesses that the young man did catch the Midland express at 10.15 p.m., and travelled up north by it.

"Now there was the hitch, do you see?" added the funny creature excitedly. "Samuel Holder overheard a conversation in the fatal lane between Mary Newton and the stranger, whom everybody by now believed to be Captain Ledbury. Good! That was between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m., and, as it happened, the young man does seem to have unaccountably strolled about in the neighbourhood whilst waiting for his train; but remember that when Sam Holder left the stranger waiting in the lane, and went back towards Ayrsham in order to try and find old man Newton, he distinctly heard Ayrsham church clock striking ten.

"Now, the lane where the murder occurred is two and a half miles from Ayrsham Junction station, therefore it could not have been Captain Ledbury who was there lying in wait for the old man, as he could not possibly have had his interview with old Mat, quarrelled with him and murdered him, and then caught his train two and a half miles farther on, all in the space of fifteen minutes.

"Thus, even before the final verdict of 'Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown,' the case against Captain Mervin Ledbury had completely fallen to the ground. He must also have succeeded in convincing Sir John Fernhead of his innocence, as I see by the papers that Miss Fernhead has since become Mrs. Ledbury.

"But the result has been that the Ayrsham tragedy has remained an impenetrable mystery.

"'Who killed old man Newton? and why?' is a question which many people, including our clever criminal investigation department, have asked themselves many a time.

"It was not a case of vulgar assault and robbery, as the old man was not worth robbing, and the few coppers he possessed were found intact in his waistcoat pocket.

"Many people assert that Samuel Holder quarrelled with the old man and murdered him, but there are three reasons why that theory is bound to fall to the ground. Firstly, the total absence of any motive. Samuel Holder could have no possible object in killing the old man, but still, we'll waive that; people do quarrel—especially if they are confederates, as these two undoubtedly were—and quarrels do sometimes end fatally. Secondly, the weapon which caused the old man's death—a heavily-leaded cane of foreign make, with solid silver ferrule.

"Now, I ask you, where in the world could a village carpenter pick up an instrument of that sort? Moreover no one ever saw such a thing in Sam Holder's hands or in his house. When he walked to the Fernhead Arms in order to try and find the old man, he had nothing of the sort in his hand, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts on the part of the police, the history of that cane was never traced.

"Then, there is a third reason why obviously Sam Holder was not guilty of the murder, though that reason is a moral one; I am referring to Mary Newton's attitude at the inquest. She lied, of that there could not be a shadow of doubt; she was determined to shield her former lover, and incriminated Sam Holder only because she wished to save another man.

"Obviously, old Newton went out on that dark wet night in order to meet someone in the lane, that someone could not have been Sam Holder, whom he met anywhere and everywhere, and every day in his own house.

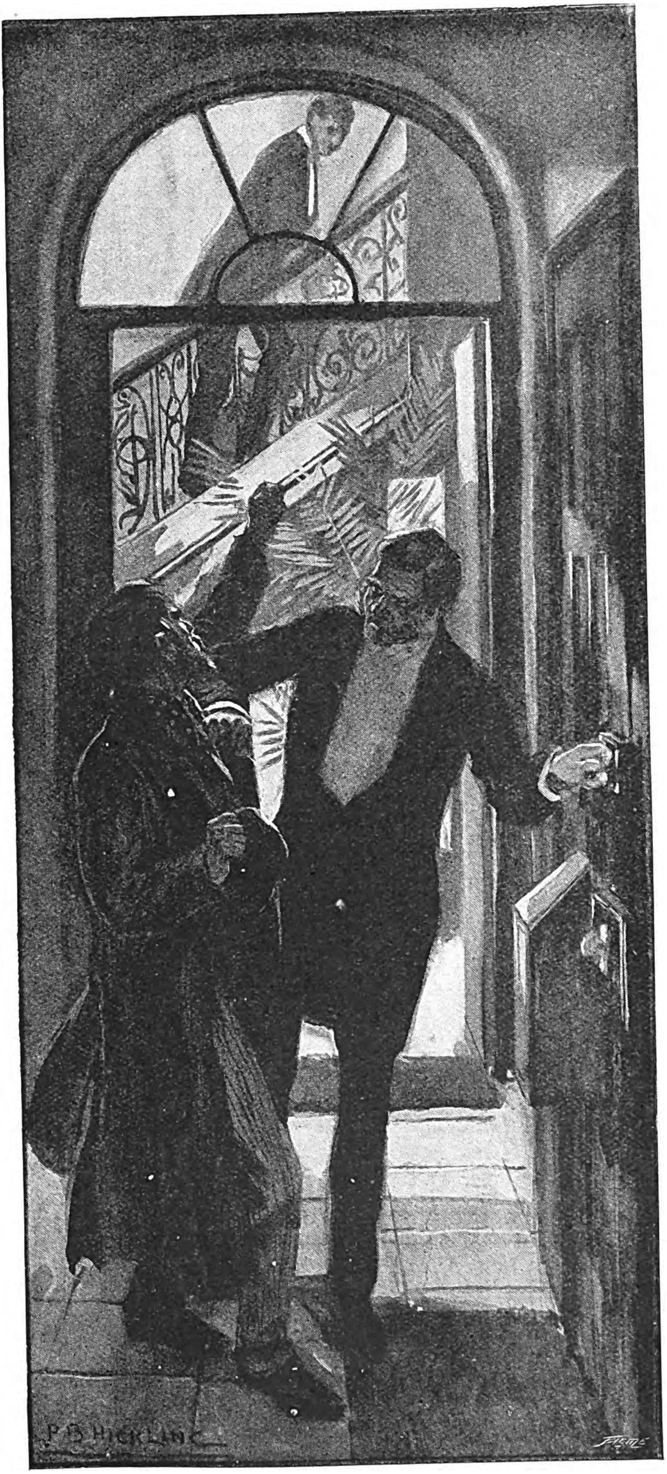
"There! you see that Sam Holder was obviously innocent, that Captain Ledbury could not have committed the murder, that surely Mary Newton did not kill her own father, and that in such a case, common-sense should have come to the rescue, and not have left this case, what it now is, a tragic and impenetrable mystery."

[*Here the reader should himself try to fathom the mystery.*—ED.]

IV.

"But," I said at last, for indeed I was deeply mystified, "what does common-sense argue?—the case seems to me absolutely hopeless."

He surveyed his beloved bit of string for a moment, and his



"Without another word the captain walked upstairs, leaving Sanders the pleasant task of 'showing the old man out.'"

mild blue eyes blinked at me over his bone-rimmed spectacles.

"Common-sense," he said at last, with his most apologetic manner, "tells me that Ayrsham village is a remote little place, where a daily paper is unknown, and where no one reads the fashionable intelligence, or knows anything about birthday honours."

"What *do* you mean?" I gasped in amazement.

"Simply this, that no one at Ayrsham village, certainly not Mary Newton herself, had realised that one of the Mr. Ledburys, whom all had known at The Limes four years ago, had since become Lord Walterton."

"Lord Walterton," I ejaculated wholly incredulously.

"Why, yes!" he replied quietly. "Do you mean to say you never thought of that? that it never occurred to you that Mary Newton may have admitted to her father that Mr. Ledbury had been the man who had so wickedly wronged her, but that she, in her remote little village, had also no idea that the Mr. Ledbury she meant was recently made and is now styled Lord Walterton?

"Old man Newton, who knew of the gossip which had coupled his daughter's name, years ago, with the younger Mr. Ledbury, naturally took it for granted that she was referring to him. Moreover, we may take it from the girl's subsequent attitude that she did all she could to shield the man whom she had once loved; women, you know, have that sort of little way with them.

"Old Newton, fully convinced that young Ledbury was the man he wanted, went up to The Towers and had the stormy interview, which no doubt greatly puzzled the young Hussar. He undoubtedly spoke of it to his brother, Lord Walterton, who, newly married and of high social position, would necessarily dread a scandal as much as anybody.

"Lord Walterton went up to town with his young wife the following morning. Ayrsham is only forty minutes from London. He came down in the evening, met Mary in the lane, asked to see her father, and killed him in a moment of passion, when he found that the old man's demands were preposterously unreasonable. Moreover, Englishmen in all grades of society have an innate horror of being bullied or blackmailed; the murder probably was not premeditated, but the outcome of rage at being browbeaten by the old man.

"You see the police did not use their common-sense over so simple a matter. They naturally made no inquiries as to Lord Walterton's movements, who seemingly had absolutely nothing to do with the case. If they had, I feel convinced that they would have found that his lordship would have had some difficulty in satisfying everybody as to his whereabouts on that particular Tuesday night.

"Think of it, it is so simple—the only possible solution of that strange and unaccountable mystery."

A GREAT STORY.

A Story that will keep you enthralled with interest from start to finish: that is a true description of "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," the new serial, the first instalment of which appears in the Christmas Number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. It is a tale of the buccaneers—at once the most romantic and the most terrible of all the pirates of history, and, of all the buccaneers, Sir Henry Morgan may unhesitatingly be awarded first place, both for his wonderful powers as a leader and for his cruelty as a conqueror.

Sir Henry Morgan was a real man, and the history of his doings makes one of the most thrilling stories that has ever been written. What we recommend you to do is to buy the current PEARSON'S MAGAZINE at once, read the first instalment, and give your newsagent an order to supply you with the magazine for the next six months.

Bombita Chico, the first matador of Spain, in fighting costume.

THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES

XI.—THE MATADOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

Here the Matador Describes the Spanish National Sport, and his Sensations when Standing up in Deadly Encounter with the Bull.

Bombita Chico in private dress.

By Bombita Chico

(Spain's Most Famous Matador).

Edited by John N. Raphael.

I do not think you people of the colder north quite realise the true position of the matador. You look upon him as a man—half-man, half-brute—who occupies in Spain much the position of a prize-fighter elsewhere.

Some of you, perhaps, who have been to our country and have seen a bull-fight, class us a little higher, and place the matador upon the pedestal of the football professional; but you are wrong all of you, and the equivalent of the bull-fighter, as the Spaniard sees him, is the successful tenor, or the great actor-manager, upon the evening of his triumph.

You smile at this, and, as you do so, wonder perhaps that "a man who kills bulls for a living" should have such choice of language. I, too, laugh at your amusement. We matadors are no more butchers than your man-killer whom the world calls a general and loves to honour.

But let us to our bulls. We have arrived, my troup and I, in Salamanca, say, the evening before the *corrida* or bull-fight. The town is gay with flags and bunting, the streets are filled with folk in holiday attire, and at each street corner are crowds excitedly perusing the gay-coloured posters, announcing the *corrida* of the morrow.

It is by no means my first *corrida,* no, nor my fiftieth; but as, every hundred yards or so, my own name greets me in great letters inches high, I feel just that throb of excitement which every servant of the public's pleasure feels the day before his coming triumph or defeat.

And mine is to be no matter of one evening's work, no few hours in which the first few minutes will decide the question of applause or of derision. For the bull-fight is to last four days. A four days' battle with the bulls of Miura, of Ibarra, Valle, and Saltillo—all of them young, all of them fierce, and, strange though this may seem to you, all of them as eager for the combat as I am myself, for the bull-fight is not a slaughter, but a battle—a battle in which the man triumphs, it is true, but triumphs by his intelligence, and fairly.

The evening is passed comparatively quietly. If I permitted it, the countless friends I have in Salamanca would make a festival of it; but this may not be, and I do not stay long out in the streets, where I am recognised and followed by great cheering crowds at every turn, but go to my hotel, and before nine o'clock to bed to dream of victory.

I rise late, and after coffee and a *cigarillo,* make for the Plaza Nueva, where the battle of this afternoon is to take place, to look at the bulls, the horses, and my men, and see that everything is all in order; for I have work to do before the fight this afternoon.

The matador is master in the *corrida*, and I myself see into every detail, for the least lack of care may mean death to a comrade.

Come with me. Climb this ladder—hold tight—and look down on the inclosures where the bulls are. What do you think of them? I never pay my morning visit to the bulls without a thrill. Look at that black one there. Does it not seem as if he recognised in me his enemy? *Carámba!* It is true, our Spanish saying: "Be careful of that man, he has the eye of a Miura bull."

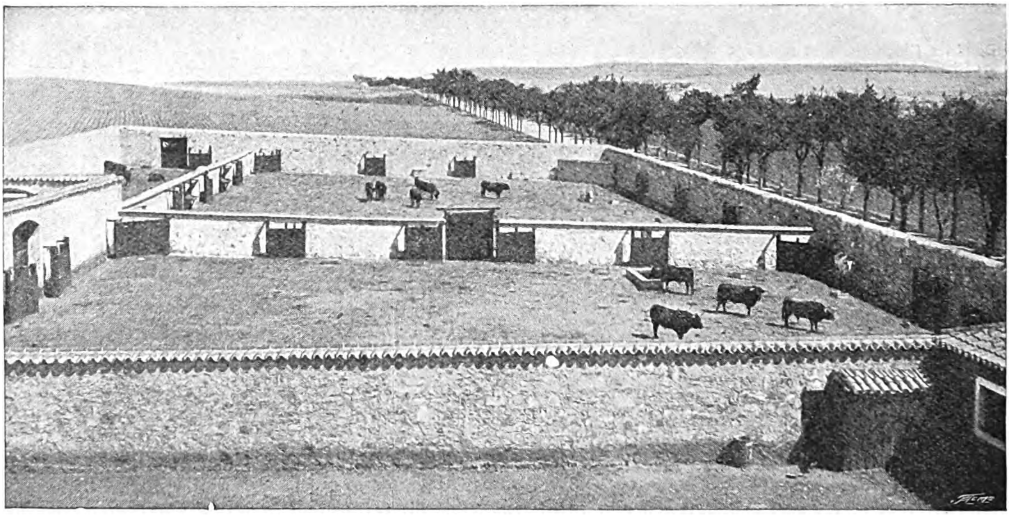
The clock is striking ten, and, as the last stroke sounds, my men, some thirty of them, join us on the platform over the inclosures, to run the bulls into the *corrales* or cattle-pen, and thence into the dark *toril* or stable, where they are kept until we let them into the sunblaze of the arena. It is no easy matter. In the inclosures the bulls are practically at liberty, and as no man can, with impunity, approach them, our work in driving them by means of poles and cords requires some generalship and no mean skill.

I do not lay a hand upon the ropes myself, my men would not allow it, for one false step, one sudden pull from the strong brute beneath us, and I might fall down on to those great pointed horns, and in an instant be trampled to death by those gleaming hoofs.

But look down on the bulls. Are they not beauties? Look at their breadth of shoulder and their glossy hides. See how they toss their horned heads to dodge the ropes, and how they seem to whisper to one another, "There, above, upon the platform, is Bombita."

Come, a little further, and we will watch them enter the *toril*. Look at the entrance here. As I lie flat upon the platform, ten feet above it, it is a great black hole, a tunnel into Erebus. Small wonder that the bulls struggle and fight our poles and cords with every trick and every ruse of which they know. Now Pedro! Come then, Gomez! Your pole, there! Tighten that cord. Knot that one, loosen the other. That's it. Bueno! They are in now, all six of them, and I must go to see the *picadores* and the horses.

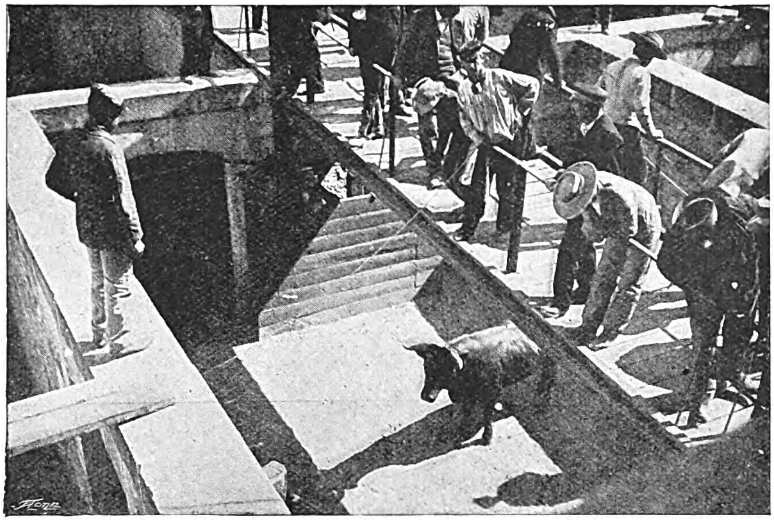
Here they are, poor brutes, lined up along the wall. Poor brutes I call them, not because death is to be the portion of some of them in an hour or two, but because they have been allowed to live so long. They are the butcher's refuse, horses that he deems too thin for cats' meat even; and, as I stand and look at them, they are not horses to my mind, scarcely living things, but merely necessary mounts for my *picadores*.


View of the inclosures where the fighting bulls are kept.

And here they come, the *picadores* dressed as I am myself in everyday attire. I make each one of them mount on his sorry steed and try it, using the heavy stick he carries when off duty as a lance, and each of them then marks his horse. But it is twelve o'clock, I must be off to luncheon and to dress myself for the bull-fight.

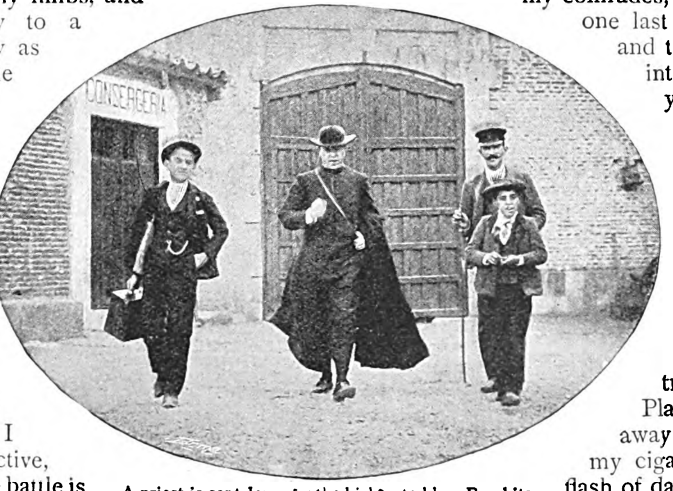
Molina, my valet and factotum, has done

what he can to make my suite of rooms in the hotel as comfortable as possible, and has prepared my luncheon, for he watches over me and cares for me, does Molina, as a trainer watches the meals of a Derby crack. A light repast, and then I pass into my bedroom, which on these battle days looks like the dressing-room of the successful tenor I have mentioned.


Inclosure adjoining the arena. From here the bulls are driven out, with long poles, to the fight.

Molina peels my town clothes off me, and tells me all the news of Salamanca, while Mozo, my barber, sets to work to plait the *coléta,* the little pigtail into which he works the black pad which is to protect the nape of my neck in case of a sudden fall. The nape of his neck is the Achilles' heel of the matador, for, as I face the bull baldheaded, and face him invariably, no matter what the danger, a sudden push, a sudden fall, and I am dead. This *coléta* of mine has saved my life at least three times. Four, says Molina; I—I have forgotten.

Ah! we are ready; and, for the first time since the morning, I feel my real self, Bombita Chico. My tightly-fitting breeches, the broad black belt, all help to display the easy movements of my limbs, and I plead guilty to a moment's vanity as here before the glass I twist and turn, spring lightly and gracefully to right and left, playing an imaginary bull. Those of Miura are as graceful and as beautiful as any of God's creatures. I feel as lithe, as active, as any bull. The battle is to follow, and the victory.



A priest is sent down by the bishop to bless Bombita Chico before the fight. The boy on the priest's right is carrying the holy oils and host.

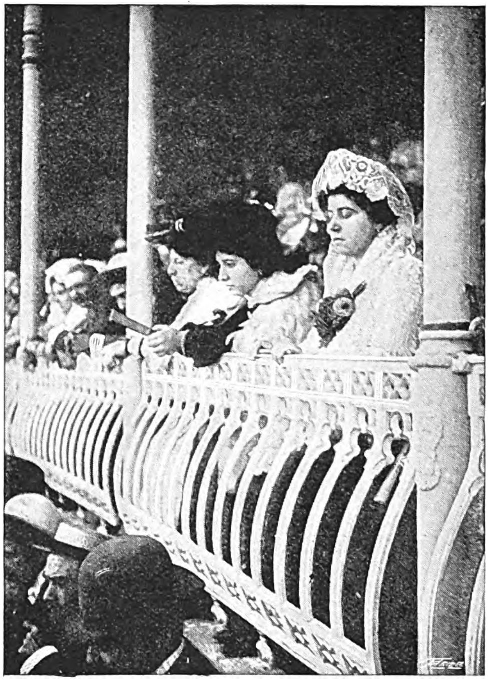
On goes the small round cap we call the *montéra,* the little *jaquetilla* or *bolero,* the gold-bespangled cloak, and I am ready. The time, Molina? "In twenty minutes it will be three o'clock." Just time, then, to go out to the Plaza.

I am nervous, I admit it, but nervous as the general who knows that he will ultimately lead his troops to victory. Molina does not speak to me (he knows my way), but quietly hands a cigar to me, lights it, and, between rows of bowing servants, gaping foreigners, and others who have gathered in the corridors to see Bombita pass, I go down to the carriage which is waiting to take me and my comrades to the Plaza. They are fine fellows, my comrades, and, as I give one last look at them, and they follow me into the red and yellow carriage, all hats fly off, and "*Ollé! ollé!*" shout the people in the street.

The carriage draws up at the private entrance to the Plaza; I throw away the stump of my cigar—there is a flash of dark eyes and of white teeth, the wave of a black lace mantilla, and one of Salamanca's beauties has the stump as a keepsake. A throng of friends and privileged amateurs crowd round me, clasp my hands, my cloak, hurl questions and admiring exclamations at me, and I am swept into the courtyard of the Plaza, followed by Padre Don José Manuel Bartolomeo, and his small sacristan, who carries the Viaticum in a small padlocked box. I kneel before the padre and receive his blessing. He is sent down by Salamanca's bishop to the bull-fight in case one of us should be wounded mortally.

While I am getting ready I can hear outside in the great Plaza the chatter, laughter, and the murmurs of the wave of people sweeping into the seats, waiting for them. In a few moments all will be in readiness, and not a place in that great circle, rising in serried rows up to the outer wall, will be untenanted. I hear the murmur of the impatient crowd. The picadores are at their posts. The *alguazil*, gendarme, has caught the key to the *toril* thrown by the Governor; hoarse cheers herald the opening of the door.

"*Los toros van a empezar!*" (the bull-fight will begin), the people shout; I hear the crash of the orchestra—and in we go, I at the head of my *cuadrilla*, or band of armed men, smiling and confident, Quinito on my left, pensive, but confident likewise.



Spanish ladies watching a bull-fight.

And now the fight begins. The bull bolts in, then stops, blinded by the sudden glare of light after the darkness of the *toril*. He stamps his polished hoofs, kicks up the sand, and snorts. It is as though he singles me out from the crowd. I, for the moment, hardly look at him, for my work is not yet. Angry he is, but not sufficiently.

Come, then, the picadores! And as they ride their sorry horses up to *el toro*, and tantalise him with their lances, my eyes wander round the seated crowd.

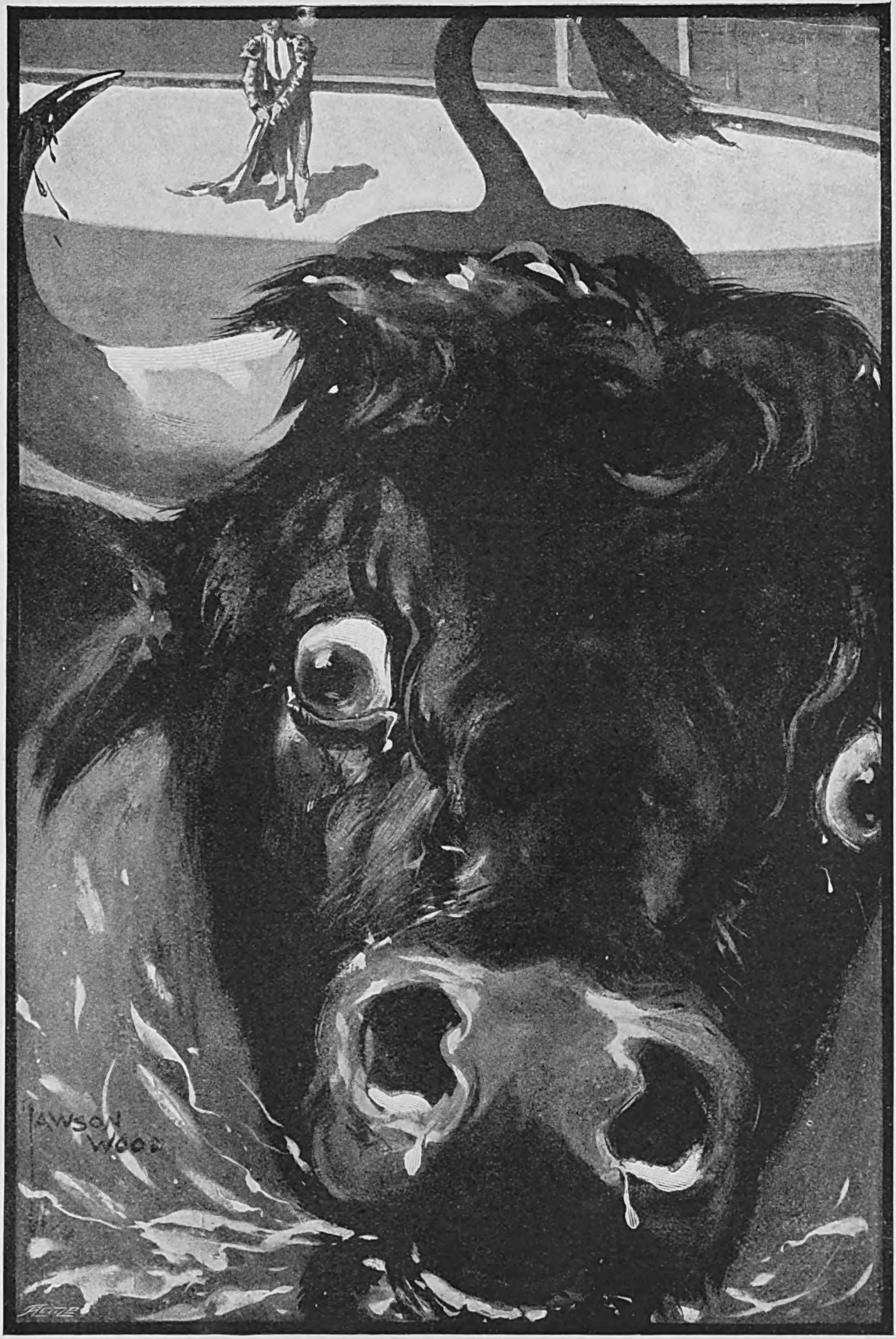
The first part of a bull-fight is, to the man who plays the leading part in it, the prelude merely. I feel, in a kind of subconsciousness, the fierce excitement which is growing up above me in the amphitheatre, I hear the shouts as the picadores dodge the bull.

Then do I feel that all eyes are upon me. A twitch to my cloak, my short sword crosswise in my hands, and lightly, gracefully, as though I were advancing to the dance, I step out round half of the arena, remove my hat, and, standing bareheaded, my back to the bull, and just beneath the presidential box, I clear my throat, and in a loud, firm voice, I cry, "Don Ramon, Alcalde of Salamanca, I am about to kill the bull, in honour of you, most excellent President, in honour of the municipality of this town, and of all the beautiful women of the country."

"*Ollé, Ollé!* Bombita, Bombita!" cries the crowd, and the great maelstrom above me becomes a mass of waving fans, handkerchiefs, and hands.

Now it is bull and I! The public disappears. I have no eyes, no thought for anyone or anything but that great angry creature which stands facing me some thirty yards away, pawing the ground, snorting his anger. All that I see of him is the great head with the quivering nostrils, and the two small and slenderly-built fore feet, with, just behind, a whisk of lashing tail. There is no public, no arena, no bull's body even. Nothing but that huge head, moving from side to side, and those two firmly planted hoofs.

I face him, my eyes upon his, and move slowly forward. Did I not move, I think the brute would hypnotise me into immobility, then spring, and gore me. But I step slowly on, and when I am within a yard of him, I flash my red *muleta* from my shoulder in his face. It needed a man's strength of mind to wait until I was within a yard of him to do so.



To Bombita Chico, as he stands in the arena ready for the fight, the bull presents this spectacle. Before him he sees the huge shaggy head, with quivering nostrils, and eyes out-staring and aflame.

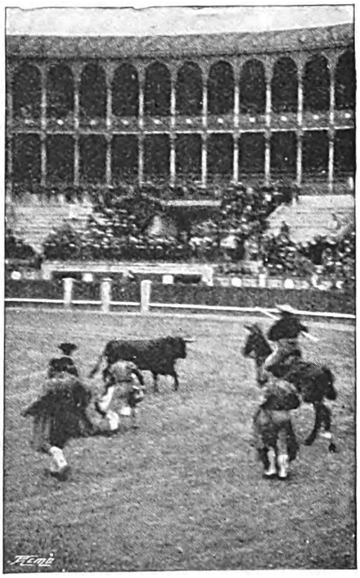
Entry of Bombita Chico (the foremost figure on the left), followed by the *cuadrilla*, or armed men, and the picadores. The latter goad the bull into fury before the fight begins.

The bull gives a loud bellow, throws up his head until I see the white splash of throat underneath it, and feel the foetid breath full in my face. Another pass with the *muleta,* and *el toro* lowers his horns, and makes a rush at me. In that one second, I feel that it is good to live, and life thrills through me with a joy which is a pain in its intensity. The rush is instantaneous, but my eyes were on his, and I could feel it coming, just as a skilful fencer feels his foeman's coming onrush ere it comes.

My two hands grip the brute's great horns. They slip slightly. I gain a firmer grip, and with one spring leap right across the straining muscles of his neck, and, in far less time than it would take to speak of it, I am upon his other side, and flashing my *muleta* in his face again.

I know in that one moment how the bull feels. It is to him as though that great arena were filled full with Bombita Chico, and to me also the arena is filled up with bull. Not bulls. I see but one, and of that one but little. Just the enormous head, the quivering nostrils, mouth spewing foam, and great, sharp horns.

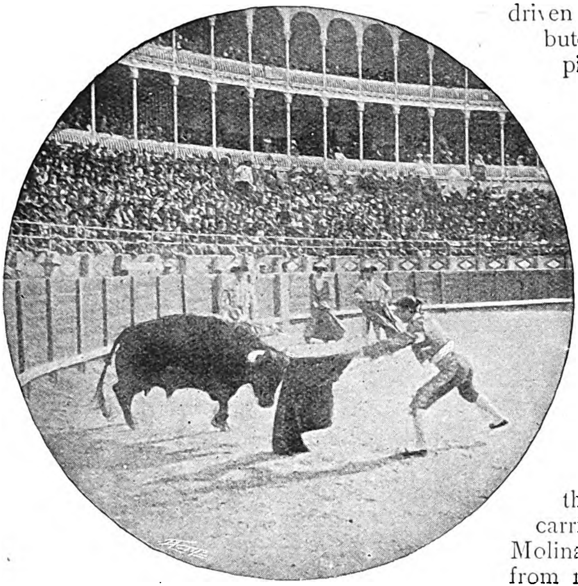
Then comes the rush, and run and tumble of the fight. My comrades, nimble men and skilful, run in and plant their darts in the bull's heaving shoulders. He makes a rush at one, then at another, then chases one right across the arena, forcing him to leap the barrier, while the crowds up above us cheer now the bull, now picadores, then yell, in one wild shout, my name, Bombita Chico!



Picadores and *cuadrilla* hurling darts and flaunting *muletas* (red cloaks), to excite the bull to fury.

That is the final call to battle. One of us two must die now, *el toro.* Thou, or Bombita! Aye! My foot slipped, and my life's blood had nearly rushed to swell the stream in which my footing gave, and which is sinking slowly into the sand. But I am up again, and he, mad with his fury and the pain of his wounds, blundered and missed me. But my *muleta* is torn into strips, and there was a pain in my right thigh just now. Was it a wound? I neither know, nor care.

Have at me, then! And once again I flash a fresh *muleta,* which someone has thrown me, into the eyes of the great beast, which stands a moment breathing vengeance and hatred at me. He shakes his head, tosses his horns, and rushes, but I spring aside, and as I do so, plack! With the flat, broad side of my sword I



Bombita Chico meeting a rush from the bull.

slap the heaving, steaming flank, slap it in insult, as a daring master of *duello* slaps tauntingly at the fierce adversary over whose skill his own skill has the mastery.

He faces me again, and, for a instant, I feel like a mere pigmy. He, my enemy, is huge, and I am small, quite small. Then we talk to each other, do the bull and I—talk as men talk in mortal combat. I taunt him. He growls back taunts and defiance. I enrage him. Once again he rushes at me. I spring to one side, shorten my sword, and with one smart blow, *habet*, and he falls.

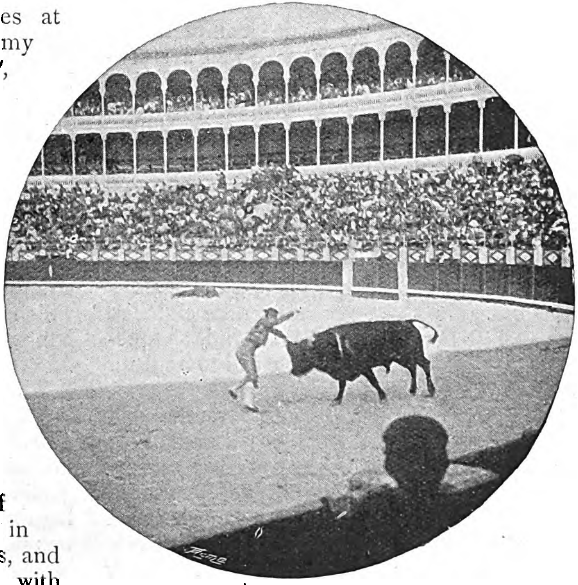
Have we been fighting for a month, or for a moment?

It is as though, with that one blow of my sharp sword, I had wiped a huge picture from a window, and could see out into the countryside again. As the bull falls dead at my feet, that great horned head has disappeared which for those last few moments, or few years, has filled my vision, and now I see the people in the rising rows of seats all round me, and hear them howling in delirium of joy.

A rain of hats, cigars, of gloves, of money, of trifles of all kinds pours in upon me; the public shouts, applauds, and calls my name, and while the mules, with their bright trappings and their bells, are driven in and drag the bull out to the butchers, who will skin him, cut him to pieces, and divide him, I, smiling and at ease, stroll round the Plaza, throwing the hats and veils and fans back to their owners, dexterously and with graceful accuracy. It is no easy thing to whirl them back up to the top rows, but it must be done, and done with grace and seeming ease. Bombita must not show emotion.

That afternoon I kill two other bulls, Quinito kills the fourth, and not until I have left the arena does the reaction come. But then it comes. I feel limp, dead with fatigue, and almost hate the cheers which greet me as my carriage drives me back to my hotel. Molina pulls my stained and reeking clothes from me, plunges me into a bath, between the sheets of a clean bed, and in an instant I am in a sound and dreamless sleep, which lasts until the evening.

But the excitement of the *corrida!* The glory of that instant when I feel my sword run into the bull's heart, is worth a lifetime. That moment, before pity for the dead bull comes, is glorious, and worth all the hard work, all the fatigue, worth everything.

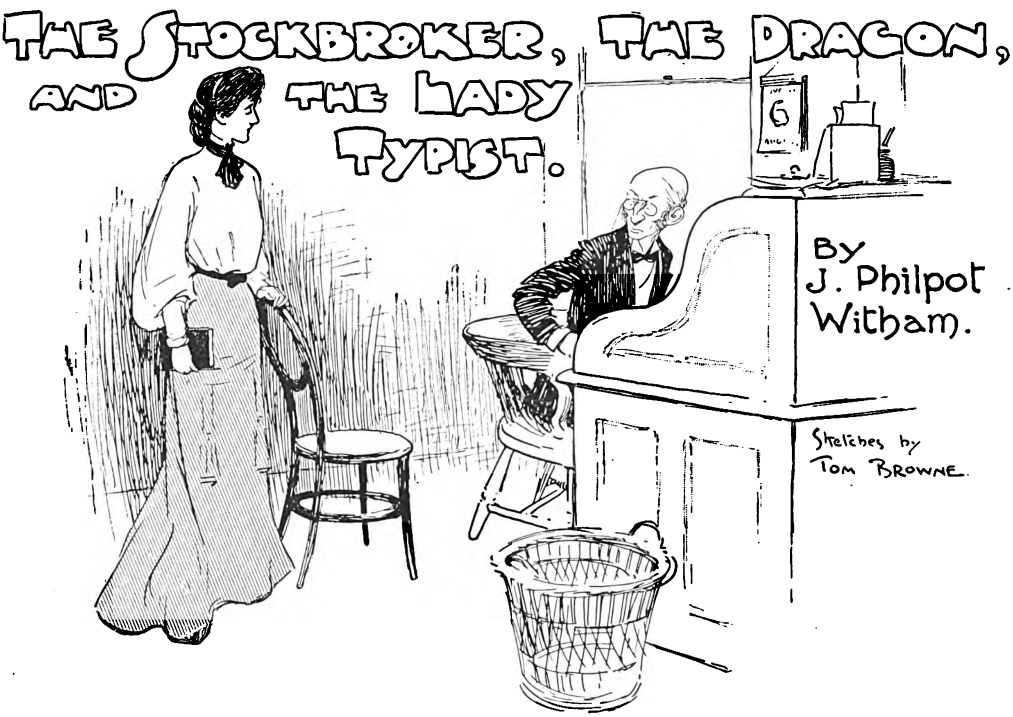


The last scene. Bombita Chico is about to run the bull through the heart with his sword.

THE STOCKBROKER, THE DRAGON, AND THE LADY TYPIST.

By J. Philpot Witham.

Sketches by Tom Browne.



Concerning a Wife who did not Approve of Lady Typists.

Josiah Polson King was a little man, a very little man, with narrow shoulders, and a generally shrivelled-up appearance. He wore scanty side whiskers and a chronically querulous expression, and, except for a fringe of grey hair, was bald. A pair of gold pince-nez bestraddling a high, bony nose completes his interesting portrait. Lastly, he was a stockbroker, and possessed of considerable wealth.

Mr. Polson King, like most small men, had taken unto himself a very large wife, and, like a good many, perhaps, had regretted doing so ever since. For truly the stockbroker's wife was one to strike terror in the boldest hearts. Standing very little short of six feet, and largely built, she was a most imposing specimen of womanhood, turning the scale—if not breaking it—at something like eighteen stone, while her diminutive husband, cheque-book and all, would probably fail to register more than eight.

The forbidding aspect and tyrannic disposition of this worthy dame had gained for her the sobriquet of "the Dragon," and by this suggestive title she was invariably referred to by the irreverent youth, and—alas! that I should say so—adults of the suburban circle in which the Polson Kings, by virtue of their thousands, held a not inconsiderable place.

Anyhow, Maria was the one person of whom the stockbroker stood in awe; and if the unfortunate clerks, who, at his city office, cowered before the wizened little man's cold, sarcastic smile and caustic remarks had only been aware of the deference with which their tyrant treated his stalwart wife, and the alacrity with which he obeyed her slightest behest, the knowledge might have tinged with a lining of silver the clouded lot of their daily life.

But, fortunately for their employer's reputation, this crumb of comfort was denied them, for the Dragon confined her sphere of influence strictly to the home circle, and never put in an appearance at the London office—never, that is, until the eventful day of which I am about to relate. And thereby hangs this story.

* * * * *

The Polson Kings were at breakfast.

Josiah, with one eye on the clock and the other on his newspaper, was disposing of his matutinal kidneys at a rate which (*vid* indigestion) may have accounted for the general lugubriousness of his countenance, and which was perhaps warranted by the fact that he had barely ten minutes to spare before sprinting for his train; while the lady, serene in the

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knowledge that the whole day was before her, ate hers in a more leisurely manner, perusing the *Standard* the while.

Suddenly, with an impatient "Pshaw!" she threw the paper down; and the stockbroker, at that moment looking up, found her cold gaze fixed squarely on him.

"Er—did you speak, my dear?" he inquired.

With one massive forefinger his wife pointed to the article she had been reading, and which had excited her comment.

"I should think so, indeed!" she snorted; "the forward hussies!"

Then, in answer to the mild interrogation in her husband's eyes:

"The article says, Josiah, that girls as typists are not so sought after as formerly; and that employers, finding that, although cheaper, they are not to be depended on, and are apt to—er—flirt with the male clerks, are getting rid of them. And very properly, too!

"I, for one, would never countenance such a thing," she continued. "By the way, Josiah, some of *your* communications are pewritten. *You,* I take it, do not employ a er—" (the Dragon turned her nose up in readiness for the next word) "lady typists?"

Mr. Polson King seemed to be engrossed in the financial columns of his paper; but, nevertheless, he had heard; and, trusting that his better half would next put the question in a less direct form, inquired:

"Oh—ah—I beg your pardon—what did you say, Maria?"

The Dragon calmly repeated the question in the identical words.

There was no escape.

The stockbroker took his courage in both hands, and—told a lie!

"No — er — certainly not, Maria," he faltered, "er — certainly not. By Jove!" (glancing at the clock) "I'm cutting it rather fine!"

And rising abruptly from the table, he seized his hat, coat, and stick, and hurriedly left the room.

His wife looked doubtfully after his receding form, and shook her head.

Fifteen minutes to nine was the stockbroker's invariable time for leaving home, and the clock still lacked two minutes of the quarter. Bearing in mind his evident desire to avoid discussion on the subject, Mrs. Polson King shook her head again. This was certainly a matter which required investigation.

* * * * *

The stockbroker walked quickly down the gravelled drive and through the gateway, and then, remembering that he was rather earlier than usual, slowed up a little.

He scowled fiercely at an unoffending chimney-pot, and struck his stick impatiently on the pavement.

"Dash the woman!" he said testily. "Deuce take her! Why should she trouble about things that don't concern her? I suppose I shall have her poking round the office now." And he sighed heavily and walked on.

"I can't get rid of her," he continued, musing. "No—I'm hanged if I will!—Maria or no Maria."

Mr. Polson King was beginning to kick.

Where should he get a more competent typist than Miss Hudson? he reflected. A model of neatness and accuracy, her nimble fingers fairly flew over the keyboard; and, possessed as she was of, what is more rare, a good share of sound common-sense, she was a typist such as is not found every day. Moreover, her wages were only one pound a week.

Yes—now he thought of it—the girl was good-looking, too. That would be another point against her in his wife's eyes.

However, by the time he had reached the station, Josiah had come to a conclusion. It would, perhaps, be necessary to pay his typist a further two shillings or so a week to secure her co-operation in his scheme for outwitting his amiable spouse, but—well—she was worth it.

And as he entered his office, he felt in a better frame of mind by far.

* * * * *

Miss Hudson had just finished taking down the last of a batch of correspondence which her employer had been dictating, and, with pencil poised over notebook, waited to hear if he had done with her for the time.

"Er—thank you—that will do now," he began. And then as the girl rose to go, blurted out:

"Oh—about the matter of the rise you mentioned the other day" (he had absolutely refused to give it at the time), "I have decided to give you—er—another half-crown per week."

Miss Hudson opened her eyes in surprise.

"Thank you," she said quietly.

"And," continued the stockbroker hurriedly, "there is a little matter in which I should like your — er — co-operation. It appears some id—er—I should say, person has written an article as to the undesirability of having for typists persons of—er—your sex; and, unfortunately, Mrs. Polson King has seen it, and has—er—gone so far as to state that she is of the — er — er — same opinion.

"Now, I have every reason to be satisfied with you, Miss Hudson, and see no reason to change because of a woman's—er—whim. But she must be humoured. Yes" (as a picture of the Dragon's grim, determined visage rose up before him), "er—she must be humoured."

"Oh—quite so," murmured his stenographer, in a mystified way.

"And so," he pursued, "when my wife inquired this morning if *I* employed a lady in the position in question, I — er — um — I thought it best to—er—say 'No.'" And he glared defiantly at his *employée.*

Miss Hudson looked thoughtfully out of the window, made a *moué* to herself, and smiled. She began to have a very fair inkling of Mrs. Polson King's character.

"Yes?" she said encouragingly.

"So," said the stockbroker, "if my wife *should* . . . I say, if she *should*" (he knew well it was only too certain she would) "happen to—er—call here . . . perhaps you would not mind—er—keeping out of her sight?"

Miss Hudson's eyes danced mischievously as she looked round the bare room.

"Do you think the copying press would give me sufficient shelter?" she suggested gravely, "or" (thoughtfully) "the cupboard?"

Her employer looked at her suspiciously.

"The only place for you to—er—*go* is the strong room," he replied stiffly. "As you know, it is always open while I am at work here. And—er—perhaps it would be as well to remove your hat and jacket from the front office and place them there, too.

"That is all" (hurriedly) "—er—thank you."

And with a relieved air the stockbroker saw his typist quit the room. It was, however, anything but an untroubled day for the anxious Josiah. With one eye ever directed on the glass panel which permitted a view of the outer office, in anticipation and dread of the Dragon's visit, how could he give his attention to the work in hand? And after he had caught himself in the act of making a mistake which would have resulted in a dead loss to him of a round five hundred pounds, he lay back in his chair and, mopping the perspiration from his brow, wondered whether if, after all, he had not better dismiss his lady clerk and live in peace.

* * * * *

It was a quarter to six. The remainder of the stockbroker's staff had left at 5.30; but there were a few letters just typed by Miss Hudson which awaited her employer's signature; and, having brought them in, she stood, with hat on head and gloves in hand, waiting to put them into their envelopes and post them on her way from the office.

It was then that the dreaded moment arrived, and the Dragon swooped down on the erstwhile unruffled calm of Mr. Polson King's city office.

A cab drew up outside.

Apprehensively glancing up from his letters, Josiah saw the well-known form of his wife descend and engage in a brief, but victorious, altercation with the astonished cabby; and, frantically directing his typist to the strong room, and gently closing the door, the unhappy stockbroker regained his seat just as the Dragon, finding the outer office empty and coming straight through, swept into the inner sanctum and looked suspiciously round.

The guileless Josiah gave a well-simulated start of surprise.

"I was just leaving, my dear," he commenced blandly, carefully folding the last of his letters and inserting it in the envelope. "It's not often I—er—have the pleasure of a visit here."

His wife smiled grimly.

"I've been shopping," she said, "and thought I would call in for you on my way to the station. Ah!" sniffing, "what a peculiar smell there is here."

There was certainly a faint odour of violets in the room, which was probably accounted for by the fact that this was the secreted Miss Hudson's favourite perfume.

The stockbroker trembled.

"Indeed!" said he, sniffing in turn. "I can't say I notice it." (The Recording Angel was having a busy time!) "Very probably young Raikes, or one of the others, uses a scent.

"Er—I am just locking up," he continued hastily, as out of the tail of his eye he saw that the Dragon appeared unconvinced. "Perhaps you would prefer to walk slowly on to the station. We shall be able to manage the 6.15."

"I will wait for you, dear," she replied amiably; and, to his consternation, calmly seated herself while he found his hat and other impedimenta.

The strong-room door locked automatically on being shut; and the question of how to release the unfortunate typist without his wife seeing her was troubling the stockbroker exceedingly.

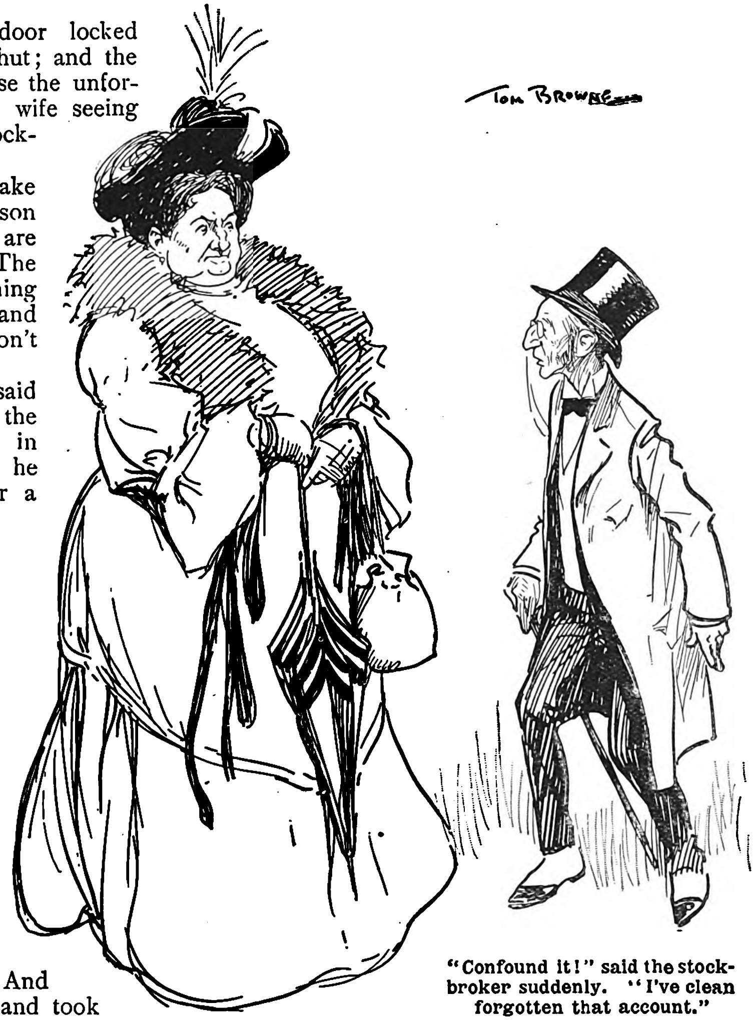
"You had better make haste, Josiah," Mrs. Polson King said sharply, "if we are to catch the 6.15. The Hartley-Browns are dining with us this evening, and Mrs. Parkinson. So, don't be late."

"N—no, my dear," said the unhappy Josiah, the perspiration standing in beads on his brow, as he cudgelled his brains for a way out of the difficulty.

But there was no excuse for further lingering. He must lock up the office, he decided, go on to the station, and then, on the plea that he had forgotten something, make an excuse to return.

And arm-in-arm husband and wife wended their way to the station.

"Confound it!" said the stockbroker suddenly. "I've clean forgotten that account. I *must* go through it to-night." And he stopped undecidedly and took a furtive glance at the Dragon.



"Confound it!" said the stockbroker suddenly. "I've clean forgotten that account."

"You had better walk on," he continued. "I shan't be five minutes. I must hurry back to the office and get it."

"Very well," said his wife.

And back Josiah went.

He looked round apprehensively after he had left her. But she was still standing there. Again when he turned the corner. But, no! She was not following him. And his heart grew light.

Standing at the door of his office he found a young man, while leaning against the kerb were two cycles, and if Mr. Polson King had been sufficiently interested to spare them a glance he would have noticed that one was a lady's machine. But his thoughts were elsewhere.

On seeing the stockbroker approach, the young man stepped forward.

"Mr. Polson King, I believe?" he said. And then, on that gentleman admitting his identity, "Can you tell me if Miss Hudson is still here? She promised to meet me outside your office at six o'clock, but the place appears to be locked up."

"She will be out in a minute," said her employer in a tone which was surprisingly agreeable for him. And he light-heartedly opened the door and entered.

Then a sudden doubt crossed his mind.

"Do you mind—er—looking up the street and telling me if a tall—er—stout lady is coming this way?" he said nervously.

The young man looked.

"There's someone turning the corner now who appears to answer that description," he replied. "Looks about seven feet high, and I *have* seen more—er—slender women. She appears to be making uncommonly good time down the street, too."

Josiah groaned.

"It's Maria!" he said dejectedly. "Oh, dash it! What shall I do?"

And in a few disjointed sentences he explained the situation to the cyclist, who in his turn informed the stockbroker that his name was Hamilton, and that he had the honour of being engaged to Miss Hudson, who had promised to come out for a cycle ride with him that evening.

Hamilton came inside and looked quickly round.

"I have it," he said, entering into the fun of the thing. (It was no fun to the stockbroker!) "You must let Ethel out, and she can hide behind this outer door, which I see opens right back. Then leave the strong-room door open, and I will go inside with you. Your wife, who" (with a smile) "appears anxious to see you, will no doubt go straight in there, and while she is inside Ethel can get away."

Mr. Polson King pressed the young man's hand gratefully.

Rushing to the strong-room door, with trembling fingers he opened it, released the waiting—and considerably ruffled—typist, and persuaded her to take up the position Hamilton had suggested.

The Dragon had by this time reached the street door. The cycles outside had caught her eagle eye, and the fact that one was a lady's machine did not escape her.

With determination expressed on every feature, she grasped her parasol, as if for a charge, and precipitated herself into the office. Straight through to the inner room she came, and then hearing her husband in conversation with some unknown person, with a grim smile entered the strong-room to find herself face to face with Josiah and—a man.

Meanwhile the much harassed lady typist made her escape.

"You—my dear?" said the stockbroker, looking up from a bundle of papers he was holding (Heaven only knows what they were—he didn't!), and summoning into his voice all the surprise he could muster.

Josiah had been stooping; perhaps that was why his face was so red. But the furtive look in his eye made his irate spouse doubt—and there was the lady's bicycle outside.

Suddenly a brown object caught her eye, and swooping down on it the Dragon possessed herself of a lady's kid glove. A faint scent of violets clung to it.

"This is not yours, I think, Josiah," she said acidly. "It probably belongs to this young man."

The cyclist's eyes twinkled. "Ah, yes, madam. Thank you. How careless of me."

But Mrs. Polson King did not relax her grip on this piece of evidence, and favoured the intruder with a look which ought to have annihilated him.

As for the stockbroker, he had simply wilted under the first glance of her eyes when the accusing glove was flashed before him.

And then the Dragon let herself go, and exhausted her vocabulary in her denunciation of the deceitful Josiah.

"As for the shameless hussy——" she continued.

But Hamilton stepped forward, and there was a dangerous light in his eyes.

"Kindly keep Miss Hudson out of the conversation, please," he said quietly.

But the enraged dame was in no mood to be stopped, and despairing of ever checking the flow of her abuse, the typist's disgusted *fiancé* stepped outside, and, swinging to the heavy door, left her vociferating.

Then, closing the street door, he mounted his machine, and rode off after his lady-love.

* * * * *

The lovers spent a happy evening together.

Dismissing the stockbroker and his charming wife from their minds, they enjoyed to the full the pleasures of a cool evening spin over perfect roads, and it was past nine when Hamilton brought his sweetheart to her home in Leytonstone.

"It's been a glorious spin, Dick!" she said happily, "and now" (with a little grimace) "for to-morrow—and Mr. Polson King."

"I pity the old chap," said Hamilton carelessly. "Did you see Mrs. K.?"

"I had no chance, but—I *heard* her. How did you leave them? Was it all right?"

"H'm—I don't know. The last I saw of her she was with her husband in the strong room, and—well—just giving him fits! She was brandishing her parasol and declaiming at the extreme limit of her voice and vocabulary! So I slammed the door on the pair of them—the old hag!"

"You slammed the door—the door of the strong-room?" repeated his *fiancée* in a horror-stricken whisper.

"Yes," repentantly. "It was rather rude, I'm afraid; but really I couldn't stand the old virago's abuse."

"Rude!" echoed his companion in a

startled voice. "Why, good gracious, Dick! —they are prisoners! The door locks automatically, and, once closed, they will be unable to get out. It's a combination lock!"

"Phew!"

Dick Hamilton was a struggling author, and consequently a safe was a luxury not even dreamed of by him, and he was entirely ignorant of their peculiarities.

"What would the combination be like?" he asked helplessly.

"*I* don't know," said his sweetheart, bursting into tears. "I expect no one knows but Mr. Polson King, and, perhaps, the makers of the lock. Oh! what shall we do? Poor, *poor* Mr. King!"

"Serves the old beggar right!" said Hamilton viciously. "And his wife, too!

"Then, would it be 'Merivale,' I heard the old chap shouting, as I left the place? But I had no idea what he was driving at. I remember his voice had a curiously muffled sound," he added musingly.

"Yes, that's probably what he meant." And now you must go back and let them out."

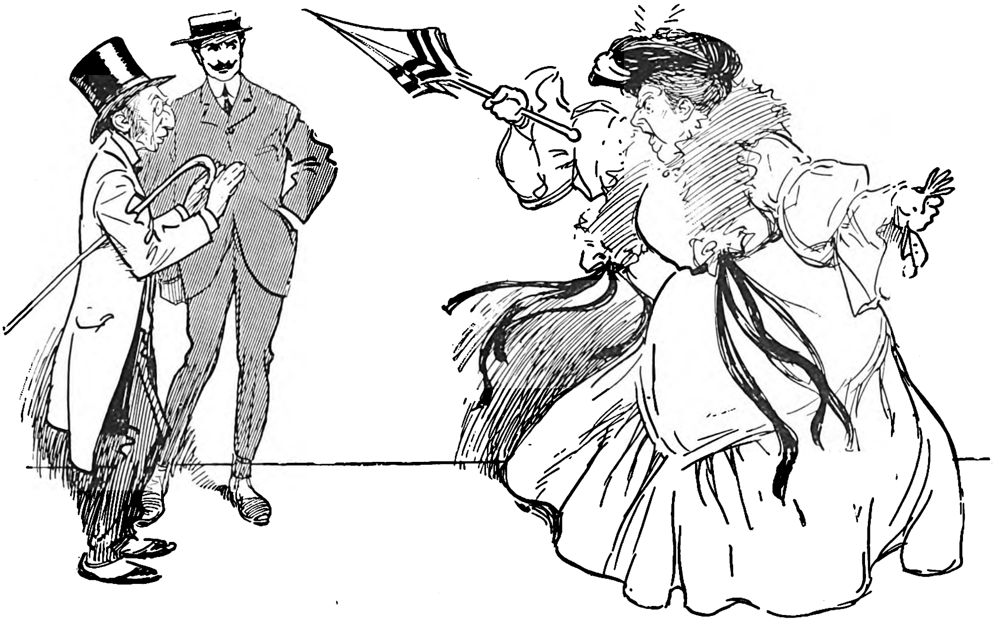
"Look here, Ethel. I'll telephone to the nearest police-station and tell them what's wrong. They can then send an officer and release the amiable couple."

And this he accordingly did.

* * * * *

Mrs. Polson King had after a time calmed down sufficiently for the unlucky Josiah to make an attempt at an explanation.

For a quarter of an hour they waited for their release, expecting every minute to hear Hamilton return to set them free. And then, resigning himself to the inevitable, and satisfying his wife on the question of ventilation, the stockbroker lay down in a corner to await with patience the arrival of his clerks next morning, and soon fell asleep.

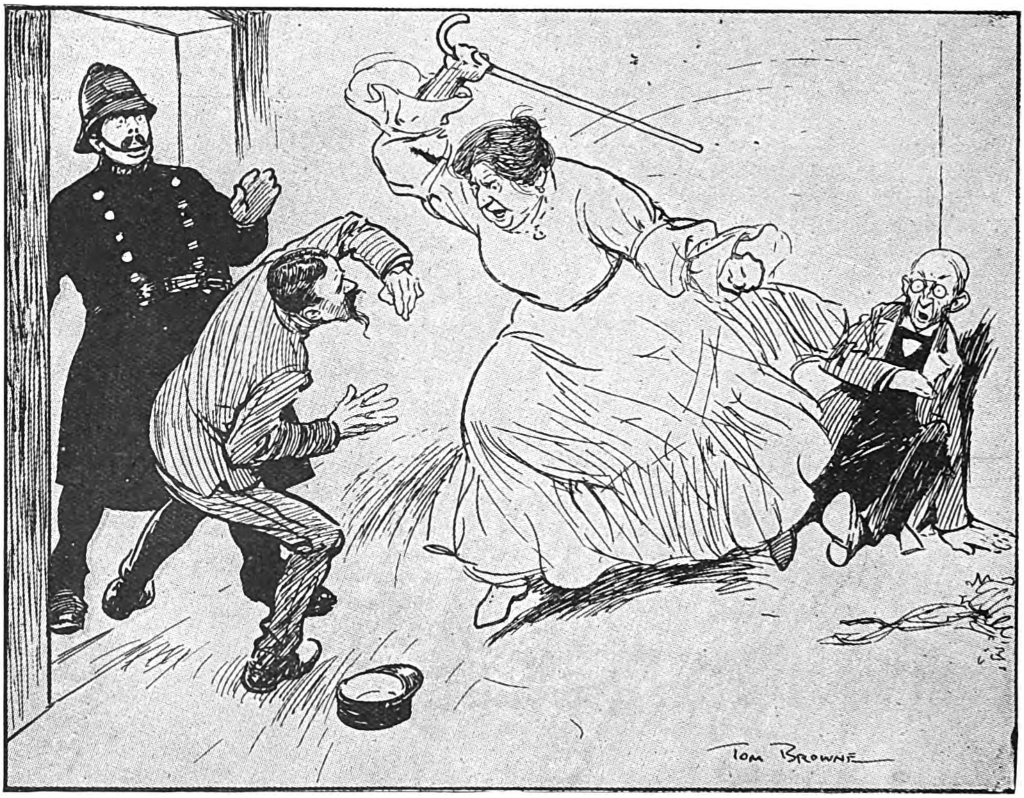


Then the Dragon let herself go.

Not so his wife. Like a caged tigress she tramped up and down the narrow limits of their prison, her anger increasing as the lagging hours went by.

It was nearly ten when at length the footsteps of an inspector of police accompanied by a constable sounded in the room outside; and, stepping cautiously to where her husband lay peacefully snoozing, the Dragon possessed herself of his stout walking-stick, and, grasping it firmly, took up her stand close to the door.

Ah! that impudent cyclist had returned at last! She would give him a warm reception when he came in. She would teach him to leave her—Mrs. Polson King—locked up for



The unsuspecting Inspector entered, to be met with a perfect hail of blows over head and shoulders.

nearly four hours! Four hours—why, it seemed days.

The light of battle was in her eye. She set her teeth and grimly waited.

Someone fumbled with the lock with unaccustomed hand, the door was thrown open, and the unsuspecting Inspector entered, to be met with a perfect hail of blows over head and shoulders—blows laid on by a willing and thoroughly capable arm.

Drawing his staff, the P.C. gallantly rushed to the rescue, and evading, more by luck than calculation, the terrible sweeps of her weapon, got in a blow which effectually quieted the Dragon for a time; while the luckless stockbroker, roused by the din and coming to explain, was greeted with another, which sent him to join the others on the floor.

The policeman slowly struck a match and looked round. Then, his eye falling on the grim visage of the Dragon as, still clutching her stick, she lay prostrate and quiet on the floor, he gave a start of surprise. "By Gum!" he exclaimed—"A woman! Phew! Ain't she a 'oly terror?"

And one by one the sufferers opened their eyes and sat up.

* * * * *

His clerks spent a blissful week while Mr. Polson King was convalescing; while it was a month before the Dragon was out of the doctor's hands, and fully another month before she felt capable of assuming supreme command over her husband.

Her enforced seclusion, however, gave her time to think, and, it must be added, to be ashamed of her unjust suspicions. Anyhow, when Miss Hudson left the stockbroker's employment a couple of months later to marry the rising young author, Richard Hamilton, whose last book had proved an unqualified success, not the least among the many presents received by the happy pair was a silver coffee service from the bride's late employer, the card accompanying the gift being inscribed in the Dragon's own handwriting: "With best wishes from Mr. and Mrs. Polson King."

Real Life Romances.

True Happenings are Acceptable for this Feature.

The Black Butterfly.

A JAPANESE INCIDENT.

THIRTY-FOUR years ago the house of one Tokeo Hirose, was gay with flags. Large paper fish floated in the wind, and many pretty *mousmés* flitted about the garden, decked in their finest clothes.

Such rejoicing could have but one explanation in Tokyo. And all who saw nodded their heads and said: "Surely a son is born at last to Tokeo Hirose, for, see, he flies a carp at every masthead."

A few weeks later the same house was again decorated, and everyone knew that on that day the son of Tokeo Hirose would be "christened."

After the ceremony the little baby was laid in his cot, basking under the name of his father, Tokeo Hirose.

As the guests and relations gathered around the cradle to look at the tiny infant whose birth had occasioned so much rejoicing, a great, black butterfly sailed into the room. Round and round, over the heads of all it circled, seemingly seeking some place on which to alight.

Those near stood spell-bound, wondering what the black butterfly was seeking. Presently it hovered over the cot, then, dropping suddenly, alighted on the chubby fist of little Tokeo.

Everyone now pressed forward to gain a closer glimpse of the strange insect. None spoke, but all wondered what the incident could portend.

At last the nurse looked up and smiled.

"What does it signify?" they asked her eagerly, for she was well versed in such mysteries.

"Oh! 'tis a lucky omen for my young master," the woman answered. "The spirit of his warrior grandfather has entered into the black butterfly. It has come to tell him that he, too, will die, fighting for his country."

* * * * *

Thirty-four years had passed since the black butterfly settled on the hand of the baby, Tokeo Hirose.

An old woman, bent and wrinkled, walked slowly down a narrow street in Tokyo. As she moved along, the sound of shouting reached her ears. There was so much more shouting in the streets now the terrible war was raging.

"Why do they shout?" she inquired of a rikshaboy.

"They shout because news has come of a great victory," the rikshaboy replied. "But, alas! bad news has also come. We have lost another ship."

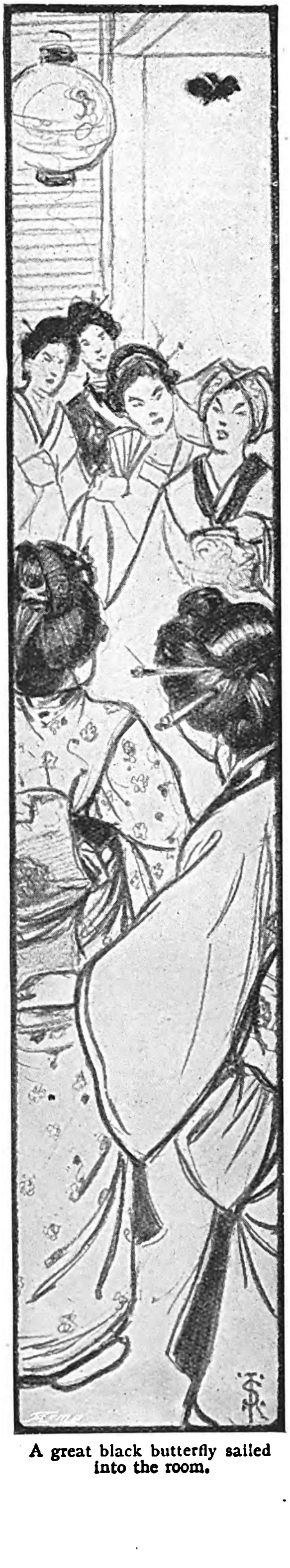
The old woman's face paled.

"A ship lost!" she gasped. "What name did she bear?"

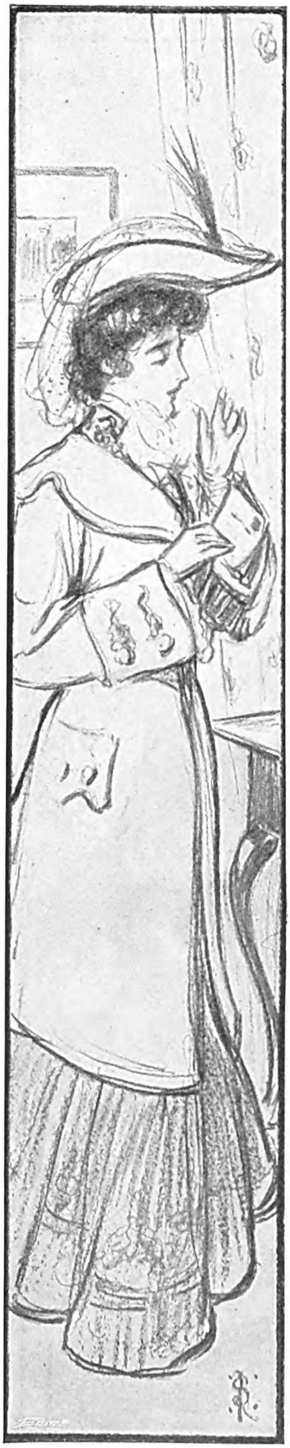
"She is not a very big one, mother," the man answered. "It is the *Asahi*. She was blown up by a mine or torpedo. But, alas, her brave captain, Commander Tokeo Hirose, is lost with her. May all the gods of our illustrious ancestors strike Russia!"

The old woman buried her wrinkled face in her long sleeves, and wept bitterly.

"I knew it!" she wailed. "I knew that he would die fighting for his country. And I said it, too, on the day that the black butterfly alighted on my dear master's hand!"



A great black butterfly sailed into the room.



Slipping the letter up her sleeve, Evelyn set out to the post-office.

The Lost Letter.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

EVELYN felt much perplexed. Why she should was not difficult to understand. Evelyn had known George W—— for more than a year. Wherever she went, whether for a ride on her bicycle, or for a game of tennis down at the club, George would invariably present himself.

So it happened one day, whilst they were out riding together, that he tried to navigate the conversation into a certain channel that was uppermost in his thoughts. But Evelyn chose to talk of everything except that one particular subject.

No doubt if the same scene had been enacted eight weeks before, George would have succeeded. But, alas! someone else now occupied a place in Evelyn's thoughts.

This was Harold D——. And it was entirely because of him that Evelyn felt so very much perplexed. Two days previously he had asked her a most important question. She would have answered at once, but then—there was George!

So she demurred, and told Harold that she would give an answer within a couple of days. And now the second day had dwindled into late afternoon.

Presently she looked at her watch—only half-an-hour before the post went. The letter must be written.

A busy, golden head bent over paper, and after much scribbling, tearing up, and rewriting, the letter was penned.

Hastily pinning on her hat, and slipping the letter up her sleeve, Evelyn set out to the post-office. The way led past the house where the now rejected—and soon would be dejected—George lived.

As she hurried past the door, thoughts of him would keep mixing themselves up with those of Harold, and it was with a feeling of relief that she entered the post-office. Having asked for a stamp, Evelyn felt in her pocket for the money and the letter. The penny she found, but——not the letter.

Then she remembered having tucked it into her sleeve. But a quick examination revealed nothing to be there.

Was ever maid in such a fix? Only five minutes remained before the last post left that would reach Harold that night.

* * * * *

A sad little girl spent a very long evening gazing pensively into the fire. Of course, she would write again. But to lose that letter of all things——

A ring came from the front door bell. A well-known voice caught her ears. Hastily drying her eyes, she sprang to her feet and rushed into the outstretched arms of—Harold.

"Oh," she cried, "you must have thought it cruel of me never to write!"

"But you did write," he answered, holding up the missing letter.

Evelyn looked at the slightly mud-stained envelope. Then a sudden blush suffused her face. For on the back of the envelope, written in a well-remembered hand, she read:

> This letter was evidently lost outside my door. I posted it immediately I found it.—GEORGE W.

"George!" she exclaimed in confusion.

"I should like to shake him by the hand and tell him what a good turn he has done me!" cried Harold enthusiastically.

Evelyn looked down at the carpet.

"I think you had better not," she said.

Dolly's Clothes.

A STORY OF TWO SMALL CHILDREN.

BERTHA considered in private that Dolly belonged to her. Rose, likewise in private, was of the opinion that Dolly was hers entirely.

Dolly was all and everything to these poor little girls. What mattered it to them if their clothes were ragged and their little shoes soleless, so long as Dolly was well clothed?

Young as they were, they knew that their mother looked after them as far as she could afford. But then, poor mother could not possibly include Dolly in the family.

So Dolly had only themselves to depend on. And Dolly wanted a new dress for Christmas. And where Dolly was to get a dress from Bertha and Rose had not the least idea.

"Dolly will catch cold," said Bertha, sadly.

"Poor Dolly!" lisped her little sister. "She is so cold."

"Dolly must have a warmer dress for Christmas," Bertha remarked, as they walked along Sixty-fourth Street, New York.

Just then both little girls caught sight of something that very nearly took their breath away.

"Look!" cried Bertha. "Oh, look! Clothes for Dolly!"

"But they are not ours; we can't touch them," said Rose, eyeing longingly a clothes-line upon which a baby's robe and bonnet hung swaying in the wind.

"They are not for ourselves, stupid!" said Bertha in a superior voice. "They're for Dolly, so it's not stealing."

Having thus soothed their consciences, Bertha climbed over the fence, and returned triumphantly with the small, coveted garments.

Then both little girls fled as fast as their small feet and the heavy doll would permit.

But someone had seen—and that someone was a policeman.

The very next day two tiny girls stood in the New York Children's Court, taking it in turn to nurse a big china doll.

Stealing baby clothes from a clothes line was the terrible charge brought against them.

"What is this, little girls?" inquired the magistrate.

"Mister Judge," said Bertha, "do you know Santa Claus?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the magistrate smiling; "what about Santa Claus?"

Then Rose looked up and burst forth:

"We have a big doll, Mister Judge, a real nice doll, and she wants a new dress for Christmas."

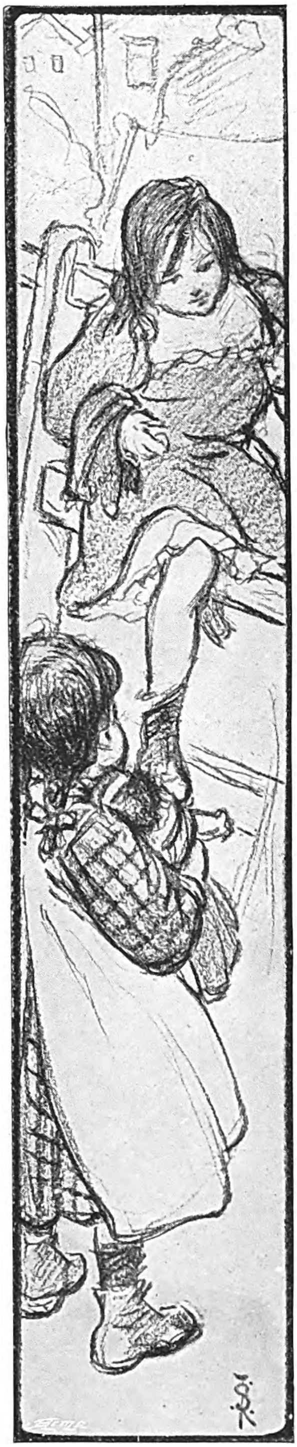
"Mister Judge," cried Bertha impetuously, "you don't want Dolly to freeze? Yes, we did take the baby clothes from the line, and we were going to put them on Dolly and tell her that Santa Claus brought them for her. Don't you see, Mister Judge, that we did nothing wrong?"

Well, with such an eloquent defence, no judge in the world could convict. So the magistrate made them promise never to steal again, and having done so, let them go.

But even though Dolly did lose the clothes, she was not allowed to freeze. For two days afterwards a big parcel was left, marked "For Bertha and Rose, from Santa Claus."

Inside it the delighted little girls found a lovely robe for Dolly, and two dresses and two pairs of boots for themselves.

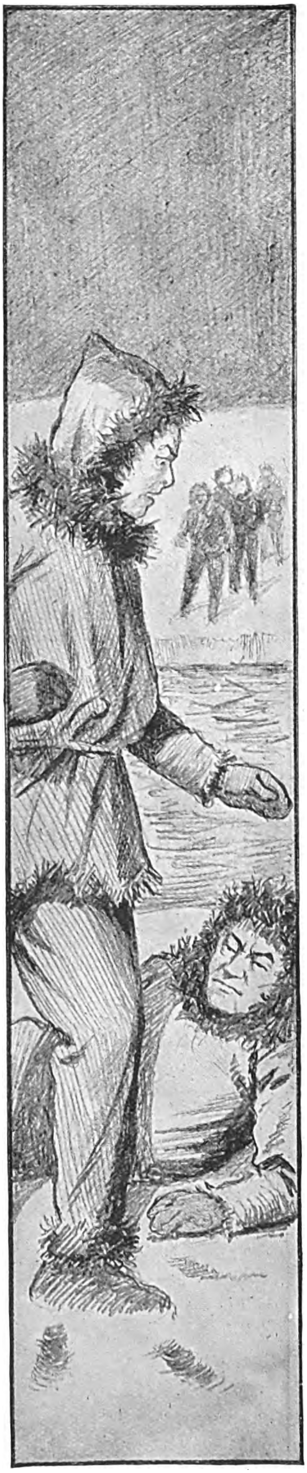
And some think that Santa Claus was disguised as a magistrate when Bertha and Rose stood in the New York Children's Court.



Bertha climbed over the fence.

An Esquimau Elopement.

A NORTHERN LOVE STORY.



Heavens! what was this he saw?

HE was a young Esquimau, and, being an Esquimau, he hunted and caught fish for a living. His home, a small hut, covered with skins, lay on an ice-floe. Close by, and separated entirely except for a narrow ice-bridge, lay a very large floe. This belonged to a little old Esquimau, that rumour reported to be worth more fish-hooks than any dozen of his neighbours.

The young seal-hunter was well aware of this, but to him what was of vastly more importance, he also knew that the little old man possessed a very pretty daughter.

Such a beautiful creature she was, with eyes as dark as those of any seal, and a wealth of long, straight hair.

Now, it is not so easy as one might suppose to tell if an Esquimau girl is pretty or not. Old men, young men, pretty girls, ugly girls, all look alike in their thick skin suits and hoods. But it chanced one day that the seal-hunter had seen the maid with her hood thrown back. Then she had smiled at him, and he, in his turn, had smiled at her.

So the very next day they went fishing together. And as they sat on the edge of the floe, each holding a fishing-line in one hand, and the other's hand in the other, the young Esquimau asked the maid to become his wife.

That evening the seal-hunter besought the old Esquimau for his daughter's hand. But when the old man heard he shook with rage, and, casting his fish-hooks aside, he ordered the hunter to leave the hut, and never set foot therein again.

Burning with rage, the young Esquimau returned to his hut. That night, as he squatted by his fire, he conceived a plan.

It happened that a few days before the ice-bridge which connected the floes had broken away but for a very narrow space. A few blows of the axe would free it. Then the floe would drift out to sea far beyond the reach of anyone.

Forthwith the seal-hunter set about collecting blubber and catching fish. A fortnight's hard work, and he had stored provisions sufficient to last *two* people six months.

Everything was now ready. Late that night he sallied out. Crossing the ice-bridge, he crept towards the old man's hut. The door was closed. Drawing his knife, he cut a hole through one side of the hut big enough to squeeze through.

Once inside, he softly crept to where he knew his beloved one lay.

A moment later and he had caught her up in his arms, and was flying over the crisp snow.

Behind he could hear shouts. The old man was pursuing. But what cared he now? And the seal-hunter laughed as he rushed over the ice-bridge on to his own floe.

Gently laying the still little figure in the snow, he drew his axe, and with a few swift blows cut away the bridge.

As the floe drifted off, the moon beamed out from a bank of clouds, lighting up the skin-clad figure of his young bride. Laughing in triumph, the seal-hunter rushed to her side, pulled back the large hood, and gazed into the lovely——

Heavens! What was this he saw?

He staggered. Lovely! No, hideous!

A young girl! No! A hideous old man!

Of all misfortunes this was the worst. He had eloped with his intended father-in-law.

Locked In.

A CHRISTMAS DAY EXPERIENCE.

I DO not remember ever looking forward to a day so much as I did to Christmas, 1903. To begin, there were several reasons why I should do so. In the first place, Christmas Day is my birthday. Moreover, that year it was to be my wedding day. And, in addition to all this, it would be the first holiday that I had taken for twenty-three years.

My duties kept me at work right through the night of Christmas Eve, and it was half-past eight on the great day before I found myself free.

Hurrying home, I had just time to wash—no time to change—snatch up my letters, and fly off to the church.

Besides being an engine-driver, I am a bell-ringer, and it was my duty to ring the bell for Christmas morning service. When the service began, not wishing to appear in church in my working clothes, I determined to remain in the belfry until it was over.

Up there it felt very lonely and rather cold. Perhaps my hard all-night work had something to do with it. But presently I fell asleep.

How long I dozed I cannot say, but when I awoke, the silence around made me realise that service was ended.

Down the belfry steps I rushed into the body of the church. Not a soul was there. I glanced at my watch—a quarter to two! Good gracious! In another fifteen minutes I ought to be standing at the altar rail of a little church ten miles distant!

Up the church I hastened, trying each door, examining each window, hoping to find some outlet by which I could escape. All in vain! The windows were of the old-fashioned type, small and fixed on to an iron frame.

"Well, it was all over with my wedding. By now my poor little bride would be standing, waiting for me, in that tiny kirk on the Scotch border. Ten minutes more, and she would believe that her lover had deserted her.

These thoughts were not comforting, so climbing on to the window ledge I looked out. Not a soul was in sight, and well I knew how unlikely it was that one would pass the lonely church on Christmas Day.

Night stole on. I descended from the ledge, cold and hungry, and groped my way to a pew, stretching myself on the cushioned seat, and endeavoured to sleep. At times I dozed, only to awaken, filled with terror, imagining strange forms to be stealing towards me from every quarter of the church.

With the first gleam of daylight I left my hard couch, and for a time paced quickly up and down the church. Turning into the vestry my eyes fell upon a banner. I opened a window and pushed it out, thinking it might attract someone to my aid.

Another hour went by, in which I sat watching the stained-glass windows gradually assume their brilliant colours.

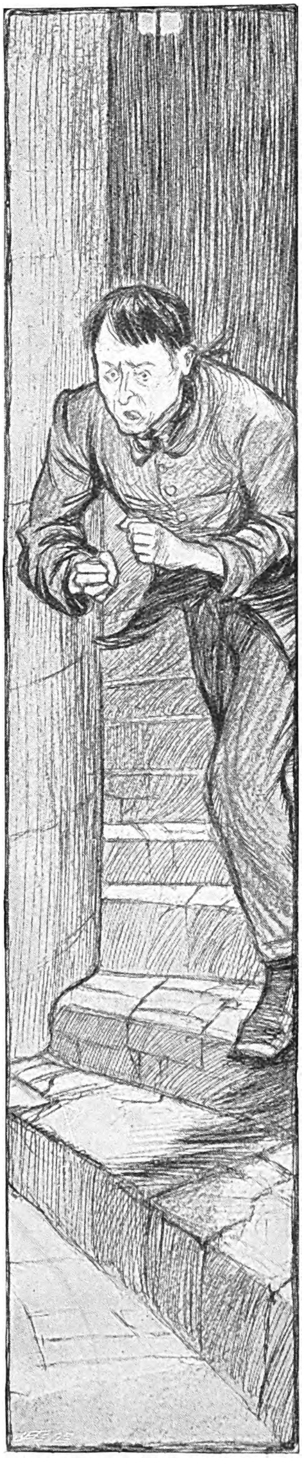
Then a key grated in a lock. My banner had been seen! Relief had come! I rushed to the west door, and almost into the arms of the sexton.

* * * * *

"But why did you not ring the bell?" he inquired when I had told my story.

Strange as it might seem, during my twenty-four hours' imprisonment this thought had never occurred to me.

But what did it matter? I was married three days later.

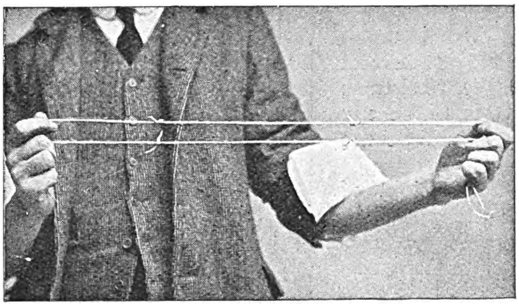


Down the belfry steps I rushed.

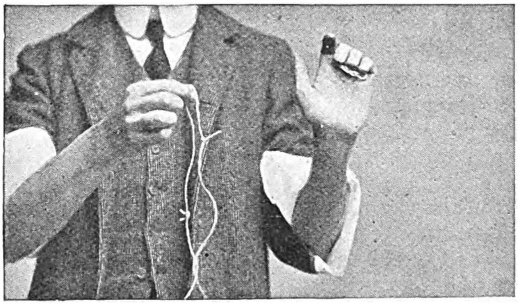
AFTER DINNER TRICKS

Some Clever Tricks that Require Little Apparatus Described by England's Most Famous Conjurer,

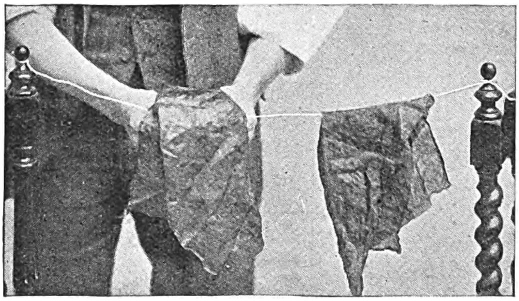
DAVID DEVANT.



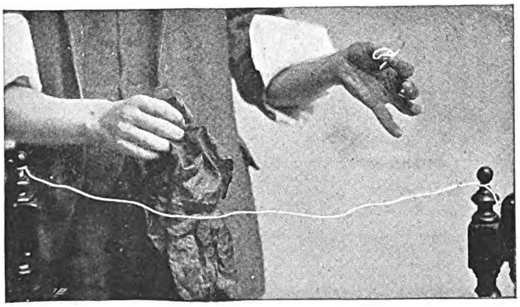
THE JOINED STRING TRICK.—(1) One of the pieces of string has real knots in it; in the other the knots are imitations.



(2) Showing the string with the imitation knots concealed in the conjurer's left hand, ready to be substituted for the genuinely joined string.



(3) Removing the knots. In reality the conjurer is merely untying the two little spare pieces of string, comprising the imitation knots.



(4) An exposed view, showing how simple the trick is. The two little pieces of string are, of course, concealed in the hand when the trick is being performed.

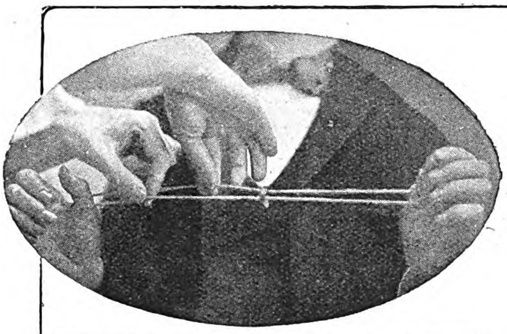
BEING a conjurer, I am inclined to believe that the performance of a few conjuring tricks makes the best of entertainments for a Christmas gathering. Those who agree with me, and who wish to learn how to perform some interesting tricks with the least possible trouble and expense to themselves, will, I hope, gain a few hints from this article.

To begin with, the conjurer takes from his pocket a piece of string about a yard long. He openly cuts this twice, making three pieces of equal length. He next ties these pieces together, and lets two of the audience hold the ends, or he may tie them to two chairs. The conjurer then throws handkerchiefs over the two knots, places his hand on them for a second, whisks the handkerchiefs away, disclosing the string whole and free from knots.

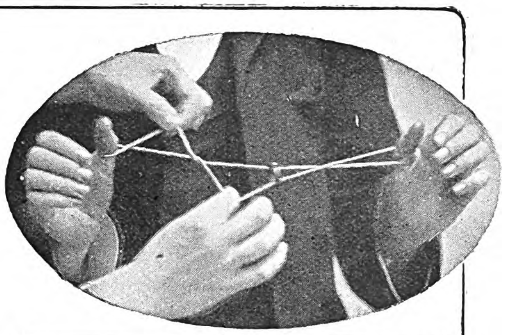
The secret of this trick lies in the fact that another piece of string was substituted for the piece that had been cut and joined. Concealed in his left pocket the conjurer had a piece of string similar in length, whole, but knotted to give the appearance of having been cut. To do this, fold the string into three pieces of equal length, then take two short pieces of string, and tie one piece tightly at the first bend, and the other piece at the second. A string treated thus looks as if it had been cut and knotted together again.

And now to do the trick. Previously placing the prepared string in his left trousers pocket, the conjurer asks one of the audience to join the piece that he has cut into three equal lengths.

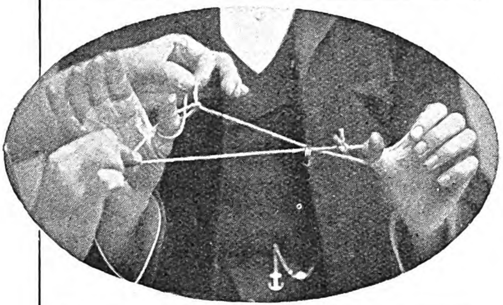
"Join them with a granny knot," he suggests casually. His reason for saying this is that in a granny knot—a knot made simply by tying the ends of the string round each other—the ends stick out, and



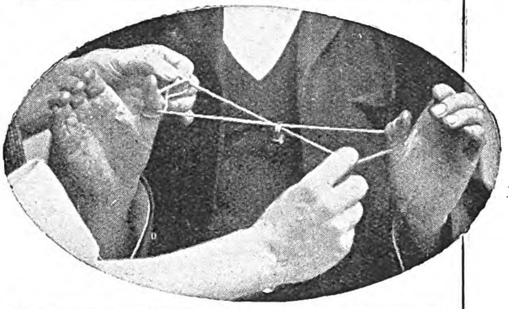
THE RING AND STRING TRICK.—(1) Approaching his assistant, the conjurer takes hold of the string furthest away from him with the *right* hand, and the string nearest to him with the *left*.



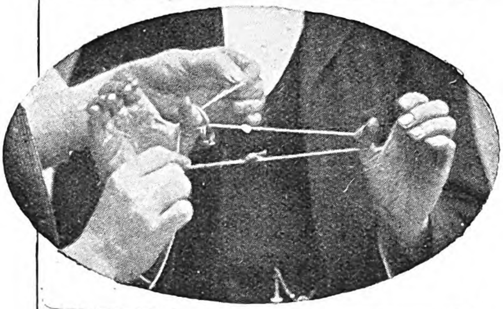
(2) The right hand is then moved towards the body, and the left hand away from it, thus crossing the strings.



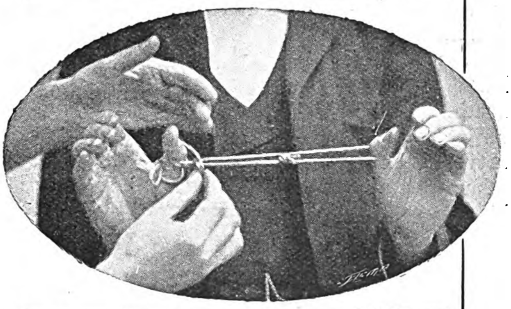
(3) The string held by the right hand is then passed over the assistant's thumb, nearest the conjurer's left hand. His left hand still retains the other piece of string.



(4) The conjurer then moves his right hand down the string, past the ring, and past the point where the strings cross each other.



(5) Taking hold of the string nearest to him, he passes it over the thumb nearest to his left hand, *i.e.*, the right thumb of the person holding the string.



(6) The left hand then releases the piece it held in the first place, and the ring slips off. In performing the trick the conjurer should cover the ring with his right hand.

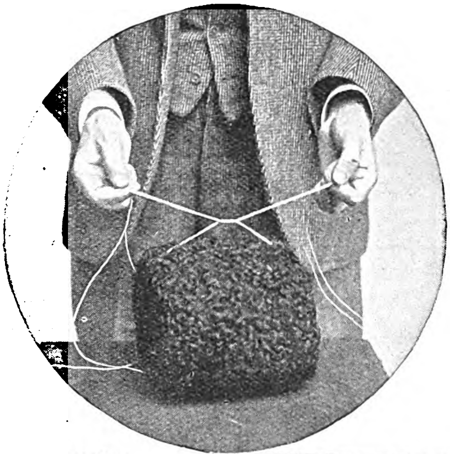
thus resemble most closely the imitation knots on the piece of string in his pocket.

When the second knot is tied the conjurer remarks: "You've left the ends rather long. I will clip them a bit." Saying this, he feels in his left trousers pocket for a knife, incidentally drawing out and concealing in the palm of his hand the prepared piece of string. Now anyone can see that it is not a very difficult matter for the conjurer to substitute the string while he is trimming the knots.

The prepared piece of string, which everyone imagines to be the piece they have just seen knotted, is now held at each end by one of the audience.

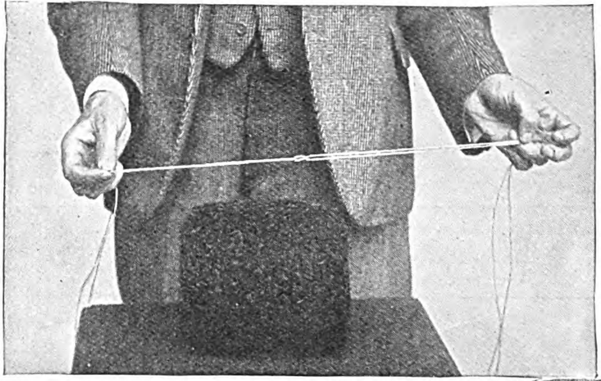
"I am going to cover these knots with

two handkerchiefs," says the conjurer. Here he puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a handkerchief, at the same time depositing there the genuinely cut and knotted string.



The Muff Trick.—(1) The strings are tied on to the muff.

Having borrowed the second handkerchief, the conjurer covers over the imitation knots. He then puts his hands underneath them and unties the imitation knots, removes the little spare pieces of string, and conceals them in his hand. A whisk of the handkerchiefs, and the string is disclosed whole, and free from knots.



(2) The secret of the whole trick. Notice that the two pieces are really folded separately in half and then joined in the centre by the ring. The ring is afterwards removed under cover of the coat and muff.

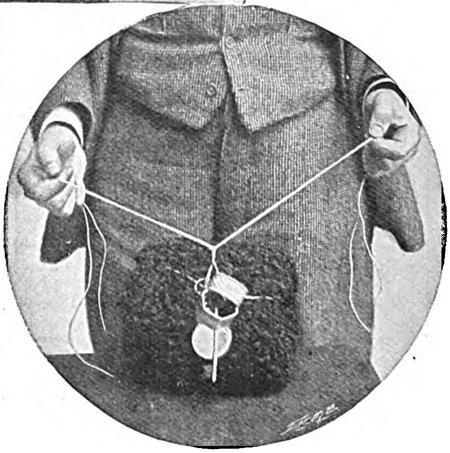
The next trick requires a piece of string a yard long, with the two ends tied together, and a small finger ring.

The ring is slipped on to the string, which is then held out by one of the audience putting his thumbs in the loop and drawing it out taut.

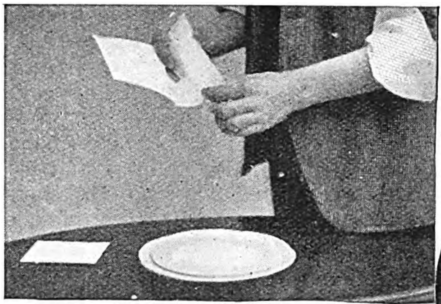
"Now," says the conjurer, "my trick is to take the ring from the string without removing the string from this gentleman's thumbs."

The conjurer takes care that there is no twist in the loop of string, which should be so held that, if necessary, a sheet of paper could be laid on it. (When the accompanying photographs were taken the hands holding the string were slightly tilted, so that good pictures could be taken.) The conjurer approaches the string from the top, and faces the person who is holding it. Using his thumbs and first fingers the conjurer takes hold of each side of the loop near the thumb which is on his left side. The string farthest away from him is held by the right hand, the string nearest to him by the left hand. The right hand is then moved towards the body, and the left hand away from it, thus crossing the strings. The piece held by the right hand is then passed over the thumb near the conjurer's left hand. His left hand retains the other piece of string between the thumb and first finger. The conjurer must then let his right hand travel down beyond the ring, and beyond where the strings cross each other. He next takes hold of the string nearest to him, and passes it over the thumb near his left hand—that is to say, the right thumb of the person holding the string.

The trick is now practically done, for all that the performer has to do is to release the string held by his left hand, and pull the ring



(3) The various objects are really tied on to the muff. The process of untying the knots and releasing the articles is very simple.

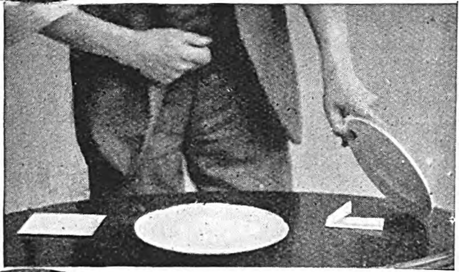


The Envelope and Penny Trick.—(1) Folding the penny in the paper. Notice that the paper is not folded exactly in half.

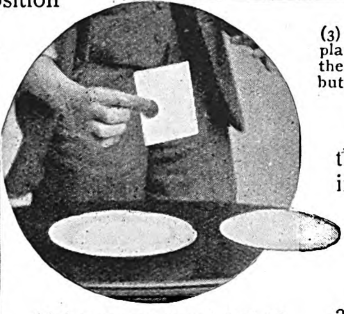
(2) The right hand taps the paper on the table to show that the penny is still there. This done, the left hand grasps the paper, and so allows the penny to slip out into the right hand.

down the string and away. It would be a mistake of "showmanship," however, to do this either very quickly or openly. Directly the conjurer has passed the string over the thumb the second time, and before he releases the piece held by the left thumb and first finger, he should hold his hand over the ring and over the piece of the string held by his left hand. He should then release the left hand, slide the ring quickly down the string and back again, when the string on the thumbs will appear to be exactly in the same position that it was in the first instance.

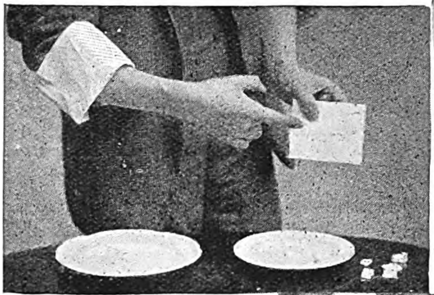
The next trick is a great favourite with conjurers who perform on racecourses, but I alter their version of it to make it more easy.



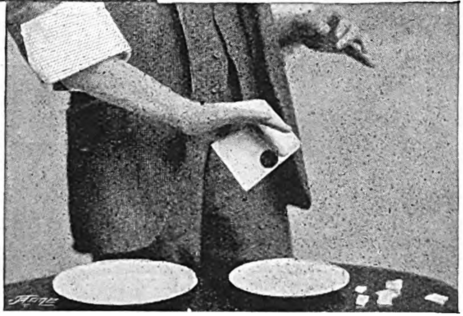
(3) Cover the paper with the plate; while doing so move the right hand to the waistcoat button and take the little piece of wax stuck thereon.



(4) An exposed view of the trick, showing how the penny is attached to the envelope by means of the wax. This movement must be hidden from the audience.



(5) Lifting up the plate—shown in the third illustration on this page—the conjurer takes the packet, supposed by the audience to contain the penny, and tears it up. He then points to the envelope to show that the penny is there. As a matter of fact the coin is fixed behind the envelope.



(6) Another exposed view. The conjurer appears to take the penny out of the envelope. In reality he opens the envelope with his first finger, and slides the penny up with his second finger.

This is what apparently happens. The conjurer takes two pieces of string—about three yards long. (It will be noticed that I am describing tricks which a man can easily put in his pocket when going out to dinner.) He passes these strings round for examination, and then asks a lady to lend him a muff. He gives the ends of the strings to someone to hold. Following this, the conjurer passes the strings through the muff, and openly ties them together by making two or three knots.

The next move is to borrow sundry small articles from the audience, such as keys, rings, and watches, and to tie these on outside the muff.

The conjurer now asks the ladies' permission to remove his coat, or he may go out into the hall and borrow an overcoat. He holds the coat up with the lining facing himself, and places it over the muff. Then he draws one set of ends of the two strings through one sleeve and one set through the other.

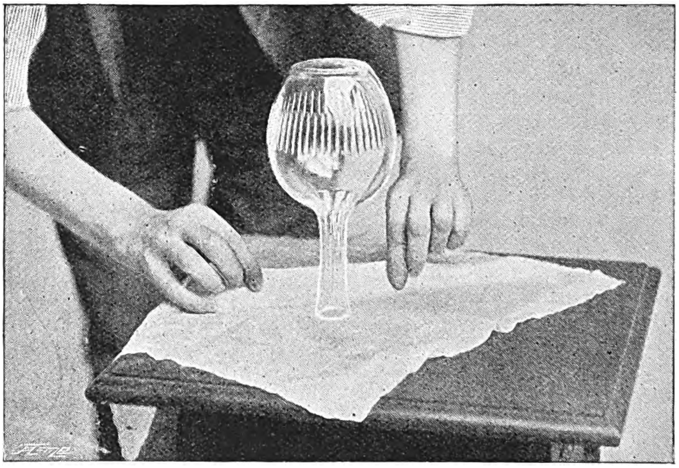
At this stage of the trick he invites another member of the audience to come and help him by holding his (the conjurer's) ends of the strings. He next requests the person on his left to give him one of the two pieces of string he is holding.

"And now you, if you please," says the conjurer. Turning to the man on his right who is holding the other two ends of string, the conjurer takes the two pieces of string handed to him, ties them once over the coat, and hands them back again. By this last tie he has drawn the coat into a bundle tightly over the muff, and the other articles tied to it.

Placing his hands under the coat, the conjurer removes the muff and other articles.

"Now we come to the coat," he says. "In order that there may be no mishap to the coat, I should like my two assistants here to pull on the strings when I say 'Go,' and not before. Are you ready? Go!"

With this the conjurer twists the coat once round the string, and it then drops on the floor, although the strings are still being held by the two members of the audience.



The Decanter Trick.—Showing how the handkerchief is removed without upsetting the decanter.

The secret of this very effective little trick lies in the fact that the conjurer has a little piece—about an inch—of soft copper wire in the hip pocket of his trousers. While someone in the audience was examining the strings he got this little piece of wire out and concealed it in his left hand. When he gave the two ends of the strings to someone to hold and to pull on—to assure himself that they were genuine—he pulled on the other ends of the strings himself with his right hand, and closed his left hand, which contained the little piece of wire, over the strings.

The wire, being thus bent, was roughly in the form of a ring, but with the two ends not quite closed. Running his right hand down the strings, the conjurer took with it this rough ring. The right hand came to a stop when about half way down the strings, and, the hand being clenched, the wire was closed round the strings.

While someone had gone out of the room for the muff, the conjurer had ample opportunities for slipping his forefinger between the two strings on one side of the ring and his thumb between the two pieces on the other. By giving the strings a shake this movement would be quite imperceptible.

The reader, who is following me with strings and ring in hand, will see that the trick is now to all intents and purposes done, for when the conjurer hands what are apparently the ends of the two strings to the first assistant, he really hands the two ends of one piece.

In the same way the two ends of the other piece of string were handed to the second assistant. The second two ends must not be given up till the strings have been passed through the muff. If the conjurer wishes, he may pass them through before handing the first two ends away.

It will be seen that the strings are separated, but are temporarily joined together by the ring in the centre which is concealed by the muff.

The conjurer should tie the first knot over the muff himself. If some very officious member of the audience did so he might possibly pull so hard as to undo the ring. After the first knot has been tied, no amount of pulling will have this effect.

A word as to the tying of the strings across the coat. The two assistants are really allowed to have free choice as to which string they hand to the conjurer, but the conjurer must remember to tie only a single knot, and to hand back to the man on his left the end which he took from the man on his right, and *vice versâ*.

When the conjurer puts his hands under

the coat, he unbends the ring, but prevents the two strings from pulling outwards by putting his thumb and first finger through the loops he will find there. It is then an easy matter to untie the remaining articles under the cover of the coat; but when they are all removed, the conjurer must still retain hold of the two strings.

Telling his assistants to pull hard, he releases the strings and at the same time turns the coat quickly over, so that no one may see exactly how it was magically removed from the strings. The little ring is slipped into the waistcoat pocket while the articles are being removed from the muff.

Tricks with coins are usually acceptable, especially when no apparatus is used.

Let the conjurer borrow a penny and have it marked. He then takes a piece of notepaper from his pocket, wraps the penny in it, and puts it under a plate.

Having shown an empty unused envelope, he moistens the gummed edge, closes the envelope, and places it under a plate at the other end of the table.

"Now," says the conjurer, "my trick is to make the penny which you have seen wrapped in the piece of paper disappear and find its way into the closed envelope."

Here I may give a little hint. Never announce what you are going to do in a conjuring performance until you have really done it, and not always then.

The conjurer takes up the first plate, and tears the piece of paper in pieces, showing that the penny has vanished.

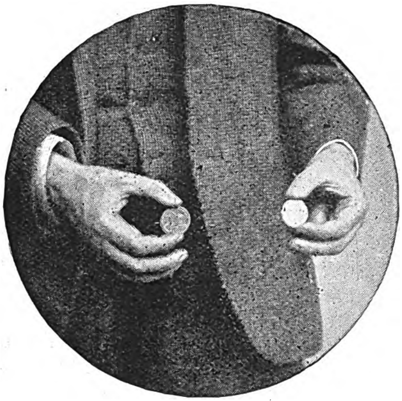
He then lifts the second plate, and, picking up the envelope with the first finger and thumb, holds it up to the light so that all may see that the penny is really there.

After this, he opens the envelope, takes out the penny, and hands it back to the person from whom he borrowed it. The penny is identified as being the one lent in the first instance.

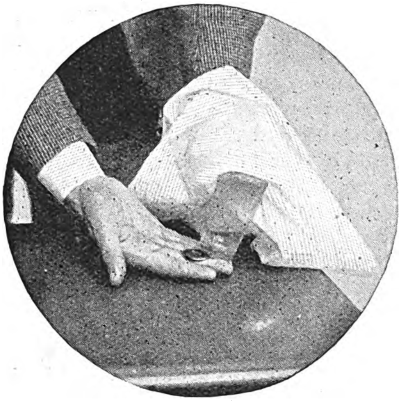
The conjurer must first learn how to fold a penny in a piece of paper in such a way that the coin will slip out of the paper into his hand, although such a thing appears to be impossible.

Place the coin flat on a piece of paper. Hold it there with the thumb on top, and then fold the bottom half of the paper over the coin.

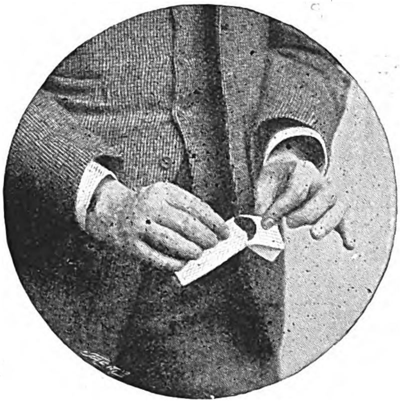
As a matter of fact, however, the conjurer must not fold quite half of the paper upwards. The piece so folded should be about an inch and a half shorter than the piece facing the audience.



A Good Penny Trick.—(1) One hand holds a penny, the other a small glass disc. In the performance the disc is hidden.



(2) An exposed view. After the penny—in reality the disc—is dropped into the water, the conjurer shows that it is apparently at the bottom of the glass. He does this by placing the bottom of the glass exactly over the penny.



(3) The conjurer then takes up the paper parcel, tears it open, and reveals the coin. The envelope with another penny inside it, is, of course, prepared beforehand.

Then he folds the right-hand side of the paper away from him, and keeps his first finger over the break between the two ends of the paper. He does the same thing when he folds over the left-hand side of the paper.

The paper is now in the form of a little parcel, wanting only the top to be folded down to make it complete. The conjurer closes the top by folding it away from him towards the audience. It will be seen that the paper, though apparently folded fairly, really has a little pocket containing the coin at the back of it. The conjurer taps the paper containing the coin on the table to prove to everyone, by the ring of the coin, that the penny is really there. He then grasps the paper at the bottom with his left hand, and in doing so allows the penny to slide out into his right hand.

While the paper that apparently contains the coin is being placed by the left hand under the plate, the conjurer's right hand, which contains the penny, goes towards the bottom button of his waistcoat. Underneath this button is a small piece of conjurer's wax. Beeswax softened with a little Venice turpentine answers the purpose. He gets the wax on to the nail of his middle finger and presses it on the penny in his hand. When he picks up the envelope and closes it, he presses the waxed side of the penny on the flap side of the envelope. The conjurer can then pass the envelope from hand to hand and show incidentally that his hands are empty.

In showing the trick the conjurer first tears up the piece of paper which is supposed to contain the penny, and then holds the envelope up to the light. Opening the flap of the envelope with his first finger, he puts his second finger down and slides the penny upwards, thus apparently taking it out of the envelope.

My next is more of a puzzle than a trick, but it usually affords some little amusement. Turning back the cloth on the table the conjurer spreads a handkerchief on it and then stands an empty decanter upside down on the handkerchief. The trick is to remove the handkerchief without touching the decanter or upsetting it.

To begin with, the decanter must be perfectly dry, and the trick is easiest when a silk handkerchief is used. If no silk handkerchief is conveniently at hand, borrow the finest handkerchief in the room. The trick is done by grasping the handkerchief with the first fingers and thumbs about a couple of inches from the decanter, and then pulling gently, but with a series of short, sharp jerks. When the piece of handkerchief first taken up has become slack (because the piece under the decanter has been pulled away) the handkerchief must be again grasped near the decanter and the operation repeated.

I will close with a good penny trick. The conjurer first shows a piece of paper, and either crumples into a ball or makes a little parcel of it. He then borrows a penny, or takes one from his pocket, throws a handkerchief over it, and asks someone to hold it. Holding a champagne tumbler half-full of water under the handkerchief, the conjurer asks his assistant to drop a penny into the water. The splash is distinctly heard.

"Did you hear it go?" asks the conjurer. The reply will naturally be, "Yes."

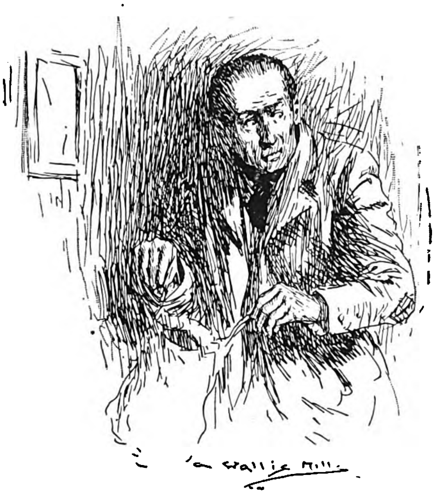
"Of course you did," says the conjurer. "You can see it's in the water."

He takes the handkerchief away, and shows that the penny is apparently in the water. Covering the glass again with the handkerchief, he returns it to his assistant. The conjurer then goes to the table on which the ball of paper—or paper parcel—had been placed.

"I shall waste no time on this trick," says the conjurer. Breaking the parcel or ball of paper in half, he shows the penny, and on the assistant taking the handkerchief away from the glass he finds that the penny has gone.

To perform this trick the conjurer has a little glass disc—a watch-glass or an eyeglass will do—concealed in his left hand. When he apparently puts the penny under the handkerchief, he really puts the glass there, and it is the glass which the assistant holds and drops into the water. It is, of course, invisible when in the water. The conjurer shows that the penny is apparently really in the water by passing the glass to his left hand, and immediately over the penny. When the assistant has satisfied himself that the penny is in the water, the conjurer covers the glass tumbler with the handkerchief again, and returns it to the assistant, but this time the performer retains the penny in his hand, and slips it into his left-hand trousers pocket as he turns towards his table.

The paper is not really a single piece of paper, but two pieces of the same size, neatly joined together at the edges. Before they are fastened a penny is slipped between them. The paper should be fairly thick, otherwise the presence of the penny may be betrayed when the paper is held up in the first instance. Of course, when the paper parcel or paper ball is torn open, the penny is at once seen. The torn paper must be pocketed or burnt.



THE ESCAPE OF SANTA CLAUS.

A Christmas Story.

BY GEO. A. BEST.

IN one of the back rooms of a lonely wayside cottage, which had been tenantless for many months, a coarse-featured man was engaged in transferring sundry articles of wearing apparel from a large bag which lay open on the dusty floor.

The wind came in fierce gusts through the broken panes of a dilapidated casement, and ghostly shadows moved weirdly along the walls at the will of a guttering candle which stood on the rusty iron mantel.

The man paused for a moment to glance nervously at the swiftly moving shadows.

"This is what some folks call a good old-fashioned Christmas Eve," he remarked, "but I reckon that, with these lonesome surroundings, it's a bit too 'old-fashioned' for my likin'."

Having apparently relieved his mind by this brief soliloquy, the speaker turned once more to the opened bag.

"Nothing forgot, I hope," he continued, running rapidly over the contents. "Here's the pot o' grease-paint to make my cheeks look rosy, an' here's the hood an' cloak which I 'borrowed' from the Southgate Monastery; an' there's half-a-yard o' white beard done up in this paper bag, an' a dozen penny toys in the box at the bottom, together with a few other playthings known to the profession as jemmies an' picks. I wonder what the mob'll say when I tell 'em that I dressed up as Old Father Christmas on purpose to avoid scarin' the innercents while their pa an' ma was out enjoyin' themselves at a Christmas Eve party a mile or so down the road? It's a noble idea, any way, an' I've even bought a chice selection of tin trumpets an' dolls, so's the little 'uns shan't be disappointed when they wake up an' see me at the bedside. I've bin a fam'ly man myself, an' that's a great advantage in a delikit job of this sort."

"Santa Claus" well maintained his reputation for rapidity of movement on this particular Christmas Eve. He dressed quickly by the uncertain light, and when the last touch had been given to an abnormally ruddy complexion, the artist grinned hideously for a moment at his reflection in the window pane. Apparently well satisfied with the result, he carefully extinguished the candle and made his way out of the crazy tenement by the back door. Passing through the weed-grown garden, he climbed the low boundary fence; and, avoiding the turnpike, ran noiselessly over the thawing meadow land in the direction of an isolated villa residence, which lay back some fifty yards from the roadway.

A broad beam of white light, which escaped from one of the windows on the ground floor, and a similar ray emanating from an ivy framed casement in the second storey, served to guide the burglar through the thickly planted shrubbery; the remainder of the building lay in deep shadow.

The man crept cautiously towards the brilliantly illuminated casement on the ground floor, and peered through the space left by a carelessly drawn blind.

"Enjoyin' themselves as only servants can when the missus is otherwise engaged," he muttered with a broad grin. "Dancin' themselves paralytic, an' no one to watch the performance but a ginger-'eaded policeman from the village! It's plain to see that the housemaid, Mary Jane, is playin' up to that copper for all she's worth. There's a hussy for you! Told me a few nights ago that she couldn't abide country chaps, an' that she'd

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never even looked at a man except me an' her own father. She told me a few other secrets besides—said that the missus an' master was goin' out to spend Christmas Eve at Colonel Crumpet's, but I couldn't get any sort of information respecting the family jewels. I'm dependin' on the children for that. 'Santa Claus has got a present for dear mamma which he wants to put away among the other pretty things which she keeps locked up.' That's the idea. Won't ma be pleased!"

"Santa Claus" sighed regretfully as he left the window.

"The sight of a little entertainment like that puts one off business," he commented wearily. "I'm beginnin' to feel Christmassy. The next move is to find a ladder an' get indoors."

* * * * *

"Wake up, Gladys! Someone's opening the window!"

Gladys sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes.

"'Spect it's Santa Claus, Sis," she said sleepily. "Let's wake Bertram."

Bertram was already awake.

"Keep very quiet, you girls, or he'll go back," he whispered excitedly.

"No, I shan't," said Santa Claus, stepping somewhat heavily into the room. "Not till I've left my presents, my dears."

Sis gave vent to a suppressed scream, and hid her face beneath the bed clothes.

"Oh, what an ugly Santa Claus!" exclaimed Gladys, in a tone of deep disappointment.

Father Christmas grinned reassuringly.

"I'm all right when you know me," he said, with a hideous wink. "I wish you all a merry Christmas an' a 'appy new 'ear."

"We don't want new 'ears," said Bertram bluntly. "Have you brought my rocking-horse?"

"Rockin' 'orse? No, I haven't got no rockin' 'orses," answered Santa Claus slowly "They're very dangerous toys. I knew a little boy like you wot broke 'is neck fallin' off a rockin' 'orse; an' 'is baby brother died next day through suckin' the paint off of its neck."

"Well, where's the steam engine which I've asked for so many times?" asked Bertram impatiently.

"I never give steam ingines," answered the burglar. "Toy locomotives have killed more children than measles, as any doctor'll tell you if you ask 'im. The b'ilers bust as soon as you light 'em up. I knew a young feller once wot was blown clean——"

"Please don't tell us any more about accidents," interrupted Gladys nervously. "If you've got anything at all, please leave it, an' go away."

"If I've got anythink," exclaimed Santa Claus reproachfully. "Do you think I'd have taken the trouble to travel ten thousand miles empty 'anded. I've got a real Japanese dolly for you, my dear, an' a shell necklet for the other little gal; not forgetting the 'andsome tin trumpet for your brother."

"But I didn't want a tin trumpet," protested Bertram.

"And I hate Japanese dolls!" added Gladys emphatically. "They're ugly and common."

"Please give my shell necklet away to some other little girl," came in tremulous tones from beneath the bed clothes.

Santa Claus laid his despised presents on the counterpane.

"Well! of all the ungrateful kids I've ever come across!" he ejaculated, more in sorrow than in anger.

Bertram held up a chubby forefinger warningly.

"If you call us nasty, low names, I shall ring for Mary Jane," he announced, making a movement towards the bell-push.

"If you do that you'll lose all the other presents which I've hid away behind a gooseberry bush in the garding!" exclaimed Santa Claus hastily. "These little toys are only samples; there's more than a wagon-load below."

"Engines and rocking horses?" bargained Bertram imperiously.

"A toy train as big as yourself, an' a rockin' elephant four feet high wot can move its trunk," answered the burglar enthusiastically. "For the little girls I've got a whole street of doll's 'ouses, an' a toy pianner wot plays comic songs by clockwork."

The girls clapped their hands in an ecstacy of delight. Bertram jumped out of bed and ran to the open window.

"I can see the gooseberry bush," he announced, peering into the darkness, "but there isn't any heap of toys behind it."

"They're just round the corner," replied Santa Claus vaguely. "I'll bring 'em all up after I've left the beautiful di'mond brooch wot I've brought for your ma among the other pretty things which she keeps locked up. P'raps you could tell me where I can find the jewel case?"

"Have you really got a present for dear mother?" asked Sis shyly. "I didn't think that Santa Claus brought things for grown-up people."

"It's only a very few that I'm interested in, an' your dear ma is one of 'em," said Santa Claus truthfully. "I always put my presents for ladies in their own dressin' cases. It wouldn't do to leave a brooch worth somethin' like a million pounds lying on an ordinary bed, would it now?"

"But surely nobody would be so wicked as to steal things on Christmas Eve?" argued Gladys.

Santa Claus scratched his false wig doubtfully.

"Thieves have no consciences, my dear," he remarked slowly; "that's why I want to put the beautiful brooch under lock an' key before anybody——"

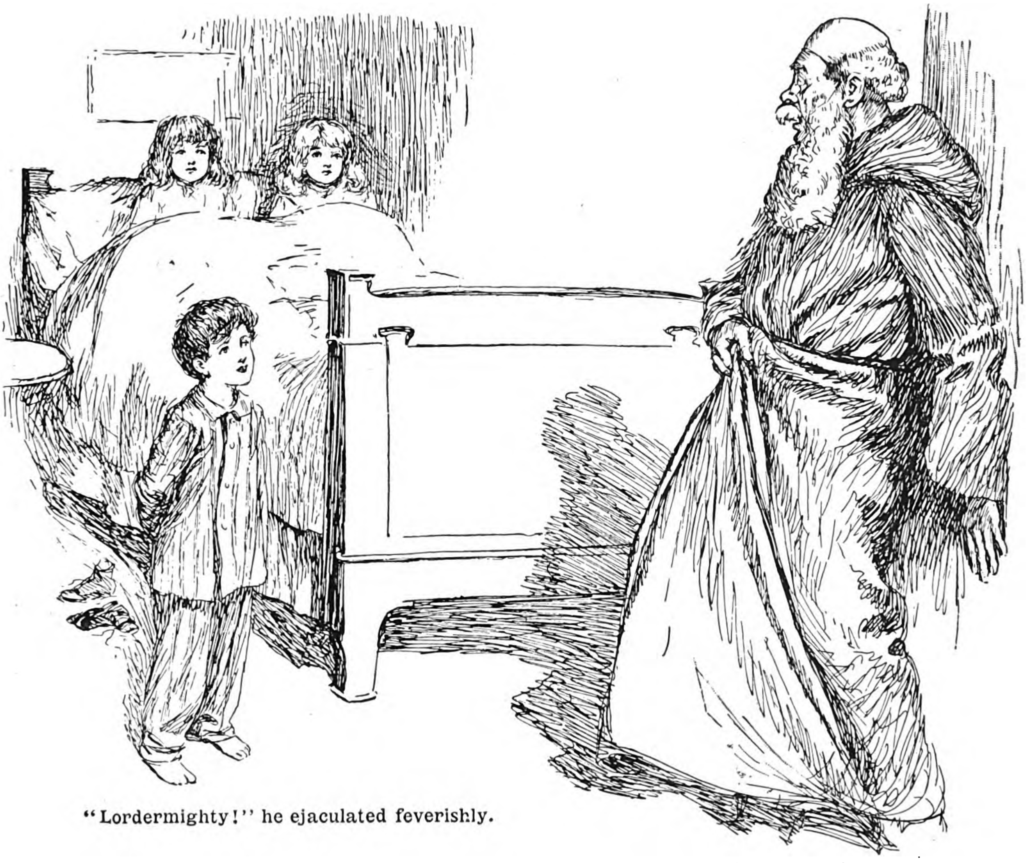
"Can you fly, Santa Claus?" interrupted Bertram from the window.

"Fly? Why, wot a question, to be sure!" ejaculated the burglar with a forced laugh. "Haven't I flown over ten thousand miles every Christmas Eve for six hundred years or more?"

"You might fly round the room, then, just for fun!" pleaded Gladys with a mischievous smile.

"I've no time to fly about for fun on Christmas Eve," said Santa Claus impatiently. "Besides, there isn't room in a small apartment like this. I should smash a lot of things if I tried."

"There's plenty of room outside, Santa Claus," answered Bertram cheerfully. "I've just been leaning out of the window and pushing the ladder out of the way. It was hard to move at first, but it's slid away along the wall quite out of reach now. So you'll be forced to fly down to the gooseberry bush and back again with the presents."



"Lordermighty!" he ejaculated feverishly.

Father Christmas ran to the window and leaned far out into the night. When he faced his highly interested audience again they noticed that the ruddy complexion had a decidedly streaky appearance. He was perspiring profusely.

"Lordermighty!" he ejaculated feverishly.

Gladys regarded the speaker with solemn, widely-opened eyes.

"Are you prayin', Santa Claus?" she asked earnestly.

"Prayin'? Well, no, not exactly!" replied the burglar, mopping his forehead furiously with a dirty rag as he spoke. "I'm feelin' a bit upset, that's all!"

"Poor old Santa! P'r'aps you'd like to sit down an' rest till dad comes home," said Sis sympathetically. "Won't you have a nice wash an' a clean handkerchief?" she continued, gazing askance at the grey patches which had appeared on the forehead of the visitor.

"There's a bottle of smellin' salts in mother's room," suggested Gladys. "They're very good for old gentlemen when they're feelin' a bit faint. Can you sniff smellin' salts without sneezin', Santa Claus?" she asked solemnly.

"I'll try, anyway," said Father Christmas, walking softly towards the door. "Where shall I find the salts?"

"They're in a red bottle with a gold top, just behind the jewel-case on mother's dressin' table," answered Gladys readily. "I don't think mother will mind you using them just once, if you are very careful to put the bottle back where you found it. An' you can leave the beautiful brooch there at the same time."

"I'm always wonderful careful with other people's property," said the burglar with his hand on the door knob. "If I borrow anythink you may be quite sure that it's goin' to be—Hallo! why whose bin lockin' the bedroom door?"

Bertram was apparently greatly amused at the highly excited tone in which Santa Claus framed the question.

"I locked the door myself, so that Mary Jane shouldn't come in an' touch the presents before we'd seen them," he answered delightfully. "Mary Jane said that there wasn't any such person as Santa Claus. 'It's only your dada who buys the toys an' leaves them on your bed when you're all asleep,' she said. So I just fastened the door an' threw the key out of the window to see whether Mary Jane was tellin' us fibs or not. An' now dada can't get in, an' Santa Claus can't get out," he concluded jubilantly.

"Only by flying out of the window," added Gladys, clapping her hands.

"I ain't a-goin' to fly for nobody!" exclaimed Santa Claus fiercely. "Wot next!"

"Nothing next—except the presents," said Gladys sweetly. "An' when dad comes back, he'll wish you a Merry Christmas an' invite you down to supper."

"I don't think he'll do either," remarked Santa Claus miserably.

"We've got a goose as big as you," announced Sis in an excited whisper.

"It must be a big 'un, then," commented the disconsolate visitor. "P'r'aps you've got an ass on the premises about the same size as me; if so I'd be glad to shake hands with it."

The children laughed hysterically.

"Say something else funny," said Sis gleefully.

The burglar made no audible reply to this request. He was attacking the lock with a queerly-fashioned tool which produced a sharp clicking sound as he deftly turned it to and fro. The children gathered around him and watched the operation with sympathetic interest.

"I hope you'll be able to get the door open for mother's sake, Santa Claus," said Gladys earnestly. "She'll be sorry if you go away, and we have to tell her what she has missed."

"She won't be 'alf as upset as I shall!" declared the burglar, dropping the pick and inserting a skeleton key in the lock. "That's better!" he continued as the lock yielded with a loud click. "I'll be back before you have time to wink, with a whole cartload of presents for each of you."

"Won't you show us mother's brooch before you go?" asked Sis coaxingly.

"Tell me exactly where the jewel-case is, an' I'll think about it," replied Santa Claus in an excited whisper.

"In the top drawer of the dressing chest—next room on the right," said Sis eagerly.

And without waiting to fulfil his part of the contract, Santa Claus passed noiselessly out into the corridor, locking the bedroom door behind him and removing the key.

While the children were waiting impatiently for the return of Santa Claus, Mary Jane knocked impatiently at the bedroom door. Her demand for admission was answered by a chorus of derisive laughter from within.

"You can't come in, Mary Jane, because Santa Claus has been with us, and now he's gone an' locked the door on the outside," shouted the boy.

"Such a funny Santa Claus," added Gladys. "He had a painted face and loose hair!"

"An' he climbed up a ladder, an' got in through the window," announced Sis.

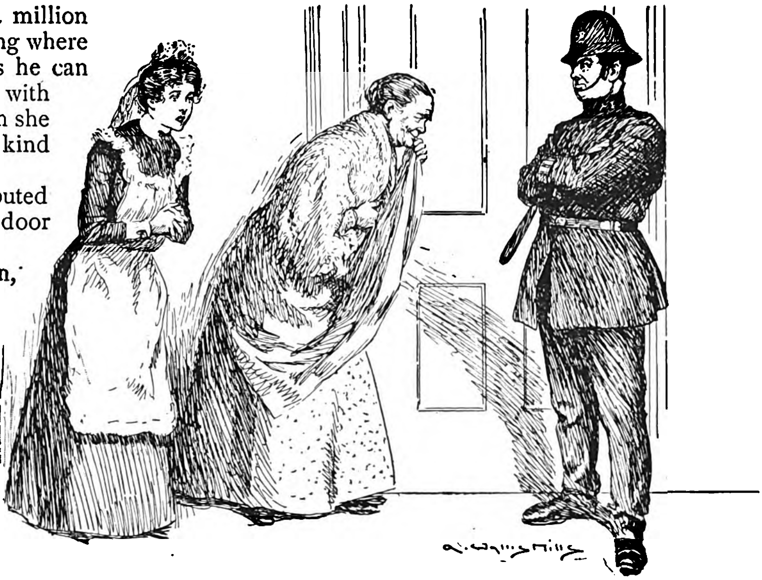
"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the maid in a nervous tone. "What *are* you talking about?"

"The real Santa Claus, I tell you!" shrieked Bertram. "He's got a beautiful brooch for mother, worth a million pounds: an' he's been asking where the jewel-case is kept, so's he can put mother's present away with the other pretty things which she keeps locked up. Isn't it kind of him?"

"Where's the key?" shouted Mary Jane, shaking the door violently as she spoke.

"You'll find it in the garden, 'cos I threw it out of the window when I came to bed," answered Bertram. "It's near the gooseberry bush where the great heap of presents is. Or you can go into mother's bedroom and ask Santa Claus if he'll kindly lend you his private key for our room."

"'Eaven forbid!" ejaculated the maid piously. "Thank goodness we've got an officer of the lor on the premises; it's a mercy you're not all murdered in your beds!"



"Where is the burglar gone, my dears?" giggled the cook hysterically.

And having delivered herself of this sentiment, Mary Jane rushed downstairs like a whirlwind.

In the kitchen, the "officer of the law" was seated on the dresser, drumming a weird accompaniment with his heels to an elaborate vocal effort on the part of the cook.

"Thieves and murder—in the children's room!" announced the maid breathlessly. "Went up a ladder an' got in at the window—locked the door outside—wants the missus's jewels. He's upstairs now, waitin' for you behind the bedroom door. You will be careful, Peter darlin', for my sake," she added dramatically.

The constable adjusted his helmet with a great show of deliberation.

"It ain't like me to be extraordinary careful of my own person in a case of robbery with vi'lence," he answered slowly, "so I can't make no promises. Are the villains armed?"

"There's only one, an' he's got three pistols and a gun," answered Mary Jane drawing heavily upon her imagination. "An' he's sent all the poor children clean off of their 'eads through fright! They're deelereous, every one of 'em!"

"'Orrible!" commented the cook faintly. "'Opeless an' 'orrible!"

"You said thieves an' murder, but it appears that there's only one thief an' no murder!" said the policeman, speaking more hopefully. "Did I understand you to state that the alleged burglar was hiding in the children's bedroom?" he added in a ponderous, magisterial tone.

"Yes—I mean no—upstairs somewhere, if he hasn't gone," answered Mary Jane tearfully.

The policeman greeted this intelligent reply with a gesture of impatience.

"Now wot can I make of such conflictin' evidence as that?" he asked with sarcastic emphasis on the last word. "I'd better 'ear what the children 'ave to say before deciding upon a plan of campaign. I must ask both of you ladies to follow me upstairs in order to render such 'elp as I may require in the King's name; and, if necessary, to give evidence at the inquest to be held hereafter."

So the two maids silently climbed the heavily-carpeted staircase in the wake of the intrepid Peter, who brandished his truncheon with a remarkable show of reckless courage. His first blow on the panels of the door resounded through the house like a pistol-shot.

"Is there anyone within this room," he demanded with impressive ferocity.

"Only us," replied the children from inside.

"Where is the burglar gone, my dears?" giggled the cook hysterically.

"There never was any burglar," answered Bertram indignantly.

"You hear that admission, ladies?" said the policeman eagerly. "It's all an 'oax, there never was no burglar!"

"If you mean old Santa Claus, he went into mother's bedroom twenty minutes ago," added the boy. "He said he'd be back with the presents before I could wink, and we've all been winkin' hard for ever so long to fetch him."

The policeman moved slowly down the corridor to the door of an adjoining chamber, Mary Jane and the cook following with clenched teeth and widely-dilated eyes.

"Is this the room in question?" asked the constable loudly.

"Yes, yes—in there," replied Mary Jane hoarsely. "Switch on the light, an' then jump back sharp in case he's behind the door."

Peter was much relieved to discover, after making a thorough and conscientious search of the apartment, that the burglar had made good his escape probably by way of the window, which was opened to the fullest extent. A drawer from the dressing chest had been forced open, and lay on the carpet in company with a false wig of unnaturally coarse, white hair. Pinned to the wig was a scrap of white paper, bearing the following message, hastily scrawled in lead pencil:

Santa Claus begs to thank his little friends (and the waterspout) for his escape from a very tight corner. A Merry Christmas to my Mary Jane and the ginger headed dummy, drest in a policeman's uniform, who is keeping her company downstairs. The swag is well worth the scare I got in the kid's bedroom. I hope that Ma will like her diamond brooch.

* * * * *

When "Santa Claus" was captured and brought to justice in the adjoining parish a few days later, a certain constable was warmly complimented by the magistrate for the intelligent way in which his evidence was given. But the note left behind by the prisoner was not "put in" with the other papers bearing upon the case, for reasons best known to the intelligent witness himself.

The Captive

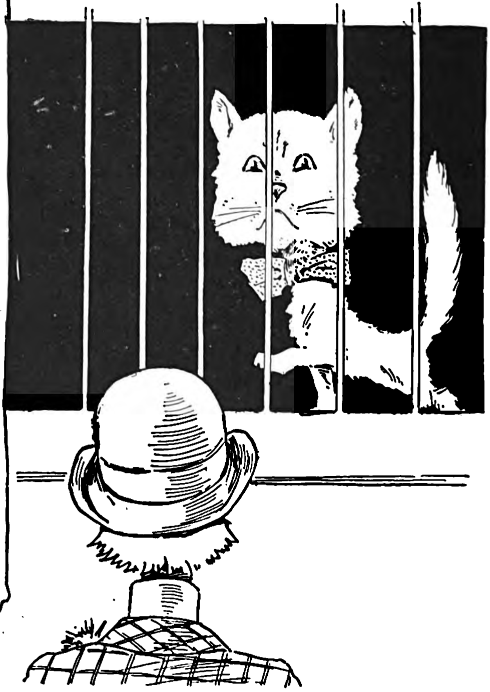
Behind the prison bars she stood;
So young, so beautiful, so white.
I gazed into her eyes, nor could
Withdraw mine own at such a sight.

What heinous wrong could she have done?
What crime kept her a prisoner there?
She made no sound, as all alone
She stood—so young and oh, so fair!

A wave of pity swept my brain;
I felt some effort must be made
To give her liberty again.
"I'll free you if I can," I said.

A heavy tread at hand did sound,
It was her gaoler grim approaching;
"What has she done?" My tongue I found.
"The plaguey cat," he said, "'s been poaching!"

PHILIP HEMERY.



CAP AND BELLS

MEN OF LETTERS.

The actor has to have his Q,
  The golfer needs a T;
The farmer carefully tend's his U,
  The sailor goes to C.

The artist—well, by RT lives,
  The huntsman needs his G,
And YR fences simply loathes—
  They cut his G, UC.

The organ-grinder little makes,
  Unless an AP owns;
And woman's heart with NV burns,
  At sight of precious stones.

And then the bee-hive needs its B,
  The birds include a J;
And high-class papers could not sell
  Without a good SA.

The sportsman says "I'll W,"
  When offered EC odds,
The skater IC surface needs
  Ere to the pond he plods.

An AV every country needs,
  And all need NRG,
In DD'll find who has not this
  His purse will MTB.

A. S. M. Hutchinson.

* * *

TOPSYTURVY.

Binks: "The ideas of courtesy between editor and contributor always struck me as peculiar."

Dinks: "How so?"

Binks: "When the editor takes nothing, he thanks the contributor; and when he does take something, the contributor thanks him."

* * *

BIRD *VERSUS* BABY.

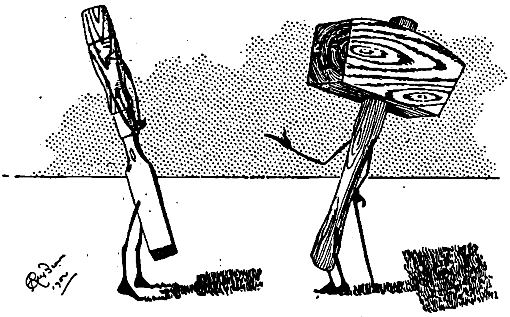
Little Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows:—

"I s'pose it's nice enough—what there is of it; but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."

* * *

Taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, a modern philosopher says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bare-headed without catching cold.

* * * *



ON THE OTHER HAND.

"The worst of the Rasp," said the Mallet loftily, "is that he is so coarse and rough."

"Yes," agreed the Chisel, "but, on the other hand, you must admit that he has innumerable fine points."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE WAY THEY DO IN RUSSIA.

"Peteroff."

"Yes, lieutenant."

"The countersign for to-night is Alexandrovitchykopfostovskydragovitch. Let no man pass without it."

"Yes, lieutenant. But it is a bitter cold night."

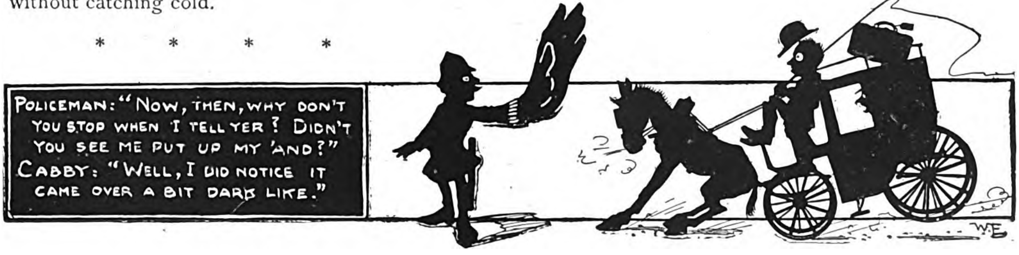
"What of that?"

"The man who gives the password is likely to freeze to death before he finishes it."

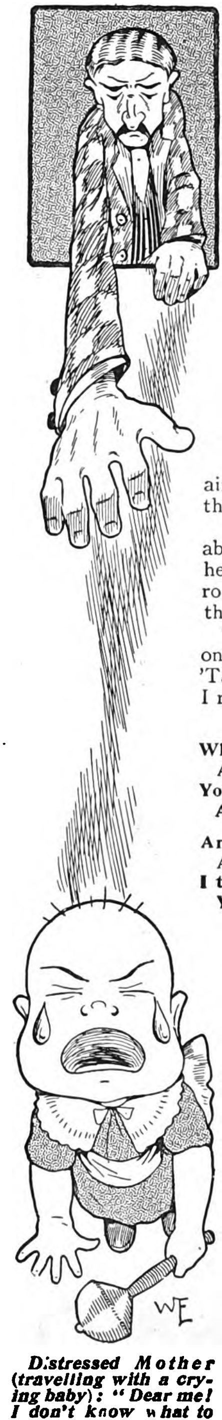
"It is for the glory of the Czar, Peteroff."

"Yes, lieutenant."

* * * * *



POLICEMAN: "NOW, THEN, WHY DON'T YOU STOP WHEN I TELL YER? DIDN'T YOU SEE ME PUT UP MY 'AND?"
CABBY: "WELL, I DID NOTICE IT CAME OVER A BIT DARK LIKE."



Distressed Mother (travelling with a crying baby): " Dear me! I don't know what to do with this child!"

Kind and thoughtful Bachelor (in the next seat): " Shall I open the window for you, madam?"

A BAD BREAK.

She had just accepted him, and they were blissfully discussing the " might-have-beens."

" Darling," he inquired, in the tone of one who knows what the answer will be, "darling, why didn't you accept that little donkey of a fop?"

" Because," she answered dreamily, " I loved another."

* * * *

GEOGRAPHY.

"Travelled?" said a brown-faced sailor in a train to a passenger who had questioned him. "I should think I 'ave. I've been all round the world; hover an' hunder it, too. There ain't many ports I don't know the inside of."

" Why, you must know a lot about geography," cried his hearer, and Jack, having furrowed his brow with momentary thought, said:

" Ho, yus; we did put in there once — only to coal, though. 'Taint much of a place, what I remember of it."

* * *

When you are coming o'er the lea,
And I'm going o'er it, too,
You see I see that you see me,
And I see you see I see you.

And as we near each other too,
And as we pass upon the lea,
I think you think I think of you—
You think I think you think of me.

* * *

THE NATIONAL WEAPON.

An Irishman in France was challenged by a Frenchman to fight a duel, to which he readily consented, and suggested shillelahs.

"That won't do," said the second. " As the challenged party you have the right to choose the arms, but chivalry demands that you should decide upon a weapon with which Frenchmen are familiar."

"Is that so?" returned the Irishman. "Then, begorra, we'll foight wid guillotines."

PA KNEW A THING OR TWO.

THE FATHER: " Ef I give you some money to spend while ye be in London, ye won't go to no music halls or gambling places, or drink champagne with it, will ye?"

SON: " No, pa."

THE FATHER: " Well, then, here's a shilling, an' mind ye keep yer word."

* * *

A DEVOTED COUPLE.

MRS. HARTT: " Yes, I have no doubt there are unhappy marriages; but, really, I cannot understand how they can be possible. Now, there's George and I. We are so devoted. He says he could not exist without me, and I am sure I live only for him."

MRS. GREEN: "You really are to be congratulated, both of you. By the way, how long have you been married?"

MRS. HARTT: "Just a week the day after to-morrow."

* * *

Man should linger at the windows
Where the dainty bonnets thrall,
Just to revel in the fact he
Doesn't have to buy them all.

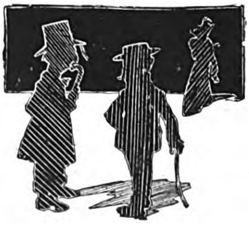
* * *

IMPOSSIBLE!

J.: " What's the cause of all this twaddle about elevating the stage, I'd like to know?"

F: " Want to get it above the level of the women's hats, I suppose."

* * *



" Did she weally call you a puppy?"

" Well — er — no, not exactly. She merely asked me if I liked dog-biscuit."

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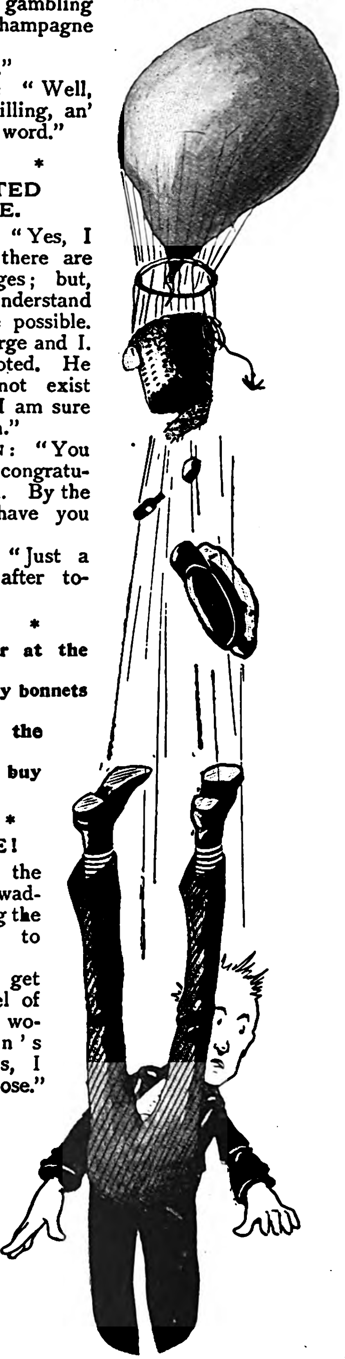
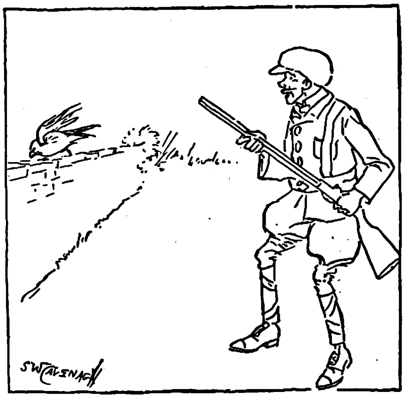
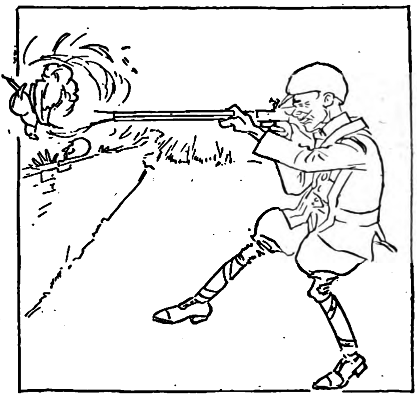


" This is a hard world," said the balloonist, as he dropped out of the basket and landed in a stone quarry.

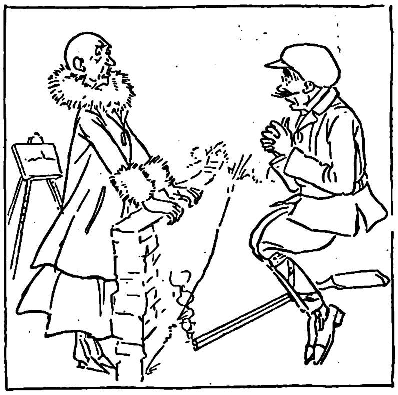
The Sportsman, the Lady Artist, the Hat and the Wig: A Tragedy in Three Acts.



Act I.



Act II.



Act III.

NOT TO BE BEATEN.

"Do you think you could eat another piece of cake, Tommy?"

"I think I could, auntie, if I stood up."

* * *

TRUE AS THE GOSPEL.

JOLKLEY: "That's nothing. I knew a young fellow who went to sleep one night, and the next morning awoke a white-haired paralytic."

POLKLEY: "Oh! Come now, I say!"

JOLKLEY: "Fact! The young fellow was boots in an hotel, and the white-haired paralytic was a guest."

GREAT IDEA!

AUTHOR: "You have no idea how many stamps I use posting my manuscripts to various editors."

CRITIC: "Very likely. I think there ought to be excursion tickets for manuscripts at reduced rates."

* * *

OH, WILLIAM!

MR. VAN NEERE (entertaining a few friends): "You didn't brush the cobwebs off this bottle, William."

WILLIAM: "Excuse me, sor, but I saw yez putting them on, an' I wouldn't tek the liberty unbid."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

"Nupkins is an eloquent fellow. I heard him bring down the house last night."

"How was that?"

"He succeeded in persuading his landlord to reduce the rent."

* * * * * *

SMARTNESS TO GET OUT OF SMARTING.

A schoolboy, being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied:

"If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship, the upward strokes heavy and the downward ones light."

* *

THE STOLEN DIAMONDS.

PROPS (rushing into the manager's office): "That wretched man, the super, has stolen the star's diamonds."

MANAGER: "I left them in your charge, and you will have to pay for them. I'll dock you seven-and-sixpence from this week's salary."

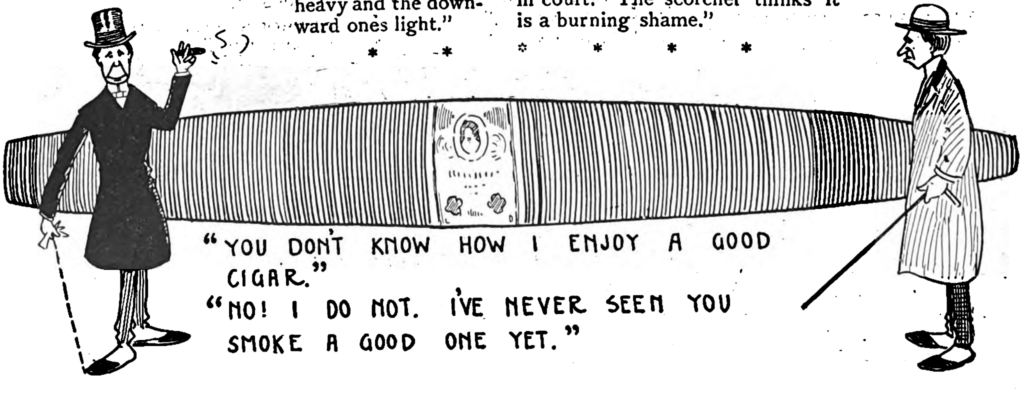
* * * * *

CAPITAL DEFINITION.

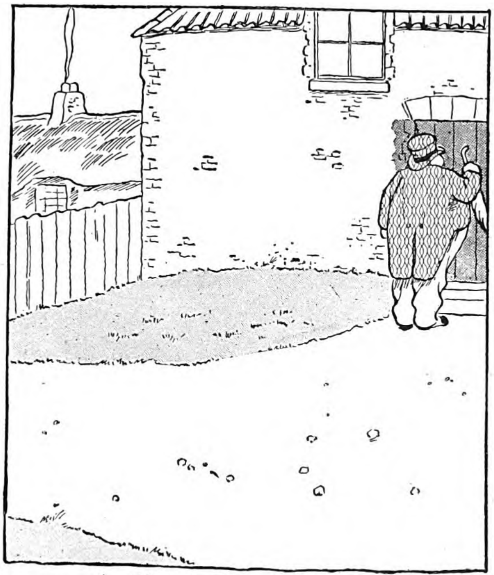
"Why do they call a fast bicycle rider a scorcher?"

"Because he goes a hot pace, makes pedestrians boiling mad, warms up the police, and gets roasted in court. The scorcher thinks it is a burning shame."

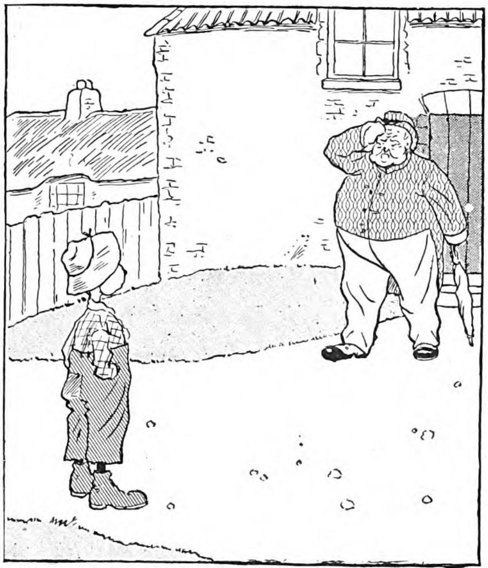
* * *



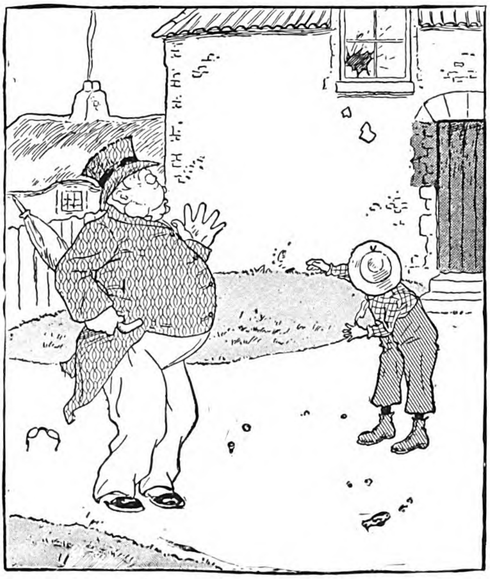
"YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I ENJOY A GOOD CIGAR."
"NO! I DO NOT. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU SMOKE A GOOD ONE YET."



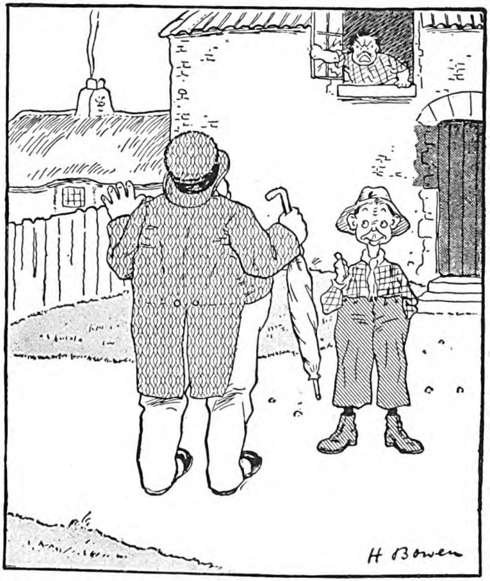
1.—"I can't make the man hear."



2.—"Will you let your father know that I want to see him, my boy?"



3.—"Right you are, sir."



4.—"That's pa!"

* * * * * * * * *

MAJOR'S METHOD OF ECONOMY.

First Attempt at Marketing Proves a Lamentable Failure.

A well-known officer has an idea that he can manage the affairs of the pantry better than his wife.

"My dear," he said, one day, "that baker of yours is cheating you. He ought to give you seven of these buns for sixpence. I can get seven for that price."

So the Major set off for the baker's shop.

On arriving, he pointed to a pile of buns on the counter, and said, in his severest way:

"I want seven of these buns for sixpence."

"But," said the girl in attendance.

"No 'buts' in the matter," retorted the Major. "If you don't give me seven I'll go elsewhere and get them."

"Well, sir, if you insist," said the girl, "I'll——".

"I do insist," said the Major.

So the girl counted seven buns into a paper bag and gave them to the Major, who went off home greatly elated with his success.

"Look what firmness can do," he said to his wife. "I got seven for sixpence."

"Yes," said his wife, "but you have been cheated. These buns are halfpenny buns."

MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Don't Miss this Page simply because it's the Last in the Number.

THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES.

It will certainly come as a surprise to most people who read "The Matador's Point of View" on page 267 to learn that a Spanish matador is no mere butcher, but a respected and respectable member of society—a man ardently admired, not only by the masses, but by the classes as well. As Bombita Chico himself says, his position in society is very similar to that of a successful tenor in other countries. This is hard to realise, when we remember the horror and indignation of our public opinion and Press when, a few years ago, somebody suggested introducing bull-fights into this country.

Photo Lees & Co.

Mrs. Wentworth-James, the Author of "The Confessions of Cupid," on page 219.

MRS. GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES.

Mrs. Wentworth-James begins, on page 219, a series of stories, "The Confessions of Cupid." Stories have appeared in The Royal by this lady from time to time under her maiden name, Gertie de S. Webster. A few months ago she married—but I had best let her give an account of herself in her own words:—

"I was originally brought up for music (piano), and as a child was considered by way of being a prodigy of sorts (got *senior* certificate when I was nine, played piano concertos with Sir August Mann's band at Crystal Palace when eleven, and other big concerts, etc.), but I never cared for music. . . . I have never been out of England, except twice to Ostend (to test a roulette system by which I paid my own, my mother's, and friend's hotel, travelling, and all expenses), and, as far as I feel now, shall never go again until there is a submarine district railway or system of aërial tram cars. . . . I love London intensely, and find wonder in every bit of it, but I have spent some very happy years of my life in beautiful Matlock, in Derbyshire.

"I am fond of waltzing, billiards, and most exercise except walking, which I detest. . . . Cats (and all dear animals) I love more than I can say, or more than you would be inclined to print, anyway; and any good luck I may have had lately I attribute to my black pussy (Weenie), who has just had a black son (Claude). I am now waiting for Claude to bring me more good luck, . . . I have never had any literary introductions, except one or two from an individual to whom I returned evil for good, by marrying. . . . I love writing and I love hard work; work, either taken seriously or as a hobby, is most exhilarating.

"I am disgracefully superstitious, and frequently throw pennies at a new moon so as to appease it during the coming month, and prevent the Editor of The Royal from rejecting more than the usual quantity of manuscripts.

"My age is——but there, I know I have already exceeded my space."

SONGS AND MUSIC AT SIXPENCE A TIME.

It was expected that **Pearson's Sixpenny Music** would be more or less successful, but that it would be something like a boom we never dreamed. "Homeward," the first song, went very well, "Echoes," the second, went better still, and "Venetia," the third, is simply going like wildfire. Of course, the unique offer of £100 for a song, particulars of which are to be found on the back cover, has something to do with this success.

The Best Cocoa for

BREAKFAST LUNCH & SUPPER is

Van Houten's Cocoa

"A PERFECT BEVERAGE COMBINING STRENGTH PURITY & SOLUBILITY"
MEDICAL ANNUAL

A Cocoa you can enjoy.

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This is a No. 3 Gramophone & Typewriter Co. Machine. Is the cheapest machine on the market.

PRICE
30/-

Any Talking-Machine Record will be sent by return and carriage paid on receipt of price. Our premises being situated in the centre of the talking-machine business world, we are in the happy position to obtain any Record ordered by our customers. We have received numerous letters from customers who answered our previous advertisements expressing surprise and gratitude at the prompt way we have attended to their orders. We stock all kinds of Records, and shall be glad to send you the latest lists of same on receipt of name and address and stating what you want (disc or cylinder). The prices of Disc Records are as follows: Gramophone, from 2s. 6d. to 21s.; Columbia, 1s. 6d. to 3s.; Odeon, two selections on each, 2s. 6d. and 5s.; Nicole, 1s. and 2s. 6d. Of Cylinder Records we stock Edison from 1s. 6d., Edison-Bell from 1s., Pathé from 1s. 4d., and Columbia from 1s. You can order what you want, it will be sent you by **Return of Post** and **Carriage Paid.** We stock all the Gramophone & Typewriter Co.'s machines and supply same or any phonograph for cash or easy terms. Allowances made for old machines when purchasing new Gramophone goods. If you have been disappointed in your local dealer, write to the "Record" firm, and remember we pay carriage on all goods.

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DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

MUSIC OF THE MOMENT

An Interesting Article on an Entertaining Subject,

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

To all lovers of Music—and who are not—the early history of this delightful subject is full of interest. From the Egyptians (at least 4000 years before Christ) the Hebrews learnt all they knew of the art, and were indebted to them for a perfect scale of Music. For several centuries during the persecution of the early Christians there was no progress in the art, but about 320 A.D. a school for Choristers was established in Rome. At this period the Greeks developed the art of Music, and to this movement may be traced the early history of Gregorian Music. Then came in the year 450 the introduction of organs into Spain. Vocal Music, as practised by the Troubadours of the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, was an important factor in the continuation of the art. Following the Troubadours came the Meister Singers, and singers of Old Folk Lore Songs in England, and from this date Music and Singing really began to occupy an important position in the homes of the people.

CLASSICAL MUSIC.

Good Music is an appeal to the emotions and intellect, and not as one too readily imagines a mere ear-tickling sensation. The great composers of Oratorio, Operatic, and Instrumental Music compel attention to their works by sheer force of the feeling expressed, and their tone pictures appeal to the better nature of the listener. The lover of Good Music is inclined to pin his faith to the more modern composers, such as, Wagner, Tschaikowsky, and Greig, but the genuine admirer of the best in Music is broad-minded enough to discriminate amongst the wealth of really great works, and his selection may run from the most abstruse work of Musical Art to the modern English Ballad. The average concert goer still retains his appreciation of the sweet, simple, and homely airs as rendered by such eminent vocalists as Mr. Ben Davies and Madame Kirkby Lunn.

MUSIC FOR THE MASSES.

Light Music of the Comic Opera School, which is mainly an English product, has gained a remarkable hold on the affections of the British Public, and there are few entertainments at which this side of Musical Art is not largely represented. This can be accounted for by the fact that the lighter or comic side appeals to a large class, as it does not need so much concentration of thought, and to the hard-worked citizen this is an important factor. Evidence of the growth of the Popular Song is shown everywhere, and the ear-haunting melodies of the theatre, music-hall, and pantomime seize ready hold on the listener, and are hummed and whistled everywhere. Those who have heard the characteristic little songs of an Ada Reeve or Vesta Tilley cannot fail to appreciate the happy lilt or swing which is such a feature of their style.

POPULAR INSTRUMENTS.

The remarkable development of the once popular Musical Box has brought about the now much more favourite "Perfecta" Sound Reproducing Instrument. This is the invention of Messrs. Pathé Frères, of Lamb's Conduit Street, London, and in the best sense of the word is a real Music producer. Messrs. Pathé's have experimented for years, and with the aid of their latest scientific appliances have introduced a machine so perfect that one is amazed and delighted at its possibilities, and, whereas before the hard, blatant, brassy sounds were constantly present, there is an entire absence of these disadvantages in their latest production, the "Perfecta." Not only have Messrs. Pathé developed this side of the Art of Reproduction, but their Records, which have the personal approval of the greatest artistes of the day, are remarkable for their purity and breadth of tone, and are justly claimed to be the "World's Sweetest Records." All the best in Classical and Popular Music—Vocal and Instrumental—may be found in Messrs. Pathé's List.

A Page of Autographs.

"I had thought it impossible that a phonograph could have so effectively 'held the mirror up to nature.' Please accept my cordial congratulations on the marvellous records you have made of my voice."

Louise Kirkby Lunn

"I am so enchanted with your phonographs and records that I must confess the results you have attained are marvellous. The very great success you have obtained in the United Kingdom is a token of the appreciation of the public, and I am very happy to congratulate you."

Ben Davies

"I am greatly pleased with the records taken from my voice, and the perfect manner your splendid machine reproduces them. They are quite the best I have ever heard, and I particularly notice their sweetness of tone and the entire absence of the metallic so often found in the reproduction of phono-records."

Ada Reeve-Cotton.

"I have much pleasure in sending you my best compliments for the wonderful records you manufacture. I must express my astonishment at the marvellous results you have obtained with the Pathé machines and records."

Johannes Wolff

"I sincerely think the Pathé records *excellent*, both those I heard while fulfilling my engagement with you, and my own personal ones, which I was delighted with."

Marie Dainton

"Your phonograph is the most wonderful and most accurate I have ever heard, and must take a high place in the amusement of thousands who, I am sure, will be equally amazed at so human an instrument."

Harry Lauder

"After having searched the dictionary I have found the word I want to express my opinion of your records—'perfection.'"

R. G. Knowles

"I consider your phonographs and records marvellous. I have sung into other phonographs, but I have never heard my own voice until I sang into the Pathé ones. The richness of tone and the slightest expression of the voice are faithfully reproduced."

Hilda Trevelyan

"Je n'hésite pas une seconde à affirmer que ce que je viens d'entendre grâce à l'enregistrement de votre phonographe est admirable et au delà de toutes mes espérances. C'est ce que j'ai entendu de plus pur et de plus complet, je l'affirme."

1903

The above Testimonials speak for themselves. The "Perfecta" Sound Reproducing Instrument re-echoes the sentiment.

SONGS & SINGERS.

On the preceding page Messrs. Pathé Frères have introduced the reader to the high opinions held by the greatest artistes of the age on the merits of the "Perfecta" Sound Reproducing Instrument and the "World's Sweetest Records." The following list is a brief extract from their complete catalogue (numbering thousands of records), and is for the guidance of those readers who may wish to order records before consulting the catalogue which is sent post free on request.

* * *

List of Records.

Mr. Ben Davies.

60019	The Star of Bethlehem.
60020	The Sailor's Grave—*Sullivan*.
60021	The Flower Song (Carmen)—*Bizet*.
60022	Hark hark, the Lark.
60023	Sigh no more, Ladies.
60024	Tell me, Charming Creature (Old English Melody).
60025	The Holy City—*Stephen Adams*.
60026	Killarney—*M. W. Balfe*.

Mme. Kirkby Lunn.

50000	One Spring Morning—*Nevin*.
50001	When the Stars were young—*P. A. Rubens*.
50002	When all was young—*Gounod*.
50003	O peaceful England (Merrie England)—*Edw. German*.
50004	Summer Night—*Goring Thomas*.
50005	The Heart of a Rose—*Landon Ronald*.
50006	Come, Lasses and Lads (Old English).

Miss J. Maclachlan.

50080	The Scottish Bluebells.
50081	The Hundred Pipers.
50082	Blue Bonnets.
50083	Auld Robin Gray.
50084	Will ye no come back again?
50085	Mo Dhachaidh.
50086	Ho Ro Mo Nighean Donn Bhoidheach.
50087	Land o' the Leal.

Mr. C. Melfort D'Alton.

60799	The Minstrel Boy.
60800	Let Erin remember the days of old.
60801	Love thee, dearest.
60802	The Meeting of the Waters.
60803	Kathleen O'More.
60804	Sweet Innisfallen.
60805	The Irish Emigrant.
60806	All Souls' Day.

Mr. Andrew Black.

60051	There is a green hill far away.
60052	Nazareth.
60055	La Danza.
60056	On, away, awake.
60057	Thou'rt passing hence.

Mr. Harry Lauder.

60452	The Lass O'Killicrankie.
60453	A Trip to Tobermory.
60454	Calligan Callagain.
60455	The Referee.
60456	L. C. C.
60457	Mrs. Jean MacFarlane.
60458	Rising early in the Morning.
60459	Hey Donald.
60460	Jericho.
60461	He took me up to take me down.

Mr. R. G. Knowles.

60490	Time is Money.
60491	Girly Girly.
60492	Silenced reigned supreme.
60493	Philosophy.
60494	Love, Marriage, and Divorce.
60495	Beautiful Dreamy Eyes (1st verse).
60496	Beautiful Dreamy Eyes (2nd verse).

M. Johannes Wolff.

70100	Polonaise Song—*Wieniawski*.
70101	Serenade—*Saint-Saens*
70102	Extase—*Thomé*.
70103	Serenade—*Pierné*.
70104	Ave Maria—*Gounod*.

Signor E Caruso.

84003	Romance: Tu non mi vuoi piu bene.
84004	Tosca—E lucevan le Stelle.
84006	Ugonotti—Bel cielo della Turena.

Miss Vesta Tilley.

50210	Following Father's Footsteps.
50211	The wise old Owl.
50212	Algy.

Duets by Madame Kirkby Lunn and Mr. Ben Davies.

76500	The Sailor sighs as sinks his Native Shore—*M. W. Balfe*.
76501	Children Pray this Love to Cherish—*Louis Spohr*.
76502	Home to our Mountains (Il Trovatore, 4th Act).
76503	Maying.

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UNIQUE NEW YEAR'S OFFER.

This Offer is open for Three Months Only from the 1st day of January, 1905.

If during the next three months you purchase one of our Coquet No. 50 Sound-Reproducing Instruments and one dozen Salon Records, price £4 12s., we have made arrangements with the Empire Guarantee and Insurance Corporation Limited whereby we will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE

A FULLY PAID LIFETIME INSURANCE POLICY

in above-named Insurance Company as follows:

£500 in case of death caused by an accident to any Train, Tram, Omnibus, Four-wheeled Cab, Hansom Cab, or Irish Jaunting Car on which the insured is travelling as a passenger—£250 for loss of two limbs as above—£125 for loss of one limb.

All accidents as above described which shall not actually cause death, but which shall confine insured for not more than 5 weeks, the sum of 10s. per week for such period.

The above-mentioned Policy is restricted to accidents happening in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man. No person to be entitled to more than one Policy.

Proposal and Declaration referred to in Policy.

FREE INSURANCE FOR LIFETIME.

£500

FULLY PAID.

Read attached:

I DECLARE I am not over the age of 60 years.

Sign this:

Name ....

Address ....

Occupation ....

This Declaration is to be the basis of the contract of Insurance.

R. M.

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Free Lifetime Assurance Policy as Detailed.

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The Insurance alone would cost you £1 (One Pound Sterling) per annum.

No home is complete without this, the latest development in sound-reproducing instruments. To hear the Salon Records on Pathé Sound - Reproducing Instruments is a musical education and an intellectual treat to the home circle, and an everlasting amusement to the children. We strongly advise you to have a Coquet Sound-Reproducing Instrument for the entertainment of yourself, your home circle, or social gathering. . . . .

OUR PLAN.

We ask you to either call at our Music Salon (Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.) to purchase, or send us Coupon and Cheque for £4 12s., and the Sound-Reproducing Instrument and 12 Selected Records will be sent you carefully packed and carriage paid. IN ADDITION we will present you with a FULLY PAID POLICY as above referred to issued by the Empire Guarantee and Insurance Corporation Ltd., Chief Office, Glasgow, 192 Hope Street; and London, 64 Finsbury Pavement. Capital £100,000. All communications to be addressed to—

Pathé Frères Ltd.,

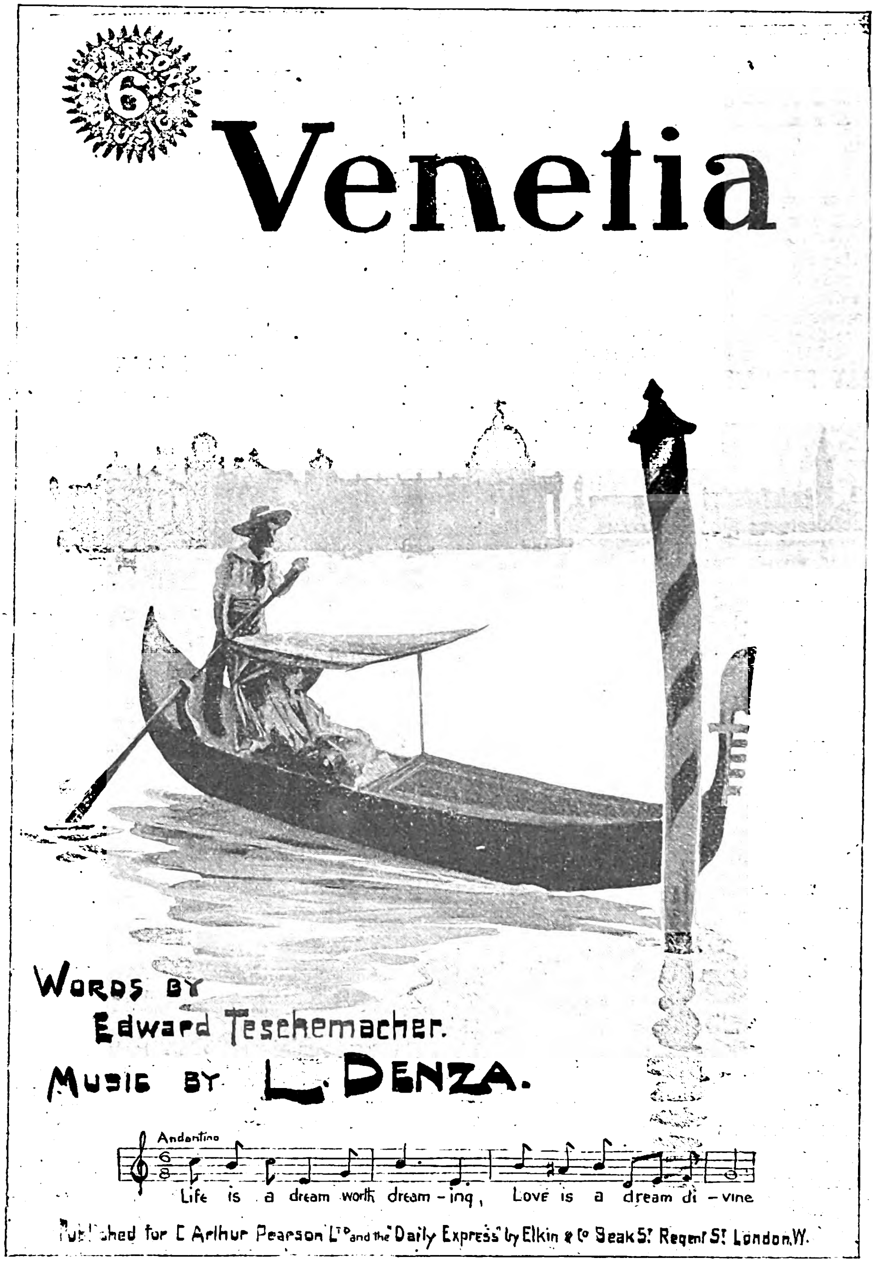
Makers of the World's Sweetest Records,

**14, 16, 18 LAMB'S CONDUIT ST.,
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.**

OUR FACTORS AND DEALERS can make arrangements with us to sell as above with the benefit of the Insurance.

A specimen policy may be seen by any purchaser on applying to our address as above, or at the office of our Factors and Dealers, who have entered into arrangements with us to sell our machines with the benefit of the Insurance.

This is ☞ The Third Piece



PEARSON'S 6d MUSIC

Venetia

Words by
Edward Teschemacher.
Music by L. Denza.

Andantino
Life is a dream worth dream-ing, Love is a dream di-vine

Published for C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. and the "Daily Express" by Elkin & Co. Beak St. Regent St. London, W.

Of PEARSON'S SIXPENNY MUSIC, Now on Sale at all Music-sellers and Bookstalls.

On the back of this piece will be found full particulars of an offer of **£100 FOR A SONG.**

(This piece may be heard on the Gramophone at any of the Agencies of the Gramophone & Typewriter Co. Ltd.)

On **DECEMBER 31st** will be published

THE FOURTH PIECE, "VALSE MATINALE," By ALFRED MARGIS,

who composed "Valse Bleue," one of the most popular waltzes that has ever been written.

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Reduce Weight a Pound a Day

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Lost 40lb.

Lady —— writes: "Since taking your tablets I am reduced in weight 40lb."

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FREE Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is to reduce weight, we are sending free trials. If you want one send us your name and address, and two stamps to pay for postage. **It costs you nothing to try it.** Each box is sent in a plain sealed package, with no advertisement on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential.

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All students enrolling for the course will receive a free copy of the Standard Work on Advertising, "Fowler's Publicity." The retail price of this work outside the School is £3 3s. net. It consists of four handsome volumes—forming a complete reference library. **Note that this will be given FREE and carriage paid.**

Israel Zangwill's verdict is as follows: "The Page-Davis School grew because it was founded on the best principles."

Illustrated Prospectus Free.

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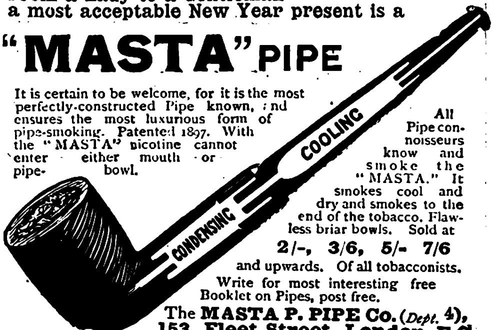
Dept. N, 195 Oxford St., London, W.



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It is certain to be welcome, for it is the most perfectly-constructed Pipe known, and ensures the most luxurious form of pipe-smoking. Patented 1897. With the "MASTA" nicotine cannot enter either mouth or pipe-bowl.

All Pipe connoisseurs know and smoke the "MASTA." It smokes cool and dry and smokes to the end of the tobacco. Flawless briar bowls. Sold at

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and upwards. Of all tobacconists.

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R.E.P
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Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

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Hundred Thousand Ladies & Gentlemen

who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair,

Greeting: Know all of you

In consequence of the immense demand for my remedy, 'Tatcho,' and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine Preparations, I have been compelled to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the Preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself."—**GEO. R. SIMS.**

"**TATCHO**" is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world in bottles at 1/-, 2/9, and 4 6.

Pears Soap

beautifies the complexion, keeps the hands white and imparts a constant bloom of freshness to the skin. As it is the best and lasts longest it is the cheapest.

Cocoas treated with alkali and chemicals have a medicinal scent, and being darker when in liquor, present a fictitious appearance of strength.

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THE

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FINE FEATHERS
according to the adage
MAKE FINE BIRDS

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An enviable condition you will admit!

Yet anyone by taking BEECHAM'S PILLS can ensure these essentials of earthly happiness.

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BEECHAM'S PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BODLEIAN
21·1·1905

Study our SALE PRICES

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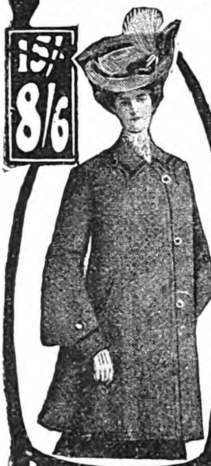
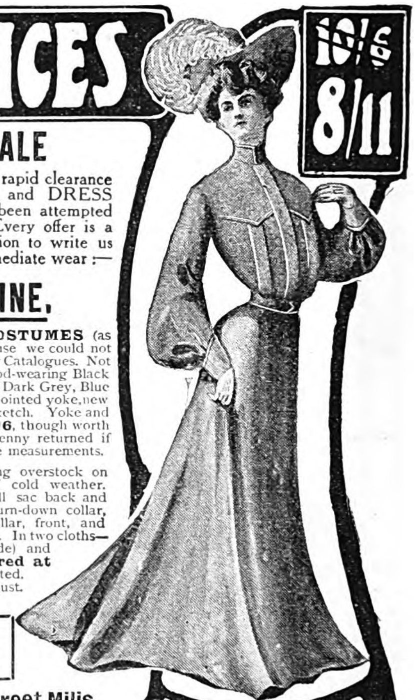
OUR 34th ANNUAL POST-ORDER SALE

is now in progress, for we must make room for Spring goods. To ensure a rapid clearance of our stock of Fashionable OUTFITTING, HOUSE DRAPERY and DRESS FABRICS, we have cut our prices to an extent that we guarantee has never been attempted before under like conditions. The bargains are positively irresistible. Every offer is a "plum," and we advise all who wish to share in this unparalleled distribution to write us immediately. Here are two of the lots, suitable for immediate wear:—



~~15/~~ 8/6



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3,050 **SERVICEABLE BODICE COSTUMES** (as sketch), left on our hands only because we could not find space to show them in our Winter Catalogues. Not old stock, but fashionably made in good-wearing Black or Navy **Serge**, and in special quality **Homespun**, in Dark Grey, Blue Grey, Fawn, and fashionable Brown Mixtures. Bodice has pointed yoke, new season's fashionable sleeves, and box-pleated front as sketch. Yoke and sleeves lined. In stock sizes only. Made to sell at **10/6**, though worth **15/-**. **Reduced to 8/11** (carr. 6d. extra). Every penny returned if order received too late. Mention **Model 386** and give measurements.

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and study the cut prices.—A copy sent free to any address for a postcard. No agents—write DIRECT.

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Model 386

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Made in Three Sizes at

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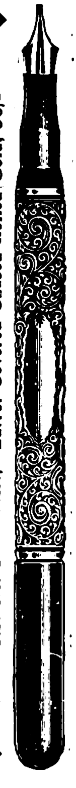

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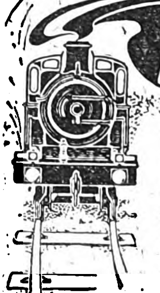

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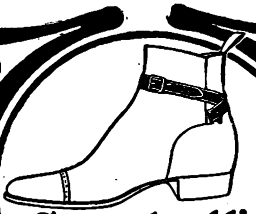

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RESTORES, STRENGTHENS, BEAUTIFIES & PROMOTES the GROWTH of the HAIR.

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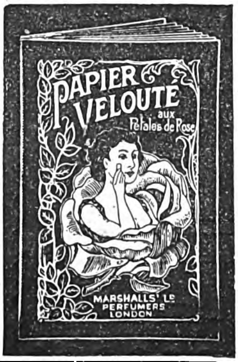

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Stains Grey Hair any shade desired. Does not stain the Skin. Applied in a few minutes. Is Harmless, Washable, Lasting, and Restores the Colour to the Roots, making detection impossible, and is undoubtedly the Cleanest and Best Hair Stainer in the World. No. 1, Light Brown; No. 2, Golden; No. 3, Dark Brown; No. 4, Black. Sent secretly packed by post for **1/3, 2/3, 3/3, 5/-, and 10/-.**

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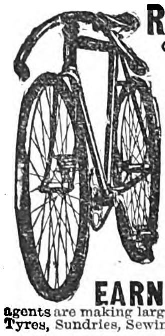

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FOR DISORDERS OF THE
STOMACH, LIVER & NERVES.

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"Some time ago I was suffering from the effects of a disordered Stomach, which was in a dreadful state. My Appetite was completely gone. Day after day I had no desire for food whatever, and that which I forced down appeared to do me more harm than good. My tongue was thickly coated; I had a dryness in the mouth that was anything but pleasant, and my Skin was very Sallow. In fact, I was getting into a very Weak and Nervous condition altogether. One day I decided to give Guy's Tonic a trial. I purchased a small bottle and after taking some my Appetite returned a little. I then continued with a large bottle of Guy's Tonic and after a second one my Appetite has fully returned and all the unpleasant symptoms are gone. I am pleased to let you know that solely through Guy's Tonic I am restored to Health again. I can heartily recommend Guy's Tonic to anyone suffering from a disordered Stomach as I did."

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exist to mar the satisfaction of the user of the
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In appearance, in use, and in wear, it is everything that can be desired. 14-ct. Gold Nib.
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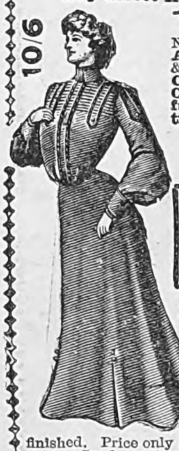

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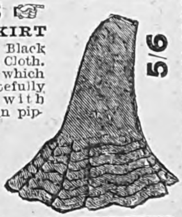

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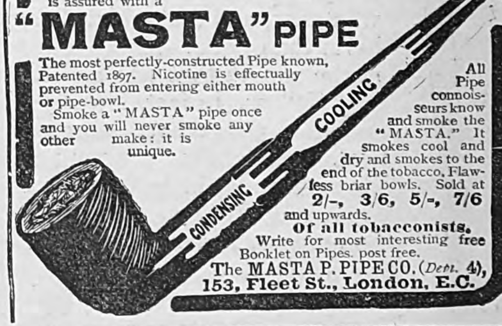

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Smoke a "MASTA" pipe once and you will never smoke any other make: it is unique.

All Pipe connoisseurs know and smoke the "MASTA." It smokes cool and dry and smokes to the end of the tobacco. Flawless briar bowls. Sold at **2/-, 3/6, 5/-, 7/6** and upwards.
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Vin. Bullen teaches by post, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever, and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy, and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development, and elasticity of mind and body.

Absolutely Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Nervous Exhaustion,
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Ladies write MADAME BULLEN. Booklet Free.

Pupils are of both sexes, ranging in age from 7 to 70, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition, individual instructions are given in each case. Write at once for full information and convincing endorsements from many leading people to **FREE.**

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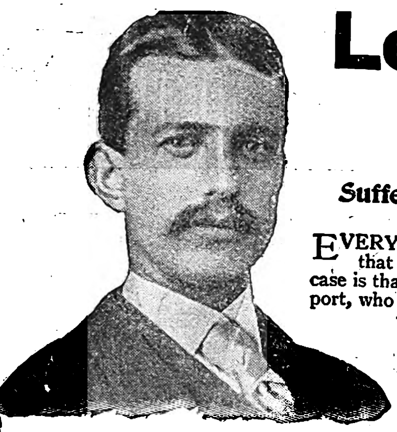

Mr. Robert Moss.

Legs Refused to Carry Me.

Suffered Six Years. Recovered in One Week.

Every post brings letters of thanks and praise for relief and cures that seem simply wonderful to the cured themselves. A typical case is that of Mr. Moss, of 52 Thomas Street West, Shaw Heath, Stockport, who writes as follows:—

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"I have received the Belt, and have worn it for one week, and am happy to inform you that I have derived much benefit from it already. My back is considerably better and stronger, and I now rest better at night than I have done for six years. I did not know what a sound hour's sleep was during that long six years of misery, but now I can go to bed and rest for eight hours, and get up in the morning fresh and ready for a hard day's work. Before I got the Belt I felt worse in the morning than on going to bed at night—so tired and drowsy. My nerves used to be so bad that I could not hold a pen, and my eyesight was very bad too, but a wonderful change has taken place in the short time I have worn the Belt; it is a miracle."

The Pulvermacher Method is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Gout, and Kindred Ailments. It speedily removes Indigestion and Liver Troubles, and proves an unfailing remedy for all forms of Kidney Disease, Pain and Weakness in the Back. It quickly restores health to Delicate Women, and is a certain cure for every form of Nervous Weakness and General Debility, Varicocele, Weakness of Bladder, and Wasting Disease in Men.

A month later Mr. Moss wrote confirming the permanency of his cure.

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FREE A copy of Mr. Pulvermacher's "Guide to Health" (explaining Method of Self-Cure). A Hundred *recent* Testimonials. Read the experiences of people who have tried this Method, then ask yourself the reason why you should suffer any longer.

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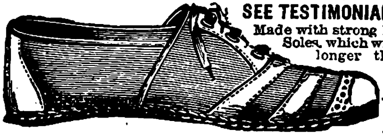

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SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear.

Mr. J. G.—, 42 St. Lawrence Road, Brixton, writes, 30/4/03: "Your shoes for comfort, price, and durability excel all I have come in contact with." Mr. Doyle, Hospital, Trinidad, writes, 2/11/01: "Last very satisfactory; hence second order."

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White, Brown, or Black.	Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
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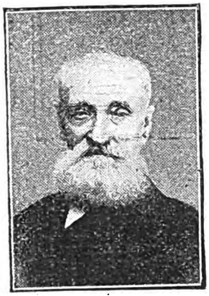

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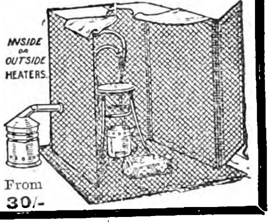

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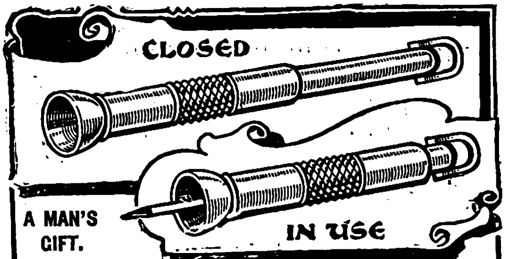

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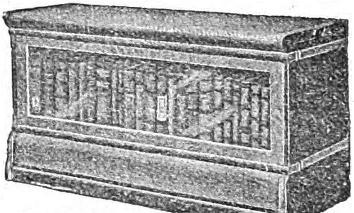

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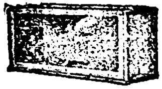

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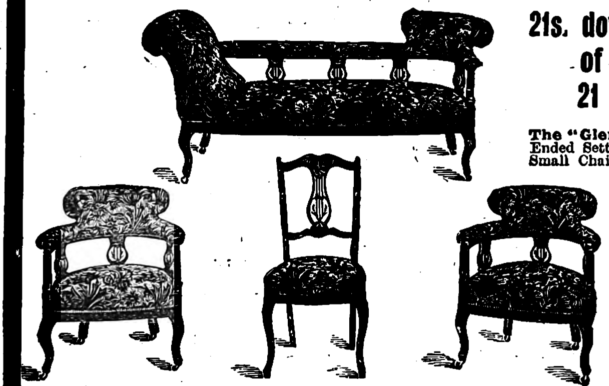

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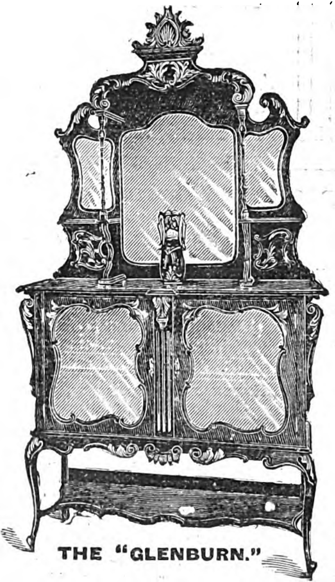
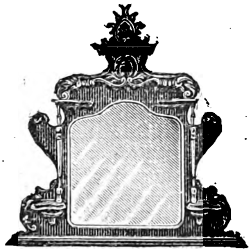


THE "GLENBURN."



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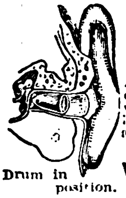

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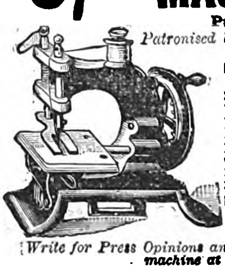

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A. F. HARDWICK,
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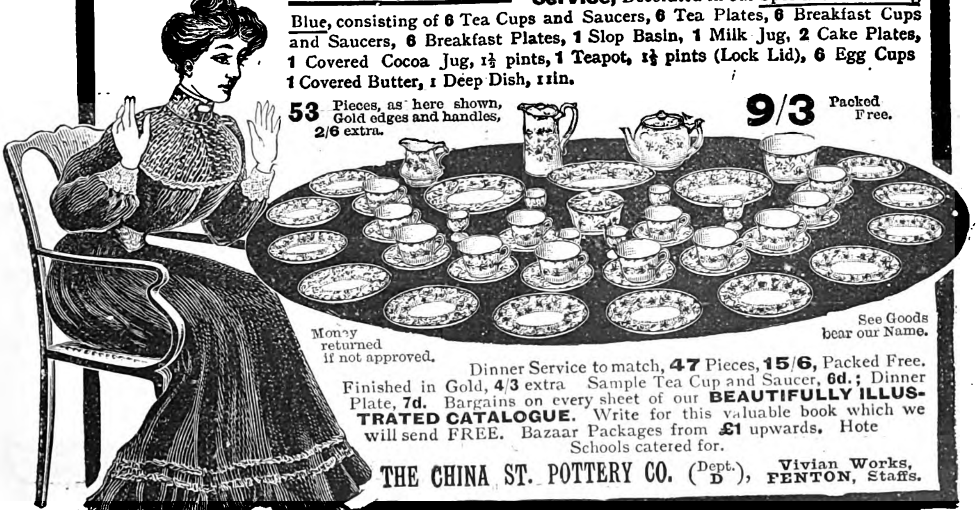

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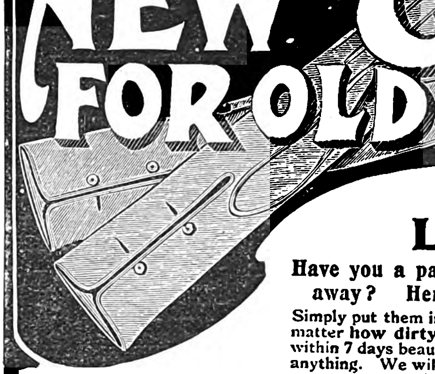
Thin women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested, but those who, by some unfortunate circumstance of health or occupation, are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called DIANO, and is controlled by the well known ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. There is no doubt about the marvellous power of this new treatment to develop the bust to a gratifying extent. Any lady who wishes to know more about DIANO should send her name and address to the ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. They will send free in plain sealed envelope by post a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life, showing the actual development induced, and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists, and prominent ladies, all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of DIANO to enlarge the bust, no matter how flat the chest may be. Miss Moreton writes: "*Diano acted splendidly, already developed two inches.*" Lady —— writes: "*My neck, which was so very scraggy, is now all I could desire, the hollows are beautifully filled out.*" Mrs. Crook writes: "*Diano has had wonderful effect; bosoms are getting quite full.*" Miss Gould writes: "*My figure is perfectly developed by Diano. Shall not require any more.*" Mrs. Blake writes: "*Since using Diano my chest measurement has increased six inches.*" These ladies have intimated their pleasure to give their experience to others, and full addresses will be given to *bona fide* applicants. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need to do is to send your name and address and a stamp to pay postage. All correspondence strictly confidential.

Address:—Lady Manager, D.G. Espanola Medicine Co.
(Dept. 43), 203a Regent Street, London, W.

"The desire to possess Beauty is keenest where refinement is strongest."

NEW GLOVES FOR OLD FREE



LADIES!

Have you a pair of OLD Gloves you thought of throwing away? Here's a chance — SEND NO MONEY.

Simply put them in an envelope, pay postage 1d., address to us carefully and no matter how dirty and shabby they may look we guarantee to return them to you within 7 days beautifully cleaned. We wont charge you one penny for postage or anything. We will clean one pair free of charge and return them to you at our own expense. The form at foot must be cut out and filled in carefully and enclosed with the gloves.

WHY THIS OFFER! *We want the names and addresses of 100,000 ladies interested in high-class Cleaning and Dyeing and are willing to prove that our work is beyond reproach.*

SEND AT ONCE

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DARTRY DYE WORKS, DUBLIN

We cannot undertake to keep this offer open more than 30 days, so fill in the attached form and post at once. ☛

To DARTRY DYE WORKS, DUBLIN. R.M.

I send herewith one pair of Lady's/Gent's Gloves which please clean free and return as soon as possible, postage paid.

Name..

Address (in full)...

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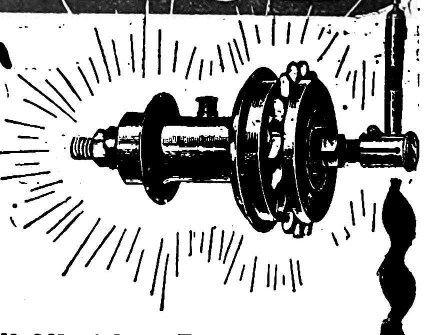
The FAGAN Two Speed HUB

is indispensable to an up-to-date bicycle.



It makes

Hill-Climbing Easy,
Coasting Delightful,
Adds Pleasure to Touring
and
Enables You to Ride
a higher gear.

CAN BE FITTED TO ANY BICYCLE.

Write for Illustrated Booklet and Gear Table, Free, Dept. LX.

Eadie Manufg. Co. Ld., REDDITCH.

LUNTIN MIXTURE

2 oz. Packets 1/-
¼ lb. Tins 2/-

SPECIAL OFFER.

Send 7 stamps and we will forward a sample supply of this grand Tobacco—you will find it delightful. Send to-day.

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, (Dept. 4.) Edinburgh.

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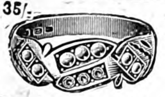

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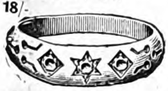

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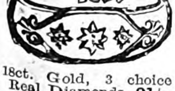

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Thousands have profited by this System. Why not You? Send Postcard for Big Book.

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL AND HANDSOME FREE PRIZE TO EACH PURCHASER.

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ECZEMA OF THE LEGS

and BODY is cured by 'Antexema'

Sore legs that are swollen or inflamed with the rawness of Eczema can be quickly cured by a gentle application of "Antexema." The dreadful irritation is instantly stopped by this cooling remedy, which brings rest and sleep to the sufferer while curing the trouble.

Mr. J. S. writes: "I had eczema in my feet and 'Antexema' stopped the irritation. I am quite cured now."

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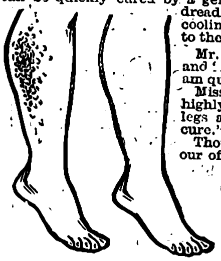
Thousands of testimonials can be seen at our offices. The one regret expressed by the writers is that they did not know of "Antexema" sooner.



Before and After Use.

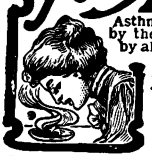
Don't Delay. Get a Bottle To-day

"Antexema" cures all skin complaints. Its benefits are immediately felt. Read the booklet "Skin Troubles," enclosed with every bottle. "Antexema" is supplied by Chemists and Stores, at 1/1½ and 2/9, or can be obtained direct, post free in plain wrapper, for 1/3. It should be in every home. Any sufferer not absolutely convinced of the value of "Antexema" should send a stamped envelope naming ROYAL MAGAZINE for a Free Trial, also a valuable treatise on Skin Troubles and 200 Testimonials from persons cured.

Address: "ANTEXEMA" 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.

To Asthma Sufferers

Instant relief is gained in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure. Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at 1/-. Test it free of charge. Send postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, Artillery Lane, London, E. for Free Sample. Kindly mention this paper.



DEFECTIVE SIGHT

Many people suffer from bad sight, or films and specks. All such should send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his little book, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This tells of SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelids, and eyelashes, having 300 years' reputation as the best remedy. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each by all chemists & stores. Please note that it retains its healing virtues for years.

SHORTHAND

is the Stepping-Stone to the Best Positions in Business Life.

I can teach you Shorthand at home, and save your time and money. "A MODERN PERFECTED SHORTHAND," an easy, speedy, and practical system acquired in twelve lessons. Don't think it cannot be done because old systems have failed. Let me tell you more about THIS SYSTEM. Write for booklet, No. 7, & I will send you A FREE LESSON and all particulars. Send at once to The Sec., Shorthand Institute, 71, High Holborn, W.C.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING

Required if you use the world-renowned BURGESS' LION OINTMENT. It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, &c.

Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts.

Sold by all Chemists, 7½d., 1/1½, &c., per box, or post free for P. O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, London. *Advice gratis.*

Torturing Eczema IS CURED BY "ANTEXEMA" TEST IT FREE.

Don't delay, send a stamped envelope to-day, naming "ROYAL" to "Antexema," 83 Castle Road, London, N.W., for a free trial of "Antexema," also booklet on "Skin Troubles," and 200 testimonials from persons cured. "Antexema" at once stops all skin irritation, and is supplied by Chemists, etc., at 1/1½ and 2/9, or sent direct post free for 1/3.

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These letters represent the great agency which acts as a powerful ally to Pitman's Metropolitan School in its unique system of Postal Instruction in all Commercial Subjects. It also indicates that there are

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There is a cure for Drunkenness which has shed its radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate homes. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister, or brother looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed, even against his will or without his knowledge or co-operation.

This famous remedy has guided many a young man to sobriety and into the high road to fortune, and has saved the father, the brother, and the son.

Mrs. Geo. Fuller *who saved her husband.*

If you send name and address to the Ward Chemical Company, 164 Century House, 205 Regent St., London, W., they will post enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food. Mrs. George Fuller says: "*I am only too thankful my husband never now wishes for intoxicating liquor. I gave him Antidipso in his tea and coffee, and it has quite cured him.*" With the

FREE TRIAL

Packet will be sent books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to save those near and dear to you.

DON'T NEGLECT TO WRITE TO-DAY.

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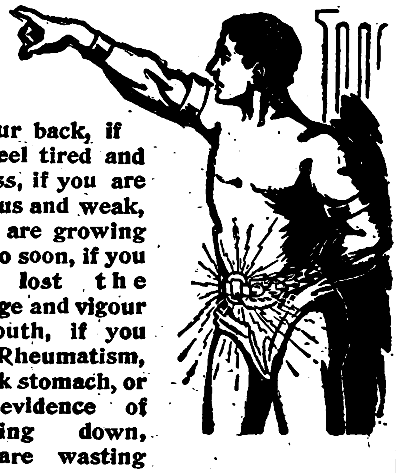
FASHIONABLE RINGS For RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders, etc., and General Health. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

To advertise our Half-Guinea "Veritas" Rings we are giving a large quantity away. Send stamp for postage and you will receive Size Card and Lists, together with our offer. These rings contain a galvanic coil which acts on the whole system, purifies the blood, and keeps one in perfect health. Thousands of testimonials received. Manufacturers:

The BRITISH RING SYNDICATE (Dept. 29).
86 New Street Birmingham.

IF YOU HAVE PAINS



In your back, if you feel tired and listless, if you are nervous and weak, if you are growing old too soon, if you have lost the courage and vigour of youth, if you have Rheumatism, a weak stomach, or any evidence of breaking down, you are wasting time. Get Electro-Vigour with free electric attachment.

We have cured over 50,000 weak, unhappy, broken-down people in the 25 years that we have appplied

ELECTRO-VIGOUR,

and every one of them had spent from £10 to £100 on drugs before they came to us as a last resort. Are you weak or in pain? Are you nervous or sleepless? Have you Rheumatism, Weak Back, Kidney Trouble, Weak Stomach, Indigestion, or Constipation? Are you lacking in vitality? We can give you the blessing of health and strength. We can fill your body with vigour and make you feel as you did in your youth. Our appliance is worn while you sleep. It gives a soothing, genial warmth into the body. This is Life-Vigour.

NORTHDELPH ST., DOWNHAM MARKET,
NORFOLK, November 11th, 1904.

DEAR SIRS,—It will interest you to know that it is twelve months since I went under your treatment. I have no recurrence whatever of my previous troubles, you will, therefore, see that electricity has made a permanent cure. I would not part with my Appliance for any sum of money. I have not lost a day's work since I first used it. Yours faithfully, F. HIGHT.

FREE BOOK.—Call or write to-day for our beautiful illustrated book, with cuts showing how appliance is used, full of good reading matter for men who want to be among the finest specimens of physical manhood. The book will be sent free, sealed, upon request. Call if you can. Hours 9 to 6.

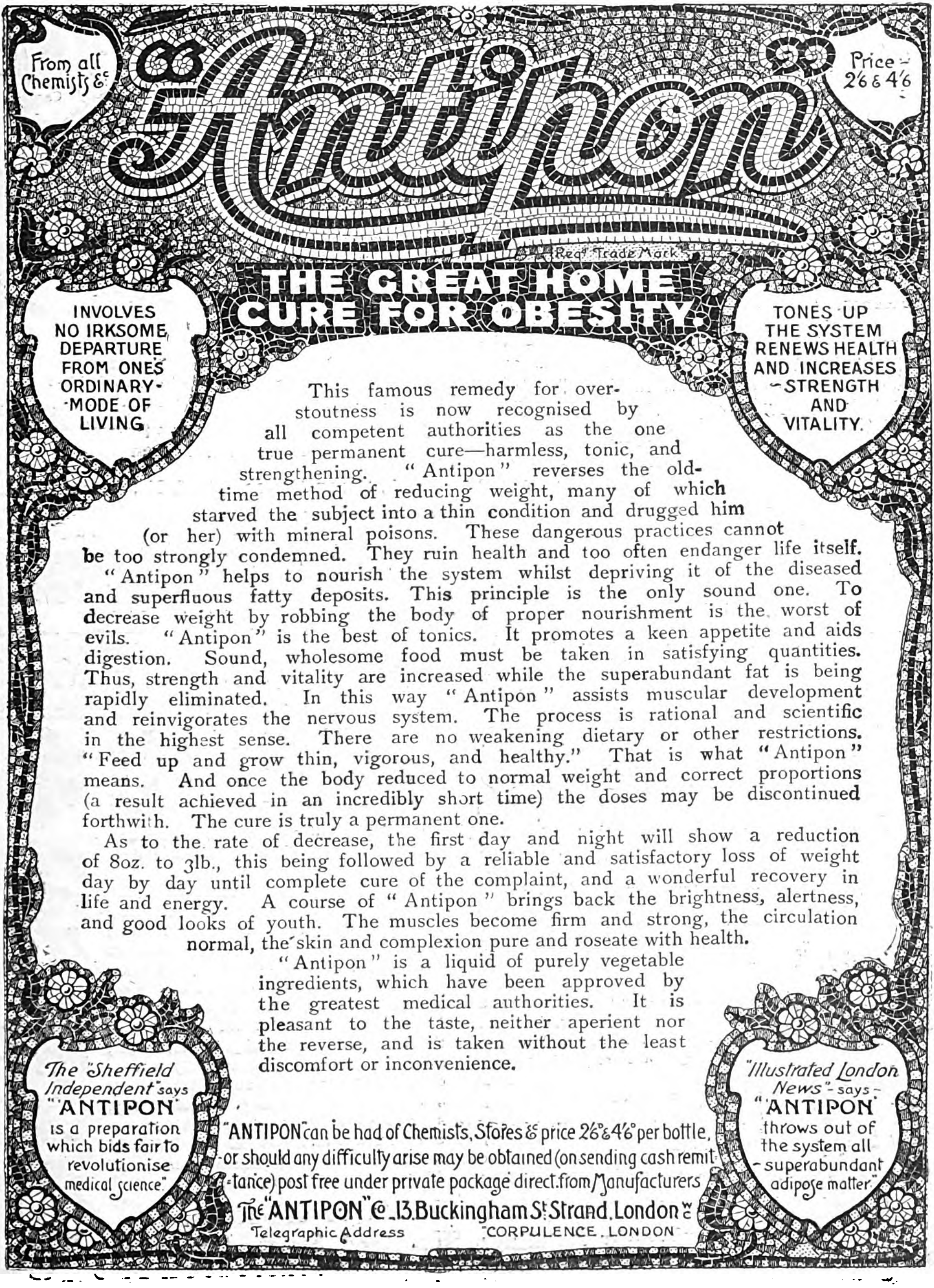
THE DR. F. McLAUGHLIN CO.,
164 Strand, London, W.C.
Branch-Office, 35 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

"ANTIPON" IN INDIA.

The testimony which has already been published in the Press and elsewhere is of a sufficiently remarkable character; but the letter recently received from an Anglo-Indian lady, and filed for reference by the "Antipon" Company, eclipses all previous records in the matter of radical fat reduction:

"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay.

"Dear Sir,—Please send me a large bottle of 'Antipon.' . . . When I started 'Antipon' I was 246lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61½lb.), for I only weigh 184½lb. I now can take four-mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is quite tightened, and not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and is beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have no fear of eating anything, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet." *(Mrs.) "F. M. S.——"*



From all Chemists &c.

Price 2/6 & 4/6

Antipon

Regd Trade Mark

THE GREAT HOME CURE FOR OBESITY.

INVOLVES NO IRKSOME DEPARTURE FROM ONES ORDINARY MODE OF LIVING

TONES UP THE SYSTEM RENEWS HEALTH AND INCREASES STRENGTH AND VITALITY.

This famous remedy for over-stoutness is now recognised by all competent authorities as the one true permanent cure—harmless, tonic, and strengthening. "Antipon" reverses the old-time method of reducing weight, many of which starved the subject into a thin condition and drugged him (or her) with mineral poisons. These dangerous practices cannot be too strongly condemned. They ruin health and too often endanger life itself.

"Antipon" helps to nourish the system whilst depriving it of the diseased and superfluous fatty deposits. This principle is the only sound one. To decrease weight by robbing the body of proper nourishment is the worst of evils. "Antipon" is the best of tonics. It promotes a keen appetite and aids digestion. Sound, wholesome food must be taken in satisfying quantities. Thus, strength and vitality are increased while the superabundant fat is being rapidly eliminated. In this way "Antipon" assists muscular development and reinvigorates the nervous system. The process is rational and scientific in the highest sense. There are no weakening dietary or other restrictions. "Feed up and grow thin, vigorous, and healthy." That is what "Antipon" means. And once the body reduced to normal weight and correct proportions (a result achieved in an incredibly short time) the doses may be discontinued forthwith. The cure is truly a permanent one.

As to the rate of decrease, the first day and night will show a reduction of 8oz. to 3lb., this being followed by a reliable and satisfactory loss of weight day by day until complete cure of the complaint, and a wonderful recovery in life and energy. A course of "Antipon" brings back the brightness, alertness, and good looks of youth. The muscles become firm and strong, the circulation normal, the skin and complexion pure and roseate with health.

"Antipon" is a liquid of purely vegetable ingredients, which have been approved by the greatest medical authorities. It is pleasant to the taste, neither aperient nor the reverse, and is taken without the least discomfort or inconvenience.

The "Sheffield Independent" says "ANTIPON is a preparation which bids fair to revolutionise medical science."

"Illustrated London News" says "ANTIPON throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter."

"ANTIPON" can be had of Chemists, Stores & price 2/6 & 4/6 per bottle, or should any difficulty arise may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free under private package direct from Manufacturers

The "ANTIPON" Co. 13, Buckingham St. Strand, London W.C.

Telegraphic Address "CORPULENCE, LONDON"

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CURED BY

CONGREVE'S ELIXIR

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See NEW BOOK on CONSUMPTION, etc., by
G. T. CONGREVE, 6d. post free from
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CHEERFUL WINTER EVENINGS.

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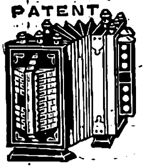

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With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Sweet Bell Accompaniments. **No Home should be without one.** The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming instruments. **No Knowledge of Music Required.** Used throughout the World.

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300,000 TESTIMONIALS. PROVE THEIR MERIT.

Special Offer to the Readers of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

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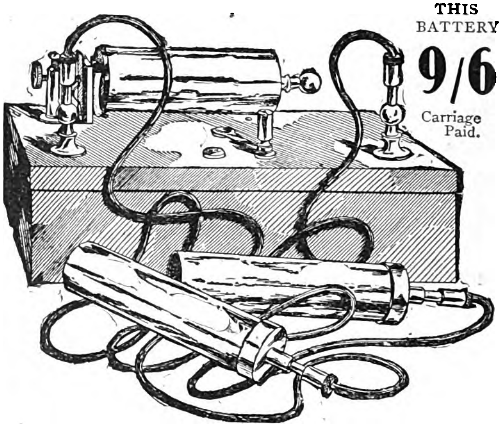
New Book—Illustrated from Life—Sent FREE to all who write.

Write to-day for our new **Free Book—"Cure Yourself by Electricity"**—illustrated with photos from life. Shows how the New Home Batteries cure Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Headache, Insomnia, Constipation and all nerve affections and diseases arising from sluggish circulation; also how they afford electric baths and beauty massage without cost at home.



THIS BATTERY **9/6** Carriage Paid.

We send this apparatus on receipt of postal order value 9/6. We allow you **10 DAYS' TRIAL.** If not satisfied we refund money. **WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.**

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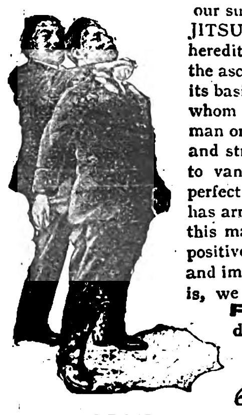


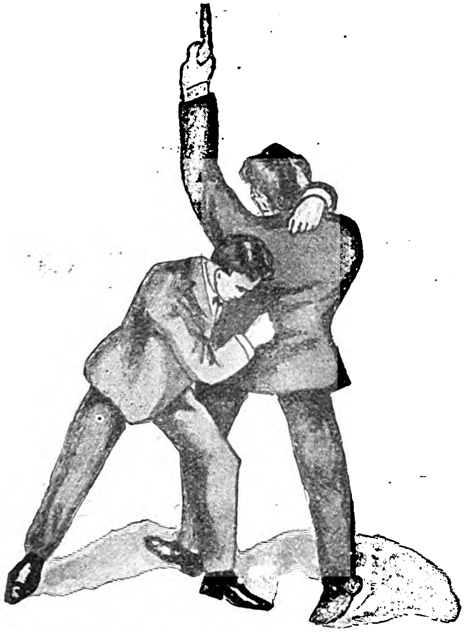
THE ASHIKAGA SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU,
6 Electric Buildings, Maryland Street, Liverpool.

A LESSON IN JIU-JITSU FREE

The Most Wonderful System of Self-defence the World Has Ever Known.

Every man who reads knows that in Japan there exists a national system of physical training which enables the average Japanese, though small of stature, to protect himself against an attack from the largest man.

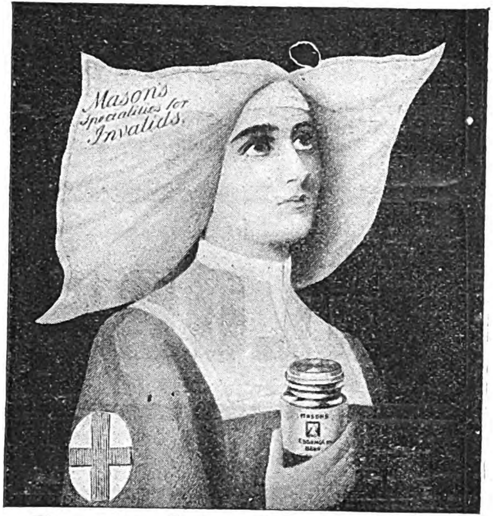
This system is based upon a principle new to the western world, and the Japanese have jealously guarded its secrets. They have kept them from the world, but they have practised it themselves almost to a man.



Mr. Y. K. Yabe, of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Jiu-Jitsu, one of the most skilled exponents of this remarkable system of physical culture, has at last given its secrets to the world. He has written a course that explains every phase of this remarkable science of self-defence and offence. For a limited time he will give away absolutely free a sample lesson of the work. If you would like to understand what Jiu-Jitsu is, write for this lesson at once. It will be sent to you absolutely free, as will also a book fully describing this remarkable science, and the course by Mr. Yabe. Address, using a penny postcard or 2½d. stamp, THE YABE SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU, 7K News Building, Rochester, New York.

GIVE YOUR INVALIDS

Mason's



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CAUTION. Genuine only with TRADE MARK as above.
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INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

A brilliantly clear skin after two or three applications. Speedy disappearance of **Roughness, Greasiness, Pimples, Unnatural Whiteness, Redness, Freckles, Tan.** etc. Gentlemen find it cooling after shaving.—Recommended for Red Noses.—This excellent preparation **differs from all others.** In bottles, 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6. Postage, 3d. extra.

CRIMPOLINE Curls the hair Naturally in a FEW DAYS.

Will keep in curl always. Makes the hair soft and silky. **Produces the fashionable wave.** Neither sticky nor greasy. For Ladies', Gentlemen's, or Children's hair For keeping the hair in curl **in a heated ballroom** it has no equal. 1/9 and 2/6 a bottle. Postage, 3d. extra.

Free with every order, a dainty booklet—"Beauty's Boudoir"—giving valuable toilet advice.

Your Chemist or Hairdresser will obtain Peralia or Crimpoline for you, or send direct to—

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ARE YOU LITTLE?

If so we will send you particulars of our Elevators, which will increase your height 1in. to 4½in. (without detection). Prices from 5/6 per pair. Send stamp for further particulars—**PERALIA Co.** (Dept. R), 73 Camden St., North Shields, Eng.

NOSE

If you have an odd-shaped or red nose, send stamp for further particulars of our 10s. Nose Instruments. **PERALIA CO.** (Dept. R), 73 Camden St., North Shields, England.

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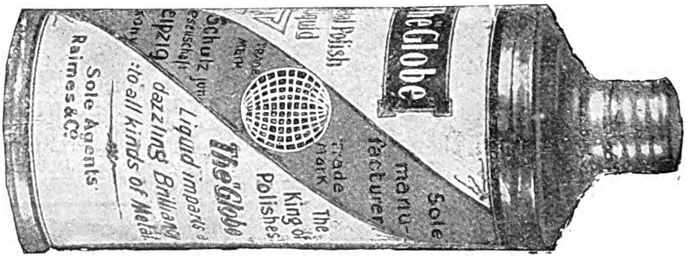
Liquid in Cans.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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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From a Photo.

A Peep Behind the Scenes.

Photos *Hana.*

HARRY RANDALL.

When Harry Randall, at present the chief attraction of Drury Lane, was quite a little boy, he used to have a clear treble voice, and successively sang in the choirs of several churches, finally appearing at the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

But he was so small that his cassock was always too long for him, and he had to hold it up under his arms as he walked up the aisle, to the secret amusement of the congregation

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

VESTA TILLEY.

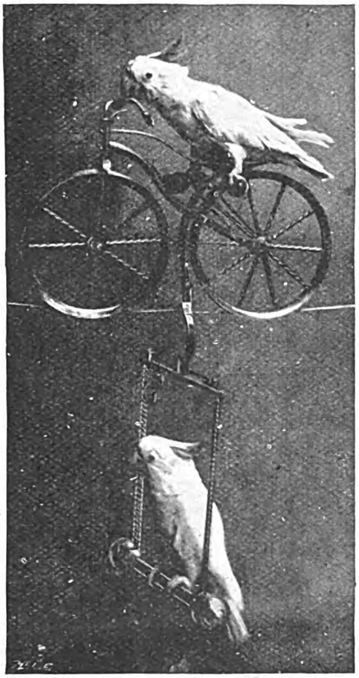
Miss Vesta Tilley is a most popular actress and singer She tells how uncertain a thing one's memory is. She had sung a particular song, "John and Mary," every night for three months in a pantomime. Then she went to one of the "halls" in the same town, and came on, at the universal request of management and audience, to sing the favourite "John and Mary.' The audience clapped, and—but Vesta Tilley had quite forgotten the words.

Photo A. Yallop.

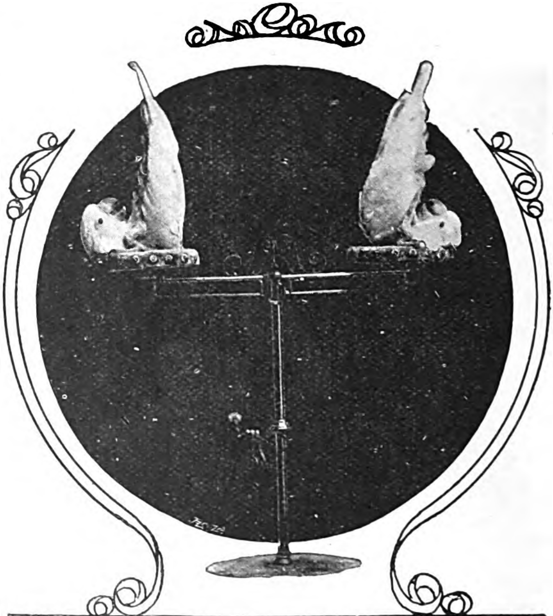
MRS. BROWN POTTER and the VICAR OF GORLESTON.

Mrs. Brown Potter is a charming and a very beautiful woman, ever ready to help in new schemes. She produced, a month or two ago, a play called "Church and Stage," by the Vicar of Gorleston, the Rev. Forbes Phillips.

In Hong Kong once Mrs. Brown Potter was richly entertained by Li Hung Chang, the menu consisting, amongst other delicacies, of boiled puppy dog and a venerable egg—a hundred years old, and quite black.



A tight-rope performance. The parrots enter into the spirit of the same heartily.



Parrots are not very easy to train, but, once trained, can balance themselves perfectly in any position.

MADAME BELLONINI'S PERFORMING PARROTS.

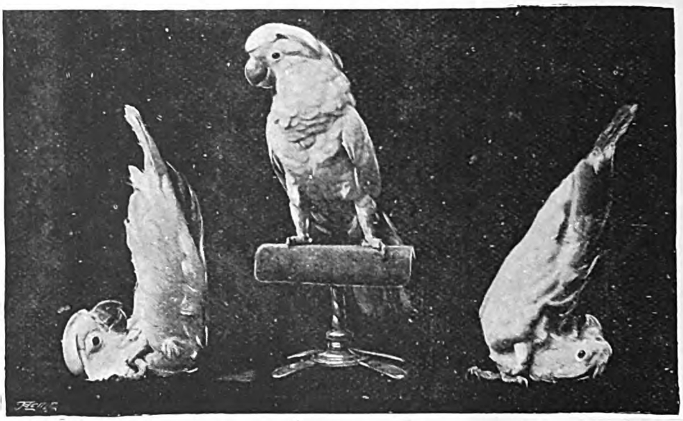
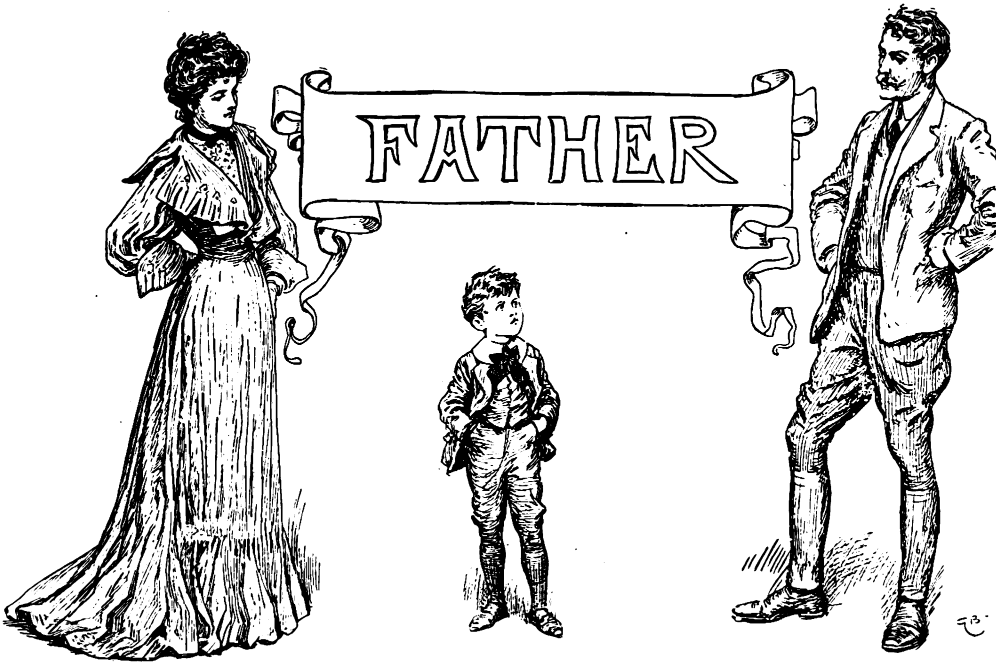


Photo Langfier.

Parrots do not seem to care for standing on their feet when they can assume the topsy turvy position.

If lions and tigers and snakes can be tamed, why not parrots? Madame Bellonini, who has so successfully trained a little team of parrots, declares that personal magnetism is the one point to consider. The birds must be attracted to the personality of the trainer. Then, too, the birds must teach each other. An entirely fresh set of parrots would be terribly slow learners. Each new comer learns from the old hands. But the parrots can do wonderful things. They ride bicycles on a tight-rope, one pedalling and the other hanging underneath. They stand on their heads, and on their necks, and on everything but their feet. One amusing bird climbs up a flight of stairs, and back-somersaults himself down again.



The Story of a Stepmother.

By Owen Oliver.

Father kept saying funny things the night before he went to South Africa, and he made mother and Sonney laugh a great deal. Sometimes they laughed so much that they had to run away and cry. They did not run away together, because mother was a stepmother, and they only made out that they were good friends to please father.

They weren't bad friends exactly. They pretended to themselves that they hated one another; but that wasn't true.

Mother was fond of all naughty little boys, and Sonney was certainly little and naughty. She would have liked him very much if father had not liked him quite so much.

Sonney was fond of pretty young ladies, and mother was undoubtedly pretty and young. He would have been in love with her in a boy's way, if father had not loved her in the way of a man. As it was, mother was very, very kind to Sonney, and Sonney was quite polite to mother; but they were furiously jealous of one another. There was room enough in father's heart for both of them, if they had understood, but they did not know how big a man's heart is.

When Sonney came back, whistling to show how cheerful he was, he found mother right inside father's arms; and this hurt him. When mother came back with a smile that wavered about the lips, she found Sonney on father's knee, and this hurt her. She lingered beside them, and just touched father's arm; but Sonney grabbed at the arm and scowled at her. She felt for a moment as she knew she ought not to feel towards a child. but she met the scowl with another smile.

Sonney would have preferred her to look angry. He thought she only smiled at him to please father, and she knew what he thought. She had a short, internal struggle, and her sweetness conquered. She *was* sweet, and it was hard work not to like her. That was what annoyed Sonney most.

"You will put him to bed yourself to-night, Dick," she suggested; "won't you? Poor old Sonney! I must try to make up for father when he is gone."

She laid her hand gently on Sonney's head, but he drew himself away and almost snarled at her. That she should think she could make up for father! It was the crowning insult to his mind, and he resolved that, when father was gone, he would be as bad as he could be. He could be pretty bad he knew. Everybody called him a naughty boy, except father. Father always remembered that he was only nine; and you can't be very good when you are nine and a boy.

So father took him to bed, instead of Mary, and had a game with the engine on rails, that he had bought as a farewell present, before Sonney undressed. Then he sat on the end of the bed, and they talked about the lessons that Sonney had promised to take special pains with while father was away, and the treats that he was to have when father came home. Last of all they talked about mother; at least, father talked about her.

"There's one thing that you can do for me, old man," he said. "I want you to look after mother. You'll be the man of the house, you see, and she won't have anyone else to stand up for her. Everything nice that you do for her will be something nice done for me. Remember that, old chap. God bless you, my little man—my little man!"

Father paused at the foot of the stairs for a few seconds, before he went into the dining-room. It seemed minutes to mother, who was waiting just inside the door. She had been waiting there all the time.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried. "Dear old Dick! I am so greedy over you. I didn't want to take you from him, only—I meant you to think I was quite cheerful. but—I didn't cry very much, Dick. You won't let it make you unhappy, will you?"

Father put his arm round her and kissed her.

"No, dear," he said. "It will make me happy to think that you cared enough to cry; but I don't want to think that you keep on crying after I am gone. A year isn't long after all, and it will soon pass. I wanted to be with you too, little girl, all the time I was upstairs, only the little chap will miss me so. He's a crotchety little fellow, I know; but he doesn't mean to be naughty, and perhaps when you know him better——"

He paused and looked at her, and she held the sides of his coat, and looked up at him a trifle reproachfully.

"Of course I will be good to Sonney," she said. "There is no need to ask that, Dick. He is a dear little boy, and his only fault is that he loves his father so much! It—it isn't easy to help loving you, Dick, you—you know." Her voice almost broke, but she steadied it bravely. "You shall come back and find us the best of friends," she assured him.

Then father said that she had cheered him, as she always did, and really a year was only a short time; and she said it was a *very* short time, and it was ridiculous to make a fuss over it, and she was going to be brave.

She *was* brave the next morning, when father went away in the railway 'bus, and so was Sonney. They stood on the steps waving their hands, but just before the 'bus turned the corner Sonney made a choking sound, and mother picked him up and kissed him, and father saw.

Sonney rubbed off the kiss as he ran upstairs, but he could not rub off the memory of it. If mother had gone in to him while he lay on his little bed with his little face rammed between the pillows and kissed him again, their troubles would have been over. Unfortunately she saw him rub off the kiss, and the memory of that remained with her. It made no difference in her kindness to him; only it made this difference, that she was kind to him for his father's sake, more than for his own.

At first Sonney also tried, in his way, to be kind to mother. He went to church with her on Sunday morning, and carried her books. He placed her chair at the table, as he had seen father do. He turned a dutiful cheek to be kissed before he went to bed. He washed the kiss off with soap afterwards. She knew that he would.

During the first week Sonney did nothing very dreadful; only .broke a few things and tied a tin can to the cat's tail, and put a few candles through the wringer. Mother smiled inwardly when she remonstrated with him about them. They were quite natural things, she considered, for a little boy to do, and quite natural things for his elders to object to. But Sonney took it into his queer little head that she only pretended to overlook them, and would tell father about them when she wrote.

So he decided that it was no use trying to be good at home, and that, if he did well at school, father would know that the fault at home wasn't his but hers. He had a good mind to put this in his letter to father, but he thought perhaps it would be sneakish; and, besides, a lie looks a lie when you write it down on paper, and at the bottom of his heart he knew that mother *was* good to him.

The next week his misdeeds were innumerable. In particular, he made a raiding expedition into Mr. Crustiman's orchard; and Mr. Crustiman called and talked about the police; and mother told Sonney that she must punish him if he ever went there again He went again on the next half-holiday, and gloried in escaping detection, as he fancied.

He did not know that mother saw him from the bedroom window, and trembled at every knock next day for fear it was Mr.

Crustiman. If she had to punish him, she thought that her last hope of becoming friends with him was gone; and perhaps, if father knew, he would think that she hadn't tried as she promised.

At the end of the week she bought Sonney an Eton suit. Father had told her that was what he ought to have next; but Sonney declared that father would not have made him wear the beastly thing, and that the stiff collar hurt him dreadfully; and he took the suit off, and said he wasn't well enough to go to church.

When mother had gone, he went downstairs and annoyed cook and Mary. They complained when mother came home, and threatened to leave; and she took Sonney into the drawing-room and showed him the big portrait of father.

"You do not love your father so much as I do, Sonney," she said, "or you would try to please him when he is away."

From that moment Sonney hated her. He never spoke to her unless she spoke to him; and he left the room whenever she came in. He did not even show her the letter that father sent him from Madeira.

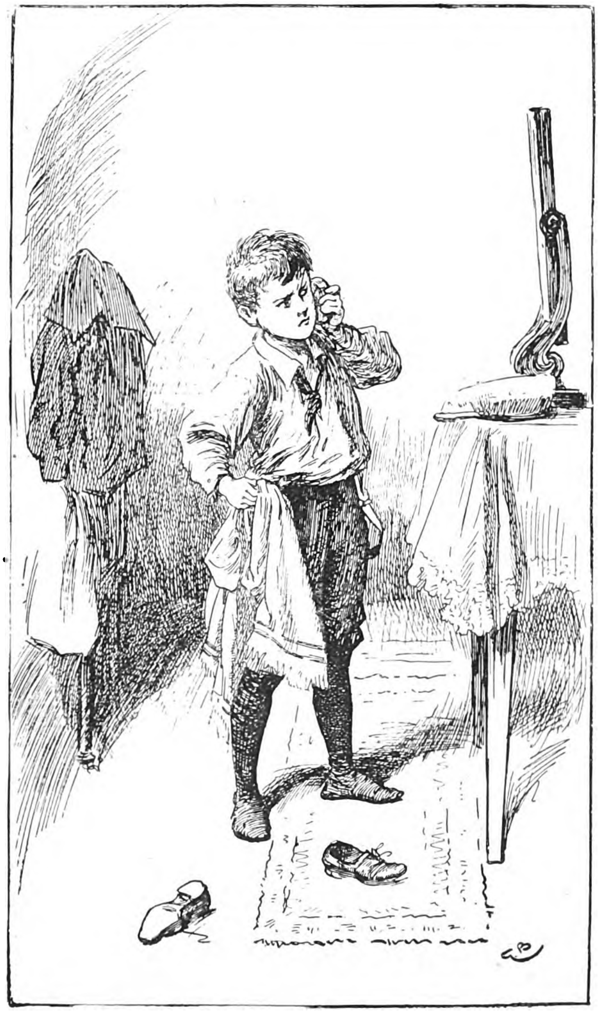
She tried to make peace with him when he brought the fortnightly school-report for her signature.

"Oh!" she cried, "you've gone up four places in form, and three in arithmetic. That *is* good, Sonney. Father *will* be pleased; and so am I."

He held out his hand for the signed report.

"I didn't do it to please you," he said rudely—'only father.'

From that moment mother would have hated Sonney if she could. Only it was not in mother to hate a little boy who wanted his father.



He washed the kiss off with soap afterwards.

All the next month Sonney showed a perfect genius for getting into mischief. He broke a branch off the plum-tree climbing for the unripe fruit. He smashed four windows with a sling. He threw stones at the neighbours' cats. He tore the Eton jacket climbing a fence. He spilt ink over the drawing-room carpet. He upset the milkman's can. He was rude to his mother and the servants. He tied the cook's hair to the chair while she was dozing, and the hair came right off (he wanted to find out if it was her own), and cook had hysterics and gave notice. He did nothing right at home, and everything right at school, where the masters could not make out what had come to him.

"Dear Dada" he wrote:—

I have swotted like ennything, an' I hope you will be plesed. The repport says Conduct excellent has made a real efort with his work. Jones Miner said I was a sneke to swot, but I lickked him easy. I wish you were home because it is nearly sumer. I daresay she will tell you I broke some windos, but it was an accident, but she did not beleve it, but she is all rite and does not grumbel much. I should like to go to bording school, but I don't want to be a way when you com home.

Com home soon.
Your loving son,
FRED TAYLOR.

P.S.—Com home soon. I mis you dredful.

As a matter of fact, mother did *not* mention the windows, or any other misdeed of his. What she said was this:

Sonney has worked heroically at his lessons, and you must praise him very much. The work has been all for your sake, dear, and I hope the memory of you inspires me a little, too. I wish he had a tenth of the affection for me that he has for you. I cannot help thinking that, if I were older and wiser, I should manage to gain it, but I am afraid I do not. Sometimes I think I ought to be a little firmer about his mischief—they are *only* boyish pranks, dear—but, you see, I feel that, if I punished him, I should be hurting you. However, I am sending for tickets for the Hippodrome during the half-term holidays, and I should think that would make us chums. Be sure to praise his good school-work.

Sonney saw her glance at him several times while she was writing this letter, and he made up his mind that she had complained to father. So, to her astonishment, he said that he did not wish to go to the Hippodrome. As a matter of fact he wished very much to go, but she took him at his word and disposed of the tickets, and he was naughtier than ever throughout the holidays.

On the last morning of the holidays she went into the playroom to ask him if he would like to have some schoolfellows to tea, and he jumped out of the window and ran away, muttering "sneak" under his breath. In the afternoon he got out of the attic window and ran about on the roof, and refused to come down. She sent for the builder's man to fetch him at last. Then he took a long jump down on to the roof of the bath-room—mother screamed aloud—got in by the staircase window, and went off to his aunt's.

His aunt thought that mother knew he had come, and let him stay till late in the evening. Mother and the servants had been searching for him for hours when he returned, and she sent him to bed without any supper. He called from the top of the stairs, "Good-night, *step*mother. Father would like me to be hungry."

"Take him up something, Mary," she told the housemaid, "but don't say I sent it. I should not have thought that a child could hurt so much."

Mary made up her mind to tell him what she thought of him, and what his father would think; but she found him flung at full length on the bed, whispering, "Father—father." So she undressed him and put him to bed, and read him a long fairy tale, and only a short lecture.

The next afternoon, when he came home from school, his mother spoke to him severely. He had been a very naughty and unkind boy for a long time she said, and now she must write and tell father, and it would grieve father very, very much. She expected him to ask her not to write, and meant to agree upon a promise of good behaviour; but he said nothing—merely walked over to the stationery cabinet and took some paper and an envelope. She knew what he meant—that he would write to father about *her*.

She did not give father credit for the great trust that he had in her goodness, or realise how impossible it would be for him to think ill of her. The way it appeared to her was that she had promised to do just one little thing for father—to make his orphan boy love her—and she had failed.

She sat with her face on her hand, looking at father's photograph on the desk. Sonney glanced round at her as he went out through the door, and something in her look touched his hard little heart somehow. One never knows how these thoughts come that touch one; and the thought that touched Sonney was that it would hurt father when he heard things about him, and if he said things about mother it would hurt father too. Also it was "sneaky" to say things about mother. So he decided only to write about himself and the things that he had done, and the goodness of his intentions when rightly understood.

When, however, he tried to reduce his good intentions to paper, they did not seem quite so good. He *had* intended to annoy and worry mother, and he was sure that father would not think that good at all. He might have left that part out; only there was the photograph of father on the mantel-piece looking at him.

He remembered how father used to come and sit on the end of the bed and talk to him; how he came and sat there the night before he went. "Everything nice that you do for her will be something nice done for me," father had said. And all the nasty things that he had done were nasty things done to father. When father knew——! Sonney was tempted to write a lie, and say that he hadn't done them; but he couldn't write a lie to father. Of course he did not think it out clearly like that, but that was what was in his mind. If you don't think so, turn your mind back to the times when you were little and in trouble, and sat on your father's knee, and he put his arm round you; and to the times when you thought of father afterwards. Sonney's mind turned back to the times like that, and he gave a little gasp and wrote:

My dear Father,

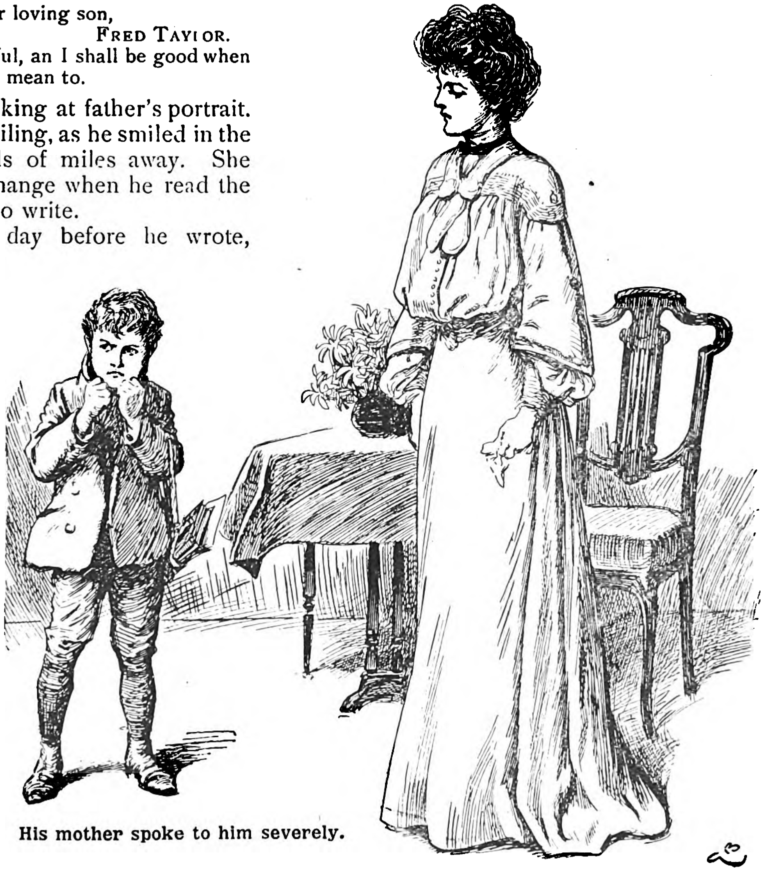
What mother says is true. I have been snekey to her, but I won't do it any more. Please don't be very misrable.

Your loving son,
Fred Taylor.

P.S.—I miss you dredful, an I shall be good when you com home. I didn't mean to.

Mother, too, sat looking at father's portrait. She could see him smiling, as he smiled in the photograph, thousands of miles away. She could see the smile change when he read the letter that she meant to write.

He would wait a day before he wrote, because he never did things hastily; and he would think so carefully what he could write that would help both of them most. It would hurt Sonney when he got father's letter. He deserved to be hurt; but not so much as that. Poor little passionate boy! It was because he loved his father so much that he was jealous of her. Perhaps she wouldn't write. But he would write about her to father. If she knew what he had written! She rose suddenly, and walked upstairs.


His mother spoke to him severely.

Sonney was sitting at his little dressing table, with his small face set firmly, sealing the envelope. He did not move when she went in. She could see his face in the glass. It was a very miserable face, and she felt suddenly sorry for him.

"I shall not interfere with your letter to father, Sonney," she said quietly, "but I do not want him hurt more than can be helped. Will you show me what you have written?"

Sonney hesitated for a moment, and looked at father's photo; and thought of things that father had said, about cowards who would not own that they had done wrong. She would be able to triumph over him now, he thought, and drummed savagely on the floor with his foot. She would think he had only written because he was afraid of father being cross; but father wouldn't think that. He picked up the letter slowly and gave it to her.

"May I open it?" she asked, and he nodded, looking away out of the window. It seemed a long time that he was looking. Then mother gave a sharp cry, and dropped the letter and picked him up in her arms and sat down in the chair and hugged him, and somehow she found the right thing to say.

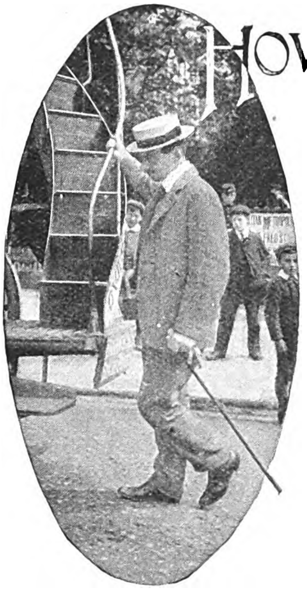
"You're *not* sneaky, Sonney," she said, "*and neither am I.* We're not going to write—either of us!"

That was how mother and Sonney came to love one another. Father was jealous of them both, he declared, when he came home; but they knew that was only his joke, and the more they liked one another the more they would please father.

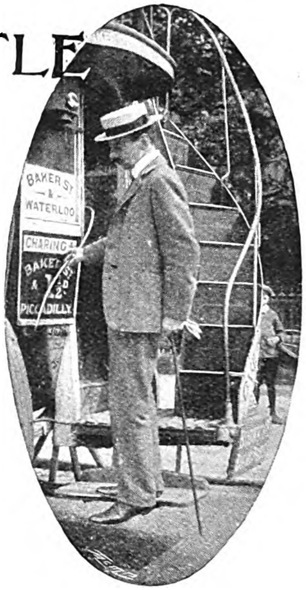
HOW TO DO LITTLE THINGS

You will Find that Life will Run more Smoothly if you Read this Article with Care.

By Wellesley Pain.



To mount a 'bus while it is moving, grasp the step-rails with the right hand at the utmost limit of your reach. By doing this you are almost lifted on to the step from the movement of the 'bus.



To descend from a 'bus in motion, grasp the rail with the right hand, stand on the right foot, step off with the left, and run a few steps in the direction that the 'bus is going.

Some people say: "If I can do big things well, what does it matter about little things?" But they are wrong. Small things are often of just as much importance as those of greater moment. It is the neglect of trifles that brings about mishappenings of the utmost importance.

For instance, it is quite simple to descend from a 'bus while it is moving—when you know how. There is a story of a Chinaman who attempted this feat, but unfortunately he did *not* know how. The result? Well, the Celestial performed a series of double somersaults, and finally settled on his back in the middle of the Strand.

GETTING ON AND OFF A 'BUS.

The simplest way of getting safely off a 'bus in motion is to grasp the rail with the right hand, stand on the right foot, step off with the left foot, and run a few steps in the direction that the 'bus is going.

Another method that looks difficult, but is really very simple, is to step backwards off the 'bus while looking in the direction that the 'bus is going. The momentum brings one forward and in an upright position.

To get on a 'bus while it is going with the least possible exertion, grasp the rail to the steps with the right hand, taking care to reach up almost to the limit of one's arm. By holding the rail in this position one is lifted by the movement of the 'bus almost on the step, and practically no jumping is required.

HOW TO PACK A PARCEL.

Now, packing a parcel—like doing a conjuring trick—is simple enough when you know "how it's done."

The first thing to remember is to get your paper the right width. Many people who are by nature extravagant in the matter of luxuries become suddenly of an economical turn of mind when they are dealing with such trifles as string and paper. It does not pay to be niggardly in this direction. On the other hand, you do not want more paper than is absolutely necessary. In doing up a soft parcel it will be as well to have several thicknesses of paper; old newspapers are most useful, if your supply of brown paper is limited. In doing up a box such extra protection is, of course, not necessary.

Put your paper on the table, and place your parcel on the paper. If the sides of the paper reach to the top of the parcel, the paper is quite wide enough. It is as well to see whether the paper is wide enough before you begin, as it may save you the trouble of undoing the parcel and finding a fresh piece of paper afterwards. (Of course an experienced packer can see at a glance if his paper is the right size.) If your paper is too wide, fold a little piece in on each side. The ends of your parcel will then be quite neat, and the paper folded in will serve to protect the parcel from damage in the post.

Fold the end of the paper nearest to you

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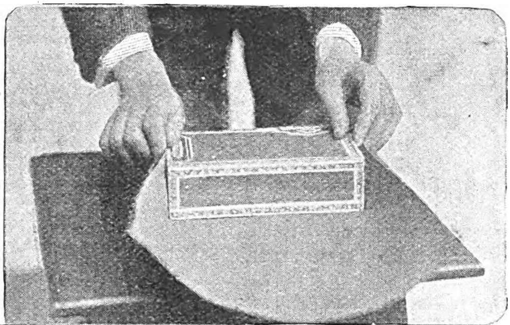
over the parcel, and manipulate the paper till it reaches about three parts of the way over the top of the parcel.

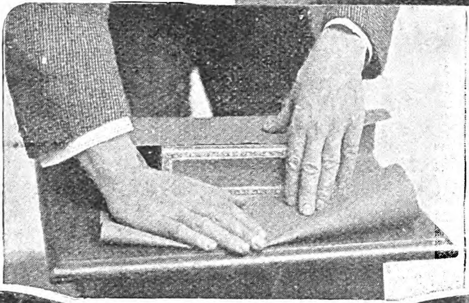
If you find then that the paper is too long do not cut off a piece, but fold it in. You then bring the end farthest away from you over the parcel.

You are now ready to think about the string.

Pass the string under the parcel. Then tie a small knot in the end of the string farthest away from you, and tie this end round the string. You thus get a safe slip-knot, and, if you pull on the string, you will find that, so far, your parcel is tightly tied.

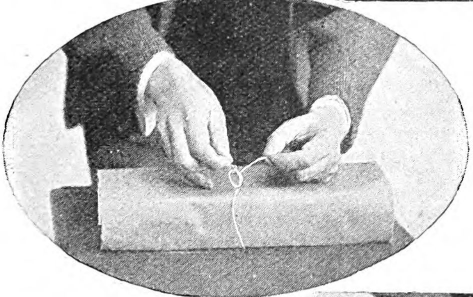
Now the ends must be folded in. Press the paper down over the right end, and fold the paper there in the shape of a triangle. Press this triangular piece upwards and over the end of the parcel, and then, passing the string over the end, turn the parcel upside down.



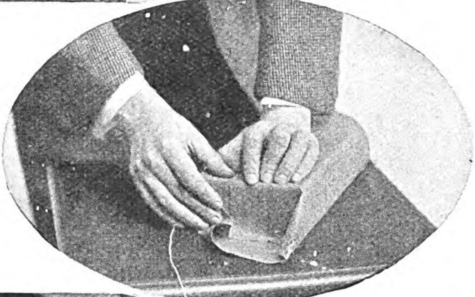


WRAPPING UP A PARCEL NEATLY.—(1) Get your paper the right width. It does not pay to be sparing in this direction; but on no account use more paper than necessary. Having seen to this, lay your paper on the table, and your parcel on the paper.

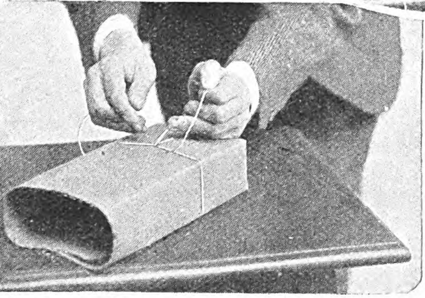
(2) Fold the end of the paper *nearest* to you over the parcel, so that it reaches three parts of the way over. Then bring the end *farthest* away from you over the parcel.



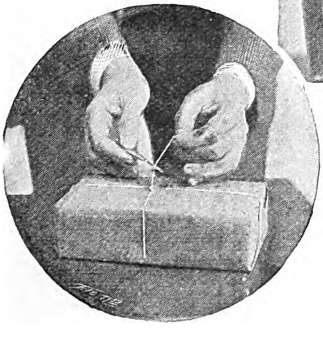
(3) The parcel is now ready for the first tying. Pass the string underneath it. Next tie a small knot in the end of the string farthest away from you, and tie this end round the string. You thus have a safe slip-knot, and, if you pull on the string, you will find your parcel is, so far, firmly tied.



(4) Next fold in the ends. To do this, first press the paper down over the right end, and fold the flap at the bottom into the shape of a triangle. Press this triangular piece upwards and over the end of the parcel. Pass the string over the end and turn the parcel upside down.



(5) The paper at the other end is folded in the same fashion, and the string brought over it.



(6) All that now remains to be done is to tie a firm knot, and to cut off any superfluous string.

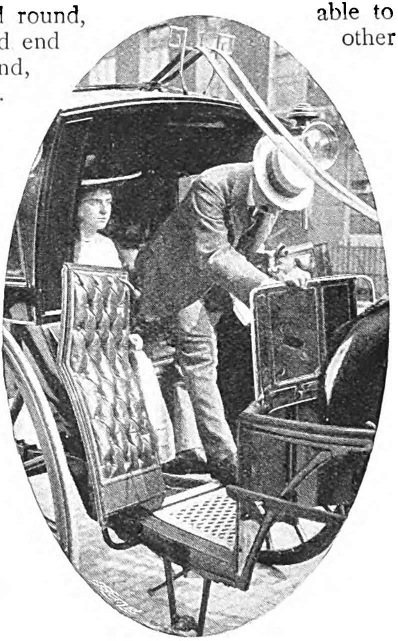
The next move is a little difficult to describe, but the reader who follows these directions with parcel and string in hand will find the matter very simple.

It is necessary to knot the string in such a way that there is not the slightest possibility of its coming undone while the paper is being folded over the other end of the parcel. To do this, carry the end of the string over the band of string round the parcel, and then putting the end of the string under the band, pull it through to your right. Next pass the end of the string over the band again, and pull it through again, but this time pull it straight upwards, and the string will be firmly knotted.

The parcel is then turned round, and the paper at the second end is folded in as at the first end, and the string brought over it. The parcel being turned over again, all that one has to do is to tie the finishing knots. This is where the amateur packer usually fails. Grip the string firmly between the thumb and first finger of the left hand and pull slightly. Take the end of the string in the right hand, carry it beyond the knot first made, and pass it through the string, going round the parcel lengthwise.

Now pull upon the string, and bring the end out and over to the right hand. Tie again, and the result will be a firm knot. But to make everything quite safe, tie a similar knot on the string, either to the left or right of the first knot made. To prevent the string from slipping out, make a couple of small knots in it, taking care to run them down close to the parcel before drawing them tight.

Cut off the string just above this little bunch of knots, and you have a neat parcel that cannot possibly come undone unless the string breaks. This eventuality is guarded against by using good string.



Whoever gets into a hansom first should sit on the side near the pavement. By doing this the person that follows will be able to step across his companion quite easily and take the vacant seat.

GETTING INTO A HANSOM.

When two persons are about to get into a hansom, common politeness prompts the first one to leave the seat nearest to the pavement vacant, so that the second person may be able to enter easily. This is the theory of the thing, but practical experience tells one that it is easier for anyone getting into a hansom when someone else is already there, to take the seat farthest from the pavement than to take the one on the off side.

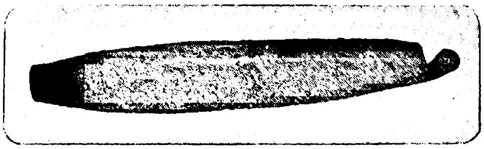
Therefore, if you are the first to get into a hansom, take the seat nearest to the pavement, and your companion will easily be able to cross over you to get to the other seat.

CUTTING THE TOP OFF A CIGAR.

The large cigar-cutters that are to be found on the counters of most tobacconists' shops serve a double purpose. Apparently they are there merely in order that the tobacconist's customers may cut off the ends of their cigars with the least possible trouble to themselves. In some instances, at least, the ends of the cigars so cut off are saved and are returned to the manufacturers, who obtain a rebate on such "sweepings" from the Inland Revenue authorities.

In any case, however, these cigar-cutters, in common with the majority of portable cigar-cutters, do not do the work properly. Also, the man who is in the habit of using his knife for cutting his cigars usually performs the operation badly. He cuts it straight down on his thumb. If the knife is sharp he runs the risk of cutting himself, and, if the knife is not sharp, he may break the cigar.

The chief point, however, is that the end is not cut properly. It will be seen that such nicotine or moisture as may be in the cigar cannot fail to drain into the smoker's mouth if he cuts the end from his cigar in this way, and the same thing may be said of the cigar which is cut with a mechanical spring cutter.



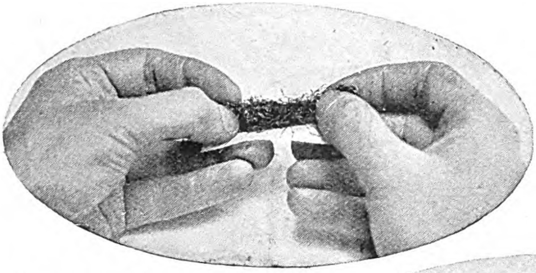
The best way to cut a cigar is to make a notch near the end, leaving the tip to absorb the nicotine.

In order to obviate this, and to insure a clean, sweet smoke, cut a notch in the end of the cigar. Make the first cut away from the tip, and you will then run no risk of breaking the cigar.

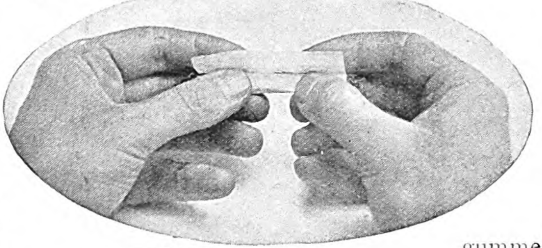
ROLLING A CIGARETTE.

Rolling a cigarette is an accomplishment that many cigarette smokers would like to acquire. To those in the habit of always smoking cigarettes a home-made one is a welcome change after a long course of those ready made.

To roll a cigarette first take one paper from the packet. If you begin by looking for the tobacco you cannot fail to spill some of it.

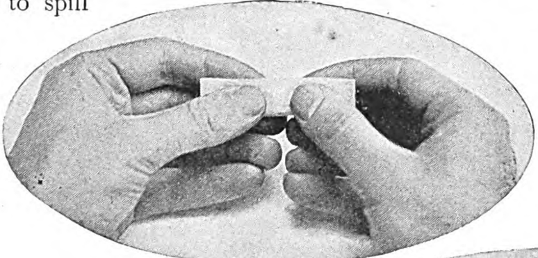


How to Roll a Cigarette.—(1) Take a strip of paper and a pinch of tobacco. Pull the tobacco out so that it lies evenly on the paper.



(2) Using the first fingers and thumbs of both hands, begin to roll the tobacco in the paper upwards and downwards.

Then take out a pinch of tobacco—the experience gained by making half a dozen cigarettes will tell you exactly how much to take—and place the tobacco on the paper. The paper should be resting lightly on your two middle fingers, and the first fingers and thumbs should be on the top ready to manipulate the tobacco.



(3) When the tobacco is neatly rolled, raise the fingers slightly towards the end of the cigarette and press gently. This will cause the ungummed side of the paper to become tucked underneath the tobacco.

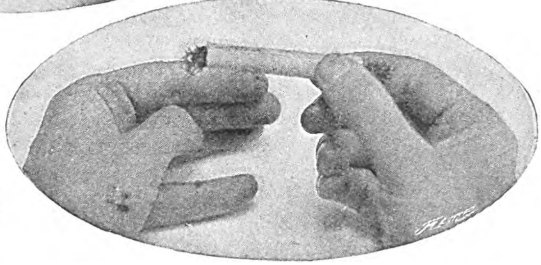
With the first fingers and thumbs pull the tobacco out so that it lies evenly along the paper. It is through neglecting this part of the process that the amateur cigarette maker usually gets an unsightly bump in the middle of his cigarettes.

Now put the thumbs and forefingers under the paper and begin to roll it upwards and downwards. Do not use too much power; if you do you will probably tear the paper in half.

The next step is to move the fingers slightly towards the ends of the cigarette. By pressing lightly on the two forefingers and thumbs you will tuck in the two ends of the paper. This is perhaps the most ticklish part of the whole business. Should there be any difficulty in performing the operation, it is because the centre of the cigarette is too thick.

Directly the ends of the paper have been tucked in, the two forefingers, the two middle fingers, and thumbs all work together in rolling up the cigarette. Take care not to pull outwards at the cigarette, and not to roll too tightly. It should then be an easy matter to roll the cigarette up, and if the work has been done properly it will be rolled so securely that it can be held—without any fear of its coming undone—between the thumb and finger while you moisten the gummed edge of the paper.

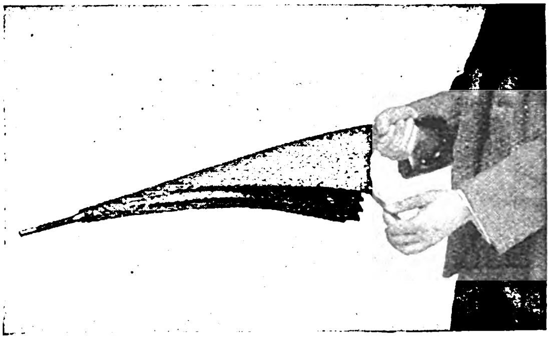
A little twist to the cigarette winds the gummed edge on to it; the loose ends of tobacco are nipped off with the thumb and first finger, and the cigarette is ready for smoking.



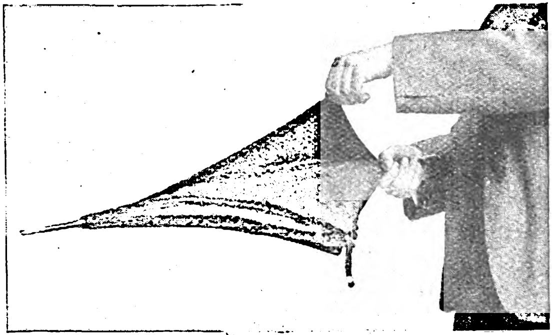
(4) Moisten the gummed edge, press it down, and with the thumb and first finger nip off the tobacco protruding at the ends. The cigarette is now complete.

DOING UP AN UMBRELLA.

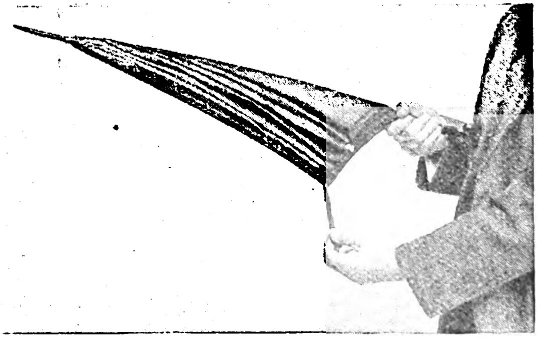
The best of umbrellas is an unsightly bundle when it is rolled up badly. To make a neat job of it first find the button and elastic, and pull this fold out to the left of the umbrella, while holding the



How to Roll an Umbrella Properly.—(1) Hold the umbrella in the right hand by the ends of the steel ribs. Next find the elastic fastener and pull out the fold to which it is attached. If the umbrella has been left unfolded, or has been done up badly, it will be necessary to shake the umbrella well before attempting to find the folds.



(2) Now draw out each fold separately. Do this carefully to insure that each fold is pulled out from the bottom of the umbrella.



(3) The folds are now ready for winding tightly round the stick. Move the left hand to the end of the umbrella, grasping the latter tightly at the tips of the ribs with the right hand.

umbrella in the right hand by the ends of the ribs.

If the umbrella has been done up badly, or has been standing undone in the umbrella-stand for a long time, it may be necessary to shake the umbrella well before attempting to find the folds.

After the first fold has been pulled out the other folds must be dealt with separately in the same way. Some care will have to be taken to avoid missing a fold and to insure that each fold is pulled out from the bottom of the umbrella.

This process complete, the umbrella is ready for the final process of winding the folds tightly round the stick. Shift the left hand to the end of the umbrella, grasping it tightly at the ends of the ribs with the right hand. The left hand must also be closed fairly tightly on the umbrella.

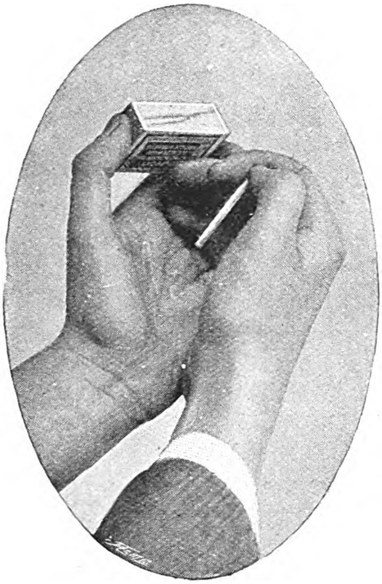
Now screw the umbrella from left to right through the left hand, keeping a tight hold on the ends of the ribs with the right hand, and releasing this hand only just enough to allow the hand being moved in order to make the screwing motion.

These directions having been all carried out, the umbrella ought to be neatly folded, but in the case of an umbrella that has remained for a long time out of its proper folds it may be necessary to repeat the last process before finally passing the elastic round the umbrella and fastening the ring over the button.

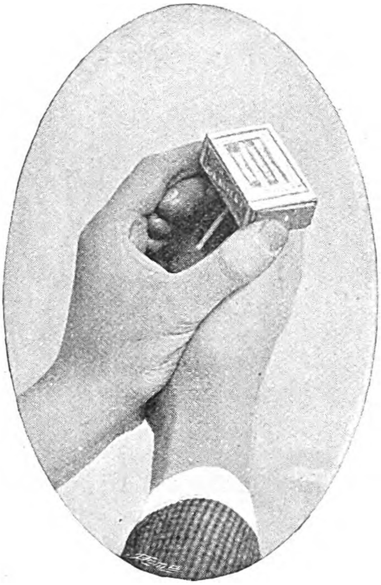
(4) Twist from left to right, and a neatly folded umbrella will be the result.

LIGHTING A CIGAR.

Watch any man lighting a pipe, cigar, or cigarette, and you will see him holding the match-box between the first finger and thumb of the left hand, and the match about to be lighted between the first and second fingers and thumb of the right hand. When the match is struck the hands are brought together, and the match is held between the first finger and thumb. It will



The wrong way to hold a match in order to light your pipe in a high wind.



The right and only way to save time, trouble, and matches.

be seen that even with the shelter of the hands the flame is really quite exposed to the wind.

This way of lighting up is the general way, and good for the match trade.

The most experienced smoker will waste matches in a high wind, or when he is on a 'bus. He will not do so if he adopts the following plan: The moment the match is struck keep it between the first finger and thumb, but press the thumb closely to the hand, and move the match-box, held between the thumb and first finger of the left hand, over to the right till it is above the right thumb. All this is the work of a fraction of a second. If the position of the hands has been properly taken up the flame of the match will be well sheltered, and the smoker will be able to light pipe, cigar, or cigarette, quite easily.

STROPPING A RAZOR.

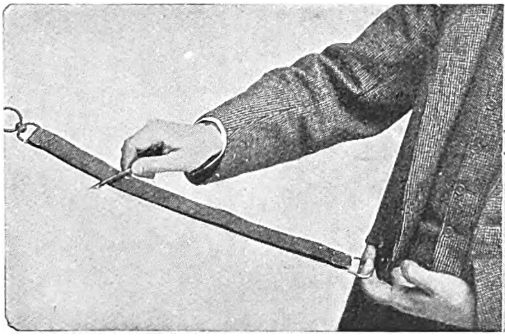
Every man knows how to begin to strop a razor. Put it flat on the strop with the edge towards you and draw it away up the strop from heel to top.

Now comes the usual mistake—in turning the razor over.

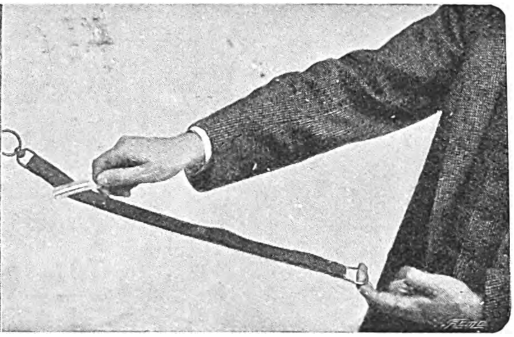
If it is turned in what is perhaps the most natural manner, that is, with the edge touching the strop as the razor is turned over in readiness for the return journey, you cannot fail to cut the strop and blunt the razor, and the more you hurry over the work the more damage you will do.

To avoid this, when you come to the end of the strop, turn the razor over on its back. You will then not run the slightest risk of damaging your strop or taking the edge from the razor, and the razor will be in position ready for being brought down the strop.

It should always be turned in this way—back on the strop and the edge upwards.



Never turn a razor over with the edge touching the strop. It blunts the razor and ruins the strop.



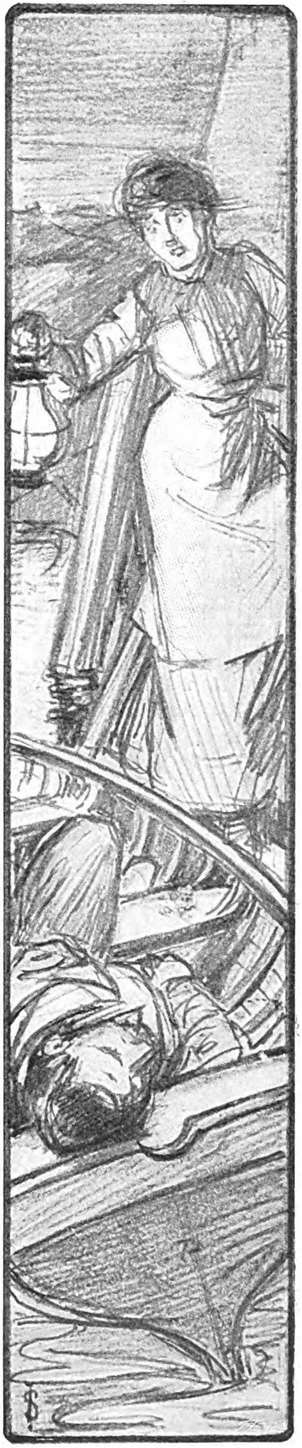
On the homeward journey, turn the razor over on its back. A little practice will make this quite as simple to accomplish as the more common and wrong method.

Real Life Romances.

All True Stories Will be Carefully Considered and Paid for if Used.—Ed. ROYAL.

The Revolving Light.

A BRAVE AMERICAN WOMAN'S DEED.



The huddled figure of a man, lying at the stern, fixed her gaze.

THE lighthouse keeper's wife rose from her chair by the fire, and looked from the little window. Far away in the distance she could see the Mississippi coast, looming like a great black cloud on the horizon.

Darkness had fallen. The little clock on the mantelshelf tinkled out the hour. Seven o'clock, and the great revolving lamp still unlit!

Hastily descending the winding stairs, she stepped outside and called to her husband. Receiving no answer she called again, then picking up a lantern, hurried to the wharf.

A small boat lay gently tossing on the water. She glanced inside. The huddled figure of a man, lying at the stern, fixed her gaze. A cry of horror burst from her lips. In the still form she recognised her husband—dead!

Alone on the little island, with no one to soothe her sorrow, the poor woman gave herself over to grief.

Across the water the lights of a passing vessel shone. A sudden thrill passed through her heart. Her husband dead! No light in the beacon-tower, and she alone in charge!

Filled with new energy she mounted to the lantern-room. A minute later the lamp was lit. Then, stepping to one side, she pulled down the lever that should set the light revolving.

But something was amiss. The machinery refused to work. Again she pulled, first backwards, then forwards, in a frenzy of despair. A sudden thought came to her mind. Seizing the iron globe, she pushed with all her strength. At first slowly, then faster, the lamp turned on its pivot.

An hour went by, then two. With wearied arms and blistered hands, her mind torn by thoughts of her dead husband, the woman clung to her post.

All through the long night, that seemed to her would never break, the lamp revolved. And not until dawn had lit the sea did the weary woman cease from her terrible task. Then, staggering to the window, she hung out a signal of distress.

Darkness had set in when she awoke from a dreamless sleep. The silence around told her that her signal had flown unnoticed. With a sigh of disappointment she once more mounted to the lantern-room. Again the white ray shone across the water, first north, then east, then south and west, telling to all the danger that was near.

Round, round, walked the lighthouse keeper's wife, panting and straining as she made the lamp revolve.

At times she moved as in a dream, spurred by a mortal dread of what might happen should her strength give way.

Day broke. With it went the strange energy that had kept her moving through the long night. A sigh escaped her lips, and, staggering from the lamp, she sank unconscious to the floor.

* * * * *

Some hours later a boat arrived at the lighthouse. And then was discovered and published abroad one of the bravest deeds of heroism that modern times can show.

The Poacher of Shirley Warren.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

TWO gamekeepers talked at their fireside.

"The Squire is in an awful rage about the warren," remarked the head-keeper.

"It's a mystery!" commented the underkeeper. "Where those rabbits go, heaven only knows!"

"Something must be done," returned the head-keeper, rising.

Picking up their guns, they stepped out into the darkness, and made their way towards the wood.

Suddenly a twig snapped. Both men crouched in the hedge. The sound drew nearer.

"Now!" whispered the head-keeper.

Closely followed by his companion he leaped out and seized the passing figure. A moment later a cry of astonishment burst from both keepers. Instead of a rough-looking man, as they expected, they saw in the clear moonlight the pale face of a small boy.

"What have you there?" inquired the head-keeper sternly, snatching a sack from the boy's hand, and emptying its contents upon the ground. "Six rabbits! I declare. Fresh killed, too!"

Without more ado, the keepers led the frightened boy to their house. There they proceeded to examine the contents of his pockets. An instant later a howl of terror filled the room, and the underkeeper sprang into the air with a large spidery object hanging to his fingers.

"What is it?" he cried frantically.

"A crab," said the boy, pulling the animal from the man's hand. "I have two more." He laid them on the table.

A careful search revealed nothing but three candle-stumps and a box of matches,

"How did you catch these rabbits?" demanded the head-keeper.

"If I tell you," answered the boy, "will you let me go?"

The head-keeper nodded.

Having made his compact, the young poacher asked to be taken to the nearest warren. There he immediately set about stopping up all the rabbit-holes within a radius of twenty yards, save two.

The keepers stood by, watching in amazement; neither as yet realised how the rabbits were to be captured.

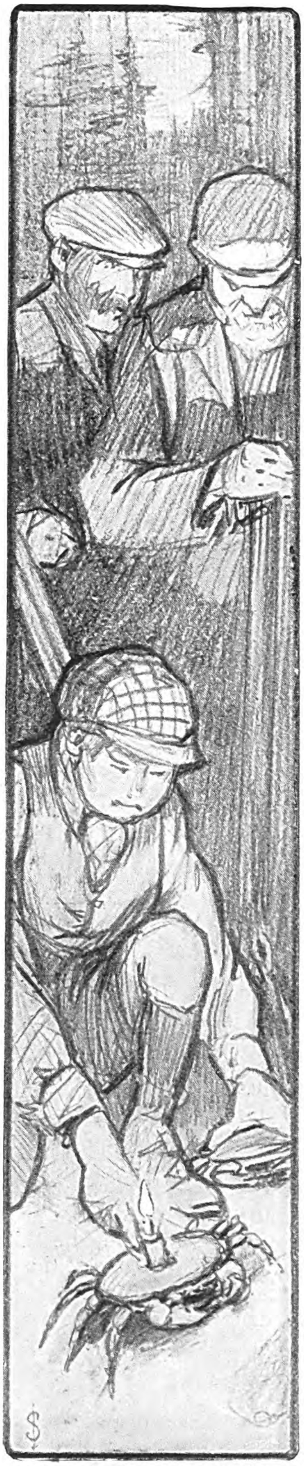
"Now we can begin," remarked the boy, laying the crabs and the candle-ends on the ground.

Taking off his coat, he placed it over one of the holes, and proceeded to light the candles. These he stuck, one apiece, on the crabs' backs, and, having unblocked a hole some yards distant, he put the creatures inside, and closed it up again.

Meanwhile the keepers had come to the conclusion that the boy was mad. But, heedless of their muttered comments, the small poacher knelt down beside the hole covered by his coat, and listened intently.

A minute passed. Then a quick, scuffling sound issued from beneath the coat, and the boy held up—a live rabbit.

"That's how I do it, mister," he said triumphantly. "Them rabbits is scared of fire, and when they see my crabs crawling down the holes with lighted candles on their backs, they bolt. All that run up against my coat I catch!"



He stuck the candles on the crabs' backs.

The Finding of Rosie Boo.

THE ROMANCE OF A CAB HORSE.

"GEE-UP, Rosie Boo!"

Hansom-cabman Morris cracked his whip.

Tossing her pretty head indignantly, Rosie Boo broke into a trot.

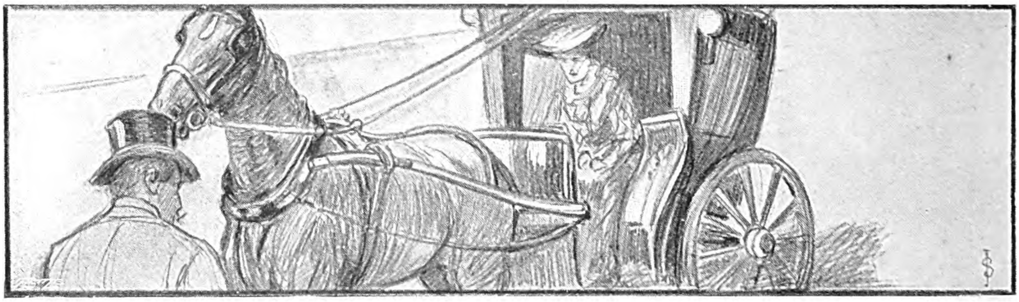
Suddenly two shrill whistles sounded, quite near by. The driver drew up outside a brilliantly-lighted restaurant. A lady, escorted by a gentleman of military bearing, stepped inside, and away clattered Rosie Boo.

Meanwhile, an interesting conversation was passing between the occupants of the cab. And Rosie Boo was the subject of it.

"Yes," said the gentleman, gazing closely at Rosie Boo's silky back "I feel sure that I have seen that horse before. How strange if it should be she! But wait!"

He tapped at the trap door overhead.

"Is that animal a mare?" he inquired of the driver.



Bending down, he examined her chest.

The cabman nodded his head.

"I thought so!" remarked his fare excitedly, turning to the lady at his side. "I tell you I am more sure than ever!"

The cab was now passing through Eaton Square.

Ordering the driver to pull up beneath an electric lamp, the gentleman descended and walked quickly to the mare's head. Yes, there she stood, much the same as he had known her three years past.

Bending down, he examined her chest. In the bright glare of the electric-light a white scar was plainly visible. A vision of the day, when he had seen that mark, a gaping wound, spurting blood at every movement, came clearly to his mind.

"Rosie Boo!" he cried suddenly. And Rosie Boo, by way of answer, pricked her ears in recognition.

"You can see," said the gentleman, turning to the driver, "that Rosie Boo and I are old comrades. She was my charger during the South African War. To her I owe my life. My name is Wood. I am a Captain in His Majesty's Army. Three years ago I was mounted on this very animal. My regiment, attacked by Boers, was falling back.

"We were enveloped almost on all sides. Retreat seemed impossible. All around us, as we galloped over the scorching veldt, the bullets pattered, whilst a murderous pom-pom, hidden on a distant kopje, raked our ranks. Suddenly, in the midst of the terrible din, I felt a sharp pain.

"I was wounded, but managed—how I do not know—to keep to the saddle.

"The enemy were now drawing in closer. Apparently they contemplated cutting off our retreat, and compelling us to surrender. Half-unconscious though I was, I knew that my life depended entirely on my horse. Once a prisoner in their hands, I knew that my injuries must prove fatal through lack of proper treatment.

"Suddenly Rosie Boo stumbled, I felt her whole frame quivering. If she fell, I fell—both of us inevitably would perish.

"But she was made of sterner stuff, and, despite the blood pouring from a terrible wound in her chest, stumbled on, bearing me to the British lines.

"From that terrible day in South Africa until to-night in the streets of London, I have never set eyes on my old charger!"

* * * * *

Thus it was that chance brought two old comrades together.

But Rosie Boo's story does not quite end here, for Captain Wood has fully determined to buy his old charger, and to let her reap a fuller reward of her faithfulness than by toiling daily with a hansom at her heels.

Wolf! Wolf!

A CYCLIST'S TERRIBLE RIDE.

THERE were obvious signs of thunder when I set out to spend the evening with my friend at S——, A bright harvest moon shone down, lighting the road before me. Away, almost on the horizon, a heavy bank of clouds growled ominously and at frequent intervals.

Riding steadily, I was at length brought to a standstill by the road branching off in opposite directions. My memory of the way up to this point had held me good. But now I hesitated, doubtful which of the two roads I should take. Whilst in this dilemma, I noticed the figure of a man approaching.

"Is this the road to S——?" I asked.

Without heeding, the man hurried on. I repeated my question. This time he heard, and, half turning, nodded his head.

"What is the matter?" I shouted.

"Wolf—escaped—from menagerie at G——" he gasped in a terrified voice, and vanished round the corner.

Laughing to myself at his cowardice, I mounted my machine and was soon gliding along the quiet lane. Strangely, up to the present, I had felt no alarm at the thought of a wolf roaming the country. But presently I began to experience a distinct sensation of nervousness.

By now a heavy bank of clouds obscured the moon. The darkness was intense. Still I rode on, making good progress, my path at times lit up by dazzling flashes of lightning.

Suddenly my lamp went out. Dismounting, I struck a match, and had just succeeded in kindling the wick, when a strange noise fell upon my ears. I listened intently.

The regular pit-pat of some approaching animal sounded clearly in the dark stillness. That instant, a flash of lightning lit up the road. I looked! I gasped! In the brilliant glare a grey-brown object was visible, rushing headlong towards me.

"The wolf!" I shrieked, and, springing on my bicycle, fled, filled with mad panic.

How I kept my balance I cannot say. The mortal dread of what would happen should I fall seemed to sap the strength from my limbs. Once I thought I had out-distanced the creature. I glanced behind, as another flash turned darkness into day.

Pit, pat, with red tongue lopping and swinging from side to side, I saw the brute, clinging tenaciously to the chase.

By now my knees ached intolerably, my breath came in sobs, and I felt as if my chest would burst. Then, just as despair had overwhelmed me, I saw the lights of a farmhouse not twenty yards ahead.

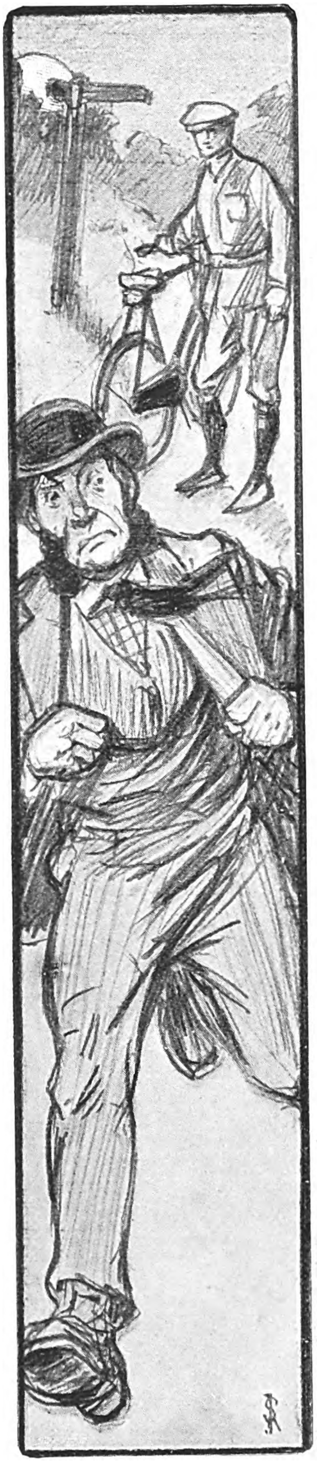
I pulled up abruptly. A moment later, my fists beat wildly against the door. Suddenly a dark object bounded towards me. My mind reeled, and I collapsed on the doorstep unconscious!

* * * * *

When I came to my senses I found myself seated in a big arm-chair. Bending over me, a broad smile overmantling his face, stood the master of the house.

"Where is the wolf?" I asked feebly.

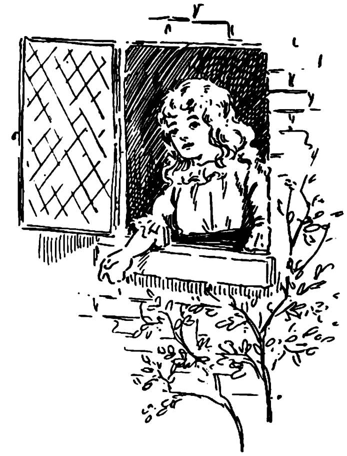
"Wolf!" he laughed. "Why, there is the terrible wolf, sleeping peacefully at your feet! It was our old sheep-dog all the time! He mistook you for my son. Well, well, he gave you a little exercise!"



"Wolf—escaped—from menagerie at G——," he gasped.

THE JAPANESE DOLL'S SERENADE

A Japanese doll fell in love one day
With an English dolly of wax,
Her cheeks were so pink and her hair, they say,
Was fair as the golden flax;
Her eyes would open and shut with a spring,
And were blue as the sea or sky,
And under her casement each night he would sing
This song as he wandered by:
"You think I'm a happy,
Light-hearted Jap—Jappy,
With fan and with gay parasol;
But my heart's really breaking,
For you it is aching,
Though it's only the heart of a doll—
Fol-lol!
The heart of a Japanese doll!"



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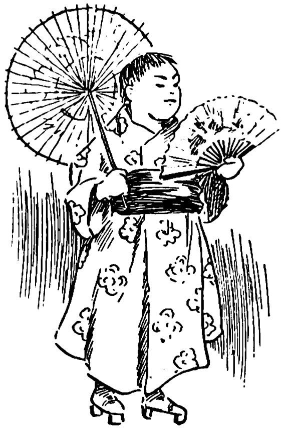


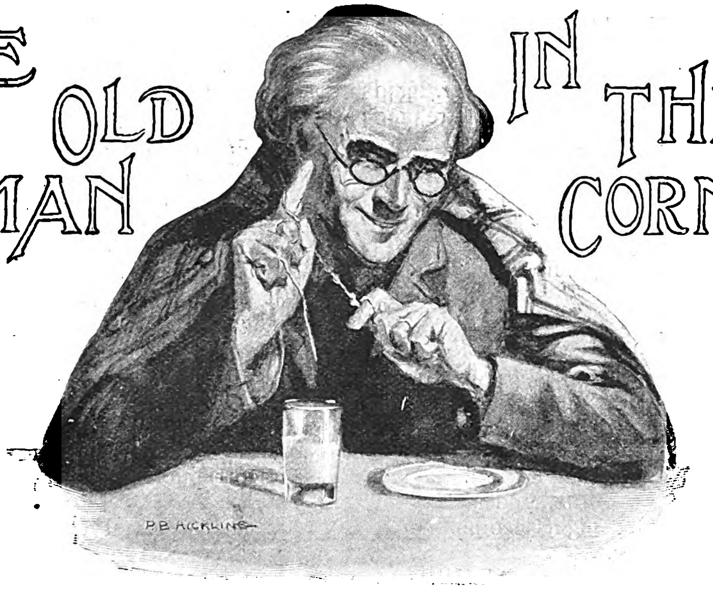
This dolly of wax bent her beautiful head,
And smiled as he flirted his fan,
"Though a handsome young Dutch doll has wooed me," she said,
"I'm in love with a doll of Japan;"
"The Dutch doll so handsome," cried he, "may depart,
Sweet Dolly, I'm faithful and true,
And beneath my kimono a little Jap's heart
Beats ever and only for you!"
"You think I'm a happy,
Light-hearted Jap—Jappy,
With fan and with gay parasol;
But I'd die for you gladly,
I love you so madly,
Though I'm only a Japanese doll—
Fol-lol!
I'm only a Japanese doll!"

♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Now the name of that golden-haired, blue-eyed wax doll
Was something like yours, it may be,
And the doll with the fan and the gay parasol
If you look from your casement you'll see;
Sweet maid of old England, my heart at your feet
When first I beheld you was laid,
Oh! wake from your slumbers to hear me repeat
That Japanese doll's serenade:
"You think I'm a happy,
Light-hearted Jap—Jappy,
With fan and with gay parasol;
But with love my heart's aching,
For you it is breaking,
Though it's only the heart of a doll—
Fol-lol!
The heart of a Japanese doll!"

MARY FARRAH.

THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER



XI.—THE AFFAIR AT THE NOVELTY THEATRE.

By Baroness Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who explains the mystery to—
The Lady Journalist	Who re-tells it to the Royal readers.
Miss Phyllis Morgan	A popular actress.
Mr. Howard Dennis	Her *fiancé*.
George Finch	Doorkeeper at the Novelty Theatre.
Clara Knight	Dresser to Miss Morgan.
Messrs. Kidd and Co.	Bond Street jewellers.
Mr. Thomas Kidd	One of the firm.
James Rumford	A skilled working jeweller.
Macpherson	A detective.

CHAPTER I.

"Talking of mysteries," said the man in the corner, rather irrelevantly, for he had not opened his mouth since he sat down and ordered his lunch, "talking of mysteries, it is always a puzzle to me how few thefts are committed in the dressing-rooms of fashionable actresses during a performance."

"There have been one or two," I suggested, "but nothing of any value was stolen."

"Yet you remember that affair at the Novelty Theatre a year or two ago, don't you?" he added. "It created a great deal of sensation at the time. You see, Miss Phyllis Morgan was and still is a very fashionable and popular actress, and her pearls are quite amongst the wonders of the world. She herself valued them at £10,000, and several experts who remember the pearls quite concur with that valuation.

"During the period of her short tenancy of the Novelty Theatre last season, she entrusted those beautiful pearls to Mr. Kidd, the well-known Bond Street jeweller, to be restrung. There were seven rows of perfectly matched pearls, held together by a small diamond clasp of 'art-nouveau' design.

"Kidd and Co. are, as you know, a very eminent and old-established firm of jewellers. Mr. Thomas Kidd, its present sole representative, was some time president of the London Chamber of Commerce, and a man whose integrity has always been held to be above suspicion. His clerks, salesmen, and bookkeeper had all been in his employ for years, and most of the work was executed on the premises.

"In the case of Miss Phyllis Morgan's valuable pearls, they were restrung and reset in the back shop by Mr. Kidd's most valued and most trusted workman, a man

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named James Rumford, who is justly considered to be one of the cleverest craftsmen here in England.

"When the pearls were ready, Mr. Kidd himself took them down to the theatre, and delivered them into Miss Morgan's own hands.

"It appears that the worthy jeweller was extremely fond of the theatre; but, like so many persons in affluent circumstances, he was also very fond of getting a free seat when he could.

"All along he had made up his mind to take the pearls down to the Novelty Theatre one night, and to see Miss Morgan for a moment before the performance; she would then, he hoped, place a stall at his disposal.

"His previsions were correct. Miss Morgan received the pearls, and Mr. Kidd was on that celebrated night accommodated with a seat in the stalls.

"I don't know if you remember all the circumstances connected with that case, but, to make my point clear, I must remind you of one or two of the most salient details.

"In the drama in which Miss Phyllis Morgan was acting at the time, there is a brilliant masked ball scene which is the crux of the whole play; it occurs in the second act, and Miss Phyllis Morgan, as the hapless heroine dressed in the shabbiest of clothes, appears in the midst of a gay and giddy throng; she apostrophises all and sundry there, including the villain, and has a magnificent scene which always brings down the house, and nightly adds to her histrionic laurels.

"For this scene a large number of supers are engaged, and in order to further swell the crowd, practically all the available stage hands have to 'walk on' dressed in various coloured dominos, and all wearing masks.

"You have, of course, heard the name of Mr. Howard Dennis in connection with this extraordinary mystery. He is what is usually called 'a young man about town,' and was one of Miss Phyllis Morgan's most favoured admirers. As a matter of fact, he was generally understood to be the popular actress' *fiancé*, and as such, had of course the *entrée* of the Novelty Theatre.

"Like many another idle young man about town, Mr. Howard Dennis was stage-mad, and one of his greatest delights was to don nightly a mask and a blue domino, and to 'walk on' in the second act, not so much in order to gratify his love for the stage, as to watch Miss Phyllis Morgan in her great scene, and to be present, close by her, when she received her usual salvo of enthusiastic applause from a delighted public.

"On this eventful night, it was on July 20th last, the second act was in full swing, the supers, the stage hands, and all the principals were on the scene, the back of the stage was practically deserted. The beautiful pearls, fresh from the hands of Mr. Kidd, were in Miss Morgan's dressing-room, as she meant to wear them in the last act.

"Of course, since that memorable affair, many people have talked of the foolhardiness of leaving such valuable jewellery in the sole charge of a young girl—Miss Morgan's dresser—who acted with unpardonable folly and carelessness, but you must remember that this part of the theatre is only accessible through the stage-door, where sits enthroned that uncorruptible dragon, the stage doorkeeper.

"No one can get at it from the front, and the dressing-rooms for the supers and lesser members of the company are on the opposite side of the stage to that reserved for Miss Morgan and one or two of the principals.

"It was just a quarter-to-ten, and the curtain was about to be rung down, when George Finch, the stage doorkeeper, rushed excitedly into the wings; he was terribly upset and was wildly clutching his coat, beneath which he evidently held something concealed.

"In response to the rapidly whispered queries of the one or two stage hands that stood about, Finch only shook his head excitedly. He seemed scarcely able to control his impatience, during the close of the act, and the subsequent prolonged applause.

"When at last Miss Morgan, flushed with her triumph, came off the stage, Finch made a sudden rush for her.

"'Oh, Madam!' he gasped excitedly, 'it might have been such an awful misfortune! The rascal! I nearly got him though! but he escaped—fortunately it is safe——I have got it——!'

"It was some time before Miss Morgan understood what in the world the otherwise sober stage doorkeeper was driving at. Everyone who heard him certainly thought that he had been drinking. But the next moment from under his coat he pulled out, with another ejaculation of excitement, the magnificent pearl necklace which Miss Morgan had thought safely put away in her dressing-room.

"'What in the world does all this mean?' asked Mr. Howard Dennis, who, as usual, was escorting his *fiancée*. 'Finch, what are you doing with Madam's necklace?'

"Miss Phyllis Morgan herself was too bewildered to question Finch; she gazed at him, then at her necklace, in speechless astonishment.

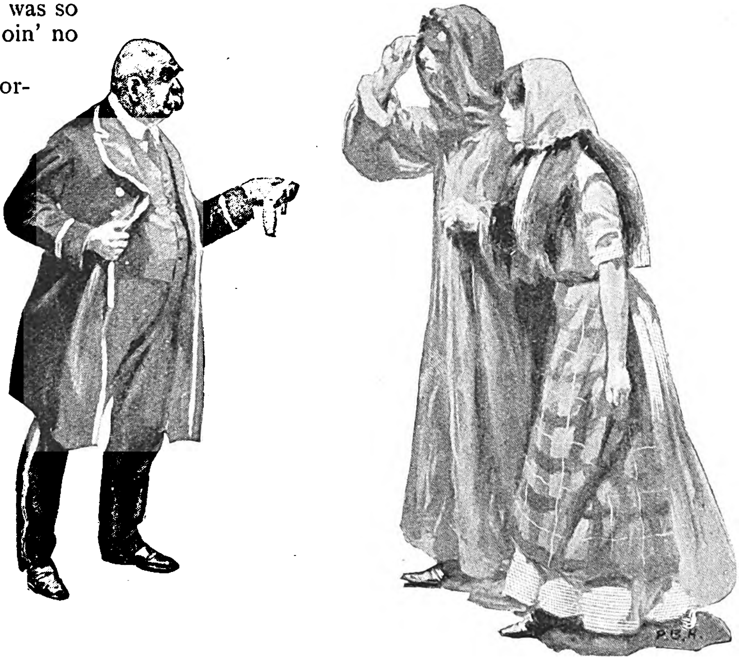
"'Well, you see, Madam, it was this way,' Finch managed to explain at last, as with awe-struck reverence he finally deposited the precious necklace in the actress' hands. 'As you know, Madam, it is a very hot night. I had seen everyone into the theatre and counted in the supers; there was nothing much for me to do, and I got rather tired and very thirsty. I seed a man loafing close to the door and I ask him to fetch me a pint of beer from round the corner, and I give him some coppers; I had noticed him loafing round before, and it was so hot I didn't think I was doin' no harm.'

"'No, no,' said Miss Morgan impatiently. 'Well!'

"'Well,' continued Finch, 'the man, he brought me the beer, and I had some of it—and—and—afterwards, I don't quite know how it happened—it was the heat, perhaps—but—I was sitting in my box, and I suppose I must have dropped asleep. I just remember hearing the ring up for the second act, and the call-boy calling you, Madam, then there's a sort of a blank in my mind. All of a sudden I seemed to wake with the feeling that there was something wrong somehow. In a moment I jumped up, and I tell you I was wide awake then, and I saw a man sneaking down the passage, past my box, towards the door. I challenged him, and he tried to dart past me, but I was too quick for him, and got him by the tails of his coat, for I saw at once that he was carrying something, and I had recognised the loafer who brought me the beer. I shouted for help, but there's never anybody about in this back street, and the loafer, he struggled like old Harry, and sure enough he managed to get free from me and away before I could stop him, but in his fright the rascal dropped his booty, for which Heaven be praised! and it was your pearls, Madam. Oh, my! but I did have a tussle,' concluded the worthy doorkeeper, mopping his forehead, 'and I do hope, Madam, the scoundrel didn't take nothing else.'

"That was the story," continued the man in the corner, "which George Finch had to tell and which he subsequently repeated without the slightest deviation. Miss Phyllis Morgan, with the light-heartedness peculiar to ladies of her profession, took the matter very quietly; all she said at the time was that she had nothing else of value in her dressing-room, but that Miss Knight—the dresser—deserved a scolding for leaving the room unprotected.

"'All's well that ends well,' she said gaily, as she finally went into her dressing-room, carrying the pearls in her hand.



"'Finch, what are you doing with Madam's necklace?'"

"It appears that the moment she opened the door, she found Miss Knight sitting in the room, in a deluge of tears. The girl had overheard George Finch telling his story, and was terribly upset at her own carelessness.

"In answer to Miss Morgan's questions, she admitted that she had gone into the wings, and lingered there to watch the great actress' beautiful performance. She thought no one could possibly get to the dressing-room, as nearly all hands were on the stage at the time, and of course George Finch was guarding the door.

"However, as there really had been no harm done, beyond a wholesome fright to everybody concerned, Miss Morgan readily forgave the girl and proceeded with her change of attire for the next act. Incidentally she noticed a bunch of roses, which were placed on her dressing-table, and asked Knight who had put them there.

"'Mr. Dennis brought them,' replied the girl.

"Miss Morgan looked pleased, blushed, and dismissing the whole matter from her mind, she proceeded with her toilette for the next act, in which, the hapless heroine having come into her own again, she was able to wear her beautiful pearls around her neck.

"George Finch, however, took some time to recover himself; his indignation was only equalled by his volubility. When his excitement had somewhat subsided, he took the precaution of saving the few drops of beer which had remained at the bottom of the mug, brought to him by the loafer. This was subsequently shown to a chemist in the neighbourhood, who, without a moment's hesitation, pronounced the beer to contain an appreciable quantity of chloral."

CHAPTER II.

"The whole matter, as you may imagine, did not affect Miss Morgan's spirits that night," continued the man in the corner after a slight pause.

"'All's well that ends well,' she had said gaily, since almost by a miracle, her pearls were once more safely round her neck.

"But the next day brought the rude awakening. Something had indeed happened which made the affair at the Novelty Theatre, what it has ever since remained, a curious and unexplainable mystery.

"The following morning Miss Phyllis Morgan decided that it was foolhardy to leave valuable property about in her dressing-room, when, for stage purposes, imitation jewellery did just as well. She therefore determined to place her pearls in the bank until the termination of her London season.

"The moment, however, that, in broad daylight, she once more handled the necklace, she instinctively felt that there was something wrong with it. She examined it eagerly and closely, and, hardly daring to face her sudden terrible suspicions, she rushed round to the nearest jeweller, and begged him to examine the pearls.

"The examination did not take many moments; the jeweller at once pronounced the pearls to be false. There could be no doubt about it; the necklace was a perfect imitation of the original, even the clasp was an exact copy. Half-hysterical with rage and anxiety, Miss Morgan at once drove to Bond Street, and asked to see Mr. Kidd.

"Well, you may easily imagine the stormy interview that took place. Miss Phyllis Morgan, in no measured language, boldly accused Mr. Thomas Kidd, late president of the London Chamber of Commerce, of having substituted false pearls for her own priceless ones.

"The worthy jeweller, at first completely taken by surprise, examined the necklace, and was horrified to see that Miss Morgan's statements were, alas! too true. Mr. Kidd was indeed in a terribly awkward position.

"The evening before, after business hours, he had taken the necklace home with him. Before starting for the theatre, he had examined it to see that it was quite in order. He had then, with his own hands, and in the presence of his wife, placed it in its case, and driven straight to the Novelty, where he finally gave it over to Miss Morgan herself.

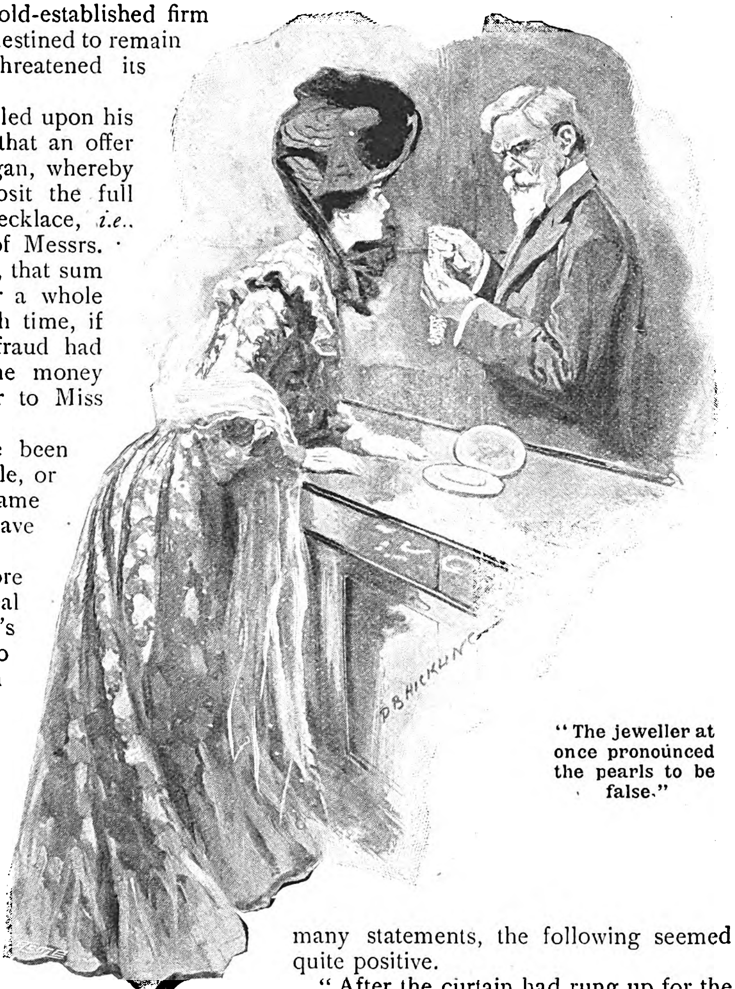
"To all this he swore most positively; moreover, all his *employés* and workmen could swear that they had last seen the necklace just after closing time at the shop, when Mr. Kidd walked off towards Piccadilly, with the precious article in the inner pocket of his coat.

"One point certainly was curious, and undoubtedly helped to deepen the mystery which to this day clings to the affair at the Novelty Theatre.

"When Mr. Kidd handed the packet containing the necklace to Miss Morgan, she was too busy to open it at once. She only spoke to Mr. Kidd through her dressing-room door, and never opened the packet till nearly an hour later, after she was dressed ready for the second act; the packet at that time had been untouched, and was wrapped up just as she had had it from Mr. Kidd's own hands. She undid the packet, and handled the pearls; certainly, by the artificial light she could see nothing wrong with the necklace.

"Poor Mr. Kidd was nearly distracted with the horror of his position. Thirty years of an honest reputation suddenly tarnished with this awful suspicion—for he realised at once that Miss Morgan refused to believe his statements; in fact, she openly said that she would—unless immediate compensation was made to her—place the matter at once in the hands of the police.

"From the stormy interview in Bond Street, the irate actress drove at once to



"The jeweller at once pronounced the pearls to be false."

Scotland Yard; but the old-established firm of Kidd and Co. was not destined to remain under any cloud that threatened its integrity.

"Mr. Kidd at once called upon his solicitor, with the result that an offer was made to Miss Morgan, whereby the jeweller would deposit the full value of the original necklace, *i.e.*, £10,000, in the hands of Messrs. Bentley and Co., bankers, that sum to be held by them for a whole year, at the end of which time, if the perpetrator of the fraud had not been discovered, the money was to be handed over to Miss Morgan in its entirety.

"Nothing could have been more fair, more equitable, or more just, but at the same time nothing could have been more mysterious.

"As Mr. Kidd swore that he had placed the real pearls in Miss Morgan's hands, and was ready to back his oath by the sum of £10,000, no more suspicion could possibly attach to him. When the announcement of his generous offer appeared in the papers, the entire public approved and exonerated him, and then turned to wonder who the perpetrator of the daring fraud had been.

"How came a valueless necklace in exact imitation of the original one to be in Miss Morgan's dressing-room? Where were the real pearls? Clearly the loafer who had drugged the stage door-keeper, and sneaked into the theatre to steal a necklace, was not aware that he was risking several years' hard labour for the sake of a worthless trifle. He had been one of the many dupes of this extraordinary adventure.

"Macpherson, one of the most able men on the detective staff, had, indeed, his work cut out. The police were extremely reticent, but, in spite of this, one or two facts gradually found their way into the papers, and aroused public interest and curiosity to its highest pitch.

"What had transpired was this:

"Clara Knight, the dresser, had been very rigorously cross-questioned, and, from her many statements, the following seemed quite positive.

"After the curtain had rung up for the second act, and Miss Morgan had left her dressing-room, Knight had waited about for some time, and had even, it appears, handled and admired the necklace. Then, unfortunately, she was seized with the burning desire of seeing the famous scene from the wings. She thought that the place was quite safe, and that George Finch was as usual at his post.

"'I was going along the short passage that leads to the wings,' she explained to the detectives, 'when I became aware of someone moving some distance behind me. I turned and saw a blue domino about to enter Miss Morgan's dressing-room.

"'I thought nothing of that,' continued the girl, 'as we all know that Mr. Dennis is engaged to Miss Morgan. He is very fond of "walking on" in the ball-room scene, and he always wears a blue domino when he does; so I was not at all alarmed. He had his mask on as usual, and he was carrying a bunch of roses. When he saw me at the other end of the passage, he waved his hand to me and pointed to the flowers. I nodded to him, and then he went into the room.'

"These statements, as you may imagine, created a great deal of sensation; so much so, in fact, that Mr. Kidd, with his £10,000 and his reputation in mind, moved heaven and earth to bring about the prosecution of Mr. Dennis for theft and fraud.

"The papers were full of it, for Mr. Howard Dennis was well known in fashionable London society. His answer to these curious statements was looked forward to eagerly; when it came it satisfied no one and puzzled everybody.

"'Miss Knight was mistaken,' he said most emphatically, 'I did not bring any roses for Miss Morgan that night. It was not I that she saw in a blue domino by the door, as I was on the stage before the curtain was rung up for the second act, and never left it until the close.'

"This part of Howard Dennis' statement was a little difficult to substantiate. No one on the stage could swear positively whether he was 'on' early in the act or not, although, mind you, Macpherson had ascertained that in the whole crowd of supers on the stage, he was the only one who wore a blue domino.

"Mr. Kidd was very active in the matter, but Miss Morgan flatly refused to believe in her *fiancé's* guilt. The worthy jeweller maintained that Mr. Howard Dennis was the only person who knew the celebrated pearls and their quaint clasp well enough to have a fac-simile made of them, and that when Miss Knight saw him enter the dressing-room, he actually substituted the false necklace for the real one; whilst the loafer who drugged George Finch's beer was—as everyone supposed—only a dupe.

"Things had reached a very acute and painful stage, when one more detail found its way into the papers, which, whilst entirely clearing Mr. Howard Dennis' character, has helped to make the whole affair a hopeless mystery.

"Whilst questioning George Finch, Macpherson had ascertained that the stage door-keeper had seen Mr. Dennis enter the theatre some time before the beginning of the celebrated second act. He stopped to speak to George Finch for a moment or two, and the latter could swear positively that Mr. Dennis was not carrying any roses then.

"On the other hand a flower-girl, who was selling roses in the neighbourhood of the Novelty Theatre late that memorable night, remembers selling some roses to a shabbily dressed man, who looked like a labourer out of work. When Mr. Dennis was pointed out to her she swore positively that it was not he.

"'The man looked like a labourer,' she explained. 'I took particular note of him, as I remember thinking that he didn't look much as if he could afford to buy roses.'

"Now you see," concluded the man in the corner excitedly, "where the hitch lies. There is absolutely no doubt, judging from the evidence of George Finch and of the flower-girl, that the loafer had provided himself with the roses, and had somehow or other managed to get hold of a blue domino, for the purpose of committing the theft. His giving drugged beer to Finch, moreover, proved his guilt beyond a doubt.

"But here the mystery becomes hopeless," he added with a chuckle, "for the loafer dropped the booty which he had stolen—that booty was the false necklace, and it has remained an impenetrable mystery to this day as to who made the substitution and when.

"A whole year has elapsed since then, but the real necklace has never been traced or found; so Mr. Kidd has paid, with absolute quixotic chivalry, the sum of £10,000 to Miss Morgan, and thus he has completely cleared the firm of Kidd and Co. of any suspicion as to its integrity."

(*At this point you might try to solve the mystery for yourself.*—Ed. Royal.)

CHAPTER III.

"But then, what in the world is the explanation of it all?" I asked bewildered, as the funny creature paused in his narrative and seemed absorbed in the contemplation of a beautiful knot he had just completed in his bit of string.

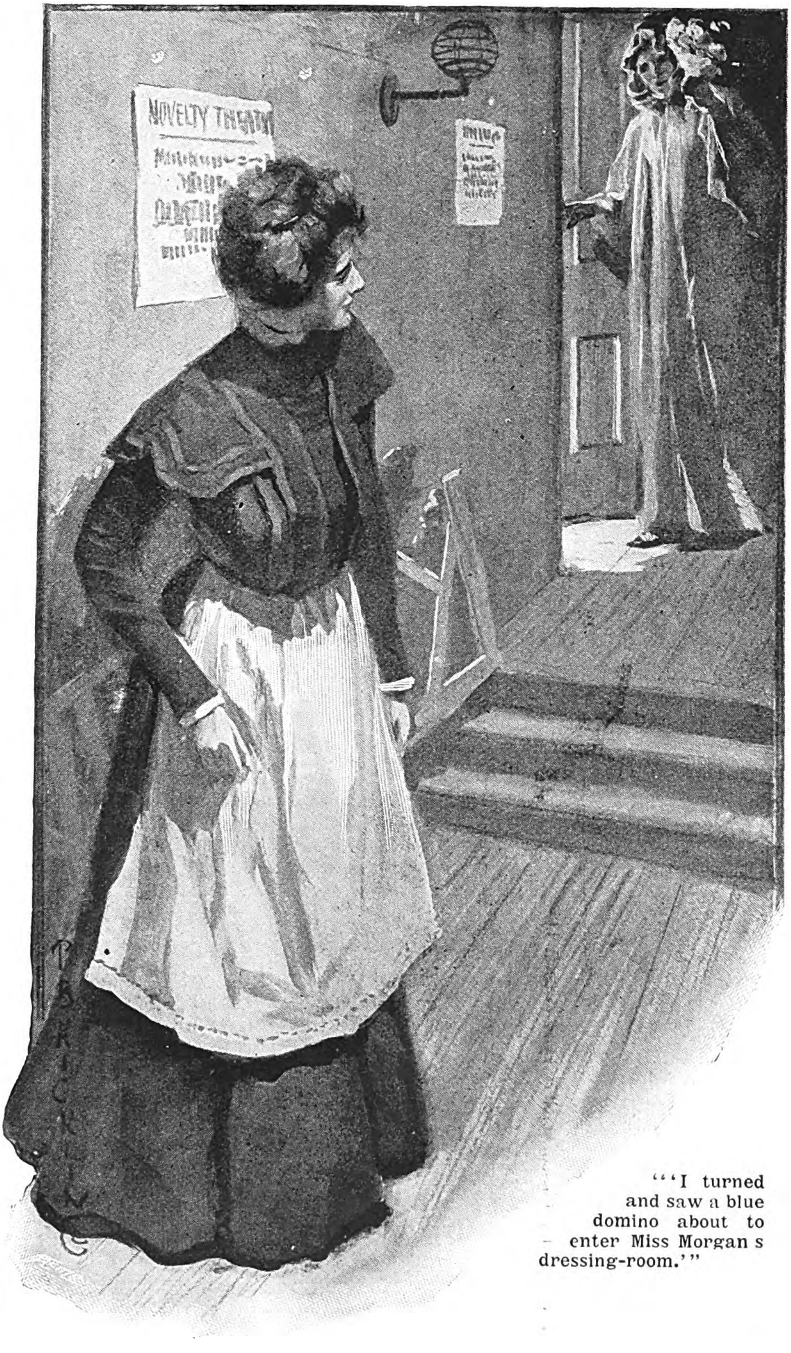
"The explanation is so simple," he replied, "for it is obvious, is it not? that only four people could possibly have committed the fraud."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Well," he said, whilst his bony fingers began to fidget with that eternal piece of string, "there is, of course, old Mr. Kidd; but as the worthy jeweller has paid £10,000 to prove that he did not steal the real necklace and substitute a false one in its stead, we must assume that he was guiltless. Then, secondly, there is Mr. Howard Dennis."

"Well, yes," I said, "what about him?"

"There were several points in his favour,"



"'I turned and saw a blue domino about to enter Miss Morgan's dressing-room.'"

he rejoined, marking each point with a fresh and most complicated knot; "it was not he who bought the roses, therefore it was not he who, clad in a blue domino, entered Miss Morgan's dressing-room directly after Knight left it.

"And mark the force of this point," he added excitedly. "Just before the curtain rang up for the second act, Miss Morgan had been in her room, and had then undone the packet, which, in her own words, was just as she had received it from Mr. Kidd's hands.

"After that Miss Knight remained in charge, and a mere ten seconds after she left the room she saw the blue domino carrying the roses at the door.

"The flower-girl's story and that of George Finch have proved that the blue domino could not have been Mr. Dennis, but it was the loafer who eventually stole the false necklace.

"If you bear all this in mind you will realise that there was no time in those ten seconds for Mr. Dennis to have made the substitution *before* the theft was committed. It stands to reason that he could not have done it afterwards.

"Then, again, many people suspected Miss Knight, the dresser; but this supposition we may easily dismiss. An uneducated, stupid girl, not three and twenty, could not possibly have planned so clever a substitution. An imitation necklace of that particular calibre and made to order would cost far more money than a poor theatrical dresser could ever afford; let alone the risks of ordering such an ornament to be made.

"No," said the funny creature with comic emphasis, "there is but one theory possible, which is my own."

"And that is?" I asked eagerly.

"The workman, Rumford, of course," he responded triumphantly. "Why! it jumps to the eyes, as our French friends would tell us. Who, other than he, could have the opportunity of making an exact copy of the necklace which had been intrusted to his firm?

"Being in the trade he could easily obtain the false stones without exciting any undue suspicion; being a skilled craftsman, he could easily make the clasp, and string the pearls in exact imitation of the original, he could do this secretly in his own home and without the slightest risk.

"Then the plan, though extremely simple, was very cleverly thought out. Disguised as the loafer——"

"The loafer!" I exclaimed.

"Why, yes! the loafer," he replied quietly, "disguised as the loafer, he hung round the stage-door of the Novelty after business hours, until he had collected the bits of gossip and information he wanted; thus he learnt that Mr. Howard Dennis was Miss Morgan's accredited *fiancé;* that he, like everybody else who was available, "walked on" in the second act; and that during that time the back of the stage was practically deserted.

"No doubt he knew all along that Mr. Kidd meant to take the pearls down to the theatre himself that night, and it was quite easy to ascertain that Miss Morgan—as the hapless heroine—wore no jewellery in the second act, and that Mr. Howard Dennis invariably wore a blue domino.

"Some people might incline to the belief that Miss Knight was a paid accomplice, that she left the dressing-room unprotected on purpose, and that her story of the blue domino and the roses was prearranged between herself and Rumford, but that is not my opinion.

"I think that the scoundrel was far too clever to need any accomplice, and too shrewd to put himself thereby at the mercy of a girl like Knight.

"Rumford, I find, is a married man, this to me explains the blue domino, which the police were never able to trace to any business place, where it might have been bought or hired. Like the necklace itself, it was 'home-made.'

"Having got his properties and his plans ready, Rumford then set to work. You must remember that a stage doorkeeper is never above accepting a glass of beer from a friendly acquaintance; and, no doubt, if George Finch had not asked the loafer to bring him a glass, the latter would have offered him one. To drug the beer was simple enough; then Rumford went to buy the roses, and, I should say, met his wife somewhere round the corner, who handed him the blue domino and the mask; all this was done in order to completely puzzle the police subsequently, and also in order to throw suspicion if possible upon young Dennis.

"As soon as the drug took effect upon George Finch, Rumford slipped into the theatre. To slip a mask and domino on and off is, as you know, a matter of a few seconds. Probably his intention had been—if he found Knight in the room—to knock her down if she attempted to raise an alarm; but here fortune favoured him. Knight saw him from a distance and mistook him easily for Mr. Dennis.

"After the theft of the real necklace, Rumford sneaked out of the theatre. And here you see how clever was the scoundrel's plan: if he had merely substituted one necklace for another there would have been no doubt whatever that the loafer—whoever he was—was the culprit—the drugged beer would have been quite sufficient proof for that. The hue and cry would have been after the loafer, and, who knows? there might have been someone or something which might have identified that loafer with himself.

"He must have bought the shabby clothes somewhere, he certainly bought the roses from a flower-girl; anyhow, there were a hundred and one little risks and contingencies which might have brought the theft home to him.

"But mark what happens: he steals the real necklace, and keeps the false one in his hand, intending to drop it sooner or later, and thus send the police entirely on the wrong scent. As the loafer, he was supposed to have stolen the false necklace, then dropped it whilst struggling with George Finch. The result is that no one has troubled about the loafer; no one thought that he had anything to do with the substitution, which was the main point at issue, and no very great effort has ever been made to find that mysterious loafer.

"It never occurred to anyone that the fraud and the theft were committed by one and the same person, and that that person could be none other than James Rumford."

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

Sergeant Hook, the Survivor who Relates the Story of Rorke's Drift.

GLEANED AND EDITED BY WALTER WOOD.

No. I.—HOW THEY HELD RORKE'S DRIFT.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF SERGEANT HENRY HOOK, V.C.

The First of a Unique Series which Embraces the Greatest Deeds of British Valour in Times of War and Disaster, both on Land and Sea, during the Last Fifty or Sixty Years. Each Article of this Series is Written from the Personal Narrative of one who Actually Passed through the Incident Described. The Story of the Zulu Impis' Terrible Onslaught on the Small British Detachment at Rorke's Drift is Vividly Related in this Article by Sergeant Hook, who Received for his Distinguished Service the Victoria Cross from the Hands of Lord Wolseley.

WHAT Rorke's Drift means in British history is told in a sentence. For thirteen hours a handful of Englishmen, outnumbered by thirty to one, defended themselves and their sick and wounded against the furious assaults of Zulu warriors, glutted with victory and plunder at Isandhlwana, and saved an army, if not a colony, from destruction. Of the defenders, seventeen were killed, and fifteen wounded; of the Zulus, 351 were buried, and almost as many more were left where they had crawled to die.

Rorke's Drift was a little farm on the Natal side of the Buffalo River, which had been used as a Swedish Mission station. At the farm there is a "drift," which means ford, into the Zulu country, called Rorke's Drift. Ten minutes' walk from the drift were two houses, which, being considered useful for military purposes, were acquired by the British when invading Zululand. A large outhouse, 80ft. by 20ft., which had been used as a church, was converted into a storehouse; a dwelling-house, about the same size, was turned into a hospital. Rorke's Drift was a large camp and depôt, and therefore had plenty of stores and ammunition, including bags of Indian corn—"mealies"—and boxes of biscuit. On January 12th, 1879, the British marched off, and formed camp at Isandhlwana, leaving a small garrison to guard the stores and the sick and wounded at Rorke's Drift. Lord Chelmsford advanced in force from Isandhlwana before daylight on the 22nd. Before noon 20,000 Zulus had swept on the weakened camp, and within an hour killed more than 800 officers and men, including regulars, police, and volunteers. So much is necessary by way of preliminary to the story of Sergeant Henry Hook.

Sergeant Hook is a Gloucestershire man. He was born in 1851, and served five years in the militia before enlisting in the 24th Regiment. He left the army as a private, with the V.C. and a yearly pension of £10. He is now employed as cloak-room attendant at the British Museum reading-room, and is in by no means good health. Two campaigns in South Africa have seriously affected his constitution, and he will probably get the full £50, which can now be awarded with the Cross. His rank of sergeant

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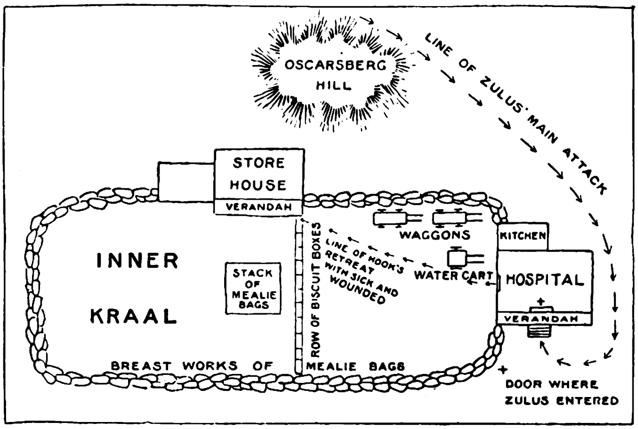
comes from his twenty years' association with the Volunteer force.

"Everything was perfectly quiet at Rorke's Drift," he told me, "after the column had left, and every officer and man was going about his business as usual. Not a soul suspected that only a dozen miles away the very men that we had said 'Good-bye!' and 'Good luck!' to were either dead or standing back-to-back in a last fierce hand-to-hand fight with the Zulus. Our garrison consisted of the B Company of the 2nd Battalion of the 24th, under Lieutenant Bromhead, and 'details,' which brought the total number of us up to 139. Besides these, we had about 300 men of the Natal Native Contingent; but they didn't count, as they bolted in a body when the fight began. We were all knocking about, and I was making tea for the sick, as I was hospital cook at the time.



Plan of Rorke's Drift, showing the British defence, and the Oscarsberg Hill from which the attacking Zulus emerged.

"Suddenly there was a commotion in the camp, and we saw two men galloping towards us from the other side of the river, which was Zululand. Lieutenant Chard, of the Engineers, one of the finest officers in the world, was protecting the ponts over the river, and, as senior officer, was in command at the drift. The ponts, floating bridges, were very simple affairs, one of them being supported on big barrels, and the other on boats. Lieutenant Bromhead was in the camp itself. The horsemen shouted, and were brought across the river, and then we knew what had happened to our comrades.

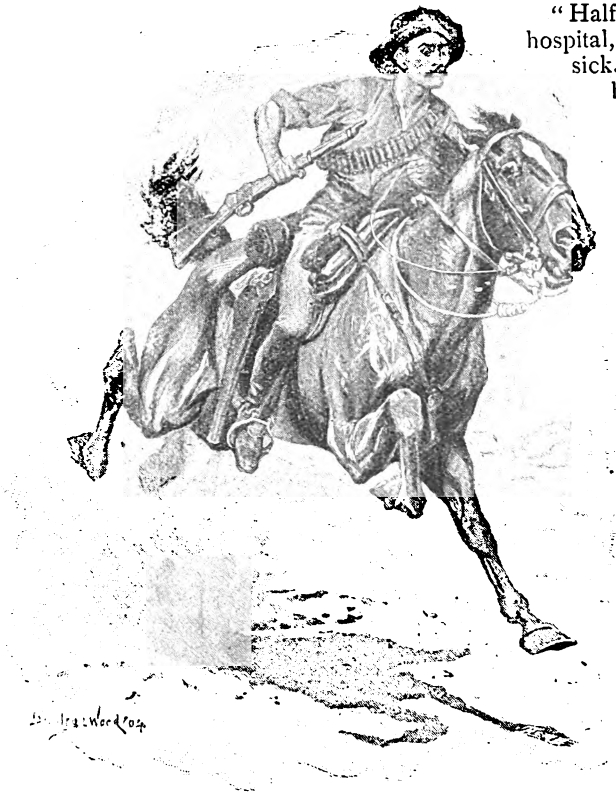
"They had been butchered to a man.

"That was awful enough news—but worse was to follow, for we were told that the Zulus were coming straight on from Isandhlwana to attack us. One of the horsemen was Lieutenant Adenhorff, and the other was a Natal carabineer. The lieutenant stayed behind with us, and the carabineer, who was in his shirt-sleeves, dashed on to Helpmakaar, twelve miles away, to take the news to two companies of the 24th there. At the same time a note was received by Lieutenant Bromhead from the 3rd Column—that which had left the drift, and part of which had been cut up—to say that the enemy was coming on, and that the post was to be held at all costs.

"For some little time we were all stunned, then everything changed from perfect quietness to intense excitement and energy. There was a general feeling that the only safe thing was to retire and try and join the troops at Helpmakaar. The horsemen had said that the Zulus would be up in two or three minutes; but, luckily for us, they did not show themselves for more than a hour.

"Lieutenant Chard rushed up from the river, about a quarter of a mile away, and saw Lieutenant Bromhead. Orders were given to strike the camp and make ready to go, and we actually loaded up two waggons. Then Mr. Dalton, of the Commissariat Department, came up, and said that if we left the drift every man was certain to be killed. He had formerly been a sergeant-major in a Line regiment, and was one of the bravest men that ever lived. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead held a consultation, short and earnest; and orders were given that we were to get the hospital and storehouse ready for defence, and that we were never to say 'die' or 'surrender.'

"Not a minute was lost. Lieutenant Bromhead superintended the loopholing and barricading of the hospital and storehouse and the making of a connection of the defences between the two buildings with walls of mealie-bags and waggons. The mealie-bags were good big heavy things, weighing about two hundred pounds each, and during the fight many of them were burst open by assegais and bullets, and the mealies (Indian corn) were thickly spread about the ground. The biscuit-boxes contained ordinary army biscuit. They were big, square wooden boxes, weighing about a hundredweight each.



"The carabineer, who was in his shirt-sleeves, dashed on to Helpmakaar, twelve miles away."

The meat-boxes, too, were very heavy, as they contained tinned meat. They were smaller than the biscuit-boxes.

"While these preparations were being made, Lieutenant Chard went down to the river and brought in the pont guard of a sergeant and half-a-dozen men, with the waggons and gear.

"The two young officers saw that every soldier was at his post. Then we were ready for the Zulus when they cared to come.

"They were not long. Just before half-past four we heard firing behind the conical hill at the back of the drift, called Oscarsberg Hill, and suddenly about five or six hundred Zulus swept round, coming for us at a run.

"Instantly the natives—Kaffirs who had been very useful in making the barricade of waggons, mealie-bags, and biscuit-boxes around the camp—bolted towards Helpmakaar, and, what was worse, their officer and a European sergeant went with them. To see them deserting like that was too much for some of us, and we fired after them. The sergeant was struck and killed.

"Half-a-dozen of us were stationed in the hospital, with orders to hold it and guard the sick. The ends of the building were built of stone, the side walls of ordinary bricks, and the inside walls, or partitions, of sunburnt bricks of mud.

"These shoddy inside bricks proved our salvation, as you will see. It was a queer little one-storeyed building, which it is almost impossible to describe; but we were pinned like rats in a hole, because all the doorways except one had been barricaded with mealie-bags, and we had done the same with the windows. The interior was divided by means of partition-walls, into which were fitted some very slight doors. The patients' beds were simple, rough affairs of boards, raised only about half a foot above the floor. To talk of 'hospital' and 'ward' conveys the idea of a big building; but, as a matter of fact, this hospital was a mere little shed or bungalow, divided up into rooms so small that you could hardly swing a bayonet in them.

"The half-dozen of us who had been told off to defend the hospital were put in corners where we could shoot best through the loopholes which we had made with picks. I was a good shot, being a 'marksman,' and was able to clip more than one Zulu at a good distance before we came to the hot fighting at close quarters. In the hospital there were about nine men who could not move; but altogether there were about thirty. Most of these, however, could help to defend themselves.

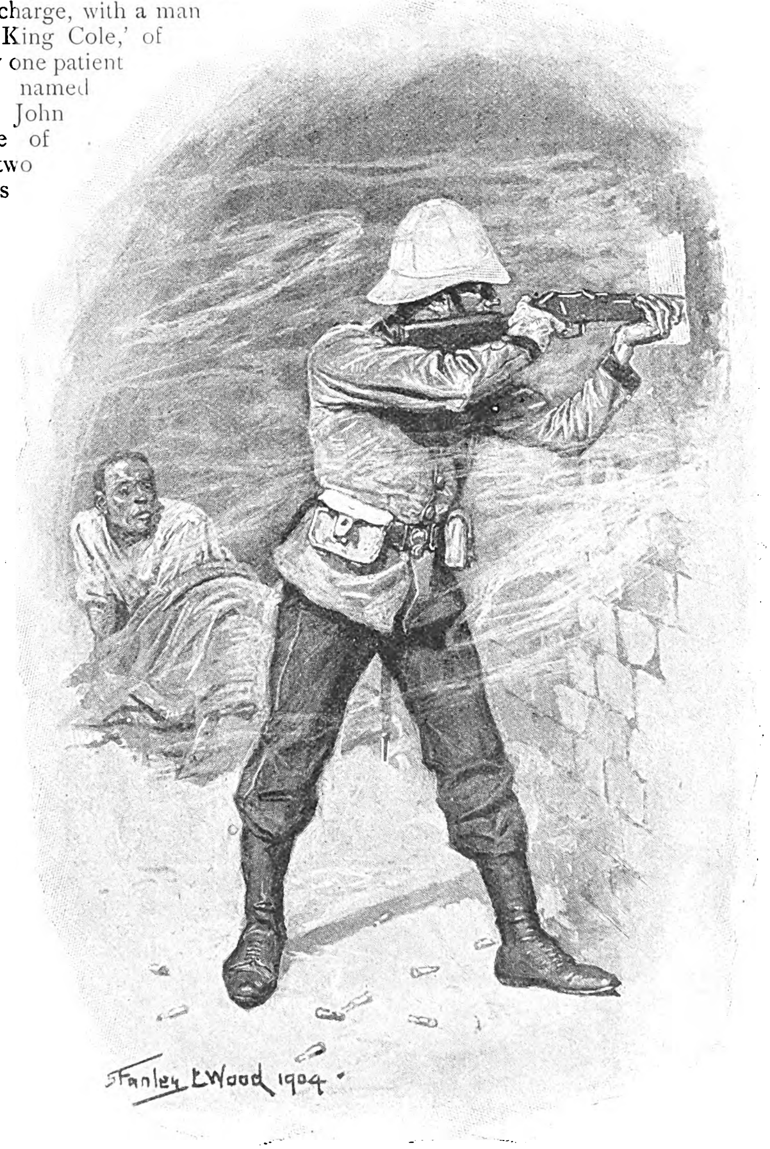
"As soon as our Kaffirs bolted, it was seen that the fort as we had first made it was too big to be held, so Lieutenant Chard instantly reduced the space by having a row of biscuit-boxes drawn across the middle, above four feet high. This was our inner entrenchment, and proved very valuable.

"The Zulus came on at a wild rush, and although many of them were shot down, they got to within about fifty yards of our south wall of mealie-bags and biscuit-boxes and waggons. They were caught between two fires—that from the hospital and that from the storehouse—and were checked; but they gained the shelter of the depôt cookhouse and ovens, and gave us many heavy volleys.

"During the fight they took advantage of every bit of cover there was—anthills, a tract of bush that we had not had time to clear away, a garden or sort of orchard which was near us, and a ledge of rock and some caves which were only about a hundred yards away. They neglected nothing, and, while they went on firing, large bodies kept hurling themselves against our slender breastworks.

"But it was the hospital they assaulted most fiercely. I had charge, with a man that we called 'Old King Cole,' of a small room with only one patient in it; and two men named Joseph Williams and John Williams had charge of another. There were two men named R. Jones and W. Jones in a different part of the hospital. One was an old soldier, the other a young one. Cole kept with me for some time after the fight began, then he said he was not going to stay. He went outside and was instantly killed by the Zulus; so that I was left alone with the patient—a native whose leg was broken, and who kept crying out: 'Take my bandage off, so that I can come!' But it was impossible to do anything except fight, and I blazed away as hard as I could.

"By this time I was the only defender of my room. Poor 'Old King Cole' was lying dead outside, and the helpless patient was crying and groaning near me. The Zulus were swarming around us, and there was an extraordinary rattle as the bullets struck the biscuit-boxes, and queer thuds as they plumped into the bags of mealies. Then there were the whizz and rip of the assegais, the spears with which the Zulus did such terrible work during the war, and of which I had had experience during the Kaffir Campaign of 1877-78. We had plenty of ammunition, but we were told to save it, and so we took careful aim at every shot, and hardly a cartridge was wasted. One of my comrades, Private Dunbar, shot no fewer than nine Zulus, one of them being a chief.



"It was impossible to do anything except fight, and I blazed away as hard as I could."

"From the very first the enemy tried to rush the hospital, and at last, although they failed to take it, they managed to set fire to the thick grass which formed the roof. This put us in a terrible plight, because it meant that we were either to be massacred or burnt alive, or get out of the building. To get out seemed impossible; for if we left the hospital by the only door which had been left open, the others having been blocked up, we should instantly fall into the midst of the Zulus. Besides, there were the helpless sick and wounded, and we could not leave them. My own little room communicated with another room by means of a frail door like a bedroom door. Fire and dense choking smoke forced me to get out of my own room and go into the other. It was impossible to take the native patient with me, and I had to leave him to an awful fate. But his death was, at any rate, a merciful one. I heard the Zulus asking him questions; and he tried to tear off his bandages and escape.

"In the room where I now was there were nine sick men, and I was alone to look after them for some time, still firing away, with the hospital burning. Suddenly, in the thick smoke, I saw John Williams, who had rushed in through a doorway communicating with another room, and above the din of the battle and the cries of the wounded I heard him shout: 'The Zulus are swarming all over the place! They've dragged Joseph Williams out and killed him!'

"John Williams had held the room, with Private William Horrigan, for more than an hour, until they had not a cartridge left, The Zulus then burst in and dragged out Joseph Williams and two of the patients, and assegaied them. It was only because they were so busy with this slaughtering that John Williams and two of the patients were able to knock a hole in the partition and get into the room where I was posted. Horrigan was killed.

"What were we to do? We were pinned like rats in a hole. Already the Zulus were fiercely trying to burst in through the doorway. The only way of escape was the wall itself—by making a hole big enough for a man to crawl through into an adjoining room, and so on until we got to our inmost entrenchment outside. Williams worked desperately at the wall with the navvy's pick, which I had been using to make some of the loopholes with.

"All this time the Zulus were trying to get into the room. Their assegais kept whizzing towards us, and one struck me in front of the helmet. We were wearing the white tropical helmets then. But the helmet tilted back under the blow, and made the spear lose its power, so that I escaped with a scalp wound, which did not trouble me much then, although it has often caused me illness since.

"Only one man at a time could get in at the door. A big Zulu sprang forward and seized my rifle; but I tore it free and, slipping a cartridge in, I shot him point-blank. Time after time the Zulus gripped the muzzle and tried to tear the rifle from my grasp, and time after time I wrenched it back, because I had a better grip than they had.

"All this time Williams was getting the sick through the hole into the next room—all except one, a soldier of the 24th named Conley, who could not move because of a broken leg. Watching for my chance I dashed from the doorway, and grabbing Conley I pulled him after me through the hole. His leg got broken again, but there was no help for it. As soon as we left the room the Zulus burst in with furious cries of disappointment and rage.

"Now there was a repetition of the work of holding the doorway, except that I had to stand by a hole in the wall, instead of a door, while Williams picked away at the far wall to make an opening for escape into the next room. There was more desperate and almost hopeless fighting, as it seemed; but most of the poor fellows were got through the hole. Again I had to drag Conley through, a terrific task, because he was a very heavy man.

"We were now all in a little room that gave upon the inner line of defence which had been made. We—Williams and R. Jones and W. Jones and myself—were the last men to leave the hospital, after most of the sick and wounded had been carried through the small window and away from the burning building*; but it was impossible to save a few of them, and they were butchered.

"Privates William Jones and Robert Jones during all this time had been doing magnificent work in another ward which faced the hill. They kept at it with bullet and bayonet until six out of the seven patients in that ward had been removed. They would have got the seventh—Sergeant Maxfield—out safely, but he was delirious with fever, and, although they managed to dress him, he refused to move. Robert Jones made a last rush to try

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* It is this incident which de Neuville has depicted in his famous picture reproduced on page 341. Sergeant Hook is shown emerging with his burden through the window of the hospital.

and get him away like the rest; but when he got back into the room he saw that Maxfield was being stabbed by the Zulus as he lay on his bed. Corporal Allen and Private Hitch helped enormously in keeping up communication with the hospital. They were both badly wounded, but when they could not fight any longer, they served out ammunition to their comrades throughout the night.

"As we got the sick and wounded out they were taken to a verandah in front of the storehouse, and Dr. Reynolds, under a heavy fire and clouds of assegais, did everything he could for them. All this time, of course, the storehouse was being valiantly defended by the rest of the garrison.

"When we got into the inner fort, I took my post at a place where two men had been shot. While I was there another man was shot in the neck, I think by a bullet which came through the space between two biscuit-boxes that were not quite close together. This was at about six o'clock in the evening, nearly two hours after the opening shot of the battle had been fired."

Pause for a moment to picture the scene from this time onward. The field of battle itself is luridly illumined by the flames of the burning hospital. Behind the little fort a hill like a sugarloaf stands lonely on the plain; a few miles away the fallen 24th are stretched on the bloody field of combat, plundered and mutilated, and near them are many black ridges of Zulus. At the Drift, too, are rows of dark corpses, like waves, for the whirlwind swoops have been checked by rifle fire at a distance of several hundred yards, and the assailants have been mown down in ranks. Time after time the Zulus have rushed to the attack, time after time they have been driven back.

Blood and fire and sickness and suffering are everywhere around—with such a life and death struggle how else can it be? There are many terrible sights, but the merciful darkness veils them. Every soldier is at his post—there is one especially who is resting on the mealie-bags, with his rifle presented to the enemy, and his face staring fixedly. He never moves; he is like a figure carved in stone.

More than one long bayonet has been twisted or doubled; more than one Martini has become jammed or useless through repeated firing; more than one stock has been snapped from the barrel, for when a shot has been discharged there has been no time to reload before a valiant Zulu has come, and so he has been killed with a butt instead of a bullet. Boots are red-sodden, helmets are smashed and torn, greatcoats, kerseys, and trousers are ripped, slashed, and stained. Not a face that is not grimy with the smoke and sweat of battle; not a hand that is not black, not a body that is not weary—and not a heart which falters.

That is the secret of the holding of the Drift. There is no surrender—there is only death or victory. It is the three-century-old story of Grenville and the *Revenge* over again. It is all very hideous and very terrible; but the horrors of the combat are lightened by the valour and humanity of the defence. Men are wounded and helpless—they cannot be left to die. Away in Natal, just over the river which divides the colony from Zululand, are unprotected people and women and children. If the drift is lost the victorious hordes will swarm into the colony, and there will be horrors worse than Isandhlwana. So the drift must be held—and the fight goes on.

"We were glad enough to be in the shelter of the little inside fort," continued Hook. "Every now and then the Zulus would make a rush for it and get in. We had to charge them out. By this time it was dark, and the hospital was all in flames, but this gave us a splendid light to fight by. I believe it was this light that saved us. We could see them coming, and they could not rush us and take us by surprise from any point. They could not get at us, and so they went away and had ten or fifteen minutes of a war-dance. This roused them up again, and their excitement was so intense that the ground fairly seemed to shake.

"Then, when they were goaded to the highest pitch, they would hurl themselves at us again. We could sometimes, by the light of the flames, keep them well in sight, so well that we could take steady aim and fire coolly. When we could do this they never advanced as far as the barricade, because we shot them down as they ran in on us. But every now and then one or two managed to crawl in and climb over the top of the sacks. They were bayoneted off.

"I need hardly say that we were using Martinis, and fine rifles they were, too. But we did so much firing that they became hot, and the brass of the cartridges softened, the result being that the barrels got very foul and the cartridge-chamber jammed. My own rifle was jammed several times, and I had to work away with the ramrod till I cleared it. We used the old three-sided bayonet, and the long, thin blade that we called the 'lung' bayonet. They were fine weapons, too; but some were very poor in quality, and either twisted or bent badly. Several were like that at the end of the fight; but some terrible thrusts were given, and I saw dead Zulus who had been pinned to the ground by the bayonets going through them.

"All this time the sick and wounded were crying for water We had the water-cart full of water, but it was just by the deserted hospital, and we could not hope to get at it until the day broke, when the Zulus might begin to lose heart and to stop in their mad rushes. But we could not bear the cries any longer, and three or four of us jumped over the boxes and ran and fetched some water in.

"The long night passed and the day broke. Then we looked around us to see what had happened, and there was not a living soul who was not thankful to find that the Zulus had had enough of it and were disappearing over the hill to the south-west. Orders were given to patrol the ground, collect the arms of the dead blacks, and make our position as strong as possible in case of fresh attacks.

"One of the first things I did was to go up to the man who was still looking over our breastwork with his rifle presented to the spot where so many of the Zulus had been. I went up to him, and saw that he did not move, and that he looked very quiet.

"I went nearer and said: 'Hello, what are you doing here?'

"He made no answer, and did not stir. I went still closer, and something in his appearance made me tilt his helmet back, as you sometimes tilt back a hat when you want to look closely into a face. As I did so I saw a bullet-mark in his forehead, and knew that he was dead.

"I went away, and was walking up the dry bed of a little stream near the drift, with my own rifle in my right hand and a bunch of assegais over my left shoulder. Suddenly I came across an unarmed Zulu, lying on the ground, apparently dead, but bleeding from the leg. Thinking it strange that a dead man should bleed, I hesitated, and wondered whether I should go on, as other Zulus might be lurking about. But I resumed my task. Just as I was passing, the supposed dead man seized the butt of the rifle and tried to drag it away. The bunch of assegais rattled to the earth.

"The Zulu suddenly released his grasp of the rifle with one hand, and with the other fiercely endeavoured to drag me down. The fight was short and sharp; but it ended by the Zulu being struck in the chest with the butt and knocked to the ground.

"The rest was quickly over.

"After that we were not allowed to go on with our task except in twos and threes.

"When we had done this work we went back to the inner line of defence, sad enough, even the most cheerful of us. But we had no time to dwell on the awful scenes about us. We did not know how soon another assault would be made, but we did know that if the Zulus kept on attacking us it was only a question of time before we were cut to pieces, as our comrades a dozen miles away had been destroyed.

"The roof of the hospital had fallen in by this time, and only the storehouse was standing. We were ordered to put ropes through the loopholes of the walls of the hospital, and pull them down. This we did, and the walls, which had already been weakened by our picks, partially collapsed. Then we tore away the thatch from the storehouse, so that the Zulus could not, even if they wished, set fire to it, as they had fired the hospital. With the ruins of the walls we strengthened our little fort, and again waited for the Zulus—if they cared to come. But they had finished their attack.

"We looked about us everywhere for signs of relief, but saw nothing, and our hearts sank. Then came an awful time of suspense. Two of our men had been on the roof of the storehouse signalling with flags when the Zulus meant to attack us. This gave us time to make ready for them. The signallers were still able to stand above the ground, so that they could be seen at a good distance. We saw their flags going wildly. What was it? Everybody was mad with anxiety to know whether it could be friends to relieve us, or more Zulus to destroy us. We watched the flags flapping, and then learnt that signals were being made in reply. We knew we were safe, and that friends were marching up to us.

"We broke into roar after roar of cheering, waving red coats and white helmets, and we cheered again and again when, at about six o'clock in the morning, Colonel Russell rode up with some mounted infantry. We saw them come in, and at the same time we saw that the Zulus had once more got ready to sweep round the mountain to attack us. But it was too late, and on seeing that we were reinforced, they turned silently away, and only their dead and a few wounded were left with us.

"Lord Chelmsford and what was left of the 3rd Column came up to Rorke's Drift soon after. There was no time to sit down and mope, and there were the sick and wounded as well as the rest to look after. So when the Commander-in-Chief arrived I was back at my cooking in my shirt-sleeves, making tea for the sick.

"A sergeant ran up and said:

"'Lieutenant Bromhead wants you.'

"'Wait till I put my coat on,' I said.

"'Come as you are—straight away,' he ordered, and so in my shirt-sleeves, and with my braces hanging about me, I went into the midst of the officers, and Lord Chelmsford asked me all about the defence of the hospital, as I was the last to leave the building. An officer took our names, and wrote down what we had done. He was the first officer to be killed in the last South African war—Major-General Penn-Symons, at Dundee.

"When the relief had come up the men of the column were sent out to bury the Zulus. There were 351 dead blacks counted, and these were put into two big holes in front of the hospital. The column made the Kaffirs who were with them dig the trenches; but although they dug the holes, they positively refused to bury the bodies. There were only a few badly wounded left, as the Zulus had carried off their wounded as they retired. A great many dead were found in a mealie field not far from the hospital.

"As for our own comrades, we, who had fought side by side with them, buried them. This was done the day after the fight, not far from the place where they fell, and at the foot of the hill. Soon afterwards the little cemetery was walled in and a monument was put up in the middle. The lettering was cut on it by a very clever bandsman named Mellsop, who used bits of broken bayonets as chisels. He drew a capital picture of the fight. Those who had been killed in action were buried on one side of the cemetery, and those who died of disease on the other side. A curious thing was that a civilian named Byrne, who had taken part in the defence and was killed, was buried outside the cemetery wall. I don't know why, except that he was not a regular soldier.

"I was at Rorke's Drift for six months after the fight, but we were moved about a quarter of a mile away from the storehouse and hospital. On August 3rd, at Rorke's Drift, where I was the only recipient of the Victoria Cross, the others having left, I was decorated with the Cross by Lord Wolseley, at a special parade. It was curious, but until then I had scarcely ever thought about the V.C.—in fact we did not know or trouble much about it, although we had a V.C. man in the regiment—Griffiths they called him. He was killed, with the rest, at Isandhlwana."

[The Zulu War was ended with the decisive victory of Ulundi on July 4th, 1879. Soon afterwards the chiefs submitted, and Cetewayo, the king, was captured, and peace was declared.]

[*"The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava," from the Narrative of Mr. Herbert, forms the subject of the next Article in this Series.*]

VIVISECTION.

As I was strolling down the way,
Beneath the smiling skies,
I met a damsel fair as May,
Who took at once my eyes!

Completely mistress of me now,
Just where she would she led;
And, through her cunning wiles, I vow
I lost, also, my head!

And then, since I had not the face
To charge her with her art,
Still worse and worse became my case—
She stole from me my heart!

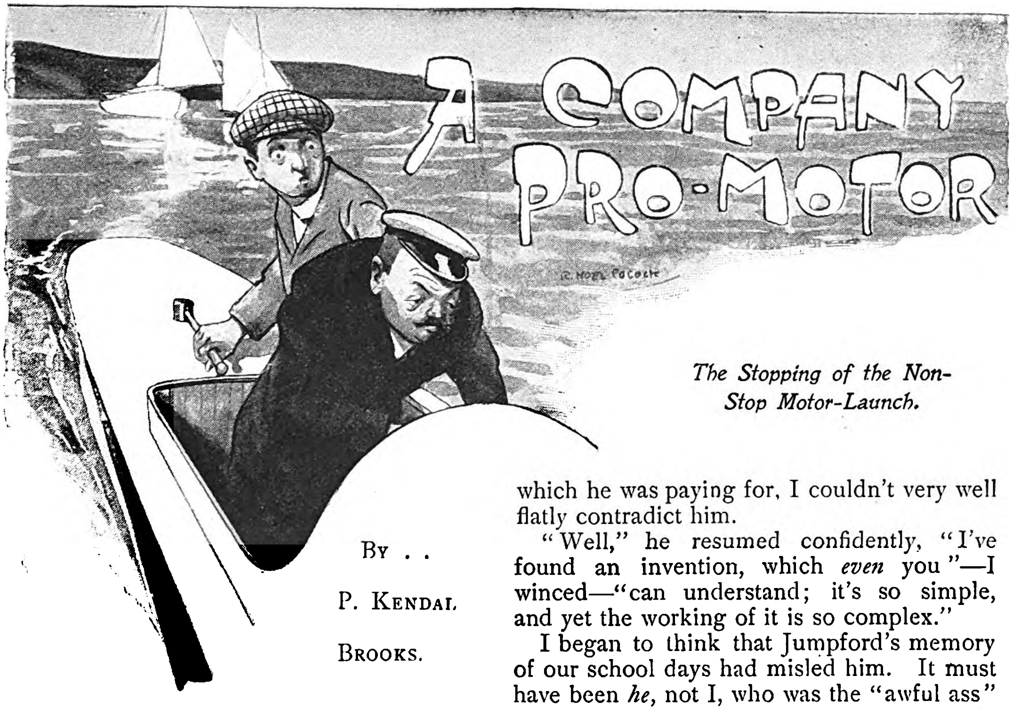
I should have turned, I doubt it not,
And sought escape, alarmed;
But at a look, upon the spot
She promptly me disarmed!

Quite merciless, the wicked elf,
Whom naught else would appease,
She straightway brought my wretched self,
De-feet-ed, to my knees!

Sans *eyes—and head, heart, arms, and feet;*
Ay, bitter is my cup!
Well may they say upon the street
I'm terribly cut up.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

A COMPANY PRO-MOTOR



The Stopping of the Non-Stop Motor-Launch.

By . .
P. Kendal
Brooks.

Jumpford was a remarkable man. Remarkable in nothing so much as in the great fact that he had suddenly blossomed out into wealth, through having successfully "engineered" a company for the manufacture of patent umbrellas, which shut up automatically when the rain ceased—and occasionally, when it did not.

Jumpford was an old school friend, and although we had drifted apart in our lives—I being merely a humble bank clerk, whilst he was fast becoming a magnate of finance, we had not lost sight of each other. And when, one day, he called in at the bank and asked me to have luncheon with him at his club, I was not at all surprised. Jumpford did do those little things, sometimes.

The meal was no sooner commenced, than my host, leaning across the table, said in low tones:

"Boodleby, you remember the old days at school?"

"Yes," I said eagerly.

"What an ass you were always considered," he went on earnestly.

"Er—well—I don't know about——"

"Oh, yes you do," he rejoined encouragingly. "An awful ass."

I swallowed a large piece of bread which almost choked me. I was annoyed with Jumpford, but as I was eating the luncheon which he was paying for, I couldn't very well flatly contradict him.

"Well," he resumed confidently, "I've found an invention, which *even* you"—I winced—"can understand; it's so simple, and yet the working of it is so complex."

I began to think that Jumpford's memory of our school days had misled him. It must have been *he*, not I, who was the "awful ass" referred to. How could a thing be simple and complex too?

"Yes," he continued, "it's a motor-launch. In five minutes, you can get up steam, and the boat will run for twenty-four hours."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, as I did not know what else to say. But I wondered why it should *not* run for twenty-four hours?

"Now, Boodleby," he went on impressively, "I should like you to run down to Shrimpington with me and try the boat. Of course you come as my guest," he added, accidentally annexing my claret and tossing it off in the most lordly way.

I accepted gladly. To go anywhere as anybody's guest has always amounted to a positive passion with me.

"Shall we make it next Saturday?" he asked, and, of course, I consented.

Jumpford did not make any reference to replacing my lost claret, so presently I rose to go.

As we parted, he added:

"Yes, the motor is so simple that *even you* will understand it, Boodleby. I shall form a company to work the patents, and I'll put a few—say a hundred or two—shares in your name!"

(He ultimately did this—and I had to pay half-a-crown a share, "call," when the company was wound up.)

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We got to Shrimpington on Saturday night, and, next morning, stepped into the shore boat which was to convey us on board the motor-launch.

Old Joe Martin—such was the mariner's name—spat on his hands and bent to the oars.

"Queer sort o' craft, that o' yourn, mister," he said with a beery eye turned upon Jumpford. "Bit crank, ain't she?"

"Oh dear no," replied my friend confidently. "Very good sea boat indeed."

"S'pose you'll keep inside th' 'arbour to-day, won't ye?" continued Joe.

"Oh, I daresay we shall, eh, Boodleby?"

"Just as you like," I replied indifferently, as I lit a pipe.

We stepped into the launch, and Jumpford busied himself at once in removing the waterproof cover from the engine.

"Shall I fetch ye off again, when ye gets back to yer moorin's?" asked old Martin.

"Aye, aye, my lad, do," replied Jumpford, who always becomes nautical in his language as soon as he is afloat.

Old Martin pulled ashore again, whilst Jumpford toiled at the engine, and a very full-flavoured can of petroleum.

After a quarter-of-an-hour's work, during which the engine "primed" or did something to that effect, making a most aggressive rattling noise the while, Jumpford announced that he was ready, and requested me to "pick up the moorings."

I looked down on the floor, but could not see anything to pick up except the tin "bailer." So I handed it to him, and asked if that was what he meant.

"No, my lad," replied Jumpford laughing. "I'm afraid you're a bit of a landlubber; 'moorings' are the what-you-may-call-'ems that keep us anchored. Just let go that rope."

"Well, why didn't you say so at once?" I asked; and then I untied the rope which held us to a large tin pot floating on the water. He called it a buoy; *I* called it a tin pot.

"Fuff, fuff, fuff!" went the little engine, and then the steam came hissing out with a succession of jerky spurts which made me jump quickly out of the way.

"You see how simple it is," roared Jumpford, striving to make his voice heard above the din of the engine. "She'll settle down directly and go quieter."

Then he pulled a lever-handle and we increased our speed. Jumpford took the tiller, and leaned back with an assumption of ease and comfort which, somehow or other, looked rather overdone. I also threw myself into a lordly attitude, and smoked my pipe with a nautical air, for the express benefit of a group of idlers assembled on the pier watching our proceedings.

We made the entire circuit of the large harbour, to the admiration of all beholders; and then, as we again passed our buoy, Jumpford invited me to "come aft," and proceeded to explain the mechanism of the new motor.

I can't remember what he said; in fact, I didn't hear more than a tenth of it, for the noise of the engine drowned his voice. But I give a brief summary of my replies:

"Yes."

"Oh."

"Oh, I see."

"Yes, it's very simple."

"By Jove!"

"Really?"

"Of course."

Jumpford was satisfied, and that was everything.

After we had spun round the harbour a second, and then a third time, it was past two o'clock, and in a loud bawl I suggested attacking the luncheon basket. Jumpford assented, and we made a very substantial meal.

Another hour having passed in circumnavigating the harbour, I mildly suggested that the experiment had been a complete success, and should we get back to our moorings and hail Martin to row us ashore?

Jumpford, who had been pulling tentatively at first one handle and then another, turning all the small brass taps on and off again for some time, looked up momentarily from his occupation, and in an indifferent voice said:

"Oh, there's no particular hurry."

"Doesn't it look rather absurd, though, to keep tearing round and round this harbour all day?" I ventured to suggest.

"Think so? Well, all right, then, we'll take a turn outside the harbour, eh?"

And the launch's head was accordingly pointed seaward. I lit another pipe and settled down again.

I thought Jumpford must be a perfect glutton at this sort of thing. For my part I was getting just a trifle weary of it.

After about ten minutes of the open sea, I laid down my pipe, suddenly recollecting that it was bad for one's health to smoke too much. Then I began to yawn and—I knew the sign!

With as indifferent an air as I could assume, I said:

"Don't you think we've had about enough of it, Jumpford?"

"Yes, I do," he began, and then hastily pulled himself up. "Oh, no," he said, "it's—it's—rather fun, don't you think so?"

Well, I didn't. Mild boredom at cruising round and round the harbour developed into active resentment at being churned up in a broken, choppy sea outside. I was feeling very uncomfortable in the—chest, and said so.

"Very well, then. We'll return to the harbour," he observed, and putting the helm over, we soon gained the entrance to that monotonous stretch of smooth water—to my great and immediate relief.

"Shall we make for the moorings now, Jumpford?" I asked.

"Oh, not yet, my dear fellow," he replied, speaking from his knees whereon he rested, striving to steer with one hand whilst he tried all the taps and pulled all the lever handles again and again with the other.

I was getting cold—and sulky. Here we had been careering about, for nearly four hours, cramped up in this wretched little craft, and I was sick to death of it, and longing for a cup of hot tea before packing my bag and catching the 5.45 back to town.

Away we spun round that eternal harbour again. I relapsed into an unamiable silence. Noticing my increased ill-humour, Jumpford made a desperate effort to be funny.

"Out of this motor-launch, I'm going to pro-motor — I mean promote a—company, and launch a motor," and there he stuck. Jumpford always requires several weeks' careful preparation of his "impromptus."

I cackled feebly.

This sort of humour is not calculated to produce really robust hilarity.

Two minutes after—adopting a firmer tone than before—I said:

"Do, for goodness sake, let us get back to the moorings and hail for old Martin to take us ashore in his boat. I'm dead tired of it."

A far-off look came into his eye.

"Tired of it, you say? And don't you suppose *I'm* tired of it, too?"—then, with a bitter, mirthless laugh, he added, "*But I can't stop the confounded thing!*"

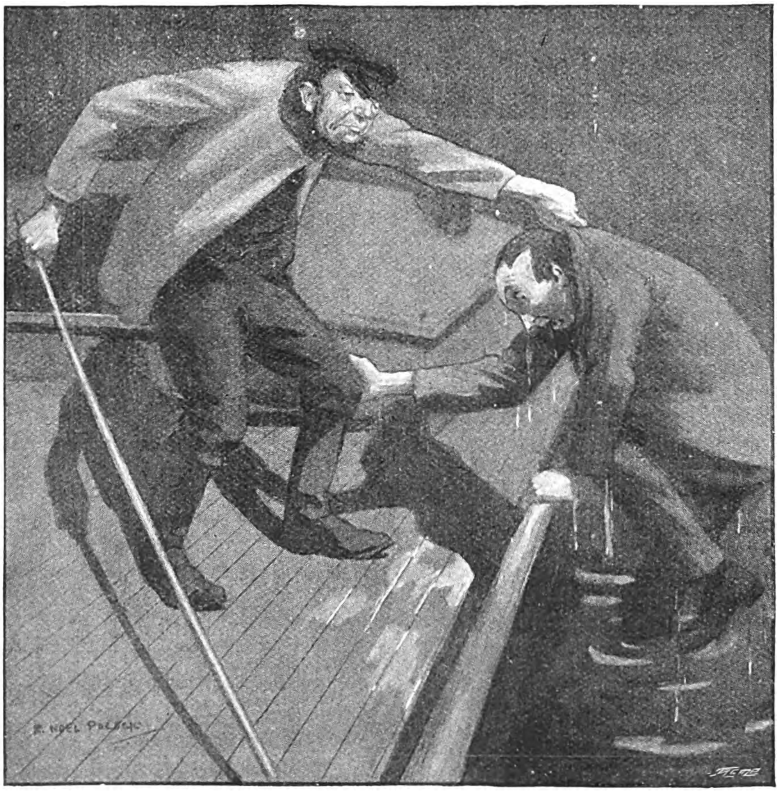
So this was the true reason why we had been tearing round and round the harbour all the livelong day!

It was a solemn and awe-inspiring situation. We two haggard men gazed into each other's faces in speechless dismay.

"You can't stop it?" I queried, in hard, even tones. No tears came to my relief.

Jumpford's was a mute anguish. He could only bow his head into his hands.

"Hi! look aht where you're a-comin' to



I was hauled aboard the barge, panting and breathless.

with that Punch-an'-Judy show!" bawled a beery bargee, whose craft we had just "shaved," and missed colliding with, by a miracle. For, in his despair, Jumpford had momentarily let go the tiller. He sprang up and again began steering our nautical "perpetual motion."

"O' course, it's quite himma-blooming-terial to *me!*" we heard the bargee say, as we shot past him. "*I* shouldn't 'a' got 'urt, but *your* bloomin' bandbox——." And then his voice died away in the distance, leaving us alone again in our black despair.

"We must go on and on until the motor runs itself out," said Jumpford miserably.

"And how long will that be?" I asked with feverish anxiety.

"Twenty-four hours," was his reply.

I almost fell off the seat.

"Twenty-four hours!" I gasped. "But my train back——"

"Will go without you," he responded grimly. "We shall have to go round and round this harbour or out to sea——"

"Only with my corpse," I interrupted resolutely, "as a living man I will never permit you to carry me out to sea again. I have 'been there before.'"

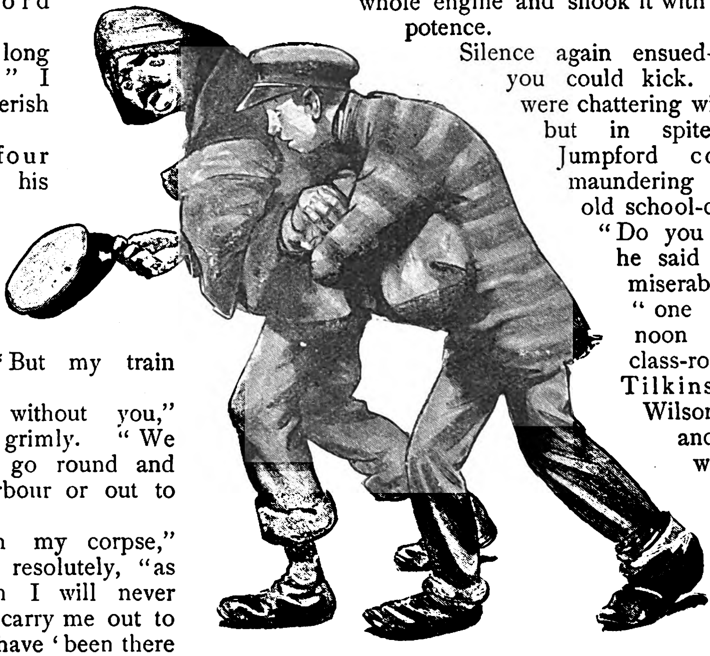
"Then," he groaned, "we must go on tearing round and round this place through the dark night and the coming of day."

"And Martin," I added, unable to resist the temptation despite our serious plight.

Jumpford didn't laugh. He never does, except at his own jokes.

In silence, we pursued our endless round. How I grew to hate that harbour! And soon the riding lights began to appear on the shipping at anchor, and the windows and street lamps were lighted up. All looked cheerful around; with us, alone, was desolation.

"And only *we* are pariahs on the face of the earth!" murmured Jumpford tragically.



We got ashore finally, about midnight, arrayed in suits of bargee attire.

"Earth! I only wish we *were*. Anywhere on earth would be good enough for me," I answered. "At the present moment I have a positive yearning to be a pariah."

He only groaned once more.

"Look here, Jumpford," I cried in desperation, "there must be a way of turning off this confounded thing. Try the——"

"No use. I tried every single handle, tap, lever, and wheel, before confessing the awful truth to you."

I took the tiller from his shaking hand, and once more he knelt down and pulled, and pushed, and twisted, and turned, and finally, in his desperation, actually seized the whole engine and shook it with furious impotence.

Silence again ensued—a silence you could kick. Our teeth were chattering with the cold; but in spite of this, Jumpford commenced maundering about our old school-days.

"Do you remember," he said in a weak, miserable voice, "one sunny afternoon in the old class-room, when Tilkins major, Wilson, Stephens, and the Doctor were standing by the old man's desk, and a sudden peal of thunder——"

Whop! Bang! Cra-a-sh!

In an instant we were shot off our seats; there was an awful smashing of timbers—our own—the sound of shouts and trampling on the deck of something looming big and threatening, right up in front of us; and then, the next moment, a plunge into the dark waters. We had run into the identical sailing barge which had so narrowly escaped our attention before!

To me it seemed as though hours elapsed before I returned to the surface of the water, and could take a full breath again. Then I clutched wildly at a rope, thrown from the barge's deck—missed it and was going down again, when a friendly, but painful, boat-hook caught me by the waistband of my trousers, and I was hauled aboard the barge, panting and breathless.

As soon as I could, I sat up on deck. And at almost the very same moment another dripping form sat up, a few feet from me. It was that of Jumpford.

The bargee stood regarding us scornfully and with folded arms.

"Well, you're a precious blank pair o' blank beauties, I *don't* think!" he began. "Which o' ye was steering that there band-box, or *thinkin'* 'e wos?" he inquired, with lofty contempt.

I at once hastened to indicate my friend. It pained me to see that Jumpford was by no means in a hurry to adopt the blame of the collision.

"Well, you *must* be—there, I s'pose you'd never been in a boat afore in yer life, 'ad yer?" in pitying tones.

Then Jumpford began to assert himself. Turning to the bargee, he said patronisingly:

"You must have been on your wrong course, my good man, and had no lights burning. I never saw you till you ran me down."

The mariner looked at him, more in sorrow than in anger, as he jerked his thumb over in the direction of his big riding light.

"Run you down, eh?" he snorted. "Why, you 'arf-baked sheep's 'ead, *I was at anchor! me* run *you* down!—well, that takes it!"

I never saw a man "dry up" so rapidly as Jumpford when he heard this. I speak figuratively, for neither of us dried up, in a literal sense, for hours after our immersion. My friend ceased arguing—one cannot very well debate *which* vessel is to blame in a collision which took place when one of them was at anchor—and merely added an inquiry as to the fate of the motor-launch.

"Gone to the bloomin' bottom; sunk like a empty sardine-tin, an' a good job too," was the unfeeling reply.

* * * * *

We got ashore finally, about midnight, arrayed in suits of bargee attire—blue jerseys and ditto inexpressibles, much too large for us. Our own clothes we carried in dripping bundles, under our arms. All the people at the hotel had retired to bed, and the landlord, seeing, as he imagined, a couple of rough-looking boatmen, bade us begone, upbraiding us as drunken revellers disturbing the community at an un-hallowed hour. He also, very rudely, threatened to call the police. After half-an-hour's parley, however, he came down and let us in, grumbling still, and absolutely declining to procure us anything to eat. "And so to bed," as Mr. Pepys would observe, supperless.

And the upshot of it all was that I got an awful "wigging" for not being in my place at the bank next day—although in the frankest possible manner, I explained that Jumpford was alone to blame. I disdain anything in the shape of concealment, so I hid nothing of my friend's culpability. But some people are so unreasonable—especially bank managers—and I was looked coldly on, instead of being petted as a hero. As for Jumpford, he not only has to pay for the total loss of the launch, but the bargee has sent him in a most formidable bill for damage done to his vessel in the collision. Two of the principal items in it run thus:

2 yards and a arf paynt scraped orf...	2lbs.
Shok to my felines	1lb. 10.

And I don't believe the fellow had a single cat on board!

SOMETHING TO LOOK OUT FOR.

With the January Number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE commences a new volume, which promises to beat all records for novelty and interest.

In addition to the new Serial, "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," which has just started, and to the extremely interesting series of articles by Miss Olive Christian Malvery, on the life of the poor of London and other great cities, several new features of exceptional interest are introduced. In the first place, Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the famous thought-reader, is contributing a series of reminiscences of his experiences with the many famous people whose thoughts he has read: these include at least a score of Monarchs, and lesser notabilities without number.

A new series of short stories, entitled "The Lady Noggs, Peeress," written by Mr. Edgar Jepson, will be found some of the most entertaining fiction ever published. It will be a surprise if the Lady Noggs does not quickly rival in popularity those redoubted magazine heroes, Capt. Kettle and Sherlock Holmes themselves.

The usual abundance of more than usually excellent Articles and Fiction will make the next volume of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE one of the best yet published. See that you get the January Number on December 31st.

MR. —HIS PAGES.

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For 'Hump' in all its stages:
The only thing my patients have
To do 's to read my pages—

So, start at the beginning,
And half-way through you'll find
All your little worries
Left a mile behind.

All your little worries
Left behind a mile—
Read on to the finish,
And you'll finish with a smile.

Puzzle Penknives or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X:" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of The Royal Magazine), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.

No. 8.

[Answers must be sent in before February 20th, addressed, "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and marked on the outside "No. 8."]

"Transpositions" this month. That is, changing one word into another word by changing one letter at a time of the original word and making a word each time. Thus, to change Cat into Dog, we get cat, cot, cog, dog; Cow into Pig—cow, cod, pod, dip, pig; Lamp into Wick—lamp, lame, lime, like, lick, wick. *The order of the letters may be changed.* "Mr. X" this month offers a Prize of Five Shillings to the sender of what are, in his opinion, the best transpositions of (1) Piano into Organ; (2) Flesh into Blood; (3) Black into White; (4) Small into Great; (5) Money into Notes; (6) China into Japan. In addition, competitors must send *three* transpositions of their own making. Of course, only the fewest possible changes must be made, and remember that each change must produce a proper word.

* * *

"VERY WELL, DON'T, THEN."

BROWNE: "See here, Greene, my boy, I'll bet you half-a-sovereign that you'll get up from that chair before I've asked you twice."

GREENE (cheerfully): "All right. I'm on." (Seats himself in chair.)

BROWNE: "Come out of that chair."

GREENE (chuckling): "I will not."

BROWNE: "Oh, very well. I don't intend to ask you again. Good-bye. Send along the half-sovereign as soon as you get up, will you?" (Decided irritation of Greene.)

CATS!

MUNDY: "Imagine a four-cornered room In each corner a cat. In front of each cat three cats. A cat sitting on each cat's tail. How many cats altogether?"

GRUNDY: "Twelve—sixteen—twenty-eight cats."

MUNDY: "Wrong; four cats only. Each cat, facing the cat opposite, would naturally have three cats in front of him."

GRUNDY: "H'm. But how about the cat sitting on each cat's tail?"

MUNDY: "Why, each cat was sitting on its own tail."

* * *

?

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every enterprise,
And the end of vile disgrace.

Answer: The letter "E."

* * *

A SOLOMON JUDGMENT.

Two brothers inherited a farm and quarrelled violently as to its division. Now, there lived in their village a certain shrewd and wise old man, noted for the soundness of his advice. Him the brothers determined to appoint arbitrator—whatever he said they would abide by.

They laid the matter before him.

For a long while he thought, then delivered judgment.

"You," said he, pointing to the elder, "shall divide the farm as you think best." (The younger's disgust may be imagined.) "And you," he continued, pointing to the younger, "shall have first choice." (Tableau!)

Mental Arithmetic.

Ask a friend to think of any *three figure* number. Now tell him to reverse the figures and subtract the lesser from the greater. Thus, supposing he thought of 678, reversing this would give him 876, and 876 – 678 = 198. But the point is this. When he has reversed and subtracted, you ask him to give you the last figure of his answer, when you will tell him the whole answer, and this you can do, because the middle figure of his answer will always be nine, whilst the first and last added together will always total nine. Thus, the last figure in the above sum being eight the first will be one.

* * *

Q. Why is a tramp like a crust of bread?
A. Because they are both on the loaf.

* * *

Very Simple.

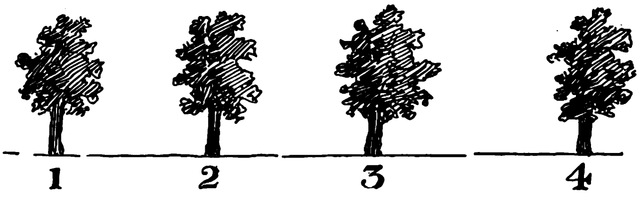
Larke: "Can you explain this? Four people were invited to a man's house. They went, sat down to play, and played until five in the morning. At last they stopped. One man had made thirty shillings, the others a guinea each."

Clarke: "Nothing very strange about that."

Larke: "Ah, but wait a bit. The extraordinary part of the affair is that though all four made money, no one else played with them. They played quite by themselves, and they made no bets. Their host wasn't playing."

Clarke: "But that's impossible. If there were only these four playing cards, one of them must have lost."

Larke: "Cards! Who said anything about cards? They were four musicians invited to play at a dance. The leader was paid thirty shillings, the others a guinea each."



NOT SO SIMPLE AS IT LOOKS.

Sam: "Which of these trees are furthest apart?"
Tom: "The third and fourth, of course."
Sam: "Third and fourth! Why, you must be blind! Surely you can see that the first and fourth are furthest apart!"

* * *

2 = 3.

(*This simple little truth is of course familiar to every boy and girl, but there may be a few adult readers, whose instruction in arithmetic dates back to Prehistoric times, who might be inclined to doubt the accuracy of the statement. For their edification "Mr. X" feels that no apology is needed for publishing this straightforward explanation.*)

$$4 - 10 = 9 - 15.$$

Therefore, $4 - 10 + \frac{25}{4} = 9 - 15 + \frac{25}{4}$

or putting each side in the form of a square:—

$$\left(2 - \frac{5}{2}\right)^2 = \left(3 - \frac{5}{2}\right)^2$$

Taking the square root—

$$2 - \frac{5}{2} = 3 - \frac{5}{2}$$

Therefore $2 = 3$.

Where is the weak link in the chain of reasoning? Puzzle penknives will be given to the five readers who forward, before February 28th, 1905, explanations of this apparent paradox which, in "Mr. X's" opinion, are the most clearly and lucidly expressed. Mark envelopes "Arithmetic."

* * *

Shocking.

George: "What do you make of this, Harold: Charles was out for a walk one day when he made the following remark: 'I have neither aunts nor uncles, I have never had aunts or uncles, yet that man across the road is my cousin.'"

Harold (after much thought): "I give it up."

George: "Charles wasn't telling the truth, that's all."

* * *

Justifiable.

Rob: "Oh, I say, have you heard of the man nobody would bury?"

Bob: 'Why, no. What was wrong?"

Rob: "He wasn't dead, that's all."

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 5.

RESULT.

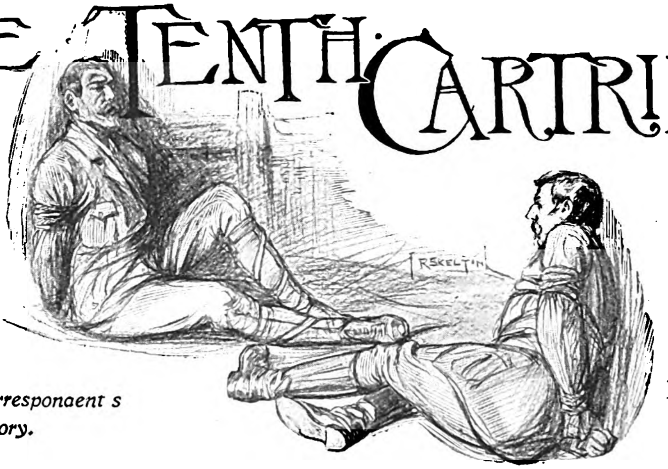
In this competition "Mr. X" asked for sentences containing the same word—or words having the same sound repeated several times, the sentences to be grammatical. The answers were not, on the whole, very good, the majority of competitors forgetting that their sentences must conform with the rules of grammar. The prize of Five shillings goes to Miss K. Ellis, Girls' High School Burton-on-Trent. Puzzle penknives are awarded to Mr. R. G. Stewart, 3 Hermitage Gardens, Morningside, Edinburgh, and Mr. Richard Dorset, 16, Livingstone Place, Edinburgh.

Here are two amusing examples:

"The hunchback lay on his back, and told the half-back to go to the three-quarter back and tell the full-back to get the ball back; further, to come back, play back, and buck up the other backs."

"How well you bear the bite which the bear gave you on your bare arm barely an hour ago!"

THE TENTH CARTRIDGE



A War Correspondent's Story.

By Chas. W. Miller.

Wallace lurched into a corner of the hut, rested his shoulders against the wall, and made himself as comfortable as the thongs with which he was tied would permit.

"Well, Johnson," he said, "I hope you quite realise what an extremely ugly hole we are in?"

"They will make away with the pair of us before sunset," I replied, "and that's a certainty. My only wonder is that these half-baked Koreans haven't assassinated us before this."

"You think the sword is a sure thing, do you? I wish I could comfort myself with that idea. I wouldn't mind a simple passing out. But there are more things in heaven and earth, Johnson——" He broke off and whistled drearily. I moistened my cracked lips, and asked him huskily what he meant.

"Torture, old man. That's what we are saved for, I'm very much afraid. The native Korean is never a gentle-minded animal at the best of times, and this fellow, Chang, is noted as being the most vindictive brute to be found among the officers in charge of the Japanese irregulars. Then, if you will kindly remember how we have evaded the main body of the Japanese forces and succeeded in sending out the details of that Russian massacre, you will see he has got a big bill against us. I understand that he has secret orders to eliminate us, if he can do it without publicity."

"If he thinks the matter over he'll surely realise that he cannot murder two English correspondents without fear of reprisals."

"A lot he cares for that," replied Wallace grimly. "If he puts us out of the way, he knows that it is absolutely certain that he'll never be connected with our disappearance. We'll just vanish from the sight of man that's all. Here we are in the northern end of Korea, when we are supposed to be in Seoul. And we were wanted, you know."

"We thought we had a good chance to score a point off the rest of the fellows."

Wallace laughed, but there was little of mirth in the sound.

"We've certainly scored it," he said. "But here we are, about to pay the piper."

"You take the gloomy view. Now, Chang's face is not altogether cruel."

"He'll prove to be so, all right. I've heard that he is a past master in thinking up new and devilish methods of torturing prisoners. You remember what we heard about the Russian spy. He was buried in an ant hill, I believe."

Involuntarily I shuddered, and the rawhide ropes cut deeper into my wrists and limbs. I had no great dread of being killed in the ordinary way, or I should not have taken such desperate chances in going into northern Korea under such circumstances.

"I suppose there's no chance of rescue?" I sighed.

"None whatever," replied Wallace grimly. "We are in the mountains, fifty miles from the coast, and there's not even a civilised Jap within a score of miles. This fellow, Chang, is absolute in this district, and what he says is law.

A man came into the hut.

"I speak the Englis' a leetle," he announced gravely. "I come to tell you that Chang will try you now. I make talk for you."

A guard of twelve villainous-looking Koreans, armed with rusty guns, had followed the volunteer interpreter into the hut; and two of them, while he had talked, had removed the thongs from our limbs. They helped us to our feet, and we walked with them into the dawn outside.

We were escorted along a narrow path skirting the edge of a deep ravine, and presently came upon a more pretentious hut than any we had seen.

Seated upon a rude seat, under a tree, Chang awaited us; a powerfully-built native, with glittering teeth and an ever-present scowl. He stared at us forbiddingly, and the trial, such as it was, began.

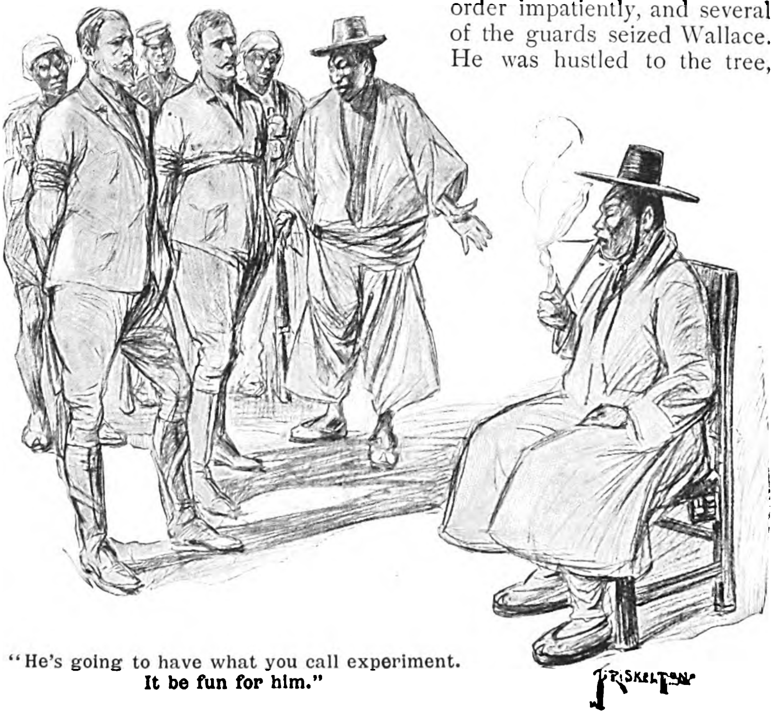
I must confess that the proceedings astonished me. Animus there certainly was; the irregular soldiers surrounding us were disposed to give us short shrift through sheer savagery; but their chief insisted on at least some parade of justice.

Chang looked toward us expectantly, then began to pull gravely at a Chinese pipe.

"What you say?" asked the interpreter.

Wallace shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell the old chap that he's got us," he said, with no show of bravado, but even less of fear. "You might tell him, however, that he has two courses open to him, and they are these: Either he can kill us, more or less barbarously, in which case he'll be punished by our Government as sure as there's a British warship afloat, or he can put us up to ransom. Now, neither Johnson nor myself is a rich man; but we rather think the papers we represent will put up any reasonable amount. If General Chang chooses to let us go with sound skins, we can promise him five thousand pounds indemnity. Ask the general how that hits him."



"He's going to have what you call experiment. It be fun for him."

While the interpreter was translating Wallace's speech, the big Korean officer placidly smoked his pipe. Finally he nodded slowly, and began his reply. It was brief and to the point.

"He says he don't care for your threats, nor for your money," droned the interpreter. "He going to have what you call experiment. It be fun for him."

"And like the frog in the fable, it will be death for us, I suppose," muttered Wallace.

"General Chang say he heard Englishmen are good shooters," continued the interpreter, permitting himself a pleased grin. "He going to let you show how good."

Wallace and I exchanged glances.

"What's his game?" asked my companion briefly.

There was more palavering, then the interpreter said:

"He fix one of you to side of that tree with hands tied over head; other one shoot gun ten times from here. If cut rope, both go free. If not cut rope, both be killed. You choose which one shoot; General Chang don't care. Understand?"

"It's a very slight chance, but I suppose there's no alternative," replied Wallace. He turned to me, and added: "You are the better marksman, old fellow. I couldn't hit a barndoor at five paces."

"And I can do little better," I replied, gloomily enough.

General Chang gave an order impatiently, and several of the guards seized Wallace. He was hustled to the tree, which stood at the very edge of the ravine, and presently I saw my friend trussed up by the wrists until only the tips of his toes touched the ground. The strain must have been extremely painful, but Wallace made no sign.

The Korean beckoned to one of his men, and the fellow came up and cut the lashings from my wrists and elbows. A gun was thrust into my hands, and the interpreter told me to begin.

Now, up to this point, I am free to own that since our capture I had cut a pretty poor figure. I had not shown the white feather; but, at the same time, I had not seen my way to put on Wallace's outward show of careless, brazen courage.

But when I had watched the ruffians tighten on the rope, and almost tear his arms from their sockets, then my coolness returned to me, and my nerves became as steel. The problem that confronted me, however, was not an easy one.

Wallace was forty yards away, and at that distance the rope holding his arms dwindled to the size of a shoemaker's thread. Moreover, the upper two-thirds of it was almost invisible, because it hung before a background of shadows; but the part I could see clearly burnt itself upon my eyesight till all the rest of the world was blotted out in a red haze. I never knew before how thoroughly a man could concentrate himself.

The rifle they had handed me was loaded and cocked. It was a trifle rusty and showed great lack of care, but I could see that it was a serviceable weapon. The sight had been set at a hundred yards, but that did not matter; the elevation was a detail of minor importance.

I lost no time in taking aim and firing. The first shot went wide of the mark, but the second struck the tree directly over Wallace's head. I could see him wince, and it shook my nerves. At the third shot a shout came from the spectators. I had stranded the rope.

Then came a halt in the firing. I handed the gun back to the fellow who was reloading, and somehow or other the exploded cartridge had jammed in the breech.

I saw that Wallace's head, which he had held proudly erect, had drooped. He was fainting with the pain of his position.

I tore the gun from the hands of the Korean who was fumbling with it, and by a supreme effort, succeeded in dislodging the empty cartridge. Then one of the laughing brutes gave me another loaded cartridge, and once more I shouldered the weapon.

The mark was fainter now. The excitement incident to the jamming of the gun had sent a rush of blood to my head, and I could scarcely see. I snapped down the sights, put the butt-plate to my shoulder, and cuddled the stock to my cheek, meanwhile praying with all my heart for calmness. I think that more agony was compressed for me into a few minutes then than most men meet with in a lifetime.

Even the onlooking Korean soldiers were so stirred that, for the first time, their jibing ceased, and two of them, of their own accord, handed me the cartridges.

The perspiration was running in a stream from my chin, although the day was cold. Again I fired. Again the rope was snipped, and I could see the loosened strands ripple out like a snake unwrapping itself from a branch.

Then followed five shots without any result. I fired at random. A belief that nothing could save us from death took possession of me. I had almost lost interest, when the interpreter's droning voice sent a cold thrill through me.

"Your last chance," he said. "One more shot, then, if you no cut rope, you be killed. I think your friend, him dead already. Maybe you shoot him."

The brutal indifference of the tone acted as a spur. It filled me with an overpowering rage. For one second I thought to turn the rifle upon Chang, and to mete out to him the punishment he had prepared for us. Why I did not, I do not know to this day: but I speedily found myself taking careful aim at the slender thread above Wallace's arms.

The little clearing hung in breathless silence. Every eye was strained to see the outcome of the shot.

I fired.

Wallace's body dropped, limp and shapeless, to the ground.

With a cry, I threw the rifle from me and raced across the dust. Only when I reached my friend and bent over him did I hear voices clamouring over my fate.

Then came dully to my ears the voice of the interpreter, saying:

"If your friend no dead, you can go away; but General Chang, he say, if he catch you again he kill sure."

I paid little heed to the words. All my thoughts were of the friend who lay so still and white before me.

I listened for his breaths; they did not come. I felt for a heart throb; there was not so much as a flutter. His face was livid. And yet I would not admit, even then, that he was dead.

With a sob, I seized his arms, and moved them first above his head till he looked like a man about to dive, and then clapped them against his sides, repeating this an infinite number of times, praying that the airs I drew through his lungs might blow against some smouldering spark of humanity and kindle it once more to life.

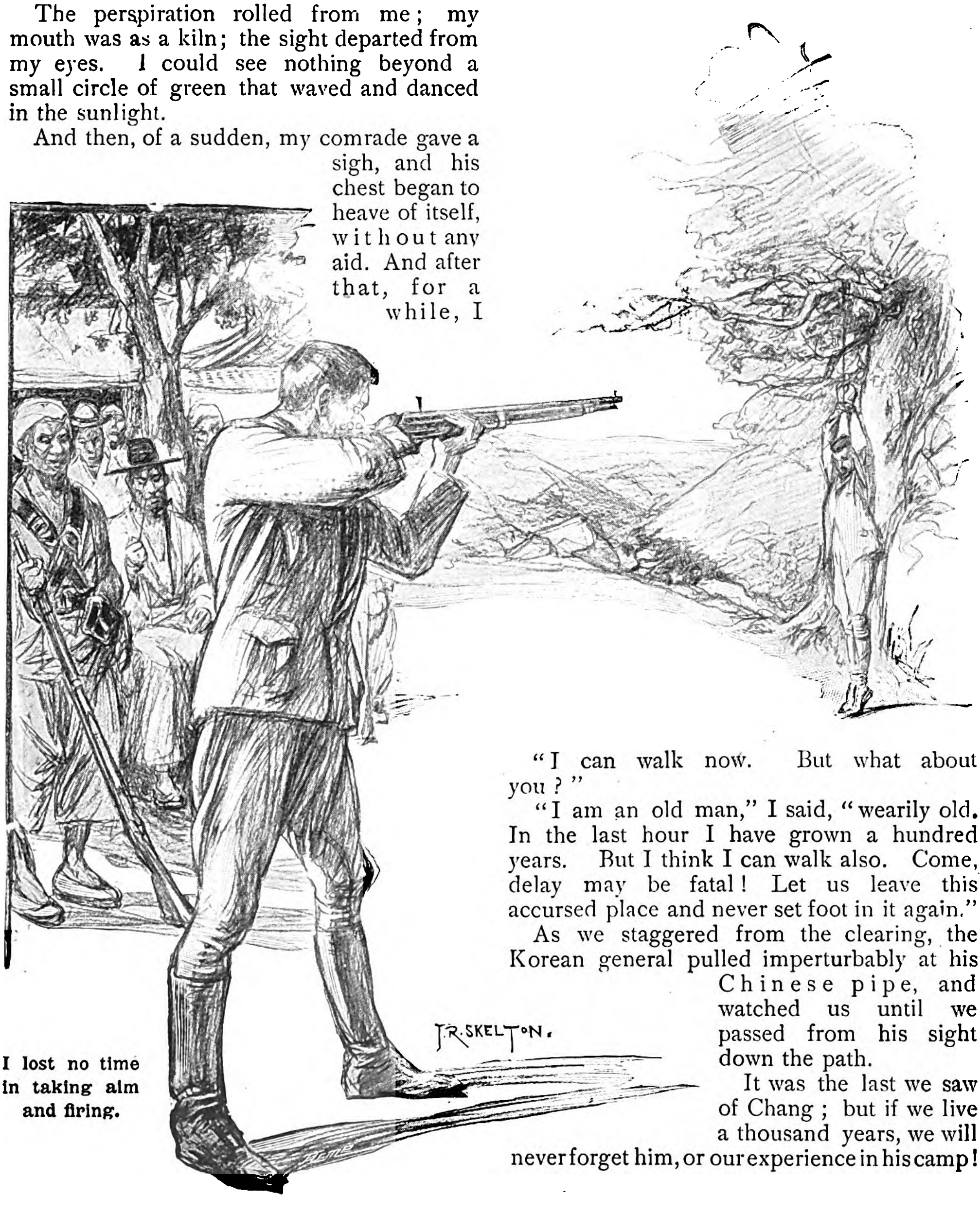
The perspiration rolled from me; my mouth was as a kiln; the sight departed from my eyes. I could see nothing beyond a small circle of green that waved and danced in the sunlight.

And then, of a sudden, my comrade gave a sigh, and his chest began to heave of itself, without any aid. And after that, for a while, I knew little more. When I next came to my senses, Wallace was sitting up with one hand clutching at his throat, looking at me wildly.

"What has happened?" he gasped. "I thought I was dead, and Chang had killed me. Johnson, tell me."

"We are alive," I replied weakly. "The general has kept his word. We can leave here as soon as you can walk."

He rose to his feet, swaying:



I lost no time in taking aim and firing.

"I can walk now. But what about you?"

"I am an old man," I said, "wearily old. In the last hour I have grown a hundred years. But I think I can walk also. Come, delay may be fatal! Let us leave this accursed place and never set foot in it again."

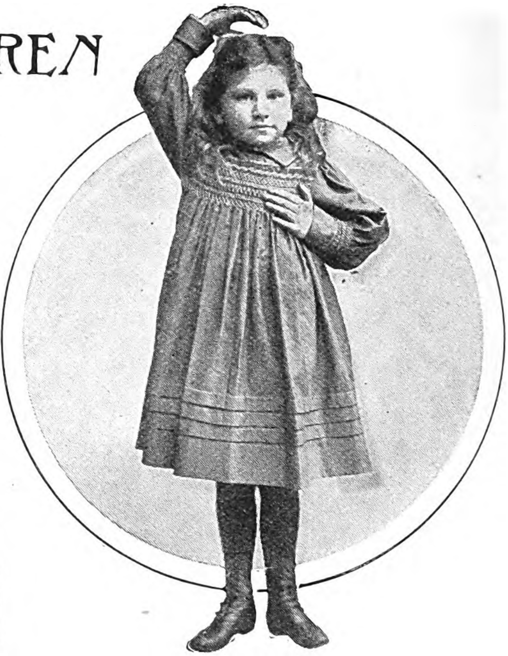
As we staggered from the clearing, the Korean general pulled imperturbably at his Chinese pipe, and watched us until we passed from his sight down the path.

It was the last we saw of Chang; but if we live a thousand years, we will never forget him, or our experience in his camp!

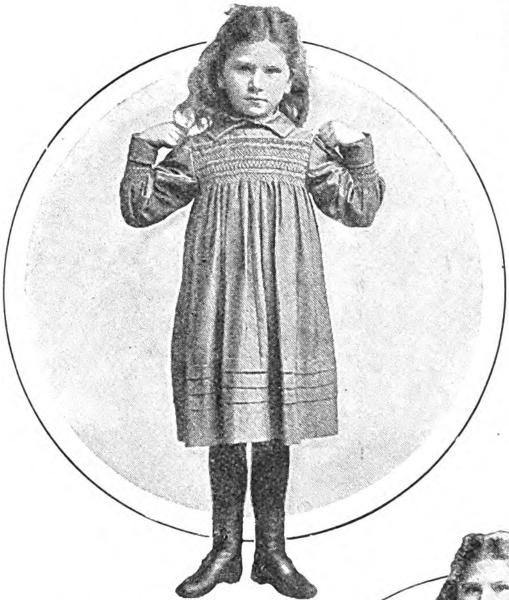
BACKWARD CHILDREN

An Article that All Mothers should Read.

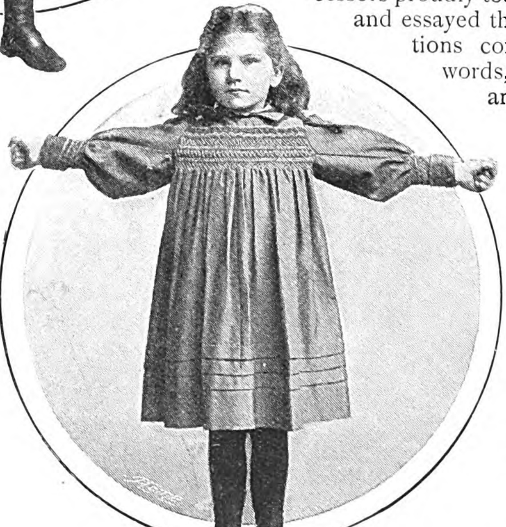
BY MARGARET HALLAM.



BREATHING EXERCISE.—The child stands erect, with one hand tucked close to the armpit and the other held over the head. She must then draw a deep breath through the nostrils, breathing it out through the mouth. Reverse the position, doing the exercise six times.



AN ARM EXERCISE.—(1) Standing erect, with chest well thrown out, and heels together, the child moves both arms until her knuckles touch the shoulders. These and the other exercises on the following page are especially excellent for the general development of backward children.



(2) At the command "Two!" throw the arms out briskly: "One!" Bring them back to the first position. This exercise should be repeated several times.

THERE is often one child in a family who is not quite like the others, who seems for some unknown reason to object to growing up on the lines laid down, and carried out successfully, for its brothers and sisters.

There may be nothing very remarkable at first, except that even as a tiny baby it was slow in showing those signs of intelligence which every normal baby ought to show—had a distinct objection to cutting its teeth decently and in order, and declined altogether to walk and talk at an age when its predecessors proudly toddled round the nursery and essayed the holding of conversations consisting chiefly of the words, "man man," "da da," and "bow wow."

Poor little mortal! The fate of a backward child is not an enviable one, for underneath all its little tiresome, untidy ways, it often possesses a very loving, sensitive little heart.

Unless a child is actually mentally deficient, and, therefore, needs treatment that does not come within the scope of an ordinary magazine article, there is no need for the parents to despair, for, with infinite pains on their part, the little one who has started life as

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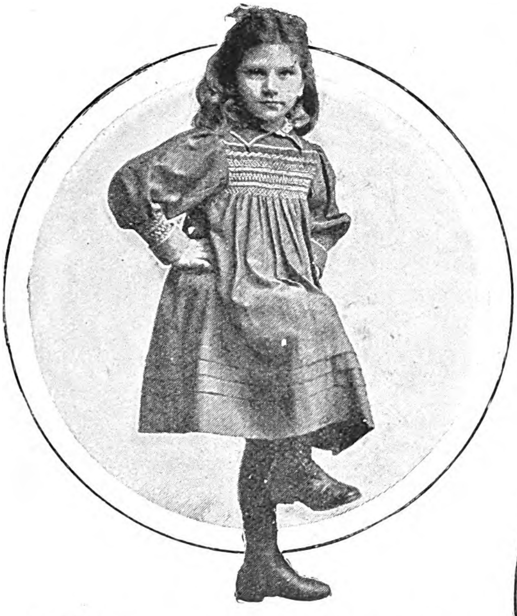


Leg Exercise.—The body should be held erect, and the legs lifted alternately an equal number of times

a very ugly duckling indeed may become transformed into a more than passable swan.

Remember, good food, fresh air, and exercise are the three most important factors in a child's physical well-being, and, we may add, mental well-being as well, for mind and body act and react on each other in no small degree.

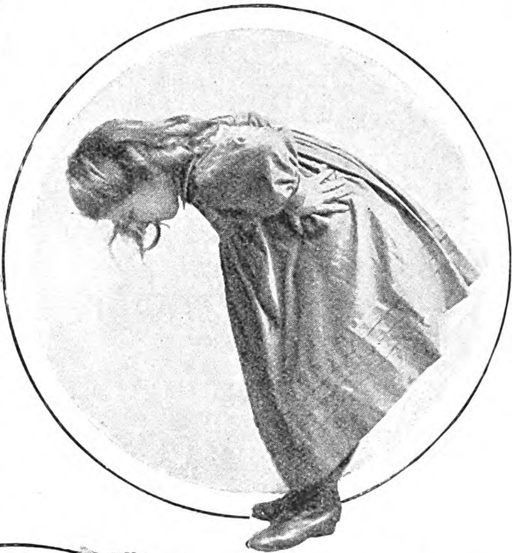
See that the children's rooms are bright and snug, for often the best rooms in the house are reserved for the use of visitors, and the little ones are stowed away in cramped quarters.

A backward child, among its tardy developments, is usually very late in cutting its back teeth, and, therefore, will have to be kept on baby food longer than a normal child, for until children can masticate properly, meat, bread, and all those solid foods do infinitely more harm than good.

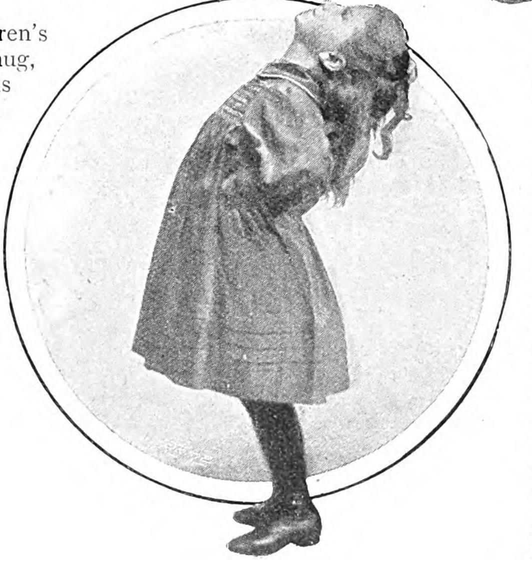
The mother should, if possible, devote the utmost care to this especial child. It does not do to let a little one who materially differs from its brothers and sisters receive exactly the same treatment as they do. It will soon realise, poor little mortal, that it cannot do quite what the others do, and grow discouraged and become still more backward.

Physical training is one of the first remedies; develop and strengthen the little body, and the little mind will develop in proportion.

Breathing exercises are invaluable; all gymnastics should be preceded by one of these. Let the child stand with one hand tucked close up to the armpit, and the other hand curving over the head. See that the back is flat, and the waist well held in, the heels together, and the head erect. The correct position assured, the little one should take a long breath in through the nose, and breathe out



Body Exercise.—The legs must be kept rigid, the hands placed on the hips, and the body bent first forwards, and then slowly backwards.



Another Breathing Exercise.—In this exercise the hands are pressed to the waist and the head well thrown back. The breath is drawn gently in and out through the nose, the mouth, meantime, being kept slightly closed.

through the mouth. Reverse the position of the arms and do the exercise six times in all, holding each arm above the head alternately.

An arm exercise should be done next, of the simplest description. The child should stand up straight with the arms outstretched, and throw them to and fro briskly several times in succession.

Children delight in dancing. A few easy steps can quickly be taught them. Besides being good exercise, dancing improves them in the gentle art of balancing, and teaches them to walk gracefully

The legs should next be lifted, alternately, an equal number of times.

An exercise for the body will complete this little set. The legs must be kept rigid, the hands placed on the hips, and the body bent first forwards, and then gently backwards.

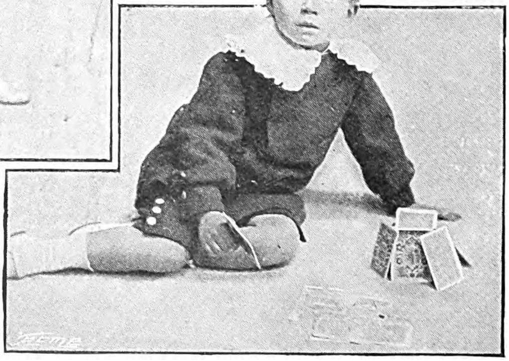
A clumsy gait may be much improved by making the child walk up and down the room, balancing a small book on the head.

Conclude with a breathing exercise. In this case, the hands may be simply clasped at the waist, the head must be thrown back, and the breath drawn gently in and out through the nose, the mouth remaining slightly closed meantime.

There are various other devices less obvious, but equally successful, for developing and strengthening little capacities. A few easy dancing steps delight the children, and teach the gentle art of balancing, and a clumsy, unsteady gait may be much improved by letting the child walk up and down the garden, or in a long room with a small book poised on its head.

Backward children often seem possessed of ten thumbs instead of the usual complement of fingers, and are very slow at learning to use the same with any amount of dexterity. Building card houses is a fascinating amusement, and at the same time cultivates a nicety of touch and a correct eye. An infinite amount of patience will be required, and this is an excellent employment for the father, who surely should bear some of the burden and heat of the day. He has to build and rebuild, showing the child just how to place the cards, and will then have to encourage all the clumsy topply little attempts at imitation.

A man and woman need all the five senses that nature has given them in order to get adequately through life, and yet there are very many people who cannot easily distinguish one colour from another, do not recognise sounds, and are hopelessly out of it where the sense of smell is concerned. All these senses must be cultivated in children, especially in those backward children with whom this article deals.



Backward children are never nimble with their hands. Building card houses is an excellent and delightful form of cultivating dexterity in the fingers.

Let a child turn out a work-basket or drawer of odds and ends, and then make it tidy. Teach it the colours of the different reels of cotton, skeins of silk, and then let it look about the room, telling the different colours of various book-covers, cushions, etc., otherwise the words "red" and "green" will become inseparably connected with sewing materials only.

Threading different coloured beads is of use, and the little one may be taught to count at the same time.

A backward child should be taught early to be of use, and should learn how the nursery tea things are dried—(N.B.—It is as well, perhaps, that these should be non-breakable)—the nursery chairs dusted, and so forth.

Later on, when lessons are attempted, these should be of play description, full of interest, and of short duration. I do not recommend class teaching for a backward child. It is sure to be outstripped in the race by others, and so get discouraged and learn next to nothing.

If the schoolroom is imperative, let the little one join those younger and more backward than itself.

I should never begin with reading and writing. Arithmetic, history, and geography should, in my opinion, invariably come first Tell graphic stories, and in history make the heroes and heroines of long ago real living personages. Draw rough pictures of battles, and when facts are thoroughly impressed on the little one's memory, get it to tell you the story the next day.

A knowledge of colours can be taught by letting the little backward one turn out a fancy work-basket full of bright silks. Tell him the colour of each one, and afterwards test his memory by asking him the colours of various objects in the nursery.

A child should be taught early to be of use. There are many small things that a tiny girl may quite easily accomplish, such as drying the nursery tea service and dusting the chairs.

Keeping shops is a delightful way of learning very simple rules of arithmetic; use real money or counters.

Geography is much more exciting with a big tray of sand, some clay, and a jug of water. Make lakes, and rivers, and mountains, and marshes, and peninsulas, and the joy of the children will be great, and they will very soon pick up physical geography.

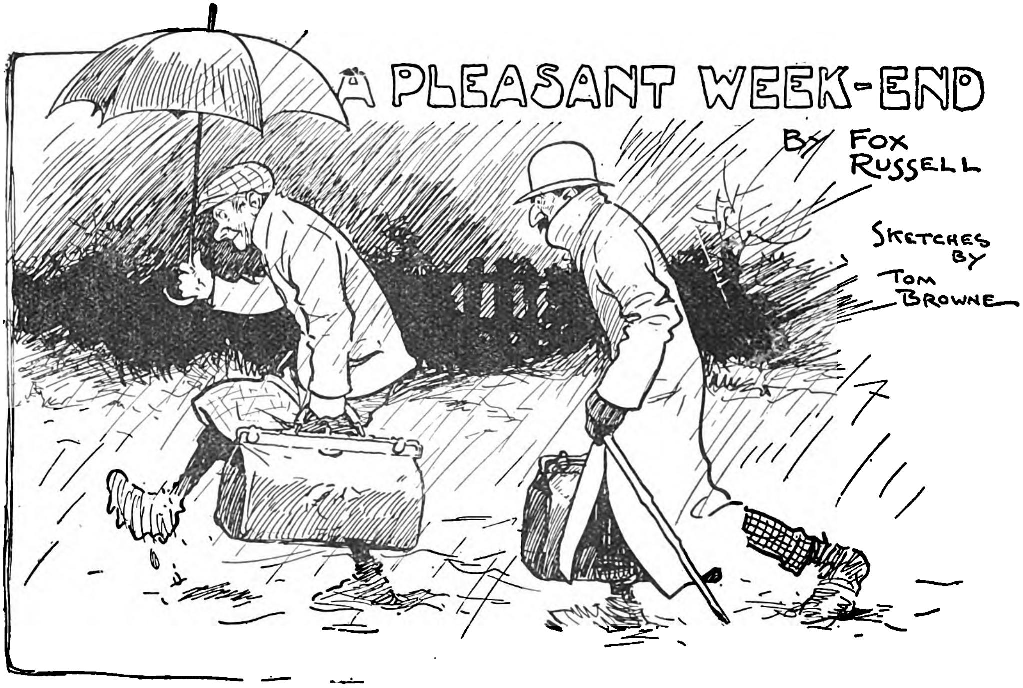
Finally, remember that all children, and especially backward children, need endless love and encouragement. Praise whenever it is possible, and blame very sparingly.

A backward child very often grows into a much more interesting man or woman than a prodigy, who, after delighting and astonishing its parents during the first few years of its life, finally ends in doing nothing in particular.

A PLEASANT WEEK-END

By FOX RUSSELL

SKETCHES BY TOM BROWNE



A Delightful Visit to a Friend who had just Moved into the Country.

I HAD had a slight, or nodding, acquaintance with De Broune—his name used to be Brown when I first met him—for some years, but we never became really familiar until last summer, when we found ourselves accidentally quartered at the same hotel on the sunny South Coast, and dining at the same table.

It was then that he waxed so hospitable that even if I had wished it, I could not well have refused his pressing invitation to run down to his new house and stay a week-end there. De Broune called it, with great modesty, I thought at the time, "my little place in Kent."

"No time like the present!" cried he heartily, "so let us name the day—say Saturday week; we shall be comfortably in and settled down by then. Anyhow, you'll take 'pot-luck' with us, won't you?"

"Delighted," I murmured. Condemned to live in town, I greatly affect week-ends by sea or in the country. The club at which I live is comfortable, I must admit, but London on Sundays annoys me, and being somewhat particular about my health, I like to breathe the fresh air on at least two days in the seven.

On the Thursday I received a brief but hearty note from De Broune reminding me of my promise, and telling me of a convenient train. Blogford appeared to be rather an out-of-the-way sort of station, as far as I could make out by the railway time-table; only three trains a day ever called there. De Broune had said that he wanted to get out of the giddy whirl. Blogford seemed to me to meet this requirement entirely.

After a somewhat protracted railway journey—we had to change at four different stations—Blogford was reached at last. It was on this memorable trip that I realised for the first time that Lhassa *might* not be *the* most inaccessible place on earth, after all.

I struggled out on to the platform and looked about in vain for any sign of De Broune or his groom. My luggage was put out of the van and the train moved off. I watched its departure with a strange sinking of the heart. I felt as though I had now burnt my boats behind me, and was face to face with the great unknown.

Then I accosted the porter-ticket-collector-stationmaster (there was only one of him) and asked in a voice which struggled to be brave:

"Er—is there a carriage of any sort waiting to take me to The Pleasaunce? Mr. De Broune's place, you know!"

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The porter part of this conglomerate creature touched its cap and eyed my luggage in expectancy of a job; whilst the ticket-collector element manifested itself in the shape of a hand outstretched for my "first single," and the stationmaster in him spoke authoritatively, saying:

"No, sir. No carriage waitin'. No such name as De Broune known here. Must be a stranger."

"He is. He has just taken a new place—The Pleasaunce. Where is The Pleasaunce?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say, sir. Never heard of it. Bill," this to a countryman struggling with an empty milk can, "Ever heard o' Mr. Dee Broune, or a place called The Pless-sance?"

Bill scratched his nose with a pensive air and the end of his right forefinger.

"Just come here to live," went on the stationmaster encouragingly.

A light seemed to break in upon Bill's "think-tank."

"Whoy, that must be the gent as is movin' in——"

"To The Pleasaunce?" I inquired interrupting him.

"To Hogg's Farm, up atarp o' Crockham Mount," he continued. "But I don't know o' no pless-sance nowhere. P'raps the gent 'ave give Hogg's a noo name like."

Perhaps he had. It was rather humiliating—somewhat of a "come-down," from The Pleasaunce to plain "Hogg's Farm," but I thought that this would be the most probable solution.

Just as I was about to put a further question or two, to my great relief, De Broune himself, red in the face, flurried and almost breathless, burst through the gate on to the platform.

"Can't say how sorry I am to be so late, my dear fellow," he gasped. "Ran all the last mile—all down hill, luckily. *Un*luckily, you'll say, I'm afraid, as you'll have to walk all the way up it. Don't mind a bit of a pull, do you?"

I *did* mind it, very much—hate walking along muddy roads, and the weather, moreover, looked very threatening. But what could I say?

"How about the luggage—" I began rather disconsolately; "can't we get a cab or——"

He burst out laughing.

"My dear fellow, there's no such thing ever been seen in Blogford! But what luggage is there? Two hand-bags, a coat, stick, and umbrella. H'm—well, after all, that's not much for you and me between us, is it? I'll take this bag" (selecting the smaller one) "and you collar hold of the other, and the little things—that's all right. Now come on—this way—yes, those flints *are* trying to one's boots, but there's not more than two hundred yards to walk on them. Then we get out into the lane, walk up that for a mile and a half, and then we can take a short cut through some fields which will bring us to the main road. Then it's pretty plain sailing till we get to the field path which——"

"But," I exclaimed, somewhat dismayed, "er—how far is The Hog—The Pleasaunce, I mean?"

"Oh, not very far, not very far!" he rejoined cheerily. "Just a pleasant walk, you know—at least I hope it's going to be pleasant, but—what a confounded nuisance! it's just begun raining."

We set our burdens down (in the mud) and turned up our collars. Then I put on my coat and hoisted my umbrella. Two minutes later I had to put it down again, as a violent gust of wind almost turned it inside out.

Then we picked up the baggage and silently trudged on, splashing through the puddles and spurting the muddy water up into our own faces as we walked. We struggled up an almost interminable lane, fell over a stile, and started to cross a fallow field, already ankle deep; then the light began to fail rapidly. I never knew darkness come on with such unwonted—and unwanted—suddenness.

My host, still in a spirit of *insouciant* optimism, observed cheerily:

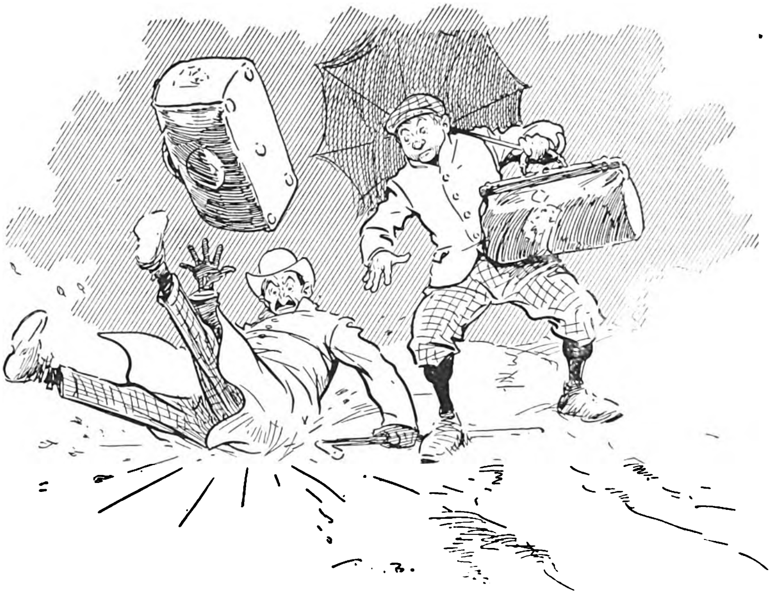
"Sorry you can't see more of the country."

I replied somewhat acidly that the amount of country I *had* seen fully satisfied my needs and aspirations. I was not taking any more country just at that juncture.

This damped De Broune's spirit as effectively as the rain was wetting his body. I admit to an unholy joy in seeing that he had neither umbrella nor coat. But even this satisfaction was denied me after my momentary triumph, for De Broune, in the most matter-of-fact manner, coolly observed:

"Oh, as you've got a coat, you won't be wanting that umbrella. You'd better lend it to me!"

I lent it him in silence. I fervently hoped it would blow inside out. But, of course, it did nothing of the sort.



He placed a hand on my shoulder so heavily, that on the greasy, wet chalk, my heels suddenly slipped up, and I sat, with fearful violence, on the miry ground.

"There's a bit of chalky land we're just coming to—in the dark you'll hardly be able to see it. It's rather slippery—ah, we're just on it now. And there, my boy, are the lights of The Pleasaunce. Look!" and he placed a hand on my shoulder so heavily, that on the greasy, wet chalk, my heels suddenly slipped up, and I sat, with fearful violence, on the miry ground.

I did not say anything. I only *thought* it.

For about another mile we stumbled on, over ridge and furrow, occasionally splashing through a muddy pool by way of varying the monotony. Then we emerged once more on the high road, climbed an almost interminable hill, and arrived opposite the door of The Hog—of The Pleasaunce, I mean.

I mentally re-named it The Unpleasaunce.

Ushered into the hall, I knocked my head sharply against a low oaken beam, and on recovering myself, was formally introduced to Mrs. De Broune and four small De Brounes—all of the feminine persuasion—and it struck me that my hostess was hardly looking forward to the idea of entertaining a visitor with undiluted pleasure.

Personally, I felt somewhat awkward and embarrassed—chiefly on account of my appearance. The clay in which I had sat adhered pertinaciously to my clothing, and I had to be careful not to turn my back on Mrs. De Broune even for a moment. She shook hands, looked dubiously at me and said:

"I am afraid you will have to take us in the rough, Mr. Clubman"—my name is Augustus Clubman, very much at the reader's service.

Before I could reply, De Broune struck in cheerfully:

"That's just what these town-bred gentlemen like, my dear. They find nothing more enjoyable than taking pot-luck, eh, Clubman?"

Very nice of him, of course—cordial, and so forth; but—well, in accepting the invitation, I don't know that I quite contemplated staying at a house before even the carpets were down.

"Come along, and I'll show you your room," said De Broune, grabbing one of my Gladstone bags—again the smaller of the two—and leaving me to struggle upstairs with the heavier one and the rest of my impedimenta.

At the head of the staircase, which was in comparative darkness, my genial host suddenly disappeared from sight, tripping over a roll of cocoanut matting, and sprawling face downwards on the floor. Just as I was about to enjoy a hearty laugh over his downfall—for I have a keen sense of humour—I myself most unfortunately fell over the same obstacle, and landed, together with my Gladstone bag—this time I was pleased it *was* the heavier of the two, as it served to break my fall—right on the top of his prostrate form.

I must confess that I failed to see the joke when De Broune rather vulgarly guffawed at the incident. Some people are naturally brutal, and, as Rochefoucauld, the great French philosopher, observes, "Nothing gives one more pleasure than the misfortunes of one's friends." This, naturally, only applies to selfish men, and I fear I must class De Broune in that category.

"This is your room, my boy," exclaimed he, throwing open the door of a squalid, carpetless apartment, containing a narrow painted wooden bedstead and one chair. "Obliged to put you here, as the second van-load hasn't arrived with the spare room furniture. Annoying, isn't it? But I know you like roughing it."

I like nothing of the sort, and I thought it an unwarrantable liberty for De Broune to take when he made this mendacious assertion. Hate "roughing it"!

"Hope you've brought your own soap, old chap, as there's positively not a bit in the house to spare. There's a new box coming on Monday."

How on earth the "new box coming on Monday" (when I should be gone) could interest *me*, I failed to grasp. Meantime, as I had *not* brought any soap, it seemed that I should have to go without. Very unpleasant prospect, indeed!

"Here's one of the servant's towels," he went on, handing me a coarse-fibred thing as rough as a rasp; "afraid it's the only one I can lay hands on to-night. However, we shall be all straight, I hope, early next week."

Again, why make these idiotic observations concerning what was to be after I had left? Came reluctantly to the conclusion that De Broune must be a monumental ass!

"Is there anything more you want, old chap?" he asked, preparing to go.

Anything *more!* The unconscious irony of it almost made me laugh as I looked round at the one bedroom chair, the coarse towel, the empty soap-dish, the curtainless window, the uncarpeted floor. Anything *more!* I smiled grimly, and replied that I thought I could manage, and my host disappeared.

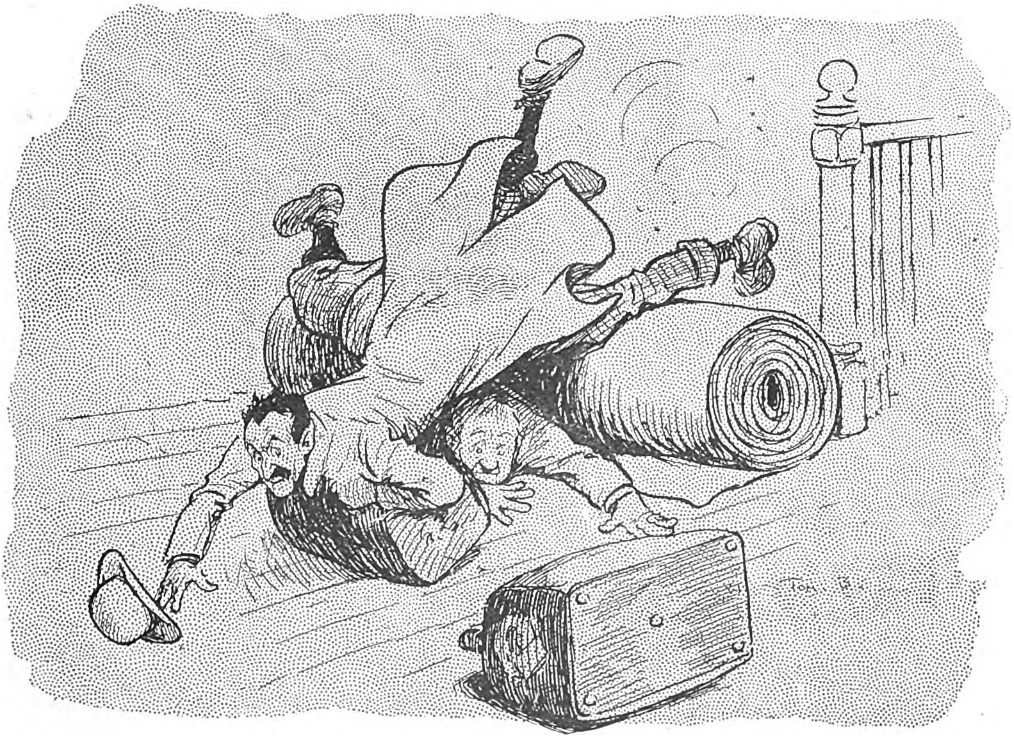
I shall never know how I contrived to dress for dinner that night. It was a strange, weird process, but I managed to struggle down to the dining-room at eight o'clock. And, in spite of the discomforts of the situation, I was feeling quite ready to do justice to the meal.

My hostess looked worried as time went slowly on till the clock announced the half-hour. At twenty-five minutes to nine a heated-faced parlour-maid, with a smut on one cheek and her cap all awry, announced that dinner was served.

We went in—I in a positively starving condition—and the soup was placed on the table.

Hungry as I was, one spoonful sufficed me. I think it must have been of the *tutti frutti* order—compiled with banana skins, orange peel, cigar ends, and anything else which the cook was able to lay hands on conveniently. I "passed."

"Sorry you don't like the soup, my boy," said De Broune, "because we've got no fish for you to-night. I believe it was ordered,



I myself most unfortunately fell over the same obstacle, and landed, together with my Gladstone bag . . . right on the top of his prostrate form.

but never turned up. You see, everything's at sixes and sevens just for the time being; but we shall be all straight by this time next week."

I felt that if he said this again I should shriek. Meantime, I was feeling positively famished, and smiled almost genially when the joint was brought in.

Mary Jane whisked the cover off, and disclosed something which I at first mistook for a partially-burnt hearthrug. Then I saw that my conjecture must be a wrong one; on a closer inspection I saw that the article before us was apparently the charred remains of an old accordion.

Even De Broune's optimism bade fair to break down at the sight of this mystic dish.

"My dear—" he began dubiously; but my hostess immediately cut in with:

"Yes, I'm afraid the lamb is a little overdone. My cook does not yet know how to manage the new range."

And the look of the joint fully corroborated her assertion.

We gnawed portions of the alleged lamb in silence. It was not nice, and I thought the amount of cinders quite out of proportion to the quantity of edible matter contained in the dish. But by this time I was getting more used to the manners and customs of The Pleasaunce.

It was thirsty work, however, and more than once I glanced furtively round the table in search of some liquid sustenance. De Broune evaded my roving eye for some time, then, putting a bold face on it, he turned to me and said:

"Fact is, my dear fellow, the wine hasn't turned up yet. Nuisance, isn't it?"

I thought it was. But I preserved a strict silence—nay, I even tried to smile.

"We've very good water here. That's one comfort," he added.

"Think so?" I replied dubiously. The subject of water—except when labelled "For outward application only"—failed to interest me.

After a somewhat awkward pause my host, suddenly struck by a happy thought, exclaimed:

"Ah! I know what you'd like, Clubman—something, too, that we *can* give you—some of the children's gingerade. Jane, two bottles of gingerade for Mr. Clubman."

"Heaven forbid!" I murmured piously, at the dread thought of pitting my gastric juices against this high explosive. I hope I am prepared to die as a brave man should—but a lingering death, accompanied by the internal suffering one might reasonably expect after so rash a deed as consuming "gingerade," I not unnaturally shrank from.

"Thank you, I will take a little water," I said; and then, addressing Mary Jane, who came round with the jug, I continued: "Pour it out with a head to it, please."

We finished the meal in comparative silence. It was not a successful dinner—rather lacking in "go" I thought.

As soon as Mrs. De Broune had left us, my host rose and fetched a fresh box of very long cigars.

"Afraid you haven't enjoyed your dinner, my dear fellow. You see, we're very much in the rough, so to speak, just at present, but——"

"But next week—when I've gone"—I interrupted eagerly, for I felt that my nerves would not stand the strain of his ceaseless repetition any more that night—"You'll be all straight, yes, I know—very interesting and so forth."

De Broune nodded cheerily.

"You've hit it exactly. And now, my dear boy, I want you to try this new box of 'Oderados.'"

Never lacking in personal courage, I took an "Oderado," and bravely set fire to it.

We smoked for a few minutes in silence, and then he said, alluding to my cigar:

"What do you think of it? They say that it's impossible to get any more like them in England."

I was not sorry to hear this. It struck me that a little "Oderado" went a very long way. After puffing a minute longer, I quietly let it go out, and wiped away a certain clamminess which had gathered on my forehead.

Unfortunately for me, my host noticed that I had ceased smoking, and said:

"You want a light."

I didn't. But I had to suffer in the cause of politeness, and struck a match—with considerable reluctance — and re-lit that agglomeration of monkey's fur and alum, mis-called a cigar. De Broune himself was smoking a cigarette. Happy De Broune!

I think he must have begun to suspect that there was little in common between me and that cigar, for he added:

"Perhaps they want keeping?"

I thought they wanted throwing away. But I did not speak.

He became quite anxious on the subject.

"I'm afraid you don't think much of it," he ventured tentatively. The cigar was a perfect dream—a nightmare, I added, *sotto voce*, letting the "Oderado" die out.

I will draw a veil over the next half-hour.

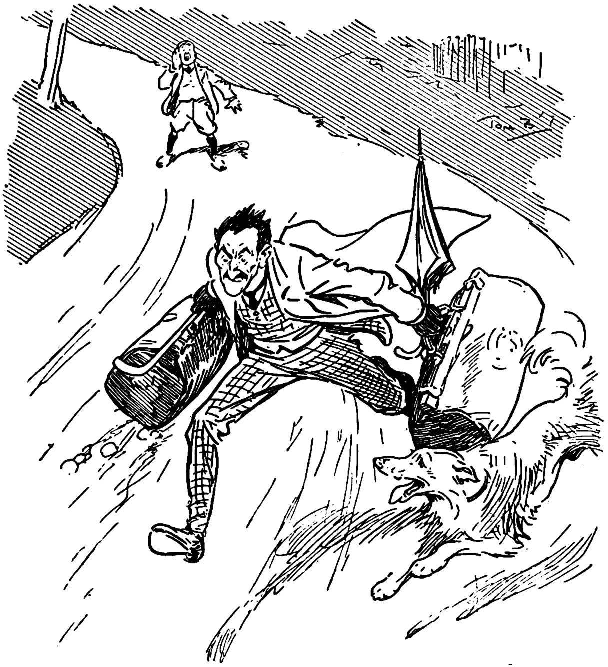
Weak and dispirited, I early sought my coal-stuffed couch—at least, I think it was stuffed with coals—if not, it was half bricks. De Broune accompanied me upstairs with a commiserating air and half a candle stuck in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle.

"A nip of brandy is what you want, my dear fellow," he said.

"Yes, thanks, I will," I faintly murmured.

"Unluckily, the brandy is with all the rest of the wine—we haven't a drop in the house. However, it'll be here next week."

I groaned in anguish of spirit—or want of spirit, more correctly speaking. De Broune drifted out of the room, and I commenced the process of tossing about on the alleged bed, a form of exercise which, with brief intermissions, continued all night.



Hatless, and bursting with indignation, I tore down the road, refusing to stop, in spite of De Broune's frenzied shouting to me.

How I ever lived through the time which ensued until the following Monday morning I shall never know. As to the indignities and discomforts I endured, their name was legion. But when, at length, I stood on the front steps bidding my host farewell preparatory to starting back to town, I could have shouted for very joy.

"Goodbye, Clubman, my boy—delighted to have had you with us. My wife and I hope——"

But what the De Brounes' hopes might be on this particular subject was destined to be hidden from me for ever; for, just at that moment, a hissing sound saluted my ears, and then a perfect avalanche of soapy water fell, with almost stunning effect on my head and shoulders. The newly-fixed waste-pipe from the bath had failed to act, and—and I was the victim!

My already overwrought feelings gave way beneath the strain of this last crowning indignity. With a dismal shriek, I turned and fled.

Hatless, and bursting with indignation, I tore down the road, refusing to stop, in spite of De Broune's frenzied shouting to me. His excitement communicated itself to the collie dog, which joined in the chase, and, to my exceeding dolour, made repeated grabs at my legs.

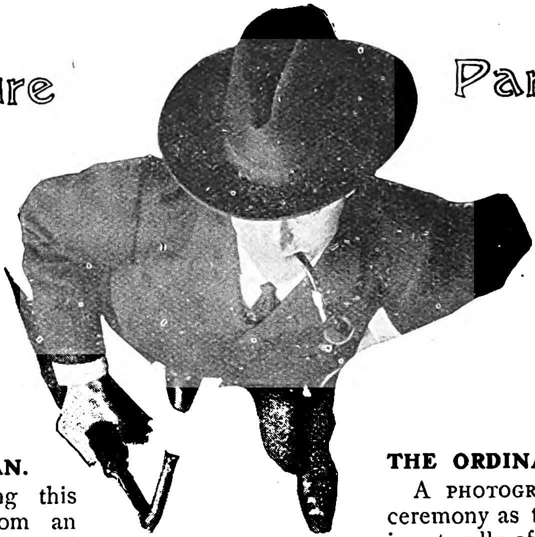
But still I ran on and on, with the strength lent me by despair. Faintly, and still more faintly, I caught a word, a disjointed sentence, hurled after my flying form—

"Hi—stop . . . my dear boy . . . let me . . . explain . . . Bath . . . not quite fixed . . . but . . . *everything all right . . . next . . . wee—ee—k!*"

I heeded not. Pursued to the bitter end by the too faithful hound, I sped on until, ten yards from the station, the brute made a wild leap at me, and, doing a "best on record," I rushed wildly on to the up platform, wearing a collie dog firmly attached to my coat. The porter, the ticket-collector, the station-master, and a few yokels waiting for the train hastened to detach this—well, this "friend of man" from my clothes. I regret to say that my miserable plight caused no little guffawing among those gathered on the platform. Foreigners say that Englishmen are the worst mannered people on earth. Being patriotic I used to scout the idea. I don't now.

However, the train coming in shortly afterwards, I was enabled to reach London once more, saved, but with my nerves entirely shattered for ever.

Picture Paragraphs.



Man — from a high point of view.

The Editor Invites all Amateur Photographers to Contribute to this Feature.

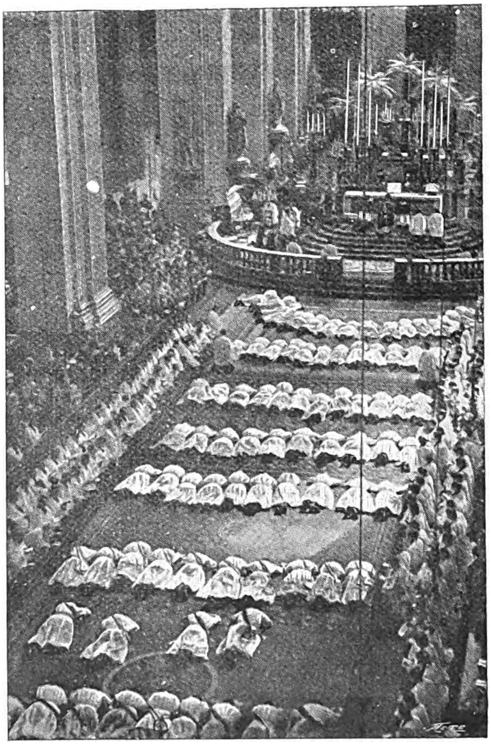
MERELY A MAN.

THE picture heading this page was taken from an upper-storey window, and merely shows how a man appears to the camera from this elevation.

Of course, to you, looking down from a similar position, a man walking in the street would not appear so outrageously distorted as the photograph endeavours to make us believe.

Still the camera cannot be accused of deception. Unlike your eyes, the lens, which is really the eye of a camera, has no brain behind to guide it. The utmost it can do is to portray faithfully whatever stands before it. Your eyes convey a picture to your brain similar to that which the lens carries into the camera.

Now comes the deception—and it is on your part. When your brain receives this impression, it refuses to believe that anything could possibly appear so grotesque, and so sets to work, turning the figure into what we are accustomed to call a more "conventional shape."



Neophytes, or newly-ordained priests, prostrating themselves before the Cardinal Archbishop at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Sulpice, Paris.

THE ORDINATION OF PRIESTS.

A PHOTOGRAPH of so solemn a ceremony as that represented below is naturally of considerable interest.

Here is shown the interior of the beautiful church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, filled to overflowing with worshippers before the altar. The occasion is the ordination of priests from the Roman Catholic College of St. Sulpice, which takes place every year on the last day of December.

The ceremony on the particular instance that this picture presents was of more than usual interest, as no fewer than one hundred and seven neophytes were ordained.

The neophytes, or young priests, are shown prostrated at the feet of the Cardinal Archbishop at that part of the service known as *La Prostration*.

As may be supposed, the ceremony is of a most solemn and impressive character. According to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, the endowment of holy orders is sacramental, and cannot therefore be forfeited.

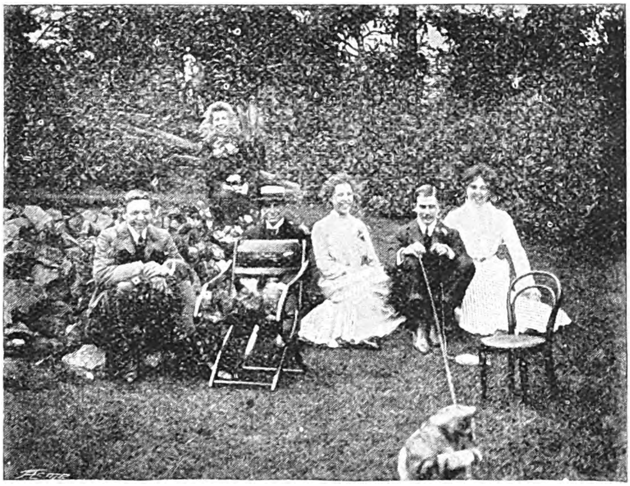
A FELINE PHOTOGRAPHER.

THIS merry group was photographed by a cat. Most people, when they take a snapshot, do not appear in it themselves. But not so Mistress Pussy. She stands out boldly in the foreground, on hind legs, be it observed.

No doubt the mystery of the cat's becoming photographer has been already solved by our readers. But lest there should be any doubt, here is the explanation.

The owner of the camera, wishing to appear in the photograph, devised a plan that would enable him to do so. Having fixed the camera securely to its stand, he attached strings to the shutter sufficiently long for him to take his position in the group, whilst still holding them.

Just when the photographer was about to pull the strings, thus releasing the shutter, Puss appeared on the scene. The sight of two pieces of twine dangling overhead proved too strong for the cat to resist, and she made a grab at them. A sharp click followed, and the photograph was taken.



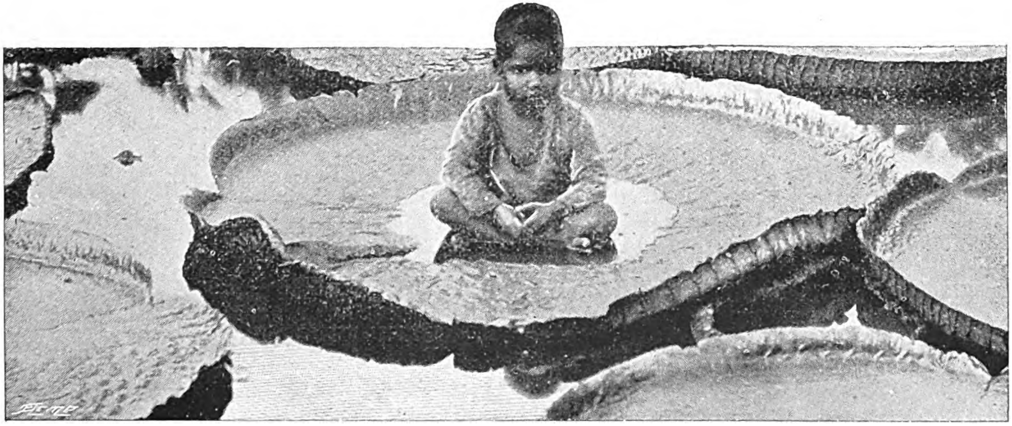
This merry group was taken by a cat. Puss can be seen in the foreground in the act of grabbing the strings that released the shutter of the camera.

A NOVEL RAFT.

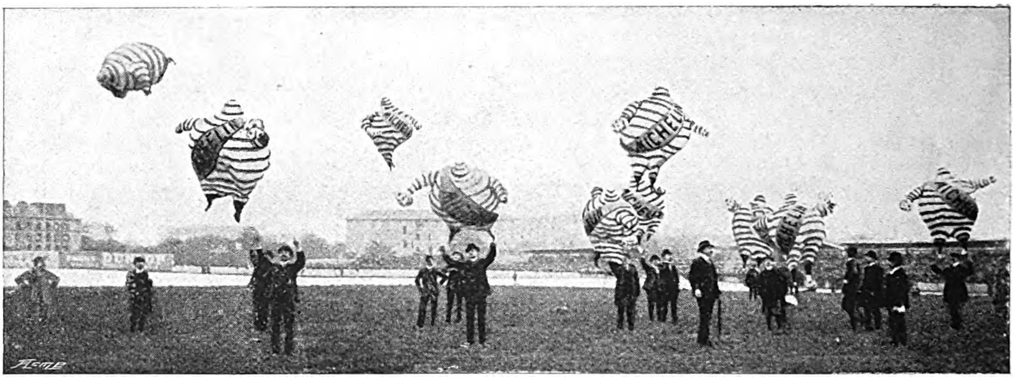
THE dusky little Hindoo, squatting comfortably in the centre of the gigantic leaf, looks as if he were doing the most ordinary thing in the world. No doubt he would like to cut the leaf from its stem, and go "Robinson Crusoe-ing" around. And so he might, were it not that the waters around are so crowded with leaves that such a feat would be quite impossible.

This great water plant, one of whose leaves would form an admirable sponge-bath, is known as the *Victoria Regia*, having received its name in compliment to Queen Victoria. It grows to a great size in the Government and People's Park, Madras, at which place the photograph was taken.

One can imagine what an extraordinary sight this giant of the vegetable kingdom presents, with its enormous leaves, some over ten feet in diameter, floating, like great, green tea-trays upon the surface of the water. As the edge of each leaf turns up, forming a rim some three or four inches in depth, they are capable of supporting considerable weight.



A photograph, taken in the Government and People's Park, Madras, of the giant water plant, *Victoria Regia*. The leaves grow to an enormous size, and are capable of supporting a great weight.



Parisians flying huge inflated figures in the Parc des Princes.

FRANCE'S LATEST FAD.

We do not venture to set up this pastime as a rival to football. Far from it. The weird scene above simply shows how the fashionable Parisian amuses himself in the parks.

At the present time the craze is for figures that fly, or rather float for a short while in the air. Such toys are called pneumatics, and have many advantages that appeal to the vivacious Frenchman. In the first place, no harm can come to the players; no barked shins, no broken collar-bones, fractured skulls, black eyes, and all such countless trifles, incidental to the football field. Even should one of the huge figures, with its portly, striped body and red scarf, suddenly alight on the head of its owner, it would do him no harm, for they are nearly as light as the air itself.

The slightest upward push sends them soaring skyward, tumbling about their ungainly bodies in the most grotesque fashion.

At the Parc des Princes, the scene of our picture, large numbers of Parisians may be seen flying these weird, balloon-like figures. The sight is indescribably funny, and attracts large and fashionable crowds.

MUTTON *AD LIB.*

Sheep in these numbers are never seen upon an English road. But the flock shown below is in no way out of the ordinary—in New Zealand. There, vast numbers are reared on the rich pastures for exportation to the British Isles.

New Zealand might be described as the greatest sheep-fold in the world. A few figures will prove this. Between 1880-1902, 77,373,657 carcasses were imported by the United Kingdom from all parts of the world. Out of this huge supply New Zealand contributed 36,668,644, or nearly one-half.

The flock here shown is moving towards the nearest railway station, preparatory to being despatched to one of the large Freezing Company's Works, for slaughter and exportation to this country.

Before shipment, every carcase is carefully examined by a qualified veterinary surgeon appointed by the Administration, who places a Government tag, signed by himself, on all that he passes. Without this mark no carcase is permitted to leave the Colony. Thus, New Zealand exports only her very best to feed the Mother Country.

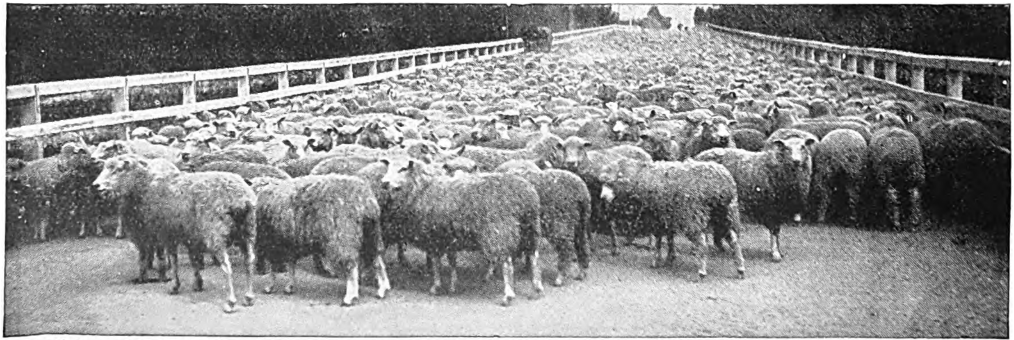
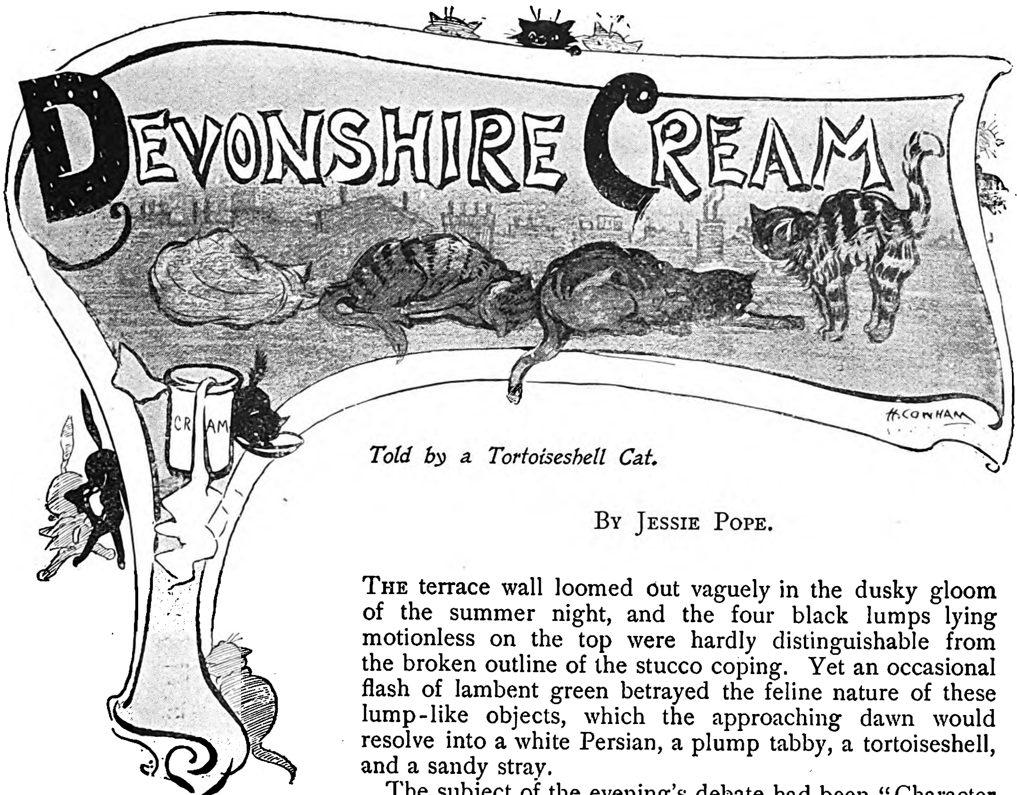


Photo Mitchell, Ashburton.

A flock of sheep in New Zealand being driven to the works of a large Freezing Company, there to be slaughtered and exported to England



DEVONSHIRE CREAM

Told by a Tortoiseshell Cat.

BY JESSIE POPE.

THE terrace wall loomed out vaguely in the dusky gloom of the summer night, and the four black lumps lying motionless on the top were hardly distinguishable from the broken outline of the stucco coping. Yet an occasional flash of lambent green betrayed the feline nature of these lump-like objects, which the approaching dawn would resolve into a white Persian, a plump tabby, a tortoiseshell, and a sandy stray.

The subject of the evening's debate had been "Character as Opposed to Claws," but the general interest was waning when the white Persian remarked:

"They do say that cats take their character from the people they live with—now *I* have found it just the reverse."

"True, indeed," assented the tortoiseshell, who was brisk and brainy; "for instance, my people were never great fish eaters before I went to them. Now we have it four times a week, and twice on Fridays."

"After all," remarked the plump tabby, who found the coping none too broad, "I am inclined to think that fish is overrated as an article of diet, or else I am becoming converted to the gaminess of this New Zealand mutton. It's a positive fact, that nowadays I can never decide at dinner whether to go out with the fish or stay in with the meat."

"And what do you do?" asked the stray, with pathetic interest.

"I get shut in the door generally," replied the fat tabby; "however, if I make enough noise they pour me out a drop of cream—and give me cream before all the fish and meat in the world—Devonshire for choice."

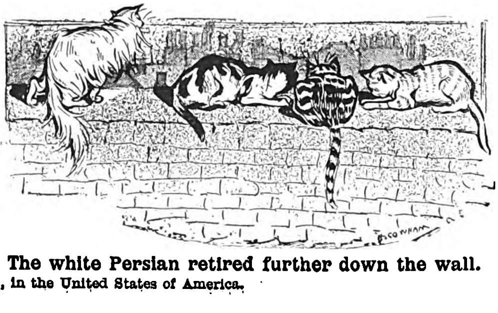
"Ah!" said the tortoiseshell, "that reminds me of a nice mess my master got himself into once with some Devonshire cream."

"Did he tread in his saucer?" inquired the white Persian, but she was withered by such scorching glances that she retired further down the wall.

"No. It was some we had sent up from the country, that, unfortunately, got left next door by mistake. It made a great impression on me, as you may imagine, and in fact——"

Here he was interrupted by a confused chorus of questions.

"Did they eat it?"



The white Persian retired further down the wall.

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"Did you get it back?"

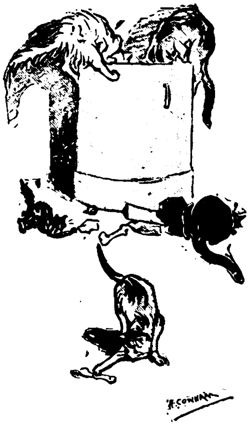
"Did the next-door cat have any?"

"Less of it!" exclaimed the tortoiseshell impatiently. "You're like a lot of splay-legged kittens with your questions. If you'll give me a chance I'll tell you the whole story, but I must have no interruptions."

He paused; breathless silence reigned, so he took up the thread of his narrative.

"And, in fact, that Devonshire cream was the turning point of my master's life."

"Did it go sour, then?" exclaimed the white Persian involuntarily.



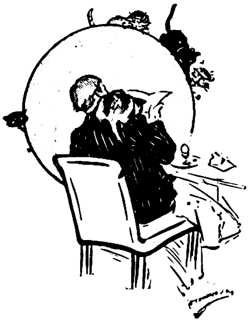
"We keep the most bountiful dust-bin."

"I live, as you know," resumed the tortoiseshell, "at No. 1, the corner house of the terrace, where, I think it is generally admitted, we keep the most bountiful dust-bin in the neighbourhood."

He paused, and there was a subdued murmur of assent, and the white Persian was heard to burst into a retrospective purr.

"At the time of which I speak, our family was away at the sea, with the exception of myself and my young master, who was preparing for an examination, with my assistance; and what with sitting on his writing, when he mislaid the blotting paper, and punishing the sheets that fluttered to the floor, we got through an immense amount of work in the course of the morning.

"I can't quite say how old my master was at the time, for, though he was quite full-sized, he was still interested in catapults, and, unfortunately for me, there was another tortoiseshell cat in the neighbourhood, and mistakes occurred—mistakes which caused me considerable suffering. However, I am pretty sure he was not as old as his father, for though he was taller he used to eat toffee in bed, a habit I have never discovered in the old gentleman.



"I jumped on his shoulder."

"One morning I found my young master reading a letter at breakfast with so much interest that I jumped on his shoulder to see the news, and found that our Aunt Alice, of Taunton, was sending us a large jar of Devonshire cream, packed in a basket-hamper.

Master immediately rang the bell and said:

"'Where's the cream?'

"'Which cream, sir?' said Mary in her stupid way.

"'The Devonshire cream.'

"'There ain't none, sir.'

"My face fell, and I daresay master's did the same.

"'Yes, yes,' he said impatiently; 'it was to come by this morning's post, packed in a small hamper.'

"'Lor'!' cried Mary, 'then it's gone next door. I see the postman take them a little 'amper. Next door's got it, sir, like the lobsters!'

"Now it happened that a very eccentric old person lived next door who was taking care of the house until her master, a foreign gentleman, arrived from abroad. She was rarely to be seen and never answered the door to anybody but the postman; and when the fine lobsters, intended for No. 5, were left there by mistake they were never heard of again, nor could their owner obtain any response to his inquiries.

"This was serious news indeed, and when Mary was sent next door to investigate, and returned without any success, my master pushed away his plate in disgust, and I had hardly the heart to jump on the table and finish his breakfast for him.

"The weather was warm. The postman would not be round again till evening, to put the matter right—and by that time the cream might be sour; these were the subjects of my master's study in the library that morning, while I wandered aimlessly about, unable even to sleep, for the servants were attacked by one of their periodical fits of frenzy that morning, scratching the carpets and bruising the furniture, and twitching my favourite cushions from beneath me just when I was dozing.

"Weary of domesticity and full of yearnings for the wild, which always overtake me at these times, I wandered down the garden path, and was not a little surprised to encounter my master, who was stationed at the lowest part of the wall glaring at the next-door house with a hungry scrutiny. A desolate place it was—the blinds drawn down and the windows all closed except one belonging to a small outbuilding; and as my master's glance fell upon that one he started as if he had been shot. It was evidently an outside larder, and on the shelf close to the window stood *our basket-hamper of Devonshire cream.*

"My master, with a very stern and resolute expression, strode round to the front door of No. 2 with me at his heels.

"The bell was broken and the knocker had been removed, but he managed to make a fair amount of noise with his walking-stick handle and a stone. But the only result was the small crowd of people which gathered outside the gate.

"My master was obliged to retire, crestfallen and sore at heart. I went back to the wall and watched the larder-window, and presently my master joined me.

"'I tell you what it is, Tiddle-ums,' he said (that's my Christian name, by the way), 'that's my cream, and I'm going to have it. The old thief can't eat it all—it would kill her, anyhow, and I hope it may. But I shan't give her the chance; it's my property, and I'm justified in the eye of the law in taking possession of it.'

"At that moment he caught sight of a label fixed to the hamper, on which was printed in ominous black letters the word 'PERISHABLE.'

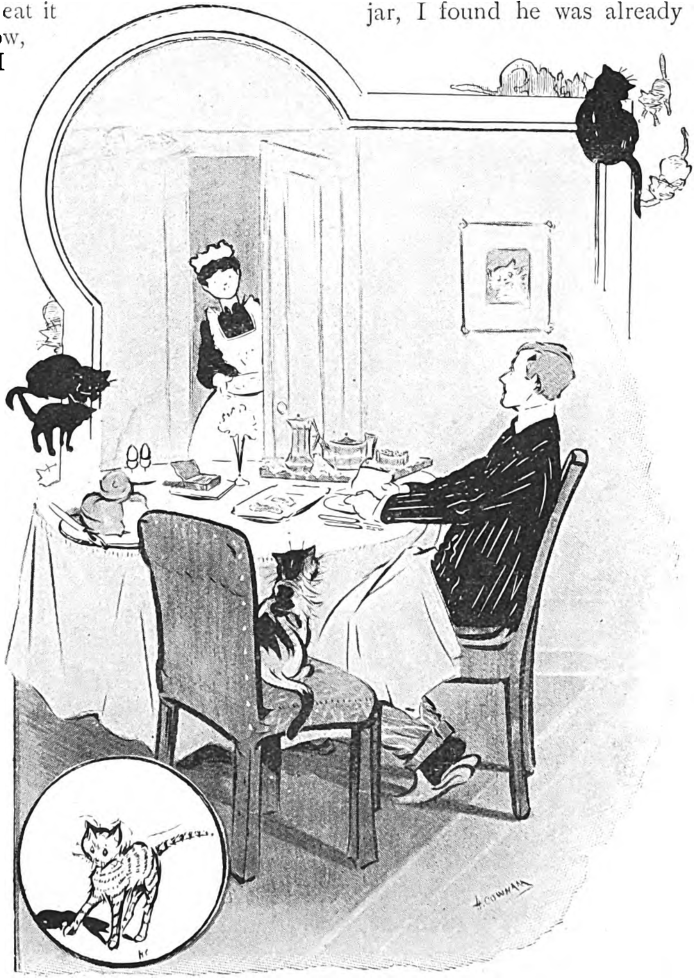
"It was the last straw, and the next minute my master had dropped lightly on the ground the other side of the wall and was standing beneath the larder-window. There were bars across, too close to let the basket through, so he tried the door close by, disappeared within, and immediately afterwards emerged with the hamper in his hand.

"He looked defiantly round, as if waiting for a challenge, but as none came, he slowly returned over the wall, and then bounded up to the library with me in close attendance.

"A dreadful disappointment awaited us—for on opening our hard-won prize, we found—not cream at all, but layer upon layer of large ripe strawberries.

"Now strawberry plants are all very well to lie on in the sun, but I have no use for the fruit as food, and while we were both staring at them perplexed and upset, there came a double knock at the door, and Mary met my master, who had rushed out on the landing, with a smile on her face and in her hand the real hamper of cream, which it seems had been delayed in transmission and sent up by special messenger.

"If my master had taken my advice he would have made sure of some of that cream before further accidents might happen; but instead of doing so, with a pale frightened face he set to work to tie up the other hamper, and avoiding the servants, returned to the garden. When I got down there, after an ineffectual attempt on the lid of the cream jar, I found he was already



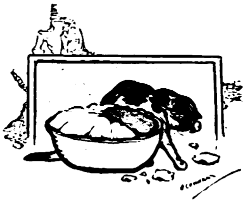
"'Next door's got it, sir, like the lobsters!'"

over the wall and creeping guiltily back to the next-door larder. I followed him in, and just as he was replacing the hamper exactly where he found it, we heard a little noise behind, and there at the door appeared the grim face of a horrid old woman.

"We made a movement towards her, but as we did so she slammed the door in our faces and turned the key.

"'Now I've got you, my fine feller?' she cried. 'Just you wait a bit,' and we heard her shuffling footsteps retreating to the house.

"To judge from his muttered exclamations when we found ourselves thus imprisoned, my master's feelings were anything but comfortable. Personally I have been in more uninteresting surroundings, for the air was full of the refining influence of two raw bloaters on a plate, and on a lower shelf I came across a beefsteak pie, which, if not quite up to our standard, did very well to pass the time.



"I came across a beef-steak pie."

"Presently we heard the shuffling footsteps return, accompanied by other lighter ones, and the sound of a pair of steps being placed against the larder window.

"'Oh don't, don't go!' cried the old woman's voice entreatingly. 'Likely as not he's got a gun and will shoot your face in.'

"It was a girl's voice that answered, soft and rather deep, but with a curious manner of saying her words.

"'But what for should 'e do that, Lizabet?' she said. 'I 'ave not 'armed 'im.'

"'You don't know what these 'ere tramp fellers are like, mamzelle. Oh, *don't* risk your precious life, lovey. I've guarded you night and day since you came, as I promised your dear pa-pa, and now you'll be murdered by a burglar. Mussoo will never forgive me.'

"'Ah, but I will just look one peep, and I will remove as soon as he shoot,' and next moment a face appeared at the window, and a very pretty face, too, as girls' faces go.

"'Ah! Ciel!' she cried sharply; for master's face was close to the window, looking very handsome and haggard.

"'If you'll open the door,' he said simply, 'I'll explain this ridiculous position.' The face disappeared, and we heard a heated discussion going on inside.

"'But he is the young monsieur of the next to park,' the girl kept saying. 'I 'ave seen him from the window distantly since the three days I 'ave been here.' But the old woman was obdurate.

"'He's a burglar,' she repeated. 'He was arter your strawberries, what your pa-pa sent. I see them in his 'and.' Presently the girl's face appeared again, and she said shyly:

"'Could you not make explain with the door close?'

"My master laughed a little, and frankly told her the whole story, speaking slowly that she might understand, and loudly so that her guardian might hear.

"'It is true I heard the knocking at the door,' she said when he had finished, 'but Lizabet made me assurance it was but the boy who sells the bread loafs.'

"'What's he want with your strawberries, mamzelle? tell me that,' cried the old woman.

"'But he made return of them; it was one mistake.'

"'Oh yes, they all say that; and it will be a mistake when we are both lying with our throats cut.'

"'But, Lizabet, mount up and view for yourself, you, that he is but the young sir from next to.'

"With groans and creakings we heard the old woman begin to climb, but as she first put down the key, mamzelle did not wait for the verdict, but ran round to the door, unlocked it, and stood holding it open, with the wind blowing the hair all about her shy little blushing face. My master went to her side and apologised very nobly for the part he had played.

"'But no,' she said, 'you must have forgiveness for my good guardian—she is too—what is it—she will not even let me promenade while I stay here. Is your country so dangerous, monsieur?' And she looked up shyly, and blushed more than ever.

"A cry from the larder interrupted my master's reply.

"'Don't let him go!' cried the old woman; 'he *is* a thief. Oh! mamzelle, he's eaten the pie.'

"'I've not touched your pie!' cried my master, striding back in a great rage to where the old woman stood pointing in anguish to the lower shelf.

"'You know, mamzelle, it wasn't cut!' Mamzelle looked at the pie and so did my master, and then they looked at each other in perplexity and distress till I peeped at them from over the crust and licked my lips. The next thing I knew I was flung outside by the scruff of the neck, and I heard my master say:

"'It's my cat, I am ashamed to say. She

must have slipped in with me; I'm awfully sorry, but cook will bake another pie at once and send it across——'

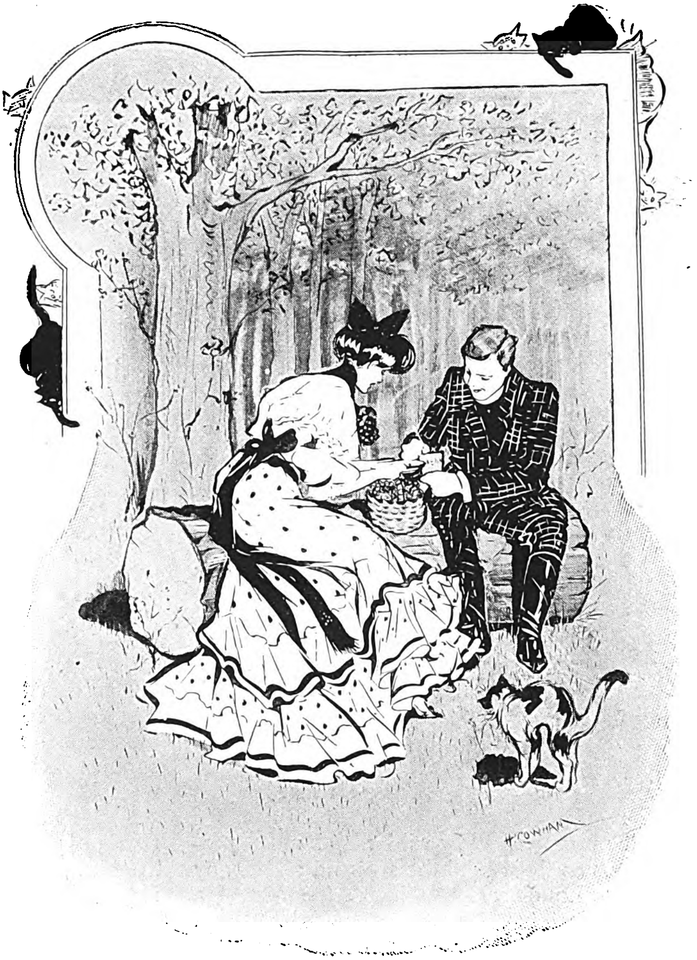
"'Oh, no; that signifies nothing,' said the girl, laughing at the old woman's face as she shuffled to the house, shaking her head and muttering. 'But, monsieur,' she continued demurely, 'is it permitted that I give you some strawberries for accompaniment with your cream?'

"'Yes,' cried my master in a delighted voice, 'if I may give you some of my cream for accompaniment with your strawberries.'

* * *

"Later in the afternoon I came across them in the little plantation that runs at the bottom of the gardens. They were seated on a fallen tree trunk with nothing but the strawberries and cream between them, and so engrossed were they in each other that in spite of my affectionate advances it never seemed to occur to them to offer me any.

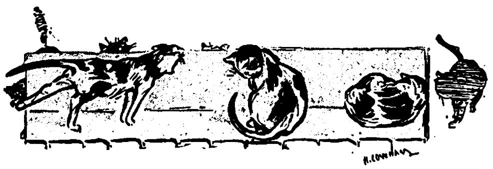
"From that day a change for the worse came over my master. He neglected his studies, ignored his food, spent half his time in the plantation and half—looking over the wall.



"They were seated on a fallen trunk, with nothing but strawberries and cream between them."

"However, the little mamzelle's father came back unexpectedly one day—so did our people—and then the fat *was* in the fire, and no mistake. Storms in our house, tears next door, and the young people not even allowed to catch a glimpse of each other. But they did, though—trust them.

"The little mamzelle's father had the wall raised, and coloured paper pasted over all the windows that looked our way, but I soon showed my young master the cat hole at the bottom of the garden, which was quite big enough to shake hands through, not to mention other greetings of a more friendly character.



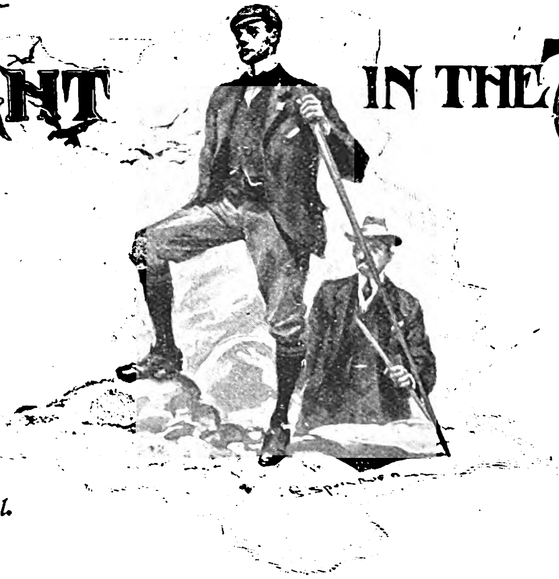
And so saying the tortoiseshell rose.

"Still, they didn't see each other very often, for my master suddenly took to working so hard at his books, that when he went up for his exam. he not only passed, but passed so brilliantly that his father would deny him nothing, and as by this time the little mamzelle's tears had softened the hard heart of her parent also, the young people got their own way in the end, as they always do.

"Anyhow, I know that, whenever after that, I went to nestle in my favourite place on my master's broad shoulder, I found it already occupied."

And so saying, the tortoiseshell rose to his feet, yawned, stretched, and went to sleep.

CAUGHT IN THE TRAP



An Exciting Experience inside a Mountain, and the Amazing Sequel.

By
Elsie
Carmichael.

On a glorious October day, when the air was like wine and the forests that clung to the mountain sides were crimson and gold, Hetheringay and I left the house-party at the Oaks and climbed the steep path that leads to the Trap.

The mountain grew wilder and more precipitous as we neared the summit, and finally we found ourselves standing at the foot of a sheer precipice, nearly 300ft. high. From the top almost to the bottom there extended a crevice reaching back into the heart of the mountain—quite the gloomiest place I had ever seen. This was the Trap.

Hetheringay, who was ahead, climbed up a few feet and then disappeared into a long stone corridor, dark and draughty, with high walls reaching up over our heads until they met a narrow strip of blue sky.

The floor was rough and damp and slippery, and sometimes, as we moved along, a deep abyss would open out on one side of us. Once when I kicked a stone off I shuddered as I heard it fall, striking and reverberating for several seconds before it stopped.

A cold, damp wind blew through the place, as though from some cavern where the sun never penetrated. I shivered in the cold of that icy blast.

"Here we are," cried Hetheringay cheerfully, and I plunged on with a do or die sort of feeling.

Before us yawned a black hole, which seemed to lead right through the middle of the mountain. Hetheringay was lighting the candles he had brought, but they only served to make the darkness visible.

I placed my candle in my hat-band, thinking it would leave my hands free, but Hetheringay decided to carry his. So, bearing it above his head to light our dangerous path, we started to explore the heart of the mountain.

There was a strange excitement about the whole thing that appealed to our fancy.

The path was rough, and we had to climb over immense boulders, sometimes letting ourselves down by our hands and dropping, and in other places pulling ourselves up until I was glad I had kept up my gymnastics.

At last we came to a yawning chasm that our feeble candles lighted but dimly. There was a narrow ledge running along the side of it which Hetheringay assured me was wide enough to lead us safely by the abyss.

We felt our way step by step, and had accomplished about half of our perilous journey when suddenly, in turning a corner, the wall bulged out more than I expected, and my hat, in which I had placed the candle, was knocked off.

In trying to catch it I nearly lost my balance, and turned cold and faint as I saved myself in the nick of time. The falling candle for a moment lit up the abyss, which was apparently bottomless.

I uttered an exclamation of horror. At the same instant Hetheringay turned hastily, and either his sudden motion, or a draught, blew out his candle, and we were left in a darkness that could be felt.

There was an ominous silence for a moment, and then he said in a low voice that made my blood run cold :

"Stuart, Stuart, I've dropped the matches ; they have gone over !"

I felt a desire to sob wildly, like any coward, to throw myself over—a hundred wild thoughts tore through my brain.

The horror and hopelessness of that moment will haunt me through my life. We were caught in the Trap.

I raved inwardly, I rebelled at being shut up in this prison, away from all the joyous life out there in the sunshine. Inwardly I stormed — outwardly, man-like, I was silent.

For some time neither of us spoke, then we calmly discussed the situation.

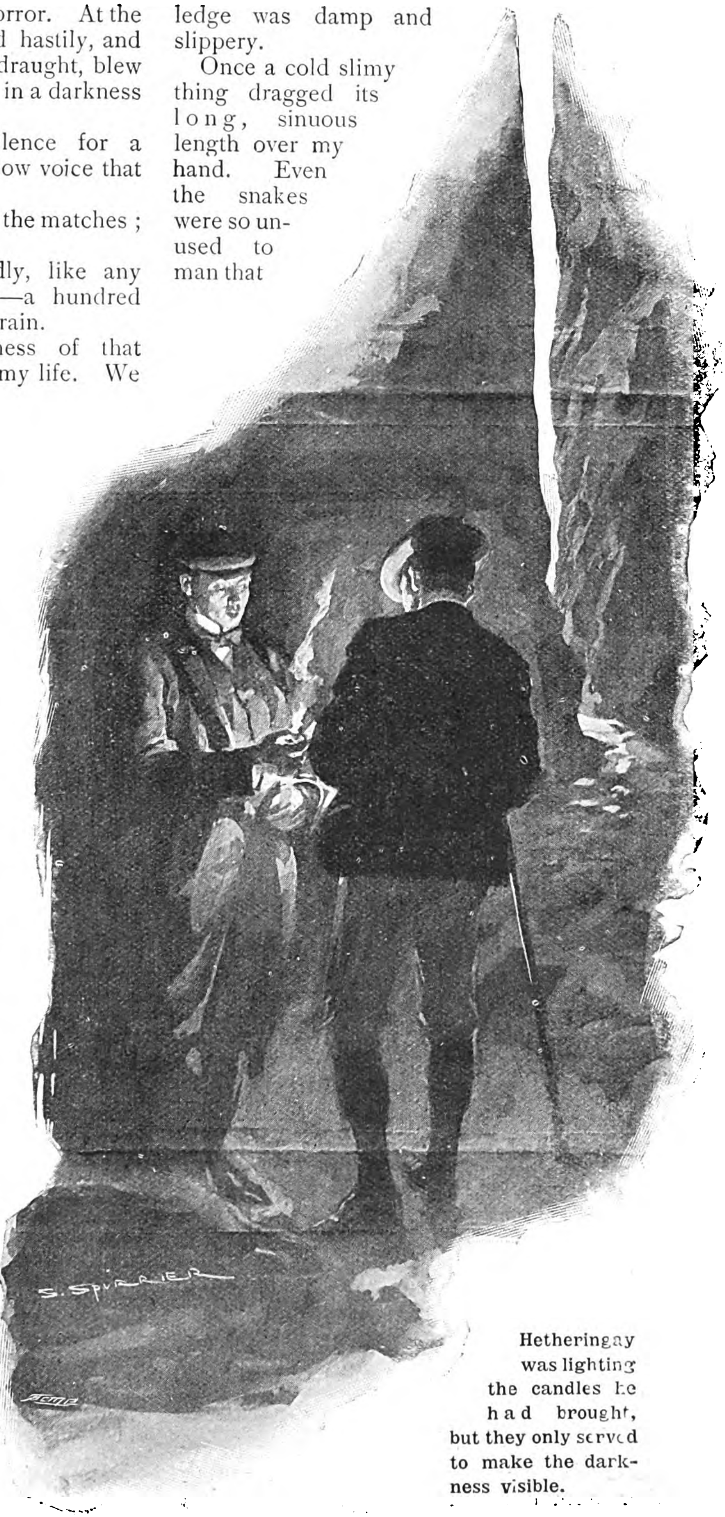
Hetheringay knew the place well, and declared that it was well-nigh impossible for anyone to get back without lights. There were many passages branching off at intervals, and he thought the chances of our ever finding our way out were very slight. We should probably break our necks before we had gone fifty feet.

No one would ever think of exploring such a place to look for us ; in fact, very few people knew of the existence of the cave, and, as we had started out with the intention of going shooting, they would search for us in an opposite direction.

It was like being blind. I wanted to tear away this impenetrable blackness that surrounded me, as though it were a veil before my eyes. It was a darkness such as I had never known before, the darkness of a place that has never in a thousand years felt a single ray of warm sunlight.

I could hear the water dripping down the stone sides of our prison, and the ledge was damp and slippery.

Once a cold slimy thing dragged its long, sinuous length over my hand. Even the snakes were so unused to man that



Hetheringay was lighting the candles he had brought, but they only served to make the darkness visible.

they were not afraid. The hours dragged slowly by. Time grew confused after a while. I felt as if I had been there for days.

I was stiff and cold, and so cramped that I ached all over.

Then Hetheringay said: "It must be about sunset out there in the world. They are probably just coming home from the golf links, and——"

But I cried out fiercely: "For heaven's sake, don't! It's bad enough without that!"

After a while I grew calm. I determined that come what might I would face death like a man. I would far rather have walked up to the mouth of a cannon than sit there and wait for death to arrive so cruelly slow.

"Hetheringay!" I shouted, and ten thousand echoes took up the cry, throwing it backwards and forwards like children playing at catch-ball, "I can't stand this place any longer. I shall go mad if we stay here. Besides, it is better to risk being dashed down the abyss than to stand here and starve to death."

"It's madness to move," he answered bluntly.

"But ten thousand times more madness to wait death without making some effort to escape," I replied, my own words inspiring me with courage. "At all events, I am going to try to find the entrance."

"All right," he replied, "but for heaven's sake take care! I think it would be safer for us to crawl on all-fours. I'll lead the way."

Acting on this advice we both dropped on our hands and knees, and cautiously, hand by hand, and knee by knee, crept along the narrow ledge.

Time passed on; it seemed to be an age while we had remained still, but now I felt that we had been moving for an eternity. My fingers ached from the intense coldness of the clammy rock, and I verily believed there was not a shred of skin left on my hands or knees.

Once my numbed fingers alighted on something living. I felt a writhing substance, and an ominous hissing warned me of an unseen reptile. With a cry of horror I sprang back. In doing so I must have moved a little to the left, for I felt myself slipping. With a horrible sensation of terror I shrieked out and clutched blindly in the darkness. My hands closed round a jutting mound of rock.

For the time, at least, I was saved.

During those awful moments, with my body hanging over the fathomless abyss, I lived my whole life over again in a few seconds. Event after event followed with appalling vividness—even the most insignificant details came back to me.

Those old, old days of youth; those days of hopes and high ideals, when I felt that the world lay before me and that I possessed the golden key that would unlock every door.

Some of my ideals had gone, and as I thought of myself I was disappointed at the man I had become. It was as though I looked on from the outside and watched this man, who was myself, struggle and fight and fail, and I was sorry for him and bitterly disappointed.

Well, it was all over now, and regrets were useless.

Then I became conscious of someone grasping my arms.

"Who are you?" I cried, my brain a blank to everything but the fingers that held me with a vice-like grip. My own voice aroused me to my perilous position, and I realised that Hetheringay had come to my rescue. I could hear his muscles cracking, and feel his heavy panting, as, with a desperate effort, he partly lifted, and partly dragged, me on to the safety of the ledge.

Neither of us spoke for some minutes, until Hetheringay, having recovered his breath, said:

"That was a near thing for you, my boy. I knew something would happen if we ventured to move."

"But we cannot stay here idle," I gasped. "In spite of what happens I am going to make another effort to get out. Good heavens, man, we have been in here for a day and a night to my certain knowledge! I can feel myself growing weak for want of food."

With a grunt, Hetheringay assented to my persuasion, and we once more pushed on. The impossible is always proving itself the possible, and although previously we had been moving in the cave for what seemed like an eternity, ten minutes after we had made the second start, I became convinced that it was growing light. Then we turned a corner, and there, not a hundred yards ahead, we could see the mouth of the cave.

The sight drove all caution from our minds. Together we both rose to our feet and, regardless of the gaping abyss at our side, dashed out into the open.

With the afternoon sun shining on our faces we felt the world once more lying at our feet. Oh! it was good to feel the warmth of the sun and the soft wind on our cheeks, and to smell the faint bonfire smoke. The forests were a light maroon, the sky was ineffably blue and tender, and here and there a black crow floated almost motionless in the still air. Hetheringay looked at his watch.

"It's twenty minutes to four," he said thoughtfully. "And we went into that place at about two o'clock yesterday—over twenty-four hours ago. Yesterday was the fourteenth of October, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I answered. "Think of it, nearly twenty-six hours in that hole. I am surprised our hair has not turned grey."

We were ravenously hungry, of course, and, despite the stiffness caused by crawling so long on all-fours, we ran down the mountain side like goats.

We wondered what would happen when we appeared. We pictured the despair of our friends, and the searching parties dragging the lake, and hunting at the foot of the precipice.

Suddenly we heard voices ahead, and came face to face with Miss Brooks and Rogers strolling through the woods near the Oaks.

When they saw us they evinced no surprise, and only nodded to us from a distance, and remarked on the stupidity of our tearing and dirtying our clothes for the mere pleasure of scrambling over rocks.

Hetheringay went up to Rogers and shook his hand as though they had been parted for a long time.

"How is everything?" he inquired earnestly.

Rogers looked astonished, and Miss Brooks turned scarlet.

"Why—er—what do you mean? I—er—I think everything is all right," he blurted out.

"Haven't they missed us at the Oaks?" asked Hetheringay, starting back.

"Missed you?" said Rogers absently, looking relieved, and stealing a glance at Miss Brooks. "Why—er—I don't know. I haven't heard anything about it. They didn't expect you back until dinner, did they?"

Suddenly it began to dawn on me.

"What day of the month is it, Rogers?" I asked.

"Why, let's see, the *fourteenth* of October," he replied.

Hetheringay and I looked at each other and walked away. I heard Miss Brooks ask Rogers if he supposed we could be drunk, and then I said:

"We were in there just an hour and forty minutes, old chap. Don't let's give it away."

WANTED, A VERDICT.

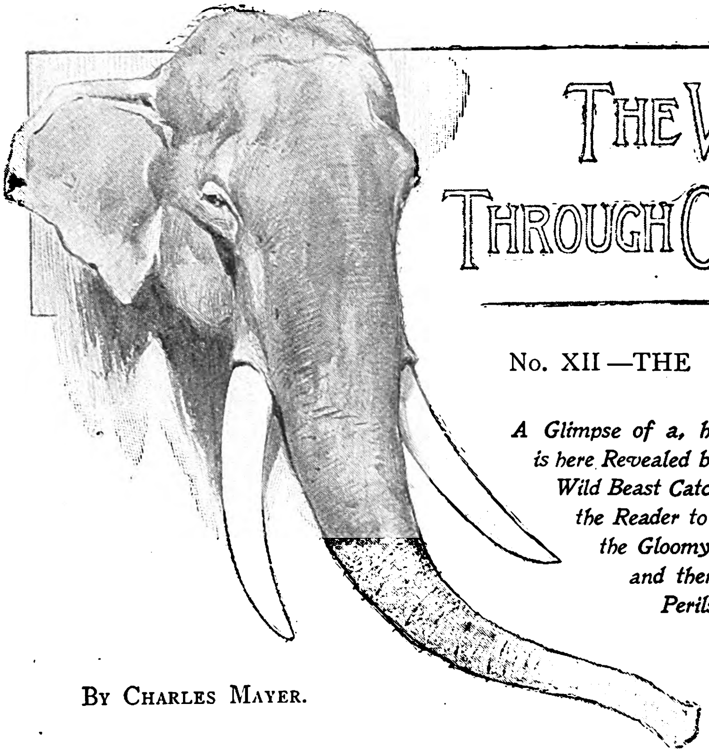
Do you find the maid alluring?
To your love beyond all curing?
And her charms as long enduring
As the charms of long ago?
Think a moment, I implore you,
Does her hockey never bore you?
Has she leisure to adore you
Like the maids of long ago?

She is all my fancy painted,
I am sure that, if acquainted,
I should scorn the maid who fainted
In the days of long ago.
When I come from town a-weary,
Modern girls are bright and cheery,
Not a prey to vapours dreary,
Like the maids of long ago.

Do you think the costume striking
Which she wears when she is biking?
Should she dress to suit your liking
In the gowns of long ago?
Care you still to steal her kisses?
Do you think of vanished blisses
And the blushing, trusting misses
Of the days of long ago?

Would I change the comrade trusty
Of my long excursion dusty,
For the charms long since grown rusty
Of the maids of long ago?
No, their day is quite departed,
Vanished with their swains true-hearted,
Cupid's shafts are never darted
From the days of long ago.

A. FOREST.



THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES

No. XII—THE ELEPHANT CATCHER.

A Glimpse of a, hitherto, Little Known World is here Revealed by Charles Mayer, the Famous Wild Beast Catcher. For a Spell he Carries the Reader to His Hunting Ground in the Gloomy Jungles of the East, and there Makes Plain the Perils of his Craft.

By Charles Mayer.

How many people, one wonders, give even a passing thought to how the wild beasts, which they see in menageries, and delight to pamper with nuts and oranges and other unsuitable dainties, come to be behind those stout iron bars? To most it will be a surprise to learn that there are men who devote the whole of their lives to the business of catching *alive* wild game of all kinds, for sale to the big dealers, such as Jamrach, Cross, or Hagenbeck, to zoological societies, or to private collectors, such as Mr. Walter Rothschild or the Duke of Bedford.

That may seem merely like the big game hunting which the soul of every sportsman hungers for. But consider the difference. Captain Jones, with a month's leave from regimental duties, penetrates the jungle after elephant or rhinoceros. He is lucky; tracks and shoots his game, strips off his trophies of ivory or horn, and returns rejoicing.

But the professional wild beast catcher has harder tasks to perform. In the pathless jungle he must trap his elephants, laboriously subdue their spirits, break them in, and lead them away captive. Or he must cunningly disguise a pitfall in such a manner that the huge rhinoceros will tumble in, thereafter to be roped, dug out of the trap, and literally hauled (no easy task with an infuriated beast weighing two or three tons) through the jungle to the nearest river bank, there to be lashed to a raft and floated down the coast for transportation.

These instances are cited merely to give some indication of the strange life which the trapper of live game must lead. Alone with his band of natives, he stalks through the trackless jungle. All is fish (if the metaphor be not too mixed) that comes to his net, whether elephant, buffalo, monkey, or snake. His hand is against every jungle dweller, and he must needs be wary, lest they in their turn should turn and rend him. Adventure? Romance? Where else, if not in the dense heart of the gloomy jungle, shall you find them?

In the present article I will endeavour to do my best to present the peculiar point of view of the elephant tracker, pursuing his mighty game in its native wilds, and to give some account of the dangers he encounters. He sees things, believe me, not as you see them, or even as you fancy. Danger lurks behind every tree, crouches everywhere overhead, or is ready to spring from beneath his feet and assail him. He carries his life in his hand.

I shall now tell you exactly how I captured

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a herd of elephants a little time ago. The memory is still fresh; indeed, there are many incidents that occurred during those strenuous days which I would gladly forget.

At length the *kurral*, a big enclosed compound, is complete. For weeks past my band of Malays has been busy building here in this dense heart of the jungle an immense inclosure. Winding in and out amongst the jungle trees runs a great circular stockade. Of sturdy 20-feet tree trunks this fence is made, planted upright, six feet in the ground, and braced with a triple brace from top to bottom. Round the top—the rim, if you like—runs a narrow platform, along which a man may walk and peer over into the inclosure within.

It must not be supposed that this inclosure is cleared. Not a branch or tree has been touched, nor a twig of the undergrowth lopped. Within, the jungle flourishes in all its virginal strength, as rankly luxuriant as without. And so deftly has every prop and timber of the stockade been entwined with twisting tropical creepers, that only a practised eye could detect the presence of a trap.

All sign of human handiwork has been, with laborious care, removed. To all appearances the tangled vegetation has been untrodden by the foot of man.

At one point in the circular stockade there is a wide gap, and over this there hangs, suspended by ropes of twisted rattan, a heavy door that has only to drop in order to render escape impossible to the captured quarry.

From the sides of the entrance there branch off two more stockades, diverging this time and each forming, as it were, a confined approach or avenue to the *kurral* from the stream which trickles through the jungle a hundred yards or so away, and on the brink of which they end.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the jungle, some eight miles distant, during all the time the *kurral* has been building, another gang of my Malays has been keeping guard over the herd of elephants which it is my purpose to trap. Surrounding the herd on all sides, and maintaining the cordon by day and night, they have held the big game carefully within a certain area, never showing themselves (for at the sight of man wild elephants will stampede), but driving them in any desired direction by the beating of gongs, the firing of old muskets, and other mysterious noises, strange and alarming to an elephant's ears. They wait but for the completion of the *kurral* to commence driving the herd to its doom.

And, at last, the trap is finished. It has been a herculean labour, for—with only native *purangs* and *billitongs*, the knives and axes of the Malay Peninsula, as tools—the trees have had to be cut down outside of a radius of a quarter of a mile from the site of the *kurral*, and thence dragged to the place of construction.

Finished, however, it is at last, and there remains only the final drive which shall end by the sudden fall, behind the last of the herd, of that menacing door so cunningly hidden aloft amidst the dense foliage.

But first there comes the solemn ceremony of the sacrifice to the Deity of the Jungle. A peg is driven into the ground in the middle of the *kurral*, and to this a white cock is tied by the leg. Old Hadji, headman of my following of Malays, and self-appointed high priest on the present occasion, retires with two assistants to the stream, and faces the open mouth of the *kurral*. All three are armed, Hadji with creese and spear, the others with spears. The rest of my followers form up in front of the diverging stockades—a living avenue. Each man bears in his hand an offering to the Jungle Deity, in the shape of rice, cocoanuts, palms, betel-nut, bananas, and other fruits of the jungle.

When all is in readiness, old Hadji, leaping madly into the air, and giving utterance to a wild shriek, starts running towards the *kurral*. Brandishing his weapons about his head, and bounding from side to side, urged on by the spear-points of his pursuing satellites, he draws nearer and nearer to the mouth of the *kurral* till, well-nigh exhausted, he rushes into the inclosure, seizes the white victim tethered there, and cutting its throat, sprinkles its blood upon the ground.

Thus the Jungle Deity is propitiated, and native superstition being appeased, I set about the serious business in hand.

Ten reliable men are left in charge of the trap, with explicit instructions how and when to cut the ropes, which, at the critical moment, will let down the door, and cut off retreat. With the rest I make my way towards my other gang, where they keep the herd of elephants rounded up.

At intervals of three to four hundred yards all the way from the stream in front of the *kurral*, until we reach the herd, small platforms are built high up in the trees, and at each a man is left behind. His duty it will be, as the herd is driven slowly forward during the night, to guide the beaters in the proper direction by means of prearranged sounds and cries.

It is no small task, however, to reach in a short time the further detachment of my native following. Eight miles or so to you, good stay-at-home reader, may seem but a trivial distance to cover. Maybe that is so under ordinary, or approaching to ordinary circumstances. But through virginal jungle, that is another matter entirely.

Path there is none; dense vegetation, rank and luxuriant, of a vivid green that looks poisonous almost, closes me in on every hand. Sky is invisible. Overhead, the limbs of the great trees, from which hang long ropes and garlanded festoons of giant creepers, are locked together, and the foliage, interlaced and woven in nature's own intricate pattern, forms a jungle roof that impends gloomily over me. But little sunlight filters through, save in rare, thin patches, or where an open clearing betrays a treacherous swamp lurking evilly beneath the tall grass and marsh growth.

In the grey twilight of the jungle I can see—even did not innumerable tree-trunks and the matted tangle of undergrowth impede my vision—but little way ahead. Often I needs must lay about me lustily with *purang* and *billitong* to clear a way. My feet tread, not a path worn ever so slightly by the feet of others who have passed that way before me, but a thick bed—how deep I know not—of undergrowth, the vegetable decay of who shall say how many æons.

All round me rises a dank and musty odour; the atmosphere is close with heated moisture. No flowers greet me with gay petals or welcome me with fragrant odours; only here and there a stray orchid catches my eye with its uncommon shape and bright, unhealthy blotches of colour.

No path? No, for I am walking where never before the foot of man has walked. No sound, not even the voices and footsteps of my followers—and they count not at all—breaks the stillness. A monkey, perhaps, swings chattering away, hand over hand, from bough to bough, in the tree-tops; a bird flies startled from its perch overhead; or a sudden rustling in the undergrowth tells of a jungle dweller scurrying away before the intruder's march. Else, no sound. The silence of the jungle is upon me; the mystery of the jungle casts its spell about me.

On every side the seemingly impenetrable wall of green—vivid, venomous green—closes in upon me. At times, I feel as though the jungle were bent on swallowing me up; the trailing ropes of creepers threaten to snare, bind, and strangle me as I pass; the rank vegetation lures me to taste its poisonous fruit.

But dangers more real than these imaginary perils lurk in the dim recesses of the jungle. As I carve my way through, I needs must keep a wary eye about me. Tigers I fear not; for unless I were to attack him, he of the stripes is but too anxious to shrink away unobserved to denser depths of undergrowth.

But upon an outstretched branch may lie a spotted leopard, ready to spring unprovoked, as I pass beneath his lurking-place. Above, therefore, as well as all around, I have to keep a watchful eye. An easy task, you may think, to see from afar the leopard's gaily-painted skin. There lies the error. Just as the tiger's stripes, so marked and bold when stretched in the shape of a rug before the hearth, amidst his native jungle match exactly the light and shadow of the long grass though which he slinks, so the black spots upon the leopard's light fur mingle perfectly with the speckled leaf-shadows cast by the sunlight filtering through the interlaced boughs.

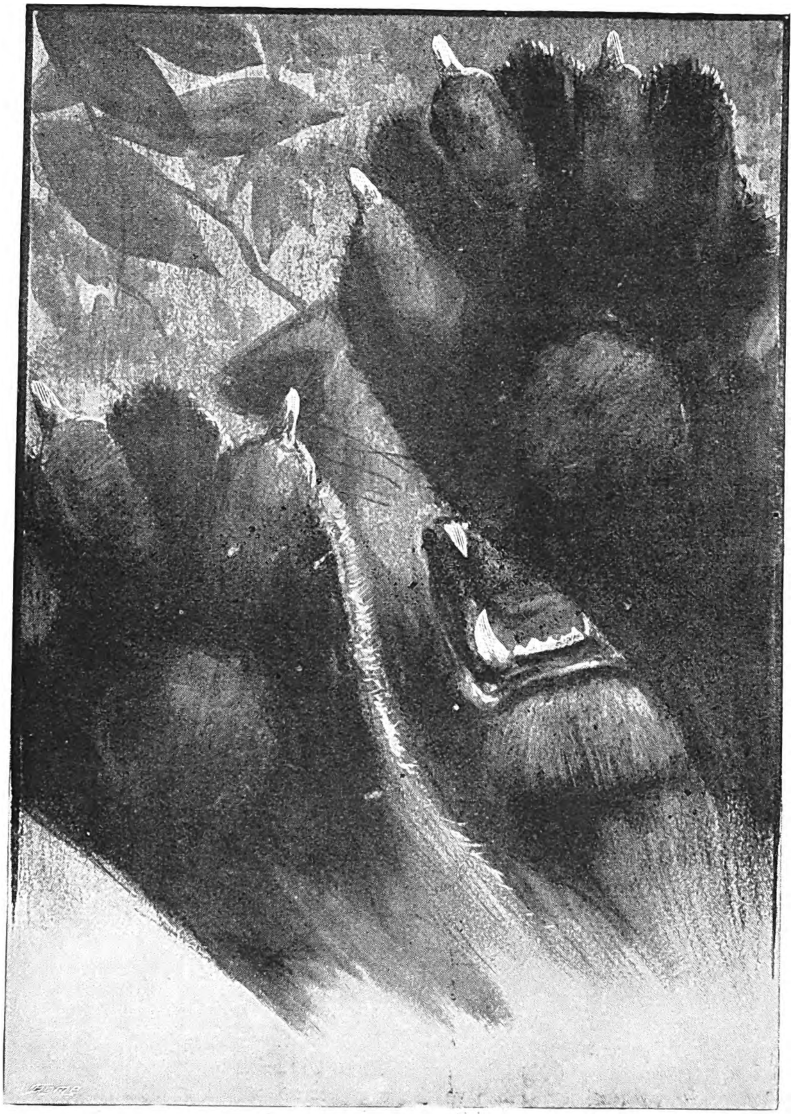
So it may happen that, my wariness temporarily relaxed, I am startled by a savage snarl and a sudden commotion overhead. Alert on the instant, I cast a hurried glance upward, to catch a fleeting glimpse of a leopard's lithe body crouching upon a branch and huddled for a spring. Even as I look, the brute straightens out in a swift leap, and as I dodge to one side, a horrible impression of fierce eyes, bared and gleaming teeth, and outstretched claws, prints itself on my mind.

Lucky am I to escape the savage onslaught of tooth and claws. One second later, and I should be felled by the impact, and ere old Hadji and his men could render aid, fierce fangs would be in my throat and sharp talons tearing my flesh asunder.

Danger is always imminent in the jungle, enhanced by the suddenness and unexpectedness with which it presents itself. For the wild beast tracker must be a pioneer also. It behoves that he go first. Stauncher *followers* than Malays a man need not desire. But —they must be led.

Or, it may be that, in my rambles through the dense foliage, I trespass on the sanctum of a *seladang*, the terrible Malayan buffalo. No more dangerous enemy has the trapper of wild beasts to contend with. The leopard that will attack at sight is bad enough; but the *seladang* will make furious onslaught not merely on sight, but on *scent*. Thus it may happen that the trapper may find himself on the instant called upon to meet the fierce rush of a savage buffalo that bursts through the jungle unawares and charges madly down upon him before almost he has realised the meaning of the sudden crashing in the undergrowth near by.

To return, however, to the herd of elephants which I am on my way to entrap. Joining hands with the detached party of Malays, I learn that the herd is safely located at a spot some two miles distant. Dividing my following into two detachments, I send off each upon a long detour, with instructions to post men as they go along, so that by the time the advance men of either party meet—well in the rear of the herd—the line of beaters will be surrounding the quarry in V-shaped formation, the open mouth of the V being, of course, in the direction of the distant *kurral*. I myself, with Hadji and a few picked men, occupy the furthermost point, directly in the rear of the herd.



A savage snarl announces the presence of a leopard, lurking concealed in the branches of some tree. As the startled elephant-catcher looks up, this fearsome spectacle of gleaming teeth and outstretched claws, diving down upon him, meets his eyes. The full effect of this incident is obtained by holding the picture above the head, and looking upwards at it.

Each beater is provided with the means of making some sort of loud noise, and at a given signal the drive commences.

Only we, immediately behind the herd at first, take active part in the business of driving. Very slowly we move forward, clashing gongs, beating tom-toms and creating a general discord, but careful not to raise our voices above a low pitch.

It is dark, and we have to grope our way as best we can through the jungle gloom. By night alone can elephants, which travel only after dark, be driven, and not a torch must be lit lest a stampede should result.

Stumbling over projecting roots, catching our feet in twisted creepers, bumping into tree-trunks, slowly we advance, judging our direction by the signals of the men posted in the tree platforms along the route.

As the strange noise approaches them the elephants retreat before it. Should the herd take a direction too much to the right or left, the beaters on that flank supplement the din we are making in the rear, following the signalled instructions of the watchers in the trees, and turning the elephants into the proper route.

The herd it is not easy to see; but its whereabouts and the direction in which it is making, the loud crashing, as the elephants force their way through the jungle, betrays unmistakably. This advantage the elephant tracker has over his huge quarry, that, whereas, he need disclose himself only when it suits his purpose, the unwieldy elephant can never conceal his proximity.

But this applies only to the grown elephant. The young and small calf is at no such disadvantage, and can approach quite close without the noise of trampled undergrowth giving warning of its presence.

Herein lies the greatest danger that attends an elephant drive. Not infrequently it happens that an inquisitive young one creeps back unawares, surprises the beaters, and, dashing forward to the herd, trumpets forth the alarm, and causes a stampede before even the trackers know that they have been discovered.

Thus it comes about that dire catastrophe awaits us as we blindly grope onward. All has gone well, and we are close upon the heels of the herd. Suddenly there seems confusion and commotion in the jungle ahead. Shrill trumpetings burst forth—weird, unearthly screamings that rend the still silence with dire portent, and strike panic to the heart.

Old Hadji behind me lays a convulsive grip upon my shoulder. Even as he does so there is a tremendous crashing noise immediately before us. The matted jungle wall rocks, sways, and is shattered like a paper circus-hoop, as a big bull elephant breaks gigantically through in front of us. We stand directly in his path, and as with uplifted trunk he bears down upon us in the dim, uncertain light, he looms up titanic, terrible.

In a moment he is upon us. Cold sweat is on my brow, and terror clutches me by the heart; but an instinct of self-preservation makes me jump just as I am to be trampled on. The great brute's onrush sweeps me aside, and in a trice I am behind a protecting bole.

Not so the luckless Hadji. As he springs for a tree he stumbles. Down comes the ponderous foot, crushing him; the brandished trunk descends, curls round the prostrate figure, and, with a jerk of the neck, the mangled corpse is torn in half and flung into the tree tops. The grim vengeance is wreaked on the instant, and the maddened brute rushes onward amok.

Pandemonium reigns in the dim jungle for a space. On every side I hear the frantic elephants charging blindly through the undergrowth, and death-shrieks mingle with the affrighted trumpet-cries and bellowings.

So soon as the stampeding herd is safely away, I assemble my men. Torches are lit, and beneath the murky flare that serves but to deepen the black mystery of the jungle, a hurried count of heads is made. Over a dozen men, trampled under foot or swung aloft by the vengeful trunks and smashed like eggshells against the tree trunks—such is the toll of the dead.

No sleep is there in the bivouac that night. Huddled together, the affrighted Malays, starting in terror at every sound in the jungle, wait anxiously for the morrow.

The next day we go in pursuit of the stampeded quarry. About five miles away—almost in the very spot which they first occupied—we come upon them. At nightfall we begin a second drive, but slowly, cautiously this time. By morning we have advanced scarcely more than a mile and a half. But there has been no sign of any tendency to break back on the part of the herd, and in these careful tactics we persist night after night.

In about a week, after sleepless diligence, we have driven the elephants up to the stream by the *kurral* and right in front of a narrowing approach formed by the wings of the trap.

Then, when all is in readiness, I give the signal. On the instant there goes up from every side a hideous din. Yells, shrieks, cries, drum-beats, gong-clangings, and musket-shots: with startling suddenness a wild clamorous discord breaks forth.

Mad with terror, the elephants plunge across the stream, and, gaining the opposite bank, charge blindly forward, straight to the open mouth of the traps.

As the converging wings narrow the path, the panic-stricken animals jostle each other and add to their own demoralisation. In the doorway of the *kurral* a jam takes place, and the stout timbers creak and groan under the terrific strain. But not an elephant is willing to be left behind its fellows in the stampede,

and in a few moments the last has pushed its way through. A single chop from a *purang* severs the ropes. With a thud the hanging gate falls, and the great bolts are quickly shot into place. Close upon fifty leviathans are entrapped.

There ensues a wild orgy around the *kurral* which no pen can picture. Fires are lit, and the night is given up to mirth, song, feasting, and riotous merriment, such as only Malays are capable of. But all through the night, drowning almost the sounds of revelry, there continues, fearful to the ear, a noise of tremendous devastation going on within the *kurral*.

Inside that confined space the herd of captured giants, mad with rage and terror, is seeking furiously for a way of escape. Shrill trumpetings screech through the jungle, mingled with terrific crashes as trees and undergrowth are torn up by the roots or trampled under foot.

At length morning breaks, and I climb to the gallery that surrounds the *kurral*. Awful is the sight that meets my eyes. Where but a few hours ago had flourished dense jungle is now a waste patch. One solitary tree alone—a stout patriarch of the jungle—has withstood the elephants' blind onslaught. All around the scene is one of utter devastation.

In the middle of the now open space is huddled the herd. Even as I peer over a great bull sees me, and charges the stockade with such a furious shock that I am nearly hurled from my perch.

All round the *kurral* my Malays are climbing to the platform, and at sight of them—'tis their first glimpse of man—the trapped brutes are goaded to fresh frenzy.

But hunger and exhaustion do their work. In a few days the elephants (most tractable of wild beasts) come to the stockade to take food from the hand of man, whom at first sight they would destroy with savage fury.

Before long the more amenable are taken from the *kurral*, so hobbled as to be well under control and powerless to break away, and led to the "stocks," which have been built meantime a short distance away. These stocks are of simple design and rough-and-ready manufacture, but they answer their purpose sufficiently well. In their vexatious hold the luckless elephant is in even more tormenting plight than the rogue in the village stocks of bygone days. Two upright timbers clutch his head, one on either side behind the ears, and a yoke is laid upon his neck, so that he can move neither forward nor backward, nor even nod his head. A bar slung beneath his body prevents him from lying down; his feet are hobbled, and his trunk, twisted back along his flank, is tied to the tip of his tail. Utterly helpless, he can only stand patiently and dejectedly until his captors see fit to loose him from bondage. And that moment only arrives when his spirit is broken, and his manners have assumed a proper meekness.

From the *kurral* to the stocks is only a matter of a few yards or so, but the greatest precautions, naturally, have to be taken in conducting a half-starved and but partially submissive brute over the intervening space. A double row of stout pegs, or posts, is driven into the ground, and between these the elephant is made to walk. Stout ropes of rattan are lashed to his feet, and a purchase on these is gained by the men who hold them by twisting them round each peg in turn. The great beast, lashed tight, is only allowed to move one foot at a time, and in this manner a slow progress is made, peg by peg, from *kurral* to stocks.

In the latter the elephant is kept as long as may be necessary to complete his conquest. Unable even to lie down, he has to submit to being mounted by an imperious Malay, who prods him in tender spots with a sharp goad, and makes him, when freed from the stocks but still hobbled, perform various movements at the same time that he shouts commands in his ear.

Few animals (fortunately for tyrant man) know their own strength—the elephant least of all. "My lord the elephant" should be rather "My servant the elephant."

Ere long the captive's schooling is over, and, docile as could be wished, he is ready to be taken from the jungle. Some few—old bulls for the most part—whose savage spirit refuses to knuckle under, will be shot, and stripped of their ivory. But most are destined to be led away in bondage, exchanging the freedom of the pathless jungle for the slavery of men's mean dwelling-places.

And the price for my labour? Each elephant will fetch, perhaps, from £100 to £200. And should I be lucky enough to capture a specimen with twenty toes (a freak sometimes seen) instead of the customary eighteen, rich will be my reward from some wealthy Indian rajah. To him the possession of so rare a curiosity will bring much *kudos* and sanctity. To me the selling of it will bring, say, £1000.

A good price, but hardly won.

The Confessions of Cupid

II.—A SOUTHERN BEAUTY.

The Little God of Love now Tells how he very nearly Upset one of his Own Schemes.

By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.

One sunny autumn afternoon I was feeling terribly mischievous; and having just finished off several little affairs most satisfactorily in showers of confetti and champagne, I was looking round for something else to do.

It isn't often that I am short of work, but on this particular first of October I only encountered people who had finished with my services, boys and girls who were not yet ready for me, or young men and maidens whom I had already let into my enchanted garden of roses.

It was really annoying, therefore, when I came across Chris Merrick gazing absently into the window of an art photographer's. I felt just about as spiteful as a bad-tempered little god *can* feel.

"Can't I have some fun with you?" I thought, looking at the young man's clear-cut, clean-shaven profile—a very promising profile from my point of view. "I'd like to take away that indolent droop of your mouth and the calm laziness of your eyes," I continued, touching my arrows with itching fingers.

But what was the use? It is no good taking aim at a man when there is not a maid even in *sight*—only wasting a good arrow!

Just as I was about to fly off in search of more promising victims, Chris made a rapid movement which attracted my attention.

He put up his eye-glass and bent forward.

In an instant I was on the alert—I am always on the alert when a man puts up his eye-glass!

What was it in the photographer's window that suddenly attracted his attention?

Quickly I fluttered to his side, and found out.

Christopher Merrick was gazing with singular intentness at an immense portrait—evidently a "show" platinotype picture, enlarged and most artistically coloured—which,

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standing on a plush-draped easel, occupied the centre position of importance.

"Great Scott! What a face! What hair! What a mouth! Almost seems to—to speak, by Jove!" he murmured.

I watched him with interest; except in the case of a poor little empty-stomached gamin staring piteously at steaming boiled beef and carrots separated from him by a cruel pane of glass, I had never seen such absorption in a shop-window—but certainly the picture was worthy of unusual observation!

Such a bewitching, maddening, mocking face!

Great eyes—half-closed so that their colour was invisible—fringed by lashes, thick, long, black, and curling; the mouth, parted in a bewildering smile over dazzling teeth, was full—almost too full, perhaps—and scarlet; the complexion, of that clear brown merging into damask which belongs to countries near the sun; brows straight, thick, and black; and hair—oh, that wonderful hair! That marvellous veil of ebon silk, flowing, curling, and waving almost to the ground!

Many beautiful women have been idealised, and invented, by art; but this picture in Valmoni's window seemed peculiarly distinctive, by reason of the strange suggestion of *living* loveliness it presented. Surely those lips *must* speak! Surely that white breast *must* rise and fall with regular, gentle breaths!

"Who could she be?" I wondered.

Not a celebrity of picture-postcard fame, because the face was absolutely unfamiliar; yet the costume (gorgeous scarlet and yellow gold - embroidered draperies trimmed with sequins—glittering coins which also hung from chains entwined with the shining raven tresses) showed a decidedly theatrical flavour.

Still, Chris Merrick remained motionless in front of the photographer's window, and as I glanced suddenly at his face, an idea—an absolutely new idea—entered my brain.

Here was the chance of some sport at last.

A man should fall in love with a picture!

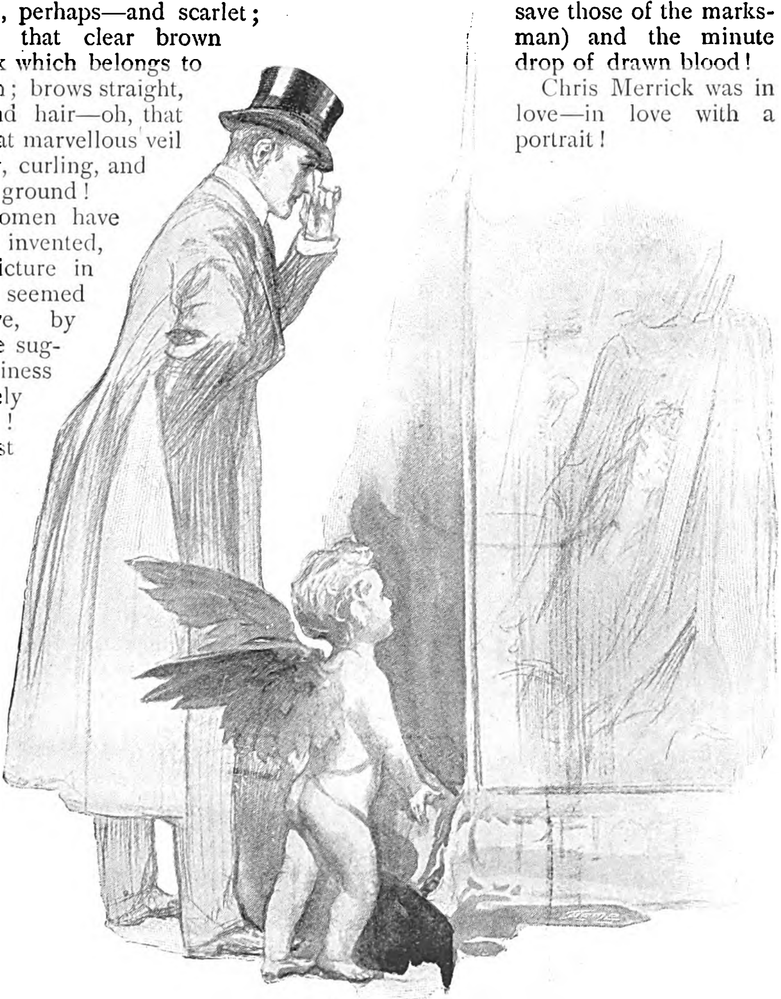
Quickly I strung up my bow—quickly I picked a sharp newly-pointed arrow out of my quiver—then, standing on a pillar-box an inch or two behind, I took steady and careful aim.

"PING!"

Had the dart failed in its mission and bounded off without having diffused love's sweet poison?

No; there was that tiny puncture on the wrist (invisible to all eyes save those of the marksman) and the minute drop of drawn blood!

Chris Merrick was in love—in love with a portrait!



"What a face! What hair! What a mouth! Almost seems to—to speak, by Jove!" he murmured.

Oh, it *was* fun! I perfectly squirmed and wriggled my little fat body, and flapped my wings in glee.

Here was a new experiment, and it had succeeded!

I suppose my unlucky victim must have realised the sudden centring of his emotions, because a swift flush overspread his now eager features, and he murmured softly beneath his breath:

"I must find you, I must find you," he cried, with the strong determination of a man who is young and for whom life and its glories are still new. "I must find you, my beautiful, dusky queen!"

After a moment's consideration, he (accompanied by my mischievous self) entered the photographer's reception lounge with admirable boldness and assurance—commendable qualities which evaporated directly a young lady with a severe nose and a camel's-hair brush in her hand, rose from a desk and addressed him.

"Good morning."

"Good morning—er—er—might I trouble you for a bill of fare—er—tariff—er—price list, you know—thank you. Er—you undertake—er—*painting* the portraits also, I see."

"Yes, you will find our charges for tinting on the last page. May I book an appointment for you, sir?"

"Well, I—er—must just look at—must just see what day I'm free, don't you know? By-the-bye, may I ask who is the original of that large coloured picture in the window?"

The severe-nosed young lady became full of respectful hauteur.

"We are not at liberty to supply the names of our sitters, sir."

"No, no, of course not. I thought—er—perhaps the lady was a professional, you know, and that possibly there might be copies of the picture for sale. Thank you. Er—what would be the charge for enlarging and colouring a picture—just like the one in the window?"

"I am not quite sure, sir; but if you sit down I'll go and inquire."

Directly Chris was alone, he rose and wandered aimlessly and discontentedly round the shop, examining the various specimens of smirking, grinning, sitting, standing, posing, pictured humanity, most of whom were either clinging with zoological tenacity on to the same rustic stile, or leaning carelessly against the same marble (?) pillar.

"Why will people make such fo——" began Chris savagely—but the uncomplimentary query regarding his fellow-creatures was never completed, because temptation had suddenly attacked him.

Yes, there they were—a small pile of unmounted *carte-de-visite* sized portraits, evidently the pictures from which the coloured enlargement in the window had been taken!

Dare he annex one?

Nobody would be any the wiser or any the worse, and—and——

Yes, it should be done!

An approaching rustle of papery silk skirts announced the return of the severe-nosed young lady, who reappeared just one second after Christopher Merrick had committed his first criminal offence.

The unmounted portrait was in his pocket!

Five minutes later my victim had "good-morning-ed" himself out of Valmoni's studio, and (after sending an anonymous P.O. for ten shillings to the photographer's as a conscience-salve) was hurrying homewards with his first grand passion in his pocket-book.

Poor fellow! It was an unsatisfactory sort of business for him, and, being a tender-hearted little god, I soon began to regret my experiment when I saw that his appetite was actually beginning to show slight signs of decrease—all for love of a picture!

For a whole fortnight he tried every imaginable means to discover the original. Not a theatre, music-hall, exhibition, or any other likely *millieu* for lovely women in fancy costumes, was left unvisited.

But to no avail! The ripe-lipped Ignota still remained only a picture-passion.

It was a great pity, and I made up my mind to spare no pains to undo the mischief I had done; therefore, when, a fortnight later, Chris steamed Midland-wards in order to fulfil a ten days' house-party engagement at Oakstead Manor, I packed up my arrows and accompanied him.

We had not been in the house two days before I more than ever regretted my ridiculous mistake.

Here was a girl—a sweet pink-and-white flesh-and-blood girl, eminently more satisfactory from a loving point of view than a dusky pictured syren in a pocket-book—who could so easily have taught him all that a man must learn before he has really begun his life! Oh, the pity of it!

Yda Lamb seemed to suggest an English orchard in springtime, with her peach-blossom cheeks, sky-tinted eyes, daffodil curls, and apple-green gown; and from the first moment they were introduced a certain sympathy seemed to be established between these two who were parted by a platinotype print.

"Oh, Eros!" I cried to myself, pinching my own fat little arms in an access of fury. "Will you never leave off making mistakes, you mischievous, inconsequent, silly little shooter?"

I felt particularly annoyed that afternoon, because there they sat alone in the great music-room where they had been talking Beethoven and Chopin. *Such* a propitious moment!

The gloaming was merging into dusk, and as Yda's white fingers strolled over the keys, filling the silence with amorous sounds, I longed to take aim.

But what was the use when a portrait stood between?

Not any, unless—unless——

Ah! I had tried one experiment—*why not try another?* At the worst it would only be an arrow wasted. Surely it could be done. Surely I could shoot again, to see if this new wound would cover the old?

Yes, yes; I would ascertain if it were possible for Yda to supplant "Ignota!"

"PING!" One for her!—Yes, the dart had done its work.

"PING!" One for him!

What was the result? What had happened?

Why, only that matters were worse than before.

Not the fresh wound covering the original one, but—but—a tiny puncture less than a quarter of an inch away from the first arrow-prick!

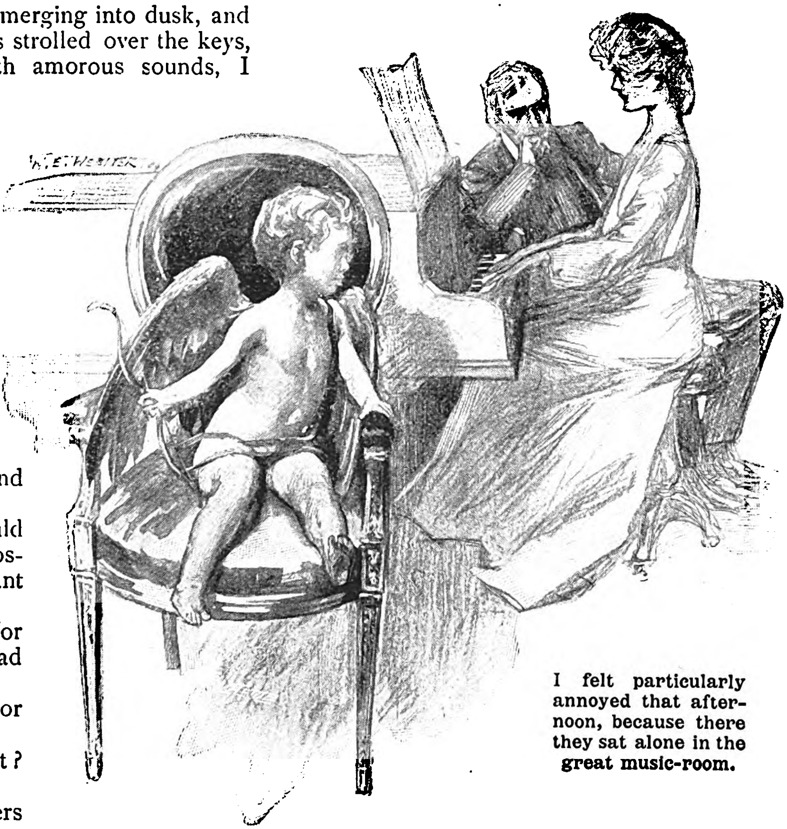
Poor Christopher Merrick was *doubly* in love! His heart held *two* queens—a golden girl and a dusky portrait!

He dreamt of one and thought of the other; he adored the picture and worshipped the maid; he wooed the woman and courted the photograph!

It was quite tragic, this rending of his allegiance.

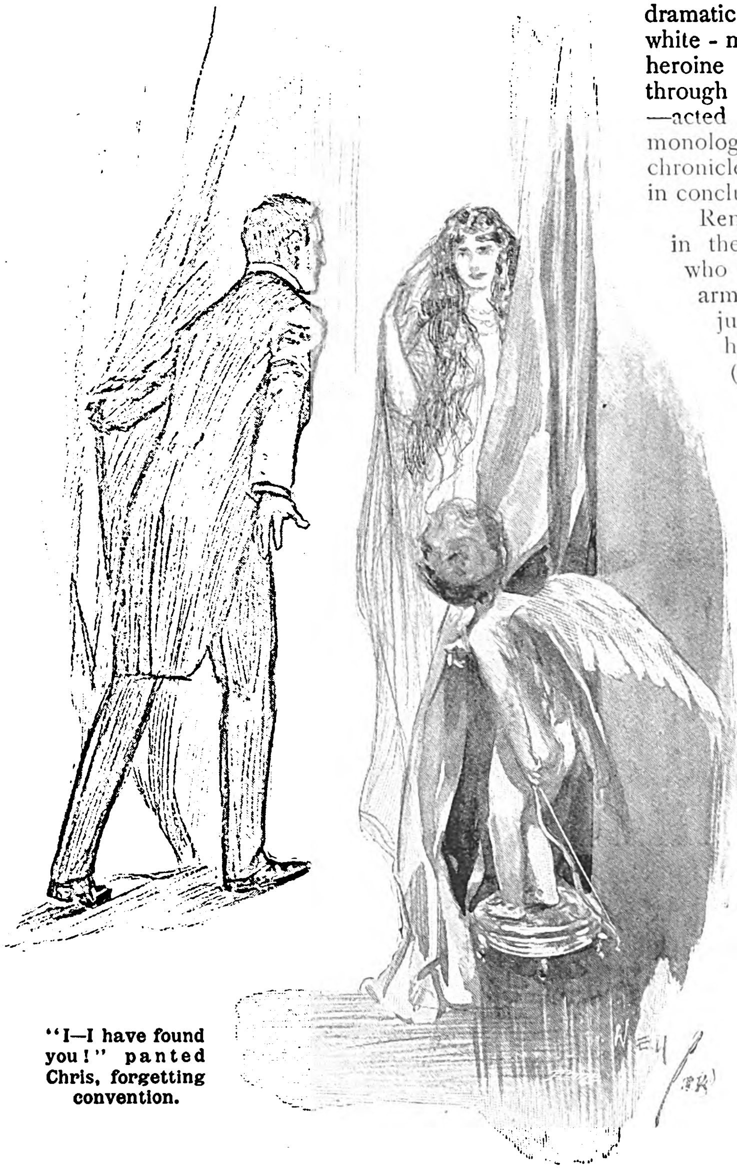
When a confession to Yda was trembling on his lips, Ignota's mocking, radiant face seemed to come between them, full of alluring, tempting possibilities; and when in the solitude of his own apartment the Southern Beauty was abstracted from his pocket-book, a memory of the apple blossom English girl floated round—a sweet, tender memory, all purity and trust.

Just as I was wondering how long this rivalry could last, I overheard Chris murmuring his distracted thoughts aloud.



I felt particularly annoyed that afternoon, because there they sat alone in the great music-room.

"I must get out of this," he soliloquised. "If only I could discover Ignota, I might find that the lovely face mirrored an ugly soul—then all my heart and life would be free for Yda—for Yda! I must go and seek for her again—I must advertise—anything, everything till I have found the woman who will either dispel the illusion of her picture and set me free, or who will bind me to herself for ever. I will leave to-morrow—Ah! of course, the theatricals and tableaux take place then, and I promised Yda to see her act—no, I will go the day after for certain—*for certain*."



"I—I have found you!" panted Chris, forgetting convention.

At last came the evening of the "show," rehearsals for which had been carried on in strictest secrecy, even some of the guests not knowing whom among their fellow-visitors were taking part. (Lady Halford was one of those enervating hostesses who are always feeding their wearied friends on surprises and excitements.)

The performance, at which half the county was present, commenced with a classical concert all "opus" and "movements," the adult amateurs being sandwiched between paid prodigies; then followed the one-act dramatic sketch (Yda—playing the white-muslin-and-garden-hatted heroine who is always dancing in through a trellised French window—acted charmingly). After this a monologue given by a much-chronicled society beauty; and then, in conclusion, the living pictures.

Remembering that Yda's part in the performance was over, I, who had been perched on the arm of Christopher's chair, was just about to fly out of the heated, perfumed atmosphere (I thought there was a little affair in the servants' hall that I might attend to), when the curtain rose on the first tableau.

With a low, hoarse cry my victim half dashed to his feet, then sank back again and gazed at the stage with all his soul in his eyes.

"At last! At last!"

Yes; at last he had found her!

There she was, the living, breathing original of his pictured infatuation!

"*Great eyes, half closed so that their colour was invisible, fringed by lashes, thick, long, black, and curling; the mouth, parted in a bewildering smile over dazzling teeth, was full and scarlet; the complexion of that clear brown merging into damask which belongs to countries near the sun; brows straight, thick, and black; and a marvellous veil of ebon hair glowing, curling, and waving almost to the ground.*"

Yes, the same description applied to her as had applied to the exquisite tinted portrait in Valmoni's windows—even to the gorgeous scarlet-and-yellow gold-embroidered draperies which were exact, detail for detail!

Chris had found Ignota, and the apple-blossom girl must meet her rival face to face!

Who was she?

My victim glanced eagerly at the programme, and I peeped over his shoulder.

No, not a clue! Simply the words "A SOUTHERN BEAUTY."

The curtain rose again and again, and at last fell amidst storms of applause.

Not a second longer did Chris remain in his seat.

Down the long ball-room, which had been transformed into a temporary theatre, he sped along the corridors, through a newly-erected green baize door, till he reached the private precincts—"behind the scenes."

There she stood—practically alone now that her turn was over, and the others were all busy grouping for the next picture—just about to make her way through a small side door that led into a deserted ante-room.

Then a strange thing happened.

Immediately Christopher Merrick appeared *she smiled*—as though the picture were greeting the man!

Poor flower-faced Yda! Her rival was twice as dangerous in reality as she had been on paper. How could the gentle English maiden cope with the allurements of this Southern Syren? Ah, me!

"I—I have found you!" panted Chris, forgetting convention, lack of introduction—everything, save that his search was ended.

"Well, you are the first—" (Heavens! that voice! Soft, low, and—*familiar!*) "quite the first person who ever has found me out in my make-up. No one *ever* recognises me, because colouring, costume, and this wonderful wig make me absolutely different—particularly when my eyes are closed so that their blue tendencies shan't be incongruous! Would you mind taking out this hair-pin—I want to get off my wig—it *is* so heavy!" (It was like sunbeams bursting from behind a dense black cloud.) "Thank you—that's better. Now, I must go and wash off my eyebrows, lashes, part of my mouth, etc.! Yes, it *was* clever of you to recognise me! I once had my portrait taken at Valmoni's in this get-up, and, though a huge coloured enlargement stands in the window, no one ever guesses that *I* am the original!"

Quickly the picture-passion was taken out of the pocket-book.

"Was—was—the portrait anything like this?"

And as Chris held out the unmounted photograph I glanced at his wrist.

The two tiny arrow-wounds had merged into one!

Then I knew my work was done, and that Fate had rectified my mistake.

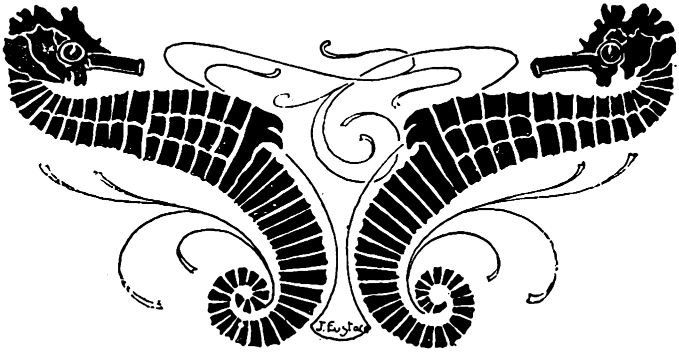
A few minutes later they were alone, and in his arms Chris held his two loves—*who were one!*

Have I seen them since?

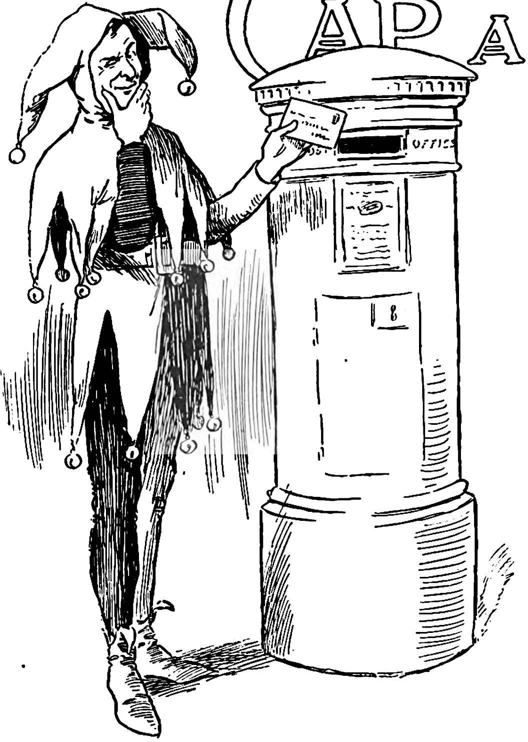
Oh, yes, in a sense, I am always with them at their flat where, in the dainty drawing-room, hangs the large tinted portrait of "A Southern Beauty."

Happy?

Of course they are happy! Am *I* not with them?



CAP AND BELLS



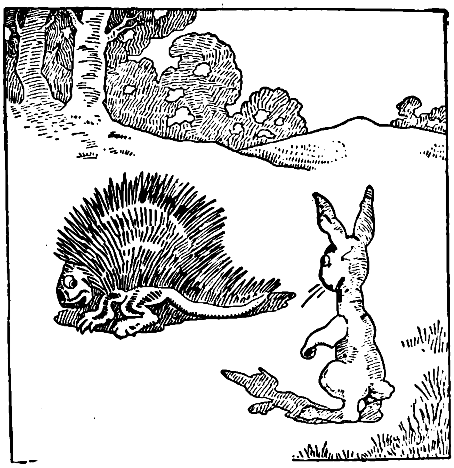
THAT SUNDAY APPETITE.

It started to develop when I was a farmer lad—
The folks were scared at finding what an appetite I had,
But I was kept from worry by the fact that all the rest
Could keep the pace I set them when I did my level
 best.
It reached its climax Sundays, when we all were
 gathered in—
Our pa and ma and Henry Clay and Slade and little Min,
Besides your humble servant, who was there with all
 his might,
Prepared to do destruction with that Sunday appetite.

We'd eat a hearty breakfast, with sausages and beer;
The weary wait till noon seemed a long half-famished
 year.
We'd then have ham and chicken, mashed potatoes,
 whiskey neat,
With jellies, pickles, and preserves—a lovely lot to
 eat.
We'd eat until our eyes stuck out, then gravely call
 for pie!
To think of it I wonder that we didn't burst and die.
Then apples, sweets, and walnuts, till the shades of
 coming night
Drove all of us to supper with that Sunday appetite.

I have it yet, and so have you. You take your break-
 fast food
And other little knick-knacks, either boiled or fried or
 stewed;
At two o'clock or thereabouts you wade into a feast,
And eat enough to last you for a fortnight at the least.
You make a call—there's tea and cake, of which you
 gamely munch,
And when you get back home you say, "What is there,
 wife, for lunch?"
Now here's a guess—it's yours to say if it be wrong or
 right;
The father of Blue Monday is that Sunday appetite.

* * * * *



***Rabbit:* "You look a bit prickly, but I'm sure you're a nice fellow."**

***Hedgehog:* "Thanks, Master Bunny; you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."**

ÆSTHETIC.

"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk, "but you don't have to put a two-penny ha'penny stamp on a letter to Scotland."

"I know," said the sweet girl, "but the shade of it just matches my envelope, you know."

* * * * *

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

"Are you ever troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"

"I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"That so? I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnis paralaxitis."

"I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it baby."

* * * * *

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

FIRST ACTOR: "I thought your next tour was to have been through South Africa."

SECOND ACTOR: "It was, but the company struck. One of them had read that an ostrich egg often weighs two or three pounds."

* * * * *

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

WIFE OF HIS BOSOM: "How does it happen, dear, that you are never accused of misrepresenting eminent men in your reports of interviews?"

EXPERIENCED INTERVIEWER: "I don't print what they say, but what they ought to say."

PLAUSIBLE.

Mother: "Mercy on us. Why is the light turned out?"

Pretty Daughter: "I—I turned it out because the—the brilliant sparkle of the diamond engagement ring Mr. Nicefello has just given me was making my eyes tired."

Mother (hastily retiring): "Oh, yes, yes, of course."

* * *

COMIC RELIEF.

"But," hissed the heavy villain, "suppose our plot should leak out?"

His miserable accomplice shivered at the thought.

"But it can't," cried the low comedian, emerging at that moment from behind a stage tree, "because from now on the plot thickens, you know."

* * *

MOST UNREASONABLE!

Mrs. Jones: "Why did you leave your last mistress?"

Bridget: "Well, marm, did you ixpict me to take her along with me?"

* * *

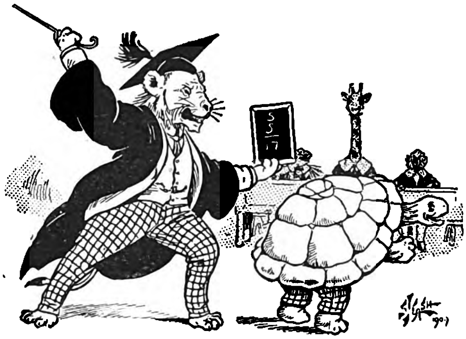
JUST ESCAPED THE KNIFE.

Barry: "They tell me you have had a very narrow escape from death."

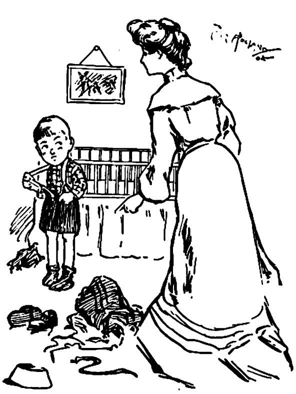
Harry: "Yes; they were going to operate upon me for appendicitis, but they discovered in time that I hadn't the money to pay for it."

* * *

There is more pleasure in giving than receiving. This applies to medicine, kicks, and advice.



Dr. Leo: ***"I thrash, and thrash, and thrash, and it makes not the least impression on you! What do you mean by it, sir?"***



A BUDDING GENIUS.

"You naughty boy! did I teach you to throw your clothes on the floor like that?"

"No, mother, I learnt myself."

SUBTLETIES OF THE LAW.

"We propose to show, gentlemen of the jury," said counsel for the defence, "that it is impossible for the defendant to have committed this crime.

"In the first place we will prove that the defendant was nowhere near the scene of the crime at the time the crime was committed.

"Next we will offer the indisputable testimony of persons who saw defendant on the spot, and who did not see the defendant commit the crime.

"We will show that no poison was found in the body of the deceased.

"Not only that, but we will prove that it was put there by the prosecution in this case.

"We will furthermore show that the deceased committed suicide.

"And last, but not least, we will prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the deceased is not dead.

"In view of all which corroborative facts, gentlemen of the jury, we respectfully ask for an acquittal."

* * *

One woman always pays more attention to what another woman has on than to what she says.

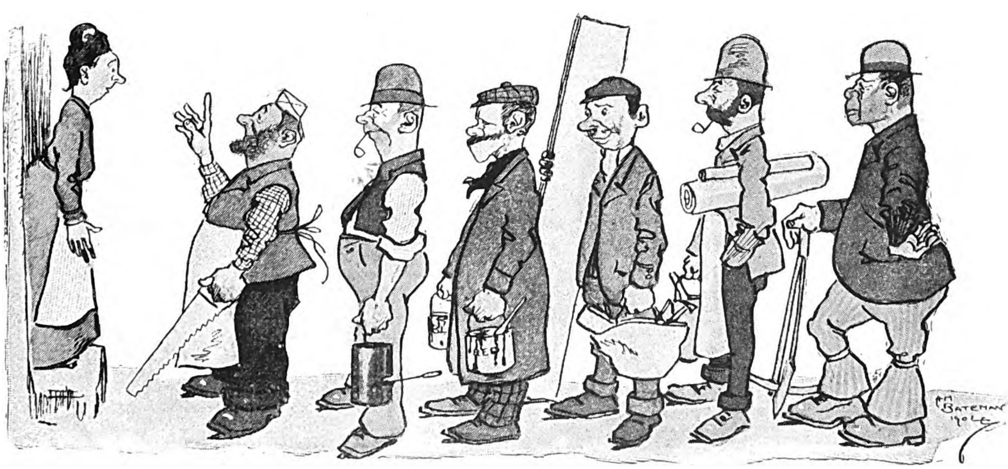
* * *

THOSE GIRLS DO LOVE EACH OTHER!

"I had a proposal last night, and refused it."

"You are always thinking of the welfare of others, aren't you, dear?"

* * * * * * * *



THE PRESENT-DAY WORKMAN.

Carpenter: ***"Mornin', mum; I've just called with my men to put up that bit o' blindcord for you!"***

THE CHESS MANIAC.

"Yes," said the fireman, "there were two men in the building playing chess, and one of them is in the ruins yet. We couldn't get him out."

"Why, how was that?"

"He insisted that it wasn't his move."

* * * *

A WORD OF ADVICE.

I meant well when I said to Jane,
"You *must* meet my friend Sue.
I know you can't help liking her;
I'm sure that she'll like you.

"You're so alike in every way,
I know you will agree.
You'll like each other, I am sure
As well as each likes me."

So I presented Jane to Sue,
Presented Sue to Jane,
And neither one from that day on
Was friend with me again.

Sue was as mad as mad, because
I said Jane was like her.
The things Jane said to me of Sue
Were still unpleasanter.

If you have friends whose friendship is
A comfort to your heart,
Don't let them meet. Take extra pains
To keep those friends apart.

* * * *

AN INVITATION.

He: "Suppose I were to attempt to steal a kiss—would you be angry?"

She: "Indeed I would—if—if—"

He: "If what?"

She: "If it got no farther than an attempt."

* * * *

Some men are like telescopes; you draw them out, see through them, and then shut them up.

* * * *

HIS REAL SIN.

"Harry, how dare you take my hand?"

"Is it so serious an offence, Emma? Remember, I have been coming to see you for two years—and this is the first time!"

"Two whole years? And this is your first attempt? Harry, it is unpardonable."

* * *

DRASTIC MEASURES.

"What do you think of my new hat?"

"Well, for a *matinée* it wants a little more trimming."

"More trimming! What with?"

"Oh, a lawn mower would do!"

* * * *

FIRST-CLASS TRAINING.

"What we require," said the managing editor, "is the services of a man capable of taking full charge of our 'Query Box.' Are you capable of answering all kinds of questions?"

"Well, I rather think I ought to be," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of eleven children."

* * * *

EARLY ENGLISH.

"I confess I can't understand what your baby's saying."

"It's a queer language, isn't it?"

"Yes, sort of early English."

* * * *

HE IS ALL FAULT WHO HAS NO FAULT AT ALL.

"I don't see how you can find fault with him."

"Why not?"

"Because he's a man who is really without a fault."

"That's just it. That's his worst fault."

* * * *

FEMININE ADMISSIONS.

Jane: "Clara is considerably older than Betsy."

Mary: "Yes. Clara practically admitted it to me the other day."

Jane: "You don't say so."

Mary: "Yes, she did. She said, 'Betsy is just about my age.'"

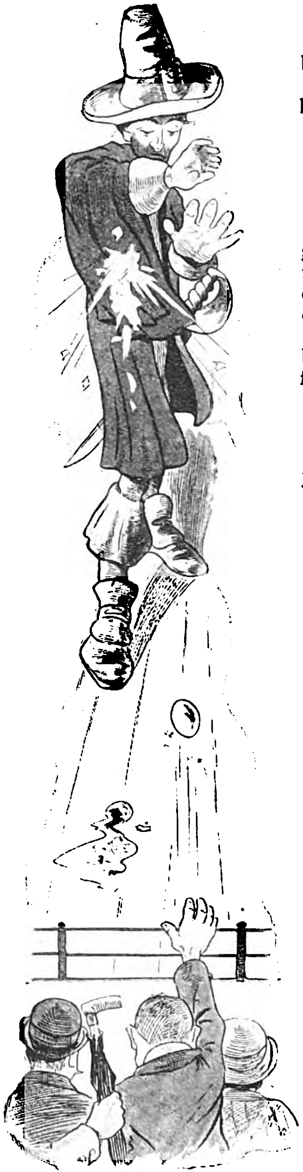
* * * *

HE KNEW THE MEANING OF IT!

Jones: "The chief has promised to give me a rise in my salary next week."

Bones: "Sorry, old man, but I can't lend you anything."

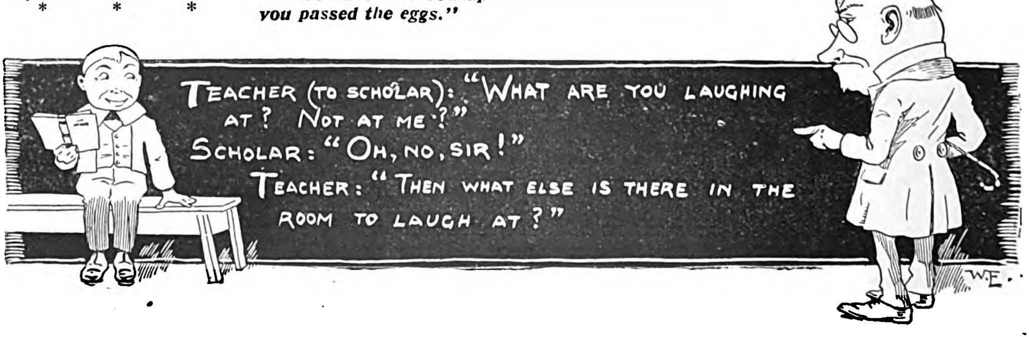
* * * *



"I think that new man must be an actor," said the lodger to the landlady.

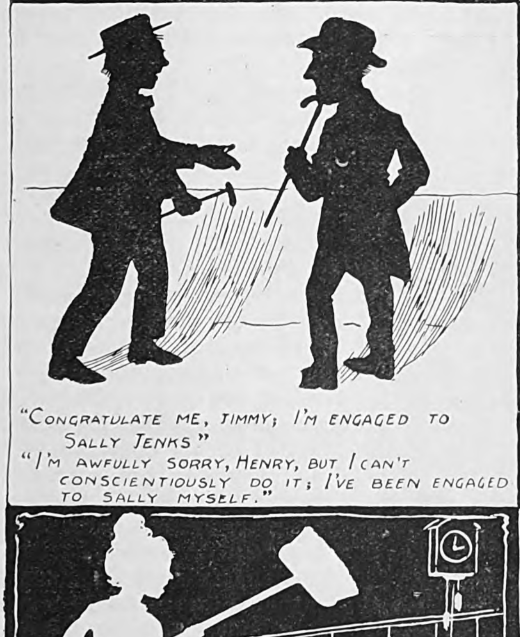
"Why so?"

"Because he threw up his arms and dodged when you passed the eggs."


TEACHER (TO SCHOLAR): "WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT? NOT AT ME?"
SCHOLAR: "OH, NO, SIR!"
TEACHER: "THEN WHAT ELSE IS THERE IN THE ROOM TO LAUGH AT?"
W.E.

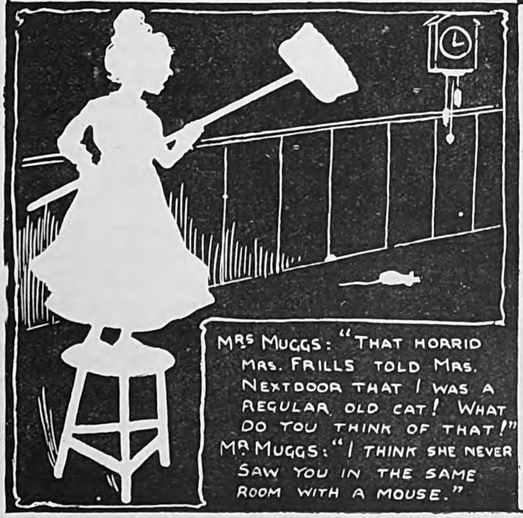
"GOOD MEN, YOU KNOW, ARE SCARCE."
"YES, I KNOW: AND EVEN BAD MEN HAVE TO MAKE THEMSELVES SO AT TIMES!"

KIND OLD LADY: "HERE IS SIXPENCE. NOW, PROMISE ME YOU WILL NOT GO TO THAT PUBLIC-HOUSE OVER THE WAY AND SPEND IT?"
THIRSTY THOMAS: "I PROMISE, LADY. BUT IS THERE ANY SPECIAL ONE YOU'D LIKE ME TO PATRONISE?"

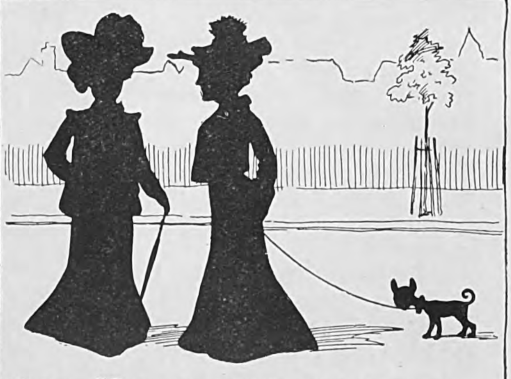


"CONGRATULATE ME, JIMMY; I'M ENGAGED TO SALLY JENKS."
"I'M AWFULLY SORRY, HENRY, BUT I CAN'T CONSCIENTIOUSLY DO IT; I'VE BEEN ENGAGED TO SALLY MYSELF."

HE (IN AN ARGUMENT): "WELL, THANK GOODNESS, I'M NOT TWO-FACED."
SHE: "YOU OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL. ONE FACE LIKE YOURS IS ENOUGH."



MRS MUGGS: "THAT HORRID MRS. FRILLS TOLD MRS. NEXTDOOR THAT I WAS A REGULAR OLD CAT! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT!"
MR MUGGS: "I THINK SHE NEVER SAW YOU IN THE SAME ROOM WITH A MOUSE."



MABEL: "BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW HE LOVES YOU IF HE HASN'T TOLD YOU SO?"
MARGERY: "OH, I CAN TELL BY THE WAY HE LOOKS AT ME WHEN I'M NOT LOOKING AT HIM."

MR. EDITOR—HIS PAGE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MR. EDITOR.

President Roosevelt grants the Editor of THE ROYAL an interview.

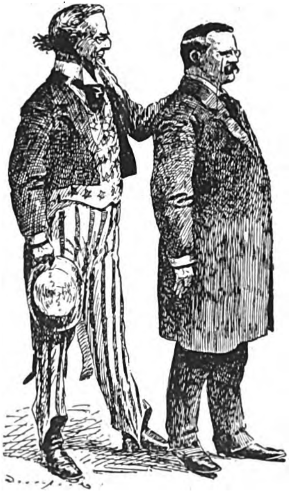
I HAVE just returned from America, and I think that all my readers will be interested to hear that President Roosevelt has honoured me with a special interview. I had hardly expected that he would find time to receive me, as the date of my visit to Washington was within a few days of the date of the Presidential Election. So you can well imagine my gratification when I received instructions to call at the White House.

When being received by the President of the United States, very few formalities are required of you. There are no stringent regulations as to costume, and no uncomfortable rules of etiquette, such as surround the person of Royalty. The President treats his visitor as he wishes to be treated by him, and precisely as one man would treat another. There is no bowing and scraping, no special deference, no stiffness.

On presenting myself at the White House, or rather, at the one storey annex, in which the President conducts State business, I was most courteously received by the official in charge, who took my letter of introduction, and invited me to wait for a few moments while it was being shown to the President. In two or three minutes the President's secretary returned and informed me that the President would he very glad to see me.

So, almost immediately, I was ushered into his presence. He greeted me with a grip of the hand that I shall not soon forget—he is a strong man, both mentally and physically.

In appearance, President Roosevelt is a bluff, jovial Englishman, but his rather thick nasal accent betrays his nationality. He is stouter and shorter than his portraits lead one to expect. When I saw him he had a long scar over his right eye, the effects of a fall from his horse, which had occurred the previous week, an accident which even the American papers knew nothing about until ten days after its occurrence!



"He's good enough for me."

The most popular cartoon in America during the Presidential Election.

If you were to ask what I considered the most marked peculiarity in the President's appearance, I should answer his singularly frequent and cheery smile. He is always smiling, and at first it rather startles one, as he invariably smiles with his teeth. Even when talking, his teeth play a very prominent part in the expression of his face.

His cordial greeting set me at my ease at once, and during the few minutes he spared me the talk flowed easily and naturally, and with none of the formality one would expect between the head of one great nation and a humble citizen of another. Into the actual details of our conversation I am, naturally, not permitted to go. This much I may say, however, President Roosevelt expressed a very friendly feeling towards Great Britain, and admitted that an Anglo-Saxon reunion is his cherished ideal.

What struck me, perhaps more than anything else was the freedom with which the President discussed political matters. Imagine a European statesman, of even inferior rank, doing this with a mere stranger!

I am sure the readers of THE ROYAL will consider the honour done to their Editor as an honour to them all individually, and will join me in wishing President Roosevelt long life and happiness.

With such an unanimous voice as has not been recorded in regard to any other industrial product, the Press, men of Science, and persons of the highest positions in society have expressed their belief in the unique efficacy of the dentifrice Odol, from which fact even the most conservative of minds should be convinced—

1. That by reason of its antiseptic power, its refreshing effect, and its delightful taste, Odol makes the daily care of the teeth a supreme comfort.

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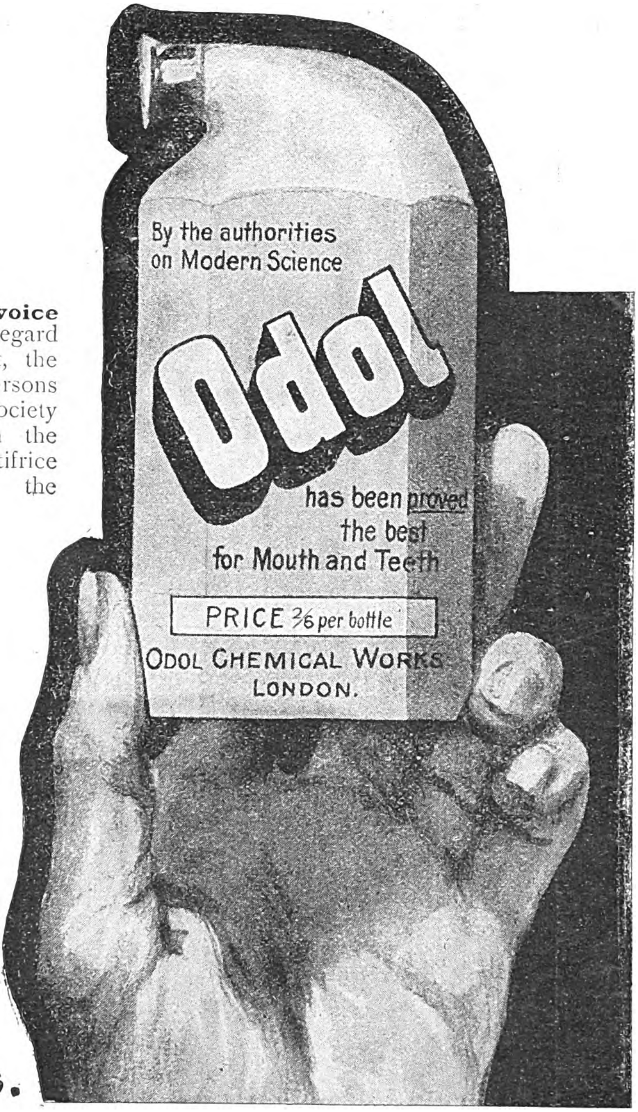
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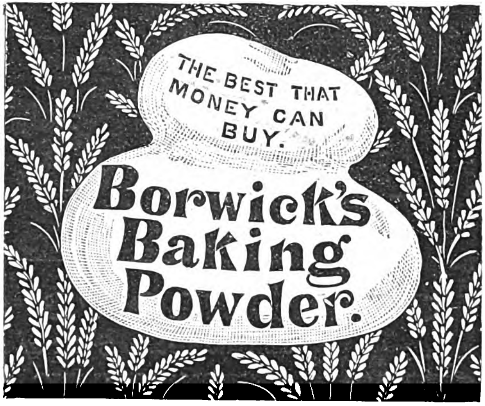
THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.
Borwick's
Baking
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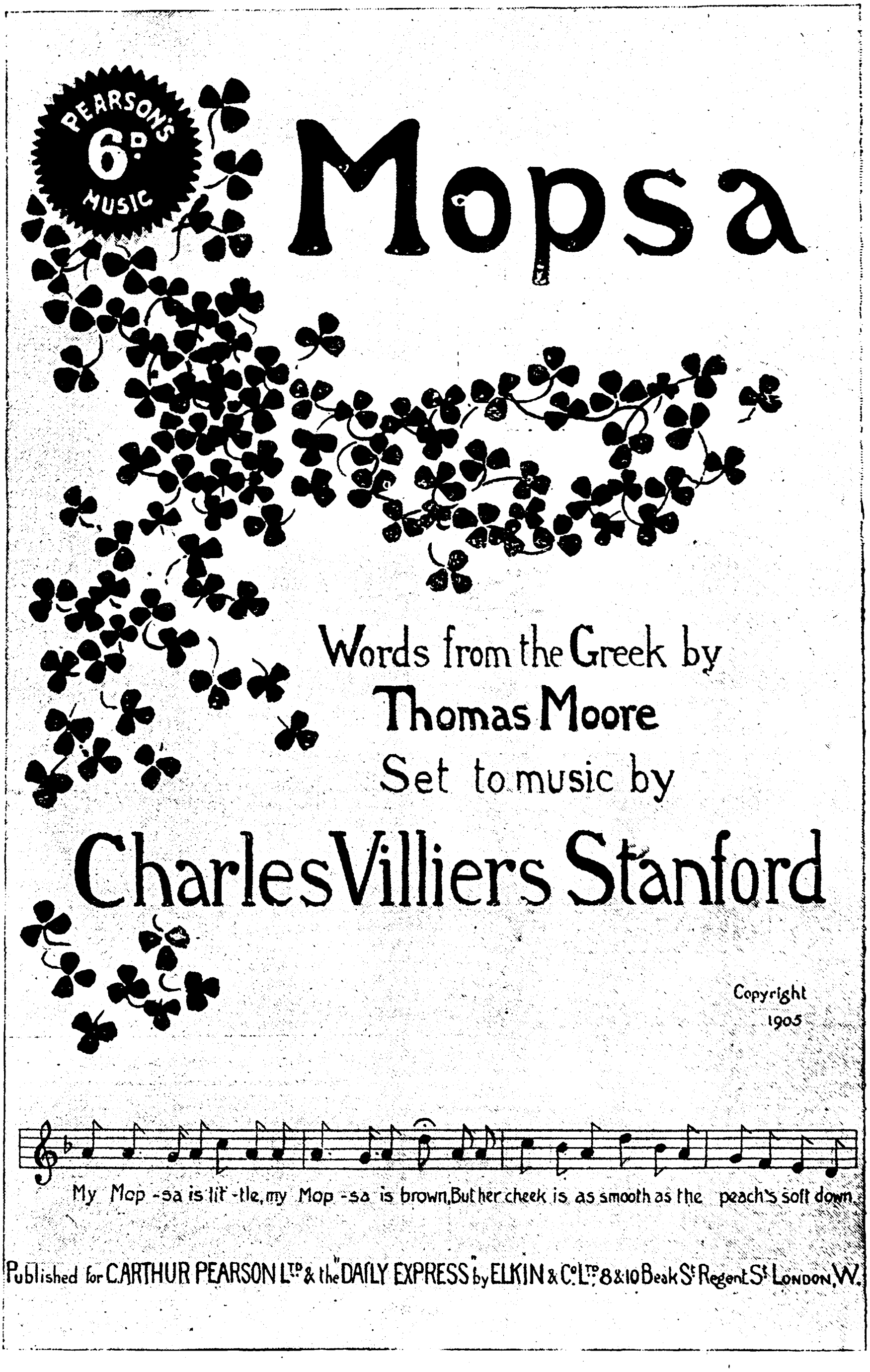
. . THE FIFTH PIECE . .



PEARSON'S 6D. MUSIC

Mopsa

Words from the Greek by
Thomas Moore
Set to music by
Charles Villiers Stanford

Copyright
1905

My Mop-sa is lit-tle, my Mop-sa is brown, But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down.

Published for C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD. & the "DAILY EXPRESS" by ELKIN & Co. LTD. 8 & 10 Beak St. Regent St. LONDON, W.

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without the slightest inconvenience. Do not be afraid of evil consequences. It is a vegetable treatment, is perfectly safe, and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excessive fat. It improves the breathing, gives the heart freedom, takes off the big stomach, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful **HOME TREATMENT.**

Lost 40lb.

Lady —— writes: "Since taking your tablets I am reduced in weight 40lb."

Thousands of Testimonials sent on request.

FREE Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is to reduce weight, we are sending free trials. If you want one send us your name and address, and two stamps to pay for postage. **It costs you nothing to try it.** Each box is sent in a plain sealed package, with no advertisement on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential.

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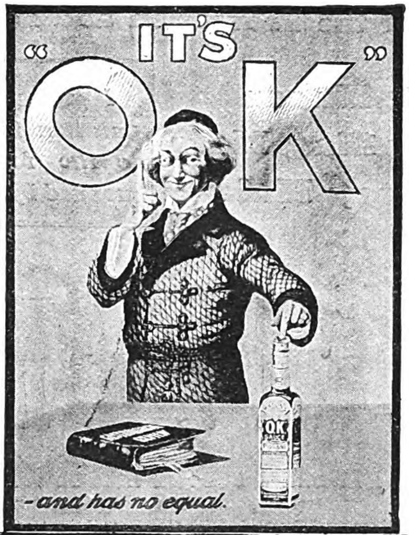

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"O.K." SAUCE,
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WHISKY.

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A KNOWLEDGE OF ITS CONTENTS causes the **ELLIMAN R.E.P. BOOK** to be kept upon the table for ready reference in **MASSAGE** treatment. Affections arising from taking cold; Rheumatism; Sprains; Common Ailments; First Aid in Accidents; and Hygiene of the Athlete, &c. *(256 pages, cloth board covers, Illustrated.)* May be obtained at the Railway Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H Smith & Son, Price 1/- net; or upon terms to be found upon a label affixed to the outside of the back of cartons containing **ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION. ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENG.**

For the Prevention and Permanent cure of . . .

Baldness
Falling Hair
Grey Hair

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me.

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"TATCHO"

"THREE DOCTORS FAILED TO CURE BALD SPOTS," says Lieut. HILL.

"I have great pleasure in writing to tell you that my son's hair is now grown beyond my dearest hopes. Commencing last April his hair began to fall off until he was completely bald. I consulted three doctors and tried many preparations. All failed. My son could not take his cap off in school, as all the other children laughed at him, and he felt very keenly about it. After using two bottles of 'Tatcho' I am glad to say his hair has grown beautifully. In fact, it is now long enough to get cut. He has been able also to take his cap off in school during the last week. His hair is quite as strong as ever it was in his life, and I shall always have pleasure in recommending 'Tatcho.' One of the doctors whom we consulted now playfully calls him 'Tatcho.' Allow me to thank you for the great benefit your 'Tatcho' has been to my son."

W. HILL (Lieut.), 3rd West Yorkshire Regiment.

Depot Barracks, York.
12th Dec., 1904.

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"Tell Everyone."

"'Tatcho' has had such good effect on my own hair that I feel I must go about and tell everyone I meet to try it." Miss G. M. HARPER,
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"I find 'Tatcho' most beneficial. It has decidedly promoted the growth to an extent which is most surprising." Mrs. HARPER,
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"Nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

"My sister has a lovely head of hair, which was produced by using nothing but 'Tatcho.'" Mrs. JENNIE STORMONT,
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"I would not be without 'Tatcho' on any account. . . My friends are equally pleased with it." Miss LILIAN GURR,
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". . . I can find improvement in my hair, although I have not used half a bottle." W. L. ALLEN,
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"How Delighted."

". . . In common gratitude I cannot do better than write to tell you how highly delighted I am with 'Tatcho.'" Miss NINA C. GORST,
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"Most Excellent."

"I consider 'Tatcho' most excellent for the hair. . ." Dr. HAMILTON,
Grosvenor Club, Bond Street, W.

"Conscientiously Recommend."

"I can honestly and conscientiously recommend 'Tatcho.'" Mrs LATCHFORD,
Osborne House, Chiswick, W.

"A Splendid Head."

". . . Have now a splendid head of hair." W. M. CASEY,
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"Always Recommending."

"I am always recommending 'Tatcho,' as I found my children's hair greatly improved." Mrs. GORDON,
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* * * * *

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"Tatcho," Non-oily, a brilliant, spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky' free from all grease. **"Tatcho," Oily,** a brilliant tonic, containing all the hair-growing properties of "Tatcho," Non-oily, with the addition of an oil product for dry hair. **"Tatcho"** is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter, or any ingredient harmful to the scalp. **"Tatcho"** is sold by all Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at **1/-, 2/9,** and **4/6.**

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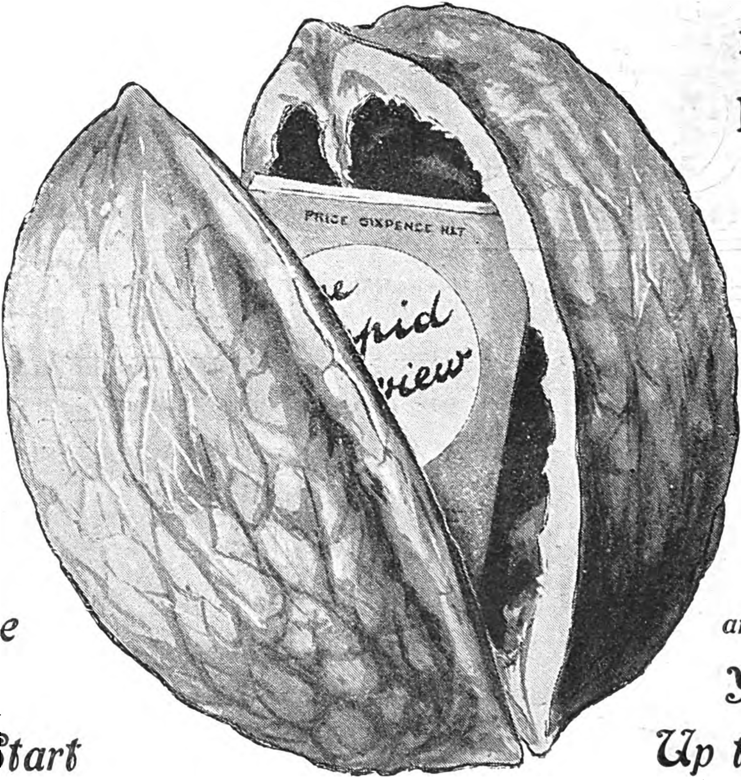
For 1905. For 1905.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Any Short Person Can Now Get Taller.

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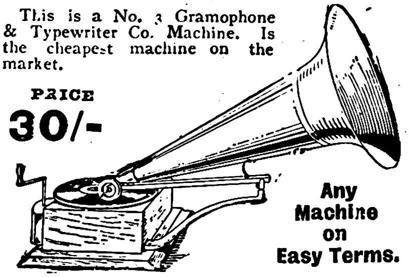

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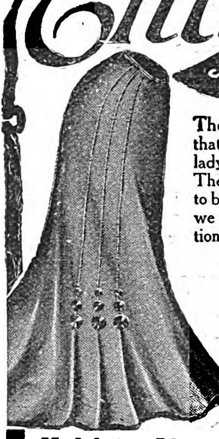

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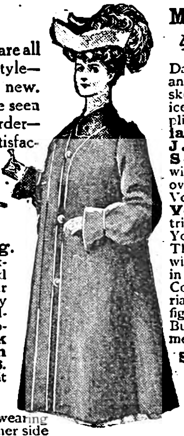

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Skirt alone, 5/6, carriage 5d. extra.

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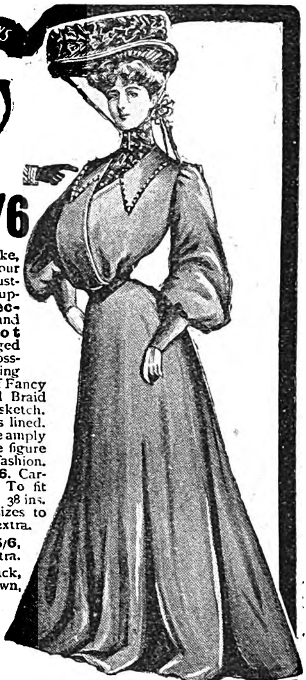

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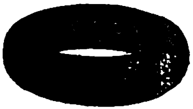

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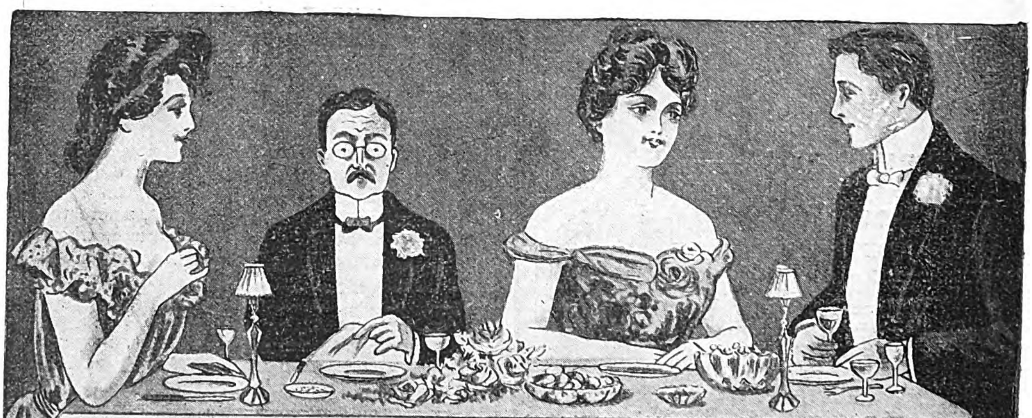

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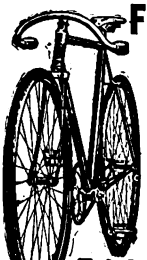

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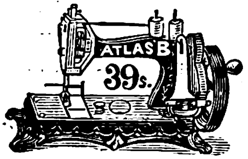

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For Dyspepsia there is one Remedy, and only one, that cures promptly and surely. That's Guy's Tonic.

James Findlay, Esq., of Gallowflat House, Rutherglen, Glasgow, writes on 7th March, 1904:—

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In response to a request for permission to publish the above remarks, Mr. Findlay wrote on 9th March as follows:—

"I have no objection to your using my name as a reference in a "moderate way. When one bottle of Guy's Tonic did me more "good than six weeks' treatment of the late Sir ———, M.D., "of London, and many other eminent Medical men, Guy's Tonic is "certainly genuine and what it professes to be."

For restoring the Digestive Organs to healthy activity, and giving Strength to the entire System, the most implicit confidence may be placed in Guy's Tonic. It creates Appetite, prevents Pain and Stuffiness after eating, Flatulence (or Wind), Nausea, and Heartburn, aids Digestion, corrects Biliousness, and cures Indigestion—absolutely. There is no other Remedy so safe, so pleasant, so remarkably Successful.

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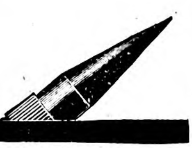

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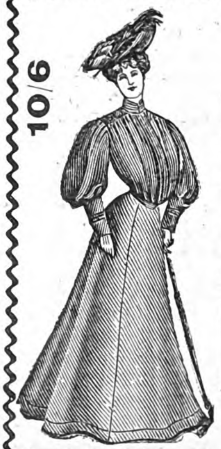

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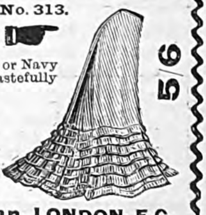

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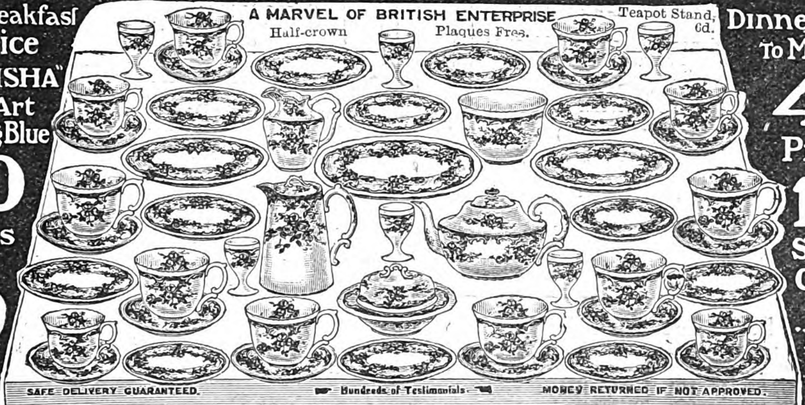
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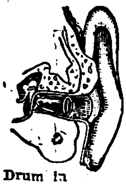

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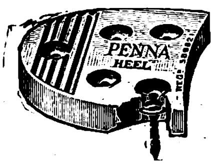

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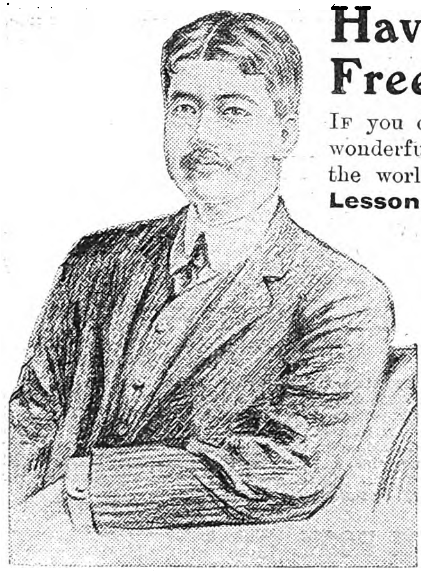

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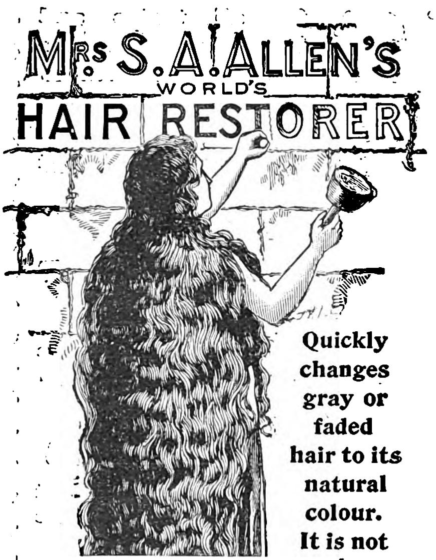

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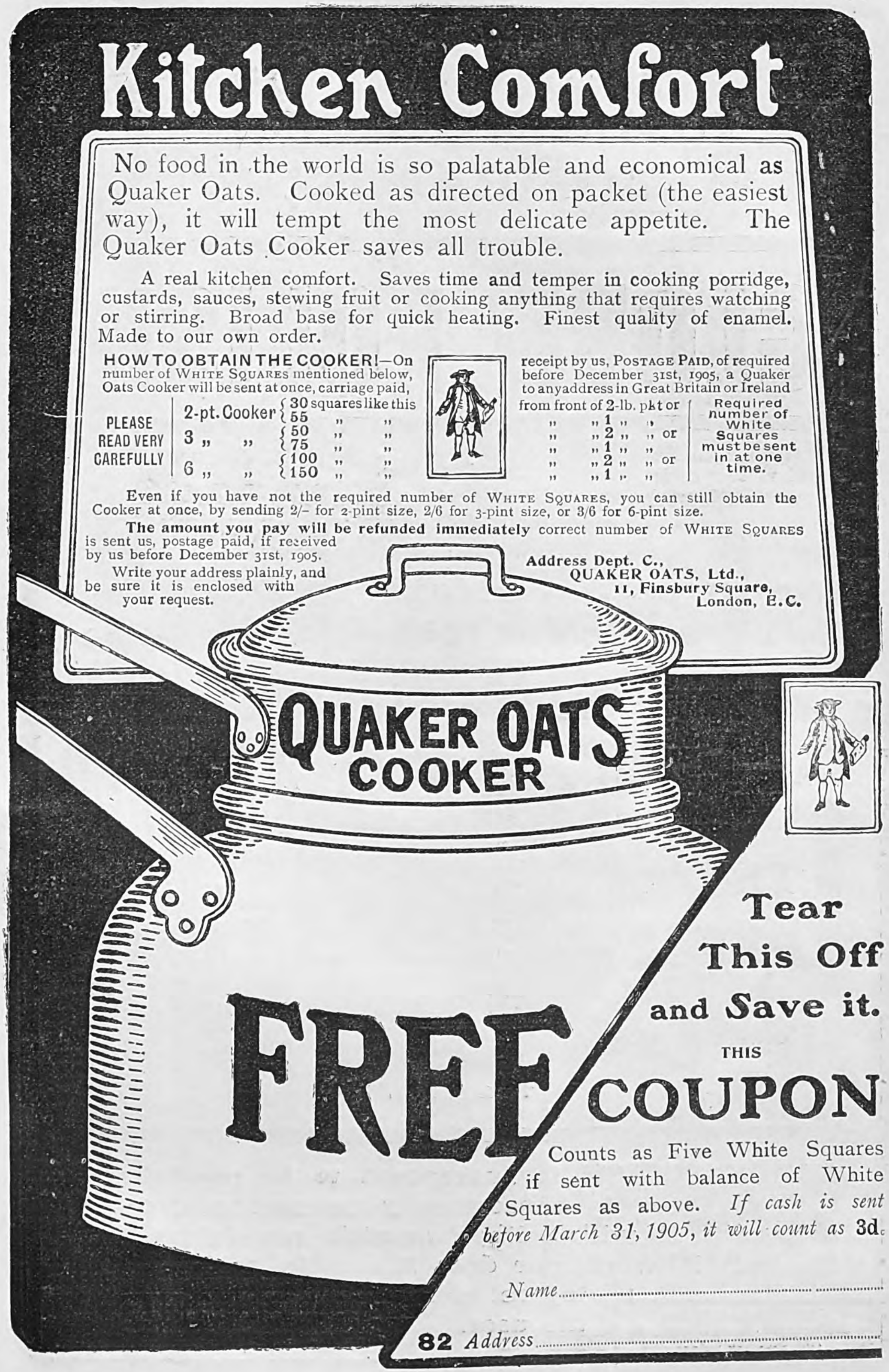

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6 " " { 100 " " " 2 " " or
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Tear
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COUPON

Counts as Five White Squares if sent with balance of White Squares as above. *If cash is sent before March 31, 1905, it will count as* **3d.**

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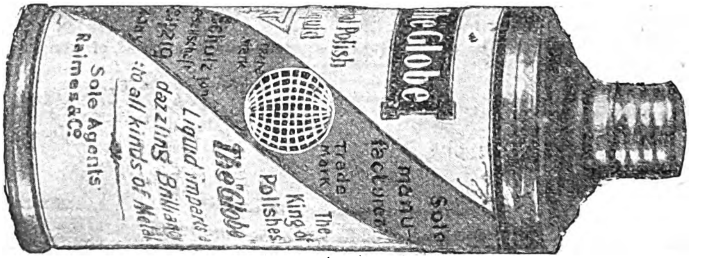
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Sole Agents
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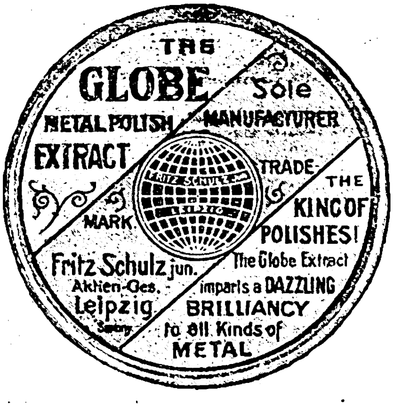
THE
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The Globe Extract
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BRILLIANCY
to all Kinds of
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Paste in Tins.

GLOBE POLISH is guaranteed to be non-inflammable. There is consequently no risk of fire in using it. It will neither scratch nor injure the finest metal-work, nor does it contain acids, which injure metal-work or the skin of the user.

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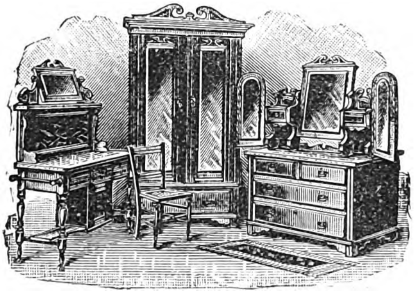

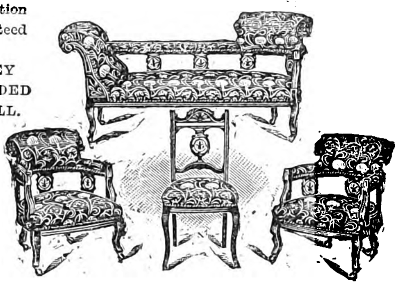

The Dulverton Suite.—Wardrobe 3-ft. 6-in. wide over 7-ft. high. Both doors contain full-length Reflecting Mirror of British Crystal Bevelled Plate Glass. Two separate hanging compartments, and large size drawer. Dressing chest, 3-ft. 6-in. wide; Dressing Mirror 24-in. by 16-in., and attached are the essentially useful and fashionable Reflex Swing Mirrors. The Washstand, also 3-ft. 6-in. wide, is provided with a double back. and top in St. Anne's Black or Rouge Royal Marble, and eminently useful Shaving Glass. The whole Suite is made **solid throughout** in thoroughly seasoned American Black Walnut, Satin Walnut, Oak or Mahogany—no veneer of any kind being used. Two Chairs are included in the suite.

NOTE! The dimensions—height and width of this suite are clearly and correctly stated, consequently purchasers know exactly what they are buying.

The Osborne Drawing Room Suite. DESCRIPTION—Settee (really a Sofa and Settee combined), pair of Easy Chairs of the fashionable and comfortable tub shape, and four Small Chairs, the frames are of **Solid Mahogany**, no veneer, facing or staining being used, handsomely and delicately carved, cabriole legs, the three large pieces being mounted on castors. Upholstered in the best possible manner. Covered in absolutely the finest silk tapestry, in various shades, and finished with tassels to match. The frames are hand-polished, finished Chippendale. A stylish Suite, first-class style and workmanship, and although produced at an economical price, nothing has been sacrificed to cheapness, and it combines the best of style, workmanship, and material, together with general excellence and beauty of detail.

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Thin women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

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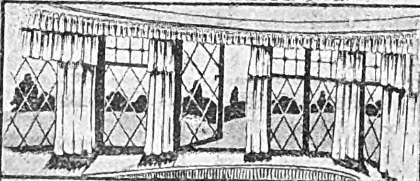

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For the past three years accounts have come from America of the most astonishing nature regarding marvellous cures that were being performed daily by the famous physician and scientist, Dr. James W. Kidd.

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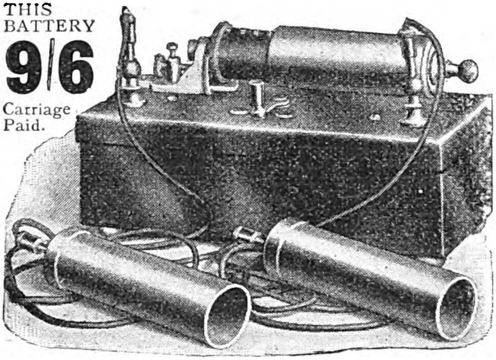

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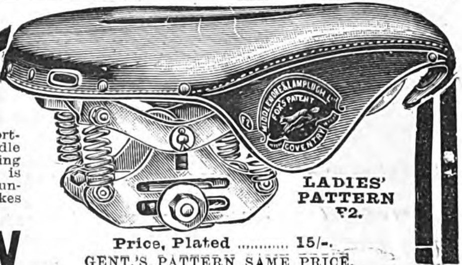

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Considering the age of Mr. Cairns, this is a very remarkable cure.

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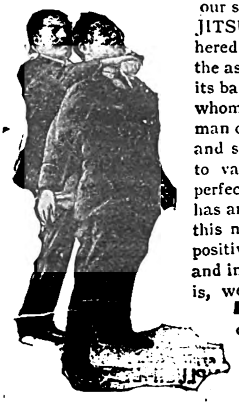

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Now, we ask you to try it—try it at our expense. Let us give you a bottle, to prove what it can do for you. A test is better than testimonials, better than arguments.

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Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

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These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and for ever. That is inevitable.

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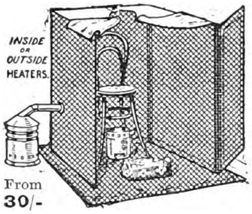

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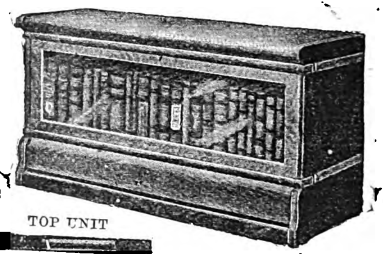

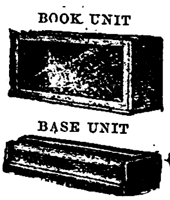

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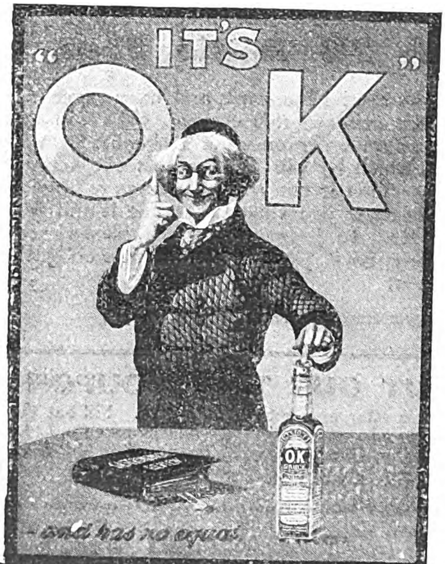

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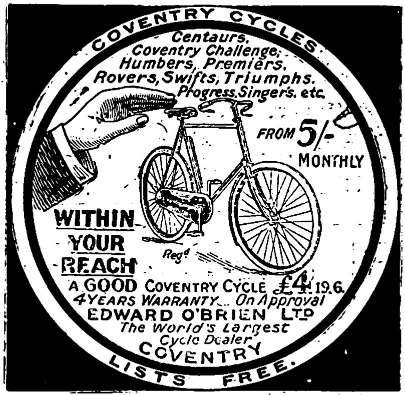
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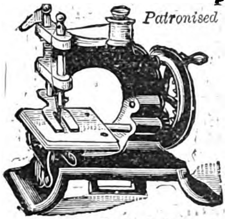

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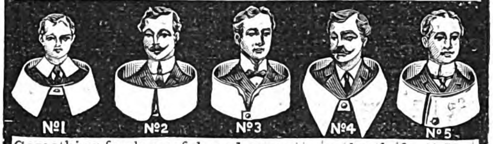

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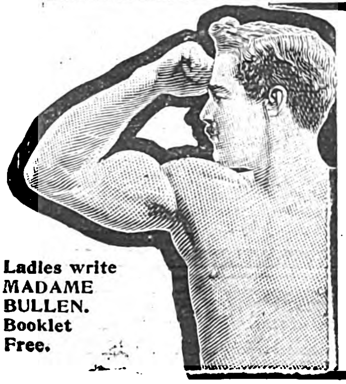

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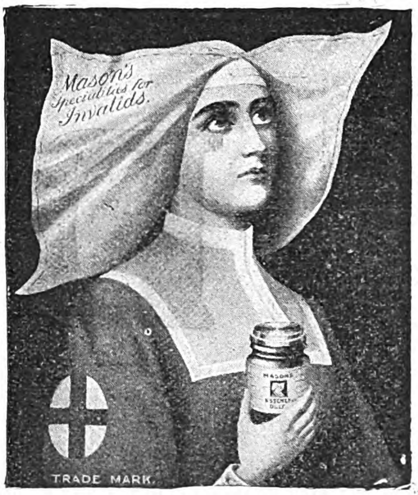
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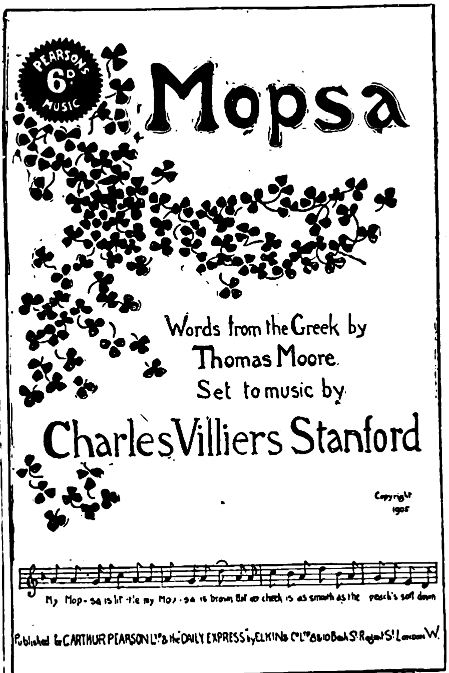
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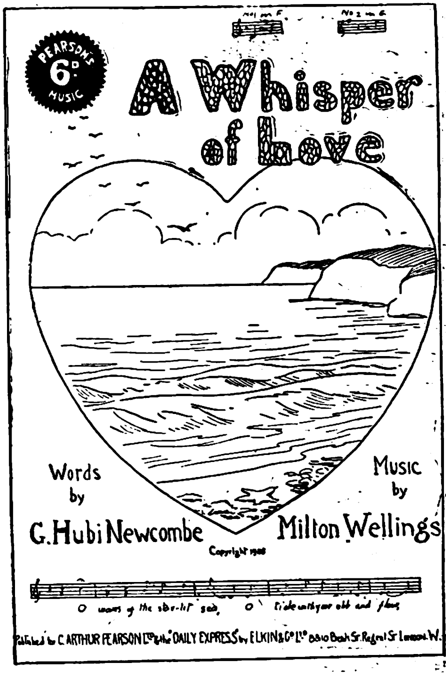
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The delicious Extract that makes tasty soups, sauces, gravies and beef tea. It is a help to every housewife who delights in preparing delicious dishes. It is the best extract of the best beef.

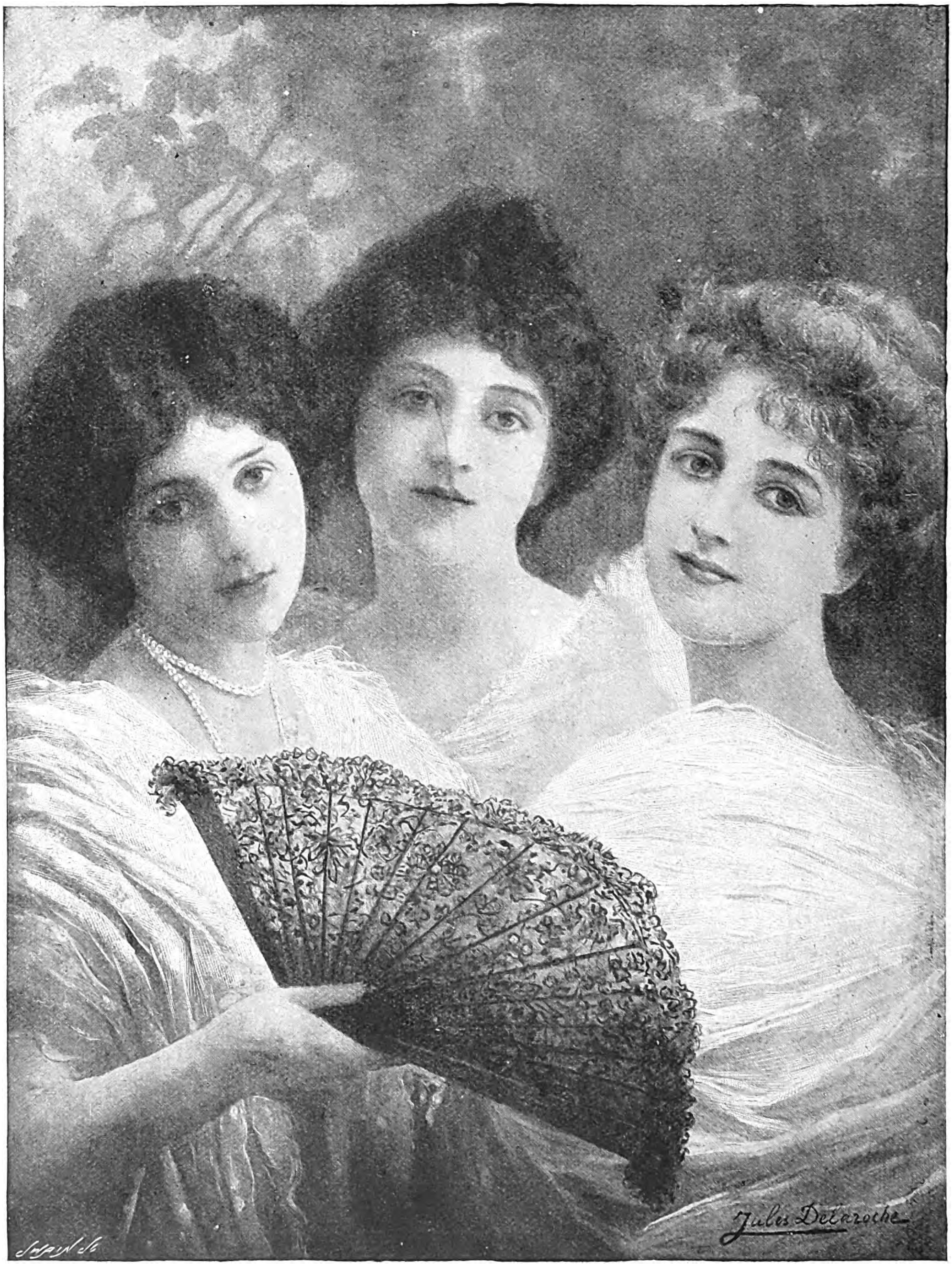
We will send postpaid, a strong, well-made, real Irish Linen Cooking Apron, upon receipt of metal tops from Armour's Extract of Beef jars. For Conditions see Coupon enclosed with each jar.

"ARMOUR'S SEASONED FLUID BEEF"—a highly concentrated and richly flavoured extract of choice beef and vegetables—has been prepared for those who prefer a seasoned Beef Extract in fluid form. It makes most delicious soups, sauces, gravies and beef tea. As a hot drink it is unsurpassed.

ARMOUR & Co., Ltd., 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Photo *H. Walter Barnett.*

"A Country Mouse."


Jules Delaroche

THE SISTERS.

From the Painting by Jules Delaroche. *Copyright, by permission of the Publishers, Messrs. E. W. Savory Ltd., Bristol.*

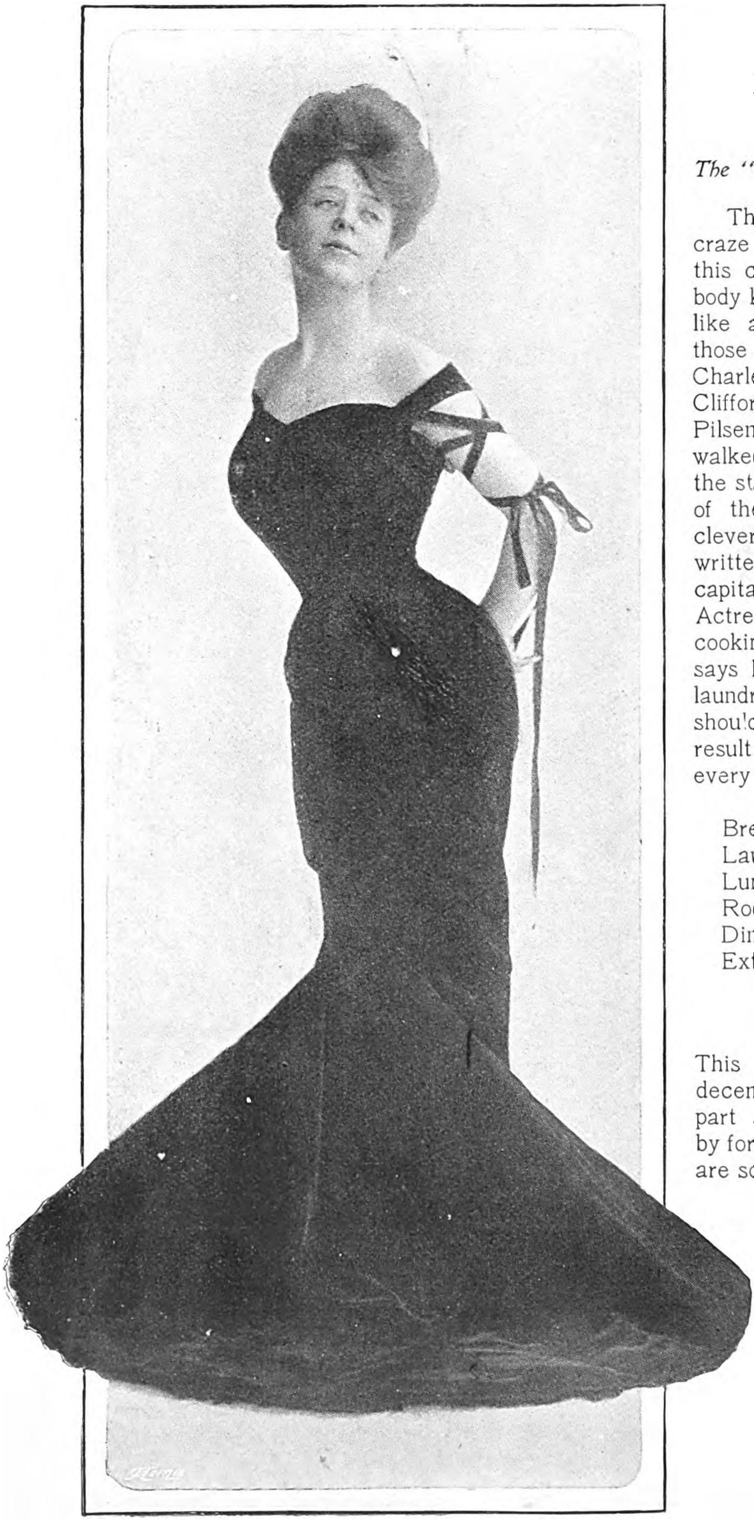


Photo Campbell-Gray.

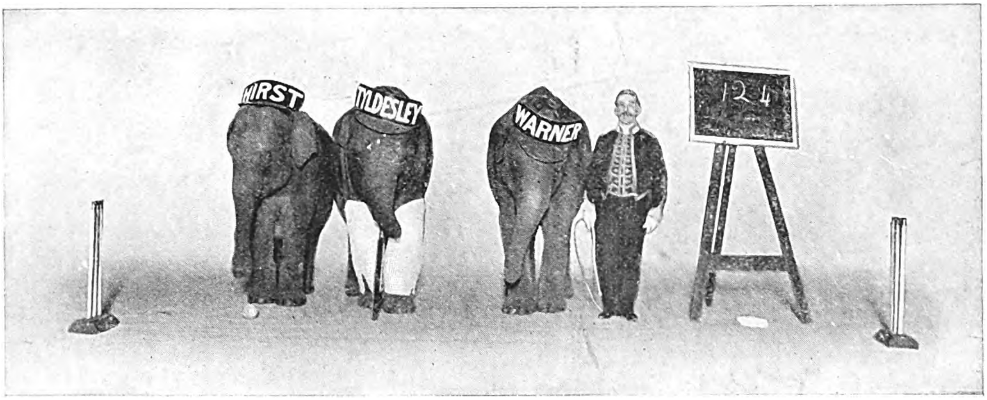
MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD.

The "Gibson Girl" from America.

This young lady created the craze for the "Gibson Girl" in this country—the girl, as everybody knows, who walks and looks like a living image of one of those lovely girls drawn by Charles Dana Gibson. Miss Clifford was in the "Prince of Pilsen." She appeared once, walked half-a-dozen times round the stage, and made the success of the piece. She is a very clever girl with ideas, and has written in a contemporary a capital article on "How an Actress can Economise." All cooking is to be done at home, says Miss Clifford, and as much laundry as possible. Two girls should live together, and the result is as follows for each girl every week:—

	£	s.	d.
Breakfasts - -	0	5	3
Laundry - -	0	5	0
Luncheons - -	0	6	0
Rooms - - -	0	10	0
Dinners - - -	0	14	0
Extras - - -	0	5	0
Total - -	£2	5	3

This arrangement will leave a decent margin out of a small-part actress' income to be put by for a rainy day, of which there are so many on the stage.



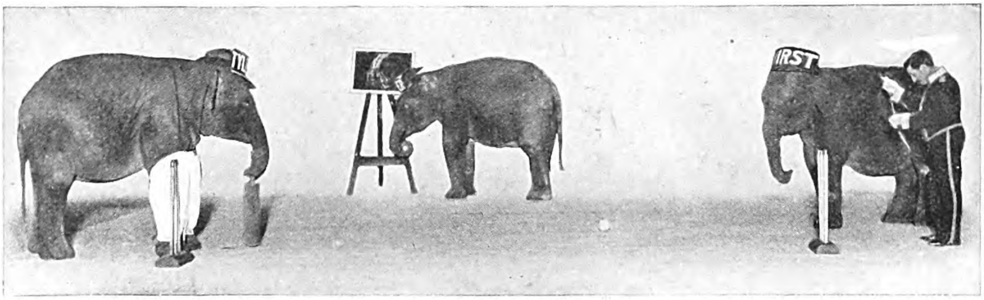
DE GRACIA'S ELEPHANTS.

Elephants Who Play Cricket.

"Two of my elephants are quick, and the third is slow, to learn," says Mr. de Gracia, of his pets. "They are like children, easily frightened, very nervous, but pacified by something nice to eat. Once they properly learn a trick they don't forget it in a hurry. But I have to be very patient with them, and it is slow work. You know, elephants' eyes magnify things immensely, and they are never afraid of anything their own size, but the little things trouble them.

"When the stables they live in have rats or mice, my elephants can't sleep, and we have to move. I feed them on bran mashes, hay, and bread, seven pounds a day each, and on Sunday I give them rice and sugar."

Mr. de Gracia's elephants are wonderful fellows, playing cricket, bowling and batting, shaving each other, and doing all sorts of tricks.



Photos *Campbell-Gray.*

Photo Cavendish Morton.

HARRY LAUDER.

The Screamingly Funny Scotch Comedian.

The "saftest of the family," was Harry Lauder's description of himself in one of his songs. But he has conquered London all the same, Scottish dialect and all, for a funnier comedian could not be found. Harry Lauder had a rough life, and by sheer hard work has got to the top of the "Variety" tree. He tells how, when a boy, he was employed in a colliery, working all day up to his waist in water, and then trudging seven miles or so to sing a comic song in a neighbouring village, all for seven and sixpence. But that was twenty years ago. Things are different now.

GEORGE HERSEE. →

The Clever Boy Actor.

Master George Hersee has had a stage experience of six years. He was the man who wrote to Queen Alexandra to thank Her Majesty for a present of sweets to the children who took part in a command performance at Windsor.

His stage career has been singularly fortunate, only two things marring the complete success of his earlier efforts. One was that in a fight he had on the stage, he got sadly damaged, owing to his opponent's enthusiasm for "scrapping"; and the other was that at one time he was strictly forbidden to talk to the green-room cat.

Photo Ellis & Walery.

ALICE COLEMAN.

A Beginner in the Ranks of Musical Comedy.

Alice Coleman is a young lady who made a modest start on the stage—a small part and an understudy—but means to get on.

In fact, so determined is she to get on that she quite conquers managerial doubts on the score of age and lack of experience; and so she is fast rising to a high position in the profession.

But then she deserves it; for what brighter young lady could you find anywhere?

Also she is a very sweet singer, and has a naturally charming manner on the stage that wins all hearts to her at once.

Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

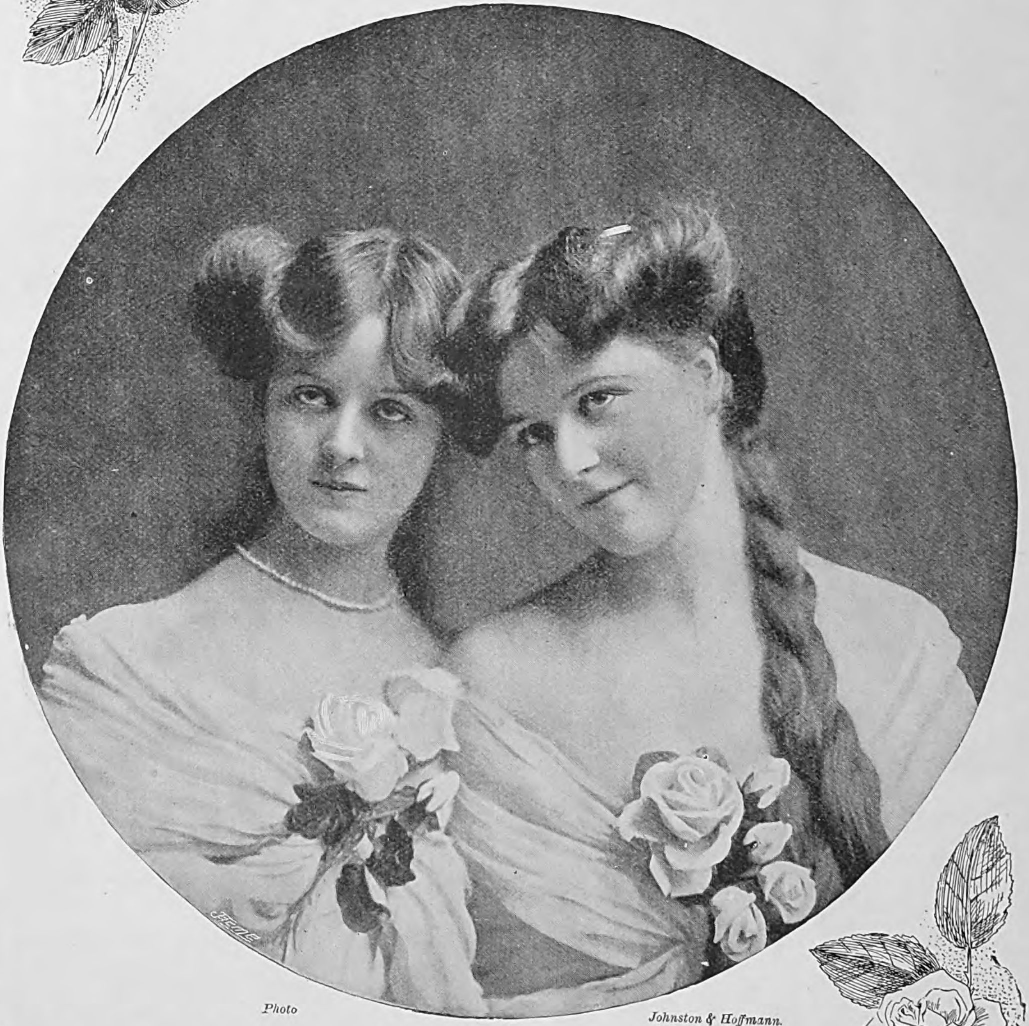


Photo *Johnston & Hoffmann.*

DORIS & BLANCHE STOCKER.

Two Young Musical Comediennes.

Doris and Blanche Stocker were born in India, and lived there until they were old enough to be sent home, for all good Indian parents send their children home to be educated; and little Doris and Blanche were packed off to a boarding school, where they, no doubt, learnt a good deal, and, no doubt—who can tell?—were very naughty little girls. However, that's all over now, and they are on the stage, swimming in the turbulent ocean of musical comedy, where hard work and brains mean good parts and good salaries.

The Confessions of Cupid

III.—DECIMA'S WHITE HAT.

The Third of a Series in which the Famous Little Matchmaker Tells of some of His Doings.

By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.

I LEFT the suburban social evening (where I had been very busy with the affairs of a young bank clerk and a local practitioner's pretty daughter) and flew westward.

After hovering about over the great houses of the great—the atmosphere of which usually stifles me—I paused before No. 12 Herkeley Square.

Evidently this was a night of revelry.

Red baize, striped awnings, and the swelling strains of the Green Bavarian Band all testified to the fact that Lady Dullminster was entertaining.

Ah! of course, this was the night of her great "Rose Ball," and Elam Marsh—the millionaire, on whom I had fixed my all-seeing eye for some time past—would be there.

Immediately I made up my mind.

Elam Marsh needed me without knowing it himself, and, if circumstances were propitious, I would go to his aid that very night.

A man still young, strong, and well-favoured, who knows of no romance outside the rise and fall of stocks and shares, and whose every hope and aspiration is dyed gold, *must* be rescued by a conscientious, hard-working little Cupid.

Deciding that I would do what I could for the empty-hearted millionaire, I flew along under the striped awning, through the great doorway, past battalions of powdered flunkeys, and up the magnificent marble staircase, which was festooned, hung, and almost buried in roses.

With a feeling of absolute inspiration thrilling through me, I flew into the ballroom, and, perching my small, invisible self on the back of a fat chaperon's chair, looked out for my latest victim.

The dancers drifted past—languid, bored, and *blasé* most of them—till at last I caught sight of my millionaire.

Yes, there he was, big, square, and powerful, with his firm mouth tightly closed, and

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that perpetual crease between his down-drawn brows—the result of much thinking, much reckoning, and much enterprise.

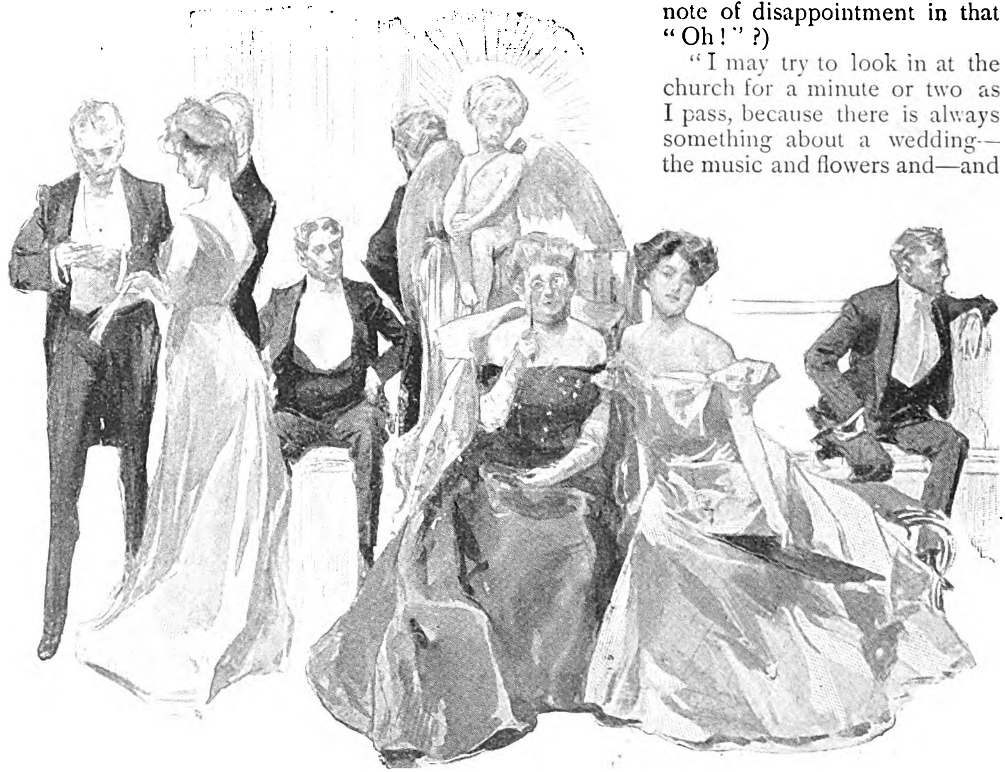
I wanted to get that crease away.

Elam Marsh was dancing just badly enough to be dignified and clever, without in the least degree interfering with the grace of his partner.

Ah, yes, his *partner*.

Who *was* his partner?

Why, Decima Deene, the daughter of a Naval officer, with a small bank balance and large list of distinguished ancestors.



Perching my small, invisible self on the back of a fat chaperon's chair, I looked out for my latest victim——

Suddenly I remembered that Decima had been my millionaire's principal partner at the big Hospital Ball at Mrs. Wellbread's little after-dinner "Hop," and at Lady Dorcas Ryder's coming-out dance; also, I had frequently seen them chatting together on the lawns at Ranelagh and Hurlingham, at various garden-parties, and on the Weere's houseboat.

Why not—er—why not——

Yes, why *not*?

The girl was lovely, and the simple short-waisted white satin gown, with the "Juliet" netted cap of seed pearls, suited her entirely.

She was very exquisite, and—she was laughing up into the eyes of the millionaire.

Leaving my post on the back of the fat chaperon's chair, I flew towards the centre of the room, and fluttered round them as they waltzed.

"Aren't you going to Nora Lancaster's wedding, then?" asked Decima.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to get away. I've got a big meeting to attend in the City," replied Elam, nearly steering into a pillar.

"Oh!" (Was there a faint note of disappointment in that "Oh!"?)

"I may try to look in at the church for a minute or two as I pass, because there is always something about a wedding—the music and flowers and—and—solemnity of it all, I suppose—that appeals to me in a vague sort of way. Whether my emotions are those of pity, or of envy, I can't tell."

As the millionaire concluded his sentence he smiled into his partner's eyes, and the Naval officer's daughter—why, she *blushed!*

That blush finished my dalliance.

Quickly I whipped out two of the sharpest arrows, just newly-dipped in an extra strong solution of bitter-sweet poison, and, standing on a chandelier, waited until they passed my way.

Then I took aim.

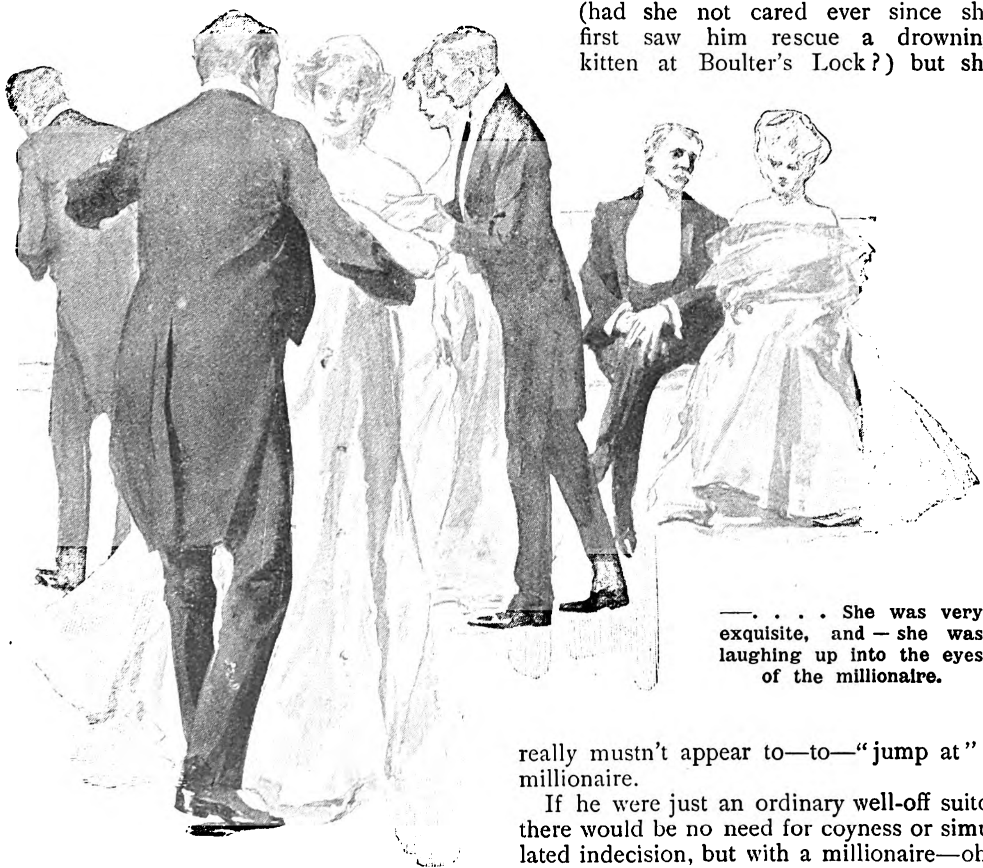
"PING!" (the Naval officer's daughter was in love!)

"PING!" (the millionaire was in love!)

There was no doubt about the success of my latest assaults; those two tiny punctures (invisible to all eyes save those of the marksman) guaranteed the mutual heart-emotions of Elam Marsh and Decima Deene!

A moment later—just as the man of money had realised that the gold of one maiden's hair was brighter than all the newly-coined sovereigns in the Mint—the music stopped.

"Shall we go into the fernery at the other end? It is cooler there, and—more secluded."



—. . . . She was very exquisite, and—she was laughing up into the eyes of the millionaire.

In all his career, Elam Marsh had never been known to hesitate, defer, or falter, when once he had made up his mind.

Evidently he wasn't going to begin now.

"Yes. I—I—should like to look at the—the—aviary," replied Decima with a delicious first-season shyness.

But when they reached the dim, fragrant fernery, they didn't even *glance* at the birds—I, who followed them, can testify to this—because, right away, and without hesitation, the millionaire began the first chapter of his love-story.

"And—and—will you give me my answer?" he asked eagerly, when he had told her how deeply and absolutely he cared.

Now, Decima, though full of the prettiest originality and sincerity in every thought and action, was not entirely free from the world's foolish little pretences and conventions.

She loved him sweetly and staunchly (had she not cared ever since she first saw him rescue a drowning kitten at Boulter's Lock?) but she really mustn't appear to—to—"jump at" a millionaire.

If he were just an ordinary well-off suitor there would be no need for coyness or simulated indecision, but with a millionaire—oh! it would *never* do to make herself the least bit "cheap"!

"You—you—must give me a day to—to—decide," said Decima, trying to disguise her joy.

"Must I? I—I—revolt at waiting! I've never had to wait for anything," answered Elam Marsh almost sullenly.

"I'll give you your answer at the wedding to-morrow."

"I told you that I should only just be able to look in at the church in passing. I can't possibly make time to stop and speak to you *then*, and—and—I *can't* wait longer than two o'clock for my answer!"

Decima paused, and the promise of those mischief - curves about her mouth was fulfilled.

She just remembered a very touching book she had read only a week before, in which the heroine gives the hero his answer by signal. It was such an original idea, and *so* romantic!

"Suppose," she said, still looking down, and twisting the fronds of a helpless fern round her slim gloved fingers, "I—I—make a sign at the wedding—if you care to look out for it? Then you'll know my answer directly you enter the church."

"What sort of sign?"

"Well, suppose" (she looked deliberately mischievous now) "that if I am wearing a *white* hat, you take it that my answer is 'NO,' but if I am wearing a *pink* hat, why—why—it is 'YES!'—I will go early, get a seat right under the first window on the left so that you can see me. Will that do?"

"It will *have* to do," answered Elam, with the powerless acquiescence which "weak" women can force upon "strong" men; "but—but for the sake of—of—everything, Heaven grant that you are wearing a *pink* hat at the Lancaster wedding to-morrow!" he concluded huskily and reverently.

An hour later the millionaire was missing from Lady Dullminster's ball - room (a privately - arranged midnight meeting of directors had called him away), while the girl who held the key of his earthly heaven sat at a small table, waiting for her partner, who had gone in search of a particular species of striped ice which the footman had failed to secure.

She didn't really want the ice—it was only a ruse to get the partner out of the way, so that she could have a moment for glad reflections.

"I *do* love him! Oh! I *do*, *do* love him!" she murmured beneath her breath. "And though my pink chiffon hat is vilely unbecoming, and doesn't accord one bit with my gown, how gladly, oh, *how* gladly, I'd put it on to-morrow! I am sure papa would have said that I did quite rightly not to give—er—Elam his answer right away, but it was terribly hard to——"

Her reflections came to a sudden halt as a gushing girl-friend paused by her chair and laid a suède-gloved hand on her shoulder.

"Oh! my dear! *I've* been watching you," she gurgled, "and I can't think *how* you can talk to that horrid millionaire man—Elam Marsh! Ugh!"

"I don't find Mr. Marsh in the least objectionable," replied Decima distantly.

"Don't you? Well, if you had heard Mr. Mosstein tell papa what *I* heard him tell, perhaps you wouldn't be so pleased to give him three dances running!"

"W— what do you mean, Mildred?"

"I mean that papa asked Mr. Mosstein how Elam Marsh made his money, and Mr. Mosstein said: 'Various specs of sorts—risky jobs—and then—it's not generally known—but he *deals in slaves!* He's been at it for some time. He keeps that, like all his other affairs, pretty dark, but a lot of people have begun to get wind of it. . . .' Now, my dear, what d'you think of that? . . . Ah! there's the music beginning—take my advice and don't give any more waltzes to the slave-dealer when he asks you. *I* wouldn't!"

When the moustached Guardsman returned with the striped ice, he found his partner white-faced, frightened eyed, and trembling.

"Captain Smart!" she cried in a low tremulous voice. "Can—can—you tell me, please, if it is true that—that—Mr. Elam Marsh *d—d—deals in slaves?*"

The Guardsman put down the ice and looked surprised.

"Yes, perfectly true," he replied, scattering the melting fluid over his polished pumps. "How did you know it, though? Marsh is such a beggar for keeping his business to himself. Oh, yes, he deals in slaves right enough, but, Miss Deene—aw—I say—aren't you well?"

But his question remained unswered, and the striped ice remained uneaten.

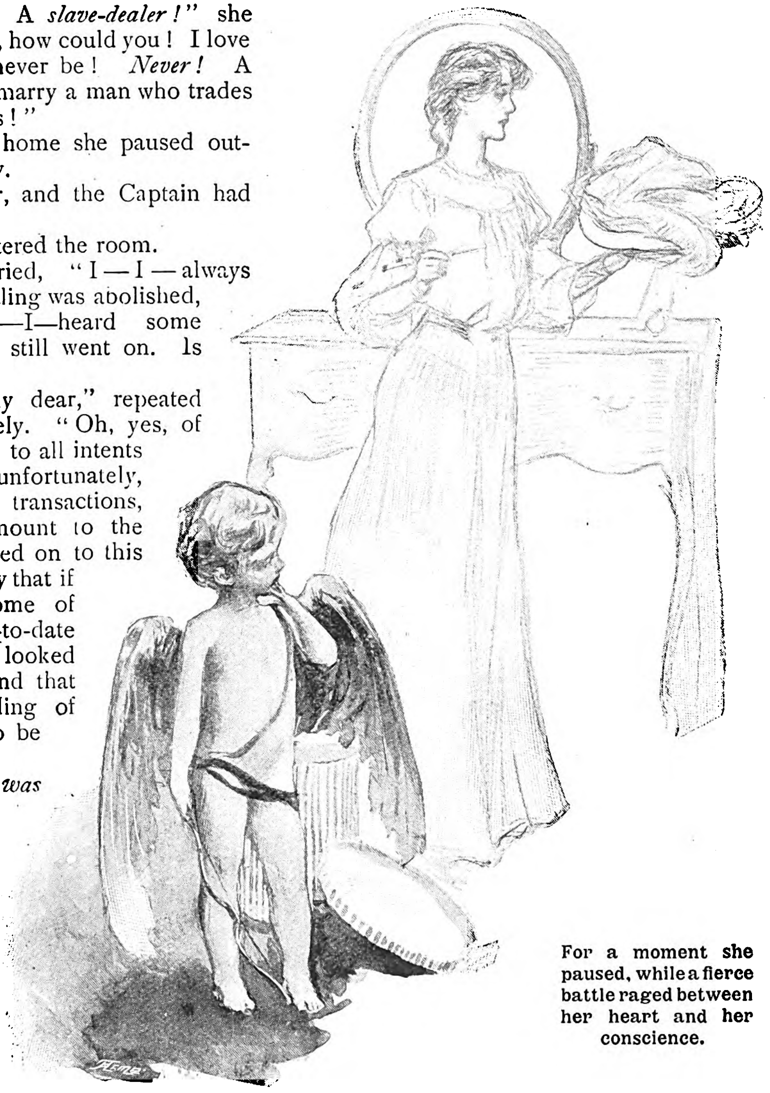
Without a word Decima had gone, and was making her way towards the cloak-room, leaving her partner under the impression that Captain Deene's daughter was slightly crazy.

Ten minutes later she was driving home in a hansom, sending a message to her chaperon that she wasn't feeling well, and had gone without disturbing her. (The chaperon, after the way of such-like dragons, was deep in the mysteries of supper at the time.)

Poor, poor little girl!

I had made yet another mistake!

How I yearned, as I sat unseen and intangible on the seat by her side, to be able to put my fat dimpled arm round her neck and comfort her.



For a moment she paused, while a fierce battle raged between her heart and her conscience.

"A slave-dealer! A *slave-dealer!*" she moaned. "Oh, Elam, how could you! I love you, but—but it can never be! *Never!* A white woman cannot marry a man who trades in his fellow-creatures!"

When she reached home she paused outside her father's study.

The door was ajar, and the Captain had gone to bed.

Impulsively she entered the room.

"Daddy," she cried, "I — I — always thought that slave-dealing was abolished, but—er—to-night I—I—heard some people saying that it still went on. Is it true?"

"Slave-dealing, my dear," repeated Captain Deene vaguely. "Oh, yes, of course, it's abolished to all intents and purposes, but, unfortunately, a certain number of transactions, which practically amount to the same thing, are carried on to this day. I'm sorry to say that if the sources of income of several of our up-to-date millionaires were looked into, it would be found that the buying and selling of human beings had to be reckoned with."

So it was true—*it was true!*

It must be the white hat and a life of heartache!

All through that night I, impotent and pitying, stayed by Decima's bedside, watching a young girl trying to quench the flame of her first love-light with tears. And when the morning came — the blazing morning of Nora Lancaster's wedding—it found her grave and resigned, determined to follow the rigid cold edicts of her white maiden conscience.

Such sin as Elam Marsh's could not enter into her life!

With chill, nerveless fingers she made her toilette for the function at which half Society would he present, hardly pausing before the glass in order to note the perfect picture—a wistful-faced girl with primrose-gold hair, clad in a soft white silk muslin gown.

Then she opened the hat-box.

Yes, there they were—the *pink* chiffon, and the *white* drawn-tulle hats!

Mechanically she lifted the rose-coloured creation and placed it on her head.

It wasn't particularly pretty or particularly becoming, but oh! how she longed to wear it!

For a moment she paused, while a fierce battle raged between her heart and her conscience.

At last conscience won: the pink hat was replaced in the box, and the white tulle millinery triumph was exalted to the summit of a lovely woman's head.

Decima Deene had voluntarily ended her own romance.

As she drove to the church with her mother she gazed out of the carriage window with aching, smarting eyes.

It was such a golden, gorgeous day, and the glare and brilliancy of the gay summer weather hurt this girl, who felt that *her* time of roses was over.

The sunlight sickened her, the flowers sickened her, and as they entered the luxurious and fashionable church (my faithful little self flying in the rear) I knew that Decima Deene felt a stab of positive agony.

There is nothing like the hushed rustle of wedding excitement for hurting a woman who has elected to be lonely!

Making their way to the pew situated under the first window on the left, Decima and her mother took their seats while I hovered near them. (Oh! no, I wasn't required up at the altar—it was a fashionable Society wedding, you know!)

The sun blazed through the high stained-glass windows, sending great shafts of light across the building; the altar was white with lily-blossoms; beautiful women wore their bravest gowns, and the organ, suddenly ceasing to wander through by-ways of soft rambling sound, burst into the triumphant gladness of the "Lohengrin" bridal march.

It was a picturesque moment, and at that instant—before the bride appeared at the principal entrance—Elam Marsh came in at the side door closest to the pew where Decima was seated.

Immediately he glanced towards the white-hatted, white-gowned girl; then, without a second's delay, left the church unobtrusively as he had entered it.

The slave-dealing millionaire had evidently seen enough, poor fellow!

The white hat must have killed *his* summer day!

When the wedding and reception were both over, I felt inclined to leave Decima in order to see what I could do for the chief bridesmaid and best man; but a feeling of curiosity, mingled with commiseration, seemed to draw me towards the girl who had so faithfully served her conscience.

Therefore I decided to remain with her till the following morning, and watch how she bore her trouble.

For dinner that evening (the Deenes were dining alone) Decima wore a sad little black frock, above which her white throat, pale face, and primrose-gold head rose with pathetic prettiness.

"Decima must really have some new home dinner-gowns, John," said Mrs. Deene, addressing her husband.

"So she shall, my love, when I've made my fortune" replied Captain Deene cheerily.

"That's an affair of some delay, my dear," replied his wife in those ultra-ladylike accents which are the sharpest weapons of an irritating woman.

"Not so much, perhaps, Eleanor; not so much when my new 'spec' begins to bring forth its fruits."

"What is your new speculation?"

"Slaves, my dear. I'm going to deal in slaves!"

"*Slaves*, John!"

"Sl—slaves, Papa!" (Oh! was this hideous thing following her even into her home!)

"Yes, 'Slavonian Firsts'—mines, you know—commonly called 'Slaves' among speculators. Marsh put me up to the tip last night. He does big deals in them himself, but more or less on the quiet, because, directly he touches a stock, it's tantamount to booming it, so (not wanting to affect the market) he often buys 'Slaves' stock under an assumed name. It's decent of him to put me up to it—he usually keeps his transactions very much to himself; though, all the same, I believe that it's got afloat that he holds an immense quantity of 'Slavonian Firsts.'"

So this was the "slave-dealing" of Elam Marsh!

It was for the sake of a large holding in mine shares that Decima Deene had worn a white hat, and spoilt her life!

* * * * *

When dinner was over I flew after Decima and followed her up to her little white and yellow boudoir on the first floor.

In a dull, apathetic sort of way she sank down on to a low chair, and, clasping her slender bare arms about her knees, gazed with a fixed stare of misery at nothing at all.

Poor Decima! It is such a hopeless sign when girls gaze at nothing at all.

"So I've done what can't be undone!" she muttered. "I could never recall him, and if I did, he would never come. Elam is not a man to make sport for the whims of a woman, and—and—if I once confessed that I believed him guilty of *slave-dealing*, he—he—oh! what an idiot I have been—a poor, credulous idiot!"

Yes, certainly it was a particularly tragic affair.

Just because of a stupid abbreviation of the name of certain gold mines near the equator, a *débutante* had lost the man she loved, and—of course, this side of the question doesn't appeal to me, but I speak with the sordid world—a millionaire into the bargain.

However, to do Captain Deene's daughter justice, it was not the financial loss that troubled her or caused her to bury her pretty primrose-gold head in the cushions, and shed those bitter, quenchless tears, which I alone can cause to flow—it was the *man*, the man *she loved*.

Just as I had arrived at the conclusion that I couldn't do any good by remaining longer, and was packing up my quiver preparatory to going on elsewhere, the door softly opened.

Who was this intruding upon our privacy?

The heavy plush curtain swayed, waved, and then parted. Ah!——

Elam Marsh had entered the room—Elam Marsh not wearing the mournful air of a rejected suitor, but full of that triumphant assurance of one who has suddenly gained the right to be happy.

Decima lifted her head, and gazed at him with startled, tear-wet eyes, but before she could utter a word his arms were about her, and her lips were warm with the kisses of a millionaire. (Oh, yes, they are just like other kisses!)

I, perched on the vantage-ground of the piano, was mystified.

What did it all mean?

"Why are you crying, sweetheart?" murmured Elam fondly. "I—I am going to insist on thinking that they are happy tears, my darling—the only sort of tears which, please Heaven, you shall ever shed! . . . Oh, my Decima! my Decima! when I entered the church this morning, looked for your signal, and found you wearing a pink hat, I—usually the most self-contained of mortals—had to hurry away to keep myself from crying out for very gladness. Heaven bless that pink hat—my wife!"

And Decima, wise in her generation of girls, accepted the situation, the suitor, and her life's happiness, without asking any questions or making any awkward confessions—but all the same, she is convinced to this very day that her husband is colour-blind!

However, I—really a very far-seeing little god, despite my supposed impaired vision—discovered the solution to the mystery less than a week later, when I again had occasion to visit St. Mildred's Church.

As on the afternoon of Nora Lancaster's wedding, it was a blazing day, and the sun, shining in full mid-summer power through the stained glass windows, once more sent forth shafts of crimson, blue, and yellow light.

And there in the pew where Decima had sat was a little child holding a high bunch of arum lilies—not white, but PINK arum lilies!

Then I understood.

The sun, piercing through the crimson raiment of a pictured saint, had dyed the white hat pink, and thus Elam Marsh was given his answer!

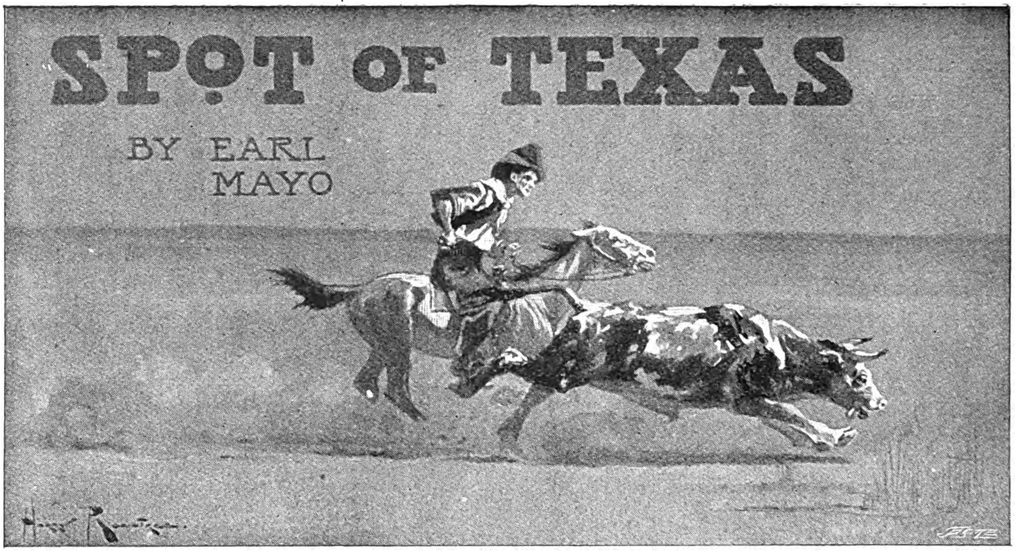
I often wish I could tell the millionaire's wife that it is to a patch of coloured sunlight she owes her present complete happiness.

She thinks it's all my doing! Ha! Ha!

* * *

Reading the Thoughts of Kings.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the famous thought-reader—who has read the thoughts of at least a score of reigning monarchs, including King Edward himself, not to mention statesmen, generals, admirals, diplomats, and literary lights without number—is now contributing an intensely interesting series of Articles to the pages of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, describing his experiments and experiences with his royal and distinguished subjects. He has dealt in the January and February Numbers with his readings of the thoughts and characters of Kings, and in the March PEARSON'S—published March 1st—will give his impressions of many famous statesmen, including Gladstone, Cecil Rhodes, Li Hung Chang, and Mr. Chamberlain.



The Life History of a Steer, from his Birth on an American Ranch to his Arrival in London.

BY EARL MAYO.

THERE was really nothing exceptional about this particular steer. He was just the ordinary product of the cattle country—the wild longhorn blood of his plains, ancestry modified by a plentiful admixture of the civilised and aristocratic Hereford. He never rose to the dignity of possessing a Christian name, although we will call him "Spot," since it is convenient, and because his red coat was sprinkled with little splashes of white that made him conspicuous in any group of cattle.

He was simply one of the three hundred and fifty thousand of his kind that crossed the Atlantic last year on hoof or in refrigerators, to make brain and brawn for the work of the old world; and, though he was a great traveller, it is doubtful if he appreciated his advantages in this direction. Quite possibly he would have been as happy had his end come earlier, in some sanguinary conflict on the plains or in that vast live-stock wilderness in Chicago, a bourne from which so many of his fellows return in cold-storage.

Spot first opened his eyes among the scattered scrub that struggled for existence beside a dried-up stream in northern Texas, his mother standing over him, licking his wet coat and mooing softly. He was an ungainly object then, with legs that seemed too long for his body, and that sent him staggering in half-drunken fashion when he first essayed to move about on them. A little experience, however, soon taught him to control these unruly members, and at the end of his first forty-eight hours he followed his mother on to the wide plain, billowy as a summer ocean, and apparently as limitless, its surface unmarked by any moving object except knots of cattle here and there.

It was a pathless wild, but it proved a very pleasant home in which to spend an irresponsible calfhood. The warmth of growing Spring was in the air by day, and at night Spot lay down close beside his mother, her greater bulk protecting him from the chill winds that sometimes swept across the plain.

Underneath the dry, brown stalks of the preceding season's grass fresh shoots were springing up, and the older cattle knew exactly how to move the former aside with their muzzles so as to reach the succulent spears.

As for the calves, they had no care except to follow where their mothers led, to feed whenever the craving prompted them, and for the rest to indulge in lively cavortings, or contented naps all day long.

It was an untrammelled life that Spot led, during those early weeks of his existence. Of the great world beyond his unchanging horizon he knew nothing, nor did he dream that it held beings different from those he

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saw about him—the cattle drifting slowly across the plain, cropping the grass as they moved; the coyotes that sometimes slunk towards one of the young calves that had wandered away from the others at nightfall, only to scurry away in cowardly fashion when the enraged mother charged down upon them; the jack-rabbits hopping hither and thither.

Of course from the day of his birth he was property, but that he did not know. To all intents and purposes he was free, for the range stretched forth so vast that many a calf grew to be a full-fledged steer withour ever seeing the wire fence that marked the limits of his native ranch.

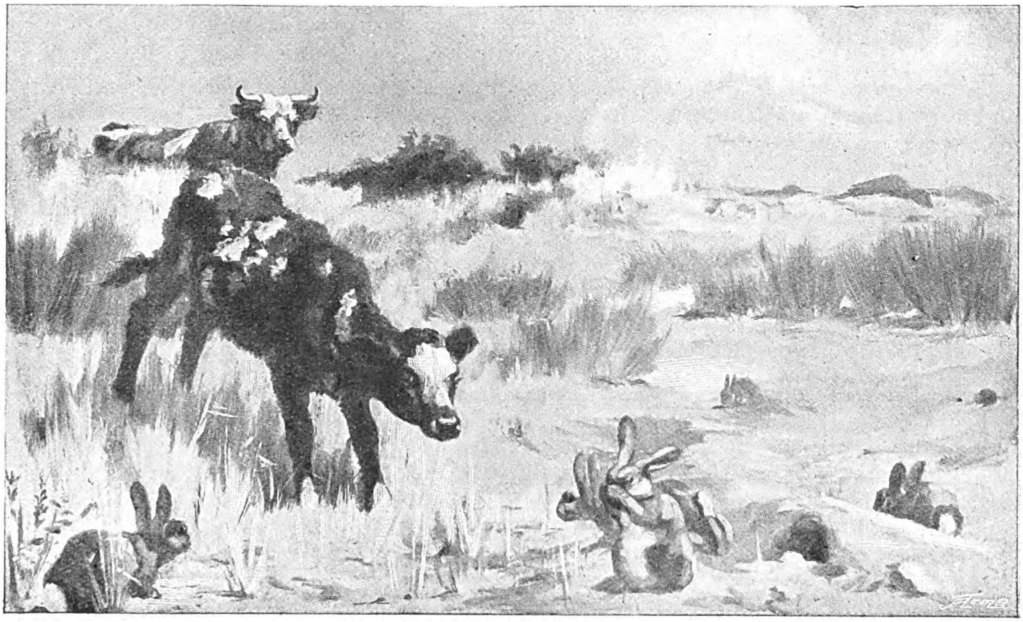
Spot's first knowledge that the range could be cruel as well as kind came on a March afternoon, when dark clouds banked up the northern sky, and out of them came a driving sleet and a wind that cut his tender hide like a knife. Moved by the instinct of self-preservation, which had served countless generations of unhoused ancestors, the cattle bunched close together, with heads held low, facing the storm, while the calves crowded in between, finding protection from the sleet in the bodies of the larger cattle, but so numbed by the cold that they had scarcely energy left to low piteously.

A Texas "norther" is a fearful thing for cattle, and whenever it sweeps down through the Panhandle country, it leaves a trail of carcasses behind, over which the coyotes quarrel, until a few whitening bones here and there remain as the only memento of its passage. All night long the herd stood facing the blast, until with the coming of morning every spear of grass was incased in ice, making it impossible to graze, while their own coats were covered with frozen sheathing, and many of the younger calves, frozen stiff, would never scamper over the plain again.

This fate had not been Spot's, but he was so stiff and cold that he felt he must lie down. As often as he did so his mother, usually so gentle with him, pricked him with her horns until he staggered to his feet once more. She kept him moving slowly but persistently, for she knew without any process of reasoning that the calf that lay down on that ice-clad ground would never rise again.

During all that day and the next night there was no grazing on the range, nor in all northern Texas, for the cattle country was an ice-bound country, and the cattle themselves were perishing by scores and hundreds. On the afternoon of the second day the "norther" ceased; the warm south breeze from the Gulf sprang up again, and in a few hours the storm was only a bitter memory.

Early in May, when Spot was nearly three months old, another experience, almost as unpleasant as the "norther," though of a very different kind, befel him. He was kicking up his heels close by the place where his



It was an untrammelled life that Spot led, during those early weeks of his existence.

mother was feeding in a little depression of the far-spreading pasturage, when there was a thud, thud of hoof-beats on the hard ground above, and a man on horseback appeared at the head of the gully, waving his hat and shouting at them.

The calf did not know what to make of the strange object, and cowered in fear beside his mother, but she did not appear to mind the intruder. The experience of many seasons told her what was wanted, and she turned calmly back and moved slowly along ahead of the rider, who followed them until they had gained the open plain, and then turned away to search other gullies and hidden water-holes.

Out of crevices and from behind ridges other cattle began to appear, singly and in twos and threes, followed by other shouting horsemen. They all drifted slowly across the plain, never hurrying, sometimes stopping to crop a few mouthfuls of especially-tempting grass, but constantly converging towards the distant point where the white canvas top of the food-waggon marked the site of the day's rendezvous.

The cowboys kept the whole herd moving forward, riding behind them in a wide circle, until by noon all the cattle in this section of the range were gathered into one big, shifting group, kept together by the dozen mounted men who galloped round its outskirts.

The cause of this gathering of the denizens of the range was the Spring round-up, when the cattleman takes tally of the increase of his stock. To the older cows it was a familiar experience, for they had been through it many times, but to Spot and the other calves it was bewildering, and as they ran here and there in the crowd they were continually getting lost, and calling for their mothers to come and search them out.

They easily got lost. It is a familiar fact in the cattle country that while a calf will often mistake another cow for its mother, the cow never makes a mistake as to her offspring. In the old days of the open range, when half a dozen different brands were represented in a round-up, this rule was relied upon in determining the ownership of the young stock, and it was the recognised law that a calf belonged to the cow that claimed it.

As soon as the men had eaten their dinner and changed their mounts the real work of the round-up began. This was the range calf's introduction to the realities of life, and Spot was among the first to experience it.

The first intimation that he was about to receive special attention was when one of the cowboys rode towards the place where he was standing, near the outskirts of the mass of cattle. Spot looked upon this as merely a repetition of the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the morning, and dashed towards the thick of the herd, but wherever he turned the wiry little cow pony was close behind him. He wound in and out among the shifting cattle, now pressing close to his mother's side, and again squirming in between two strangers, but the persistent pony was always at his heels, and if he hesitated a moment a sharp nip on his back told him he was to move on.

Presently Spot made the mistake of trying to run for the open. No sooner was he beyond the crush of the herd than a rope flashed out from the hand of the man behind him; he felt it tighten around his hind legs at the next jump, and in another instant he had been jerked from his feet, and was being dragged across the rough ground at a rate that knocked all the wind out of him. His mother followed fast, protesting at the top of her voice against this treatment; but men on foot ran in front of her waving their big hats in her face, and driving her back to the herd.

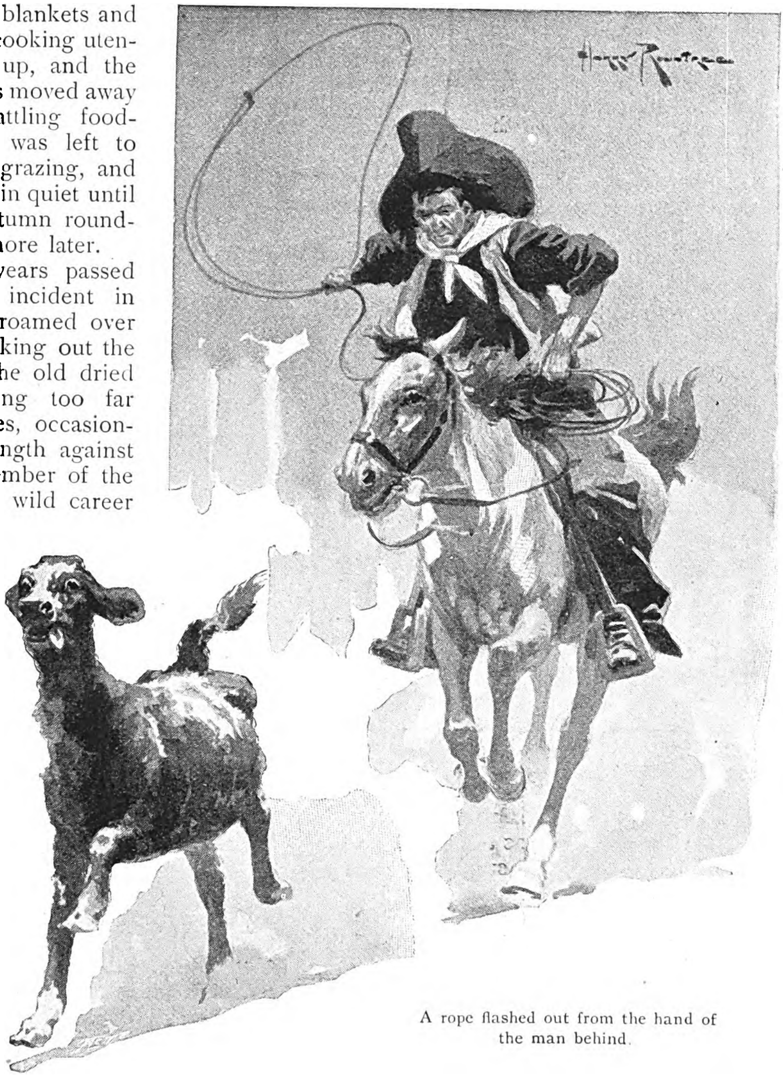
Spot was dragged at the end of the rope a hundred yards or more to where half-a-dozen men stood waiting about a fire, in which long-handled irons glowed at white heat. One of the men seized him by the ears and sat on his head with a weight that made his eyes bulge; another, pressing his heavy boot against one hind foot, pushed it far forward, and seizing the other in his hand pulled it backward until the muscles of the side and flank were drawn taut. A third man quickly pressed two of the glowing irons, one after the other, upon his side, burning through hair and hide with the badge of the range, the mark of ownership which would never leave him, but would always reclaim him, no matter how far he might wander or be driven. A fourth man, who stood by with a small book in his hand, monotonously droned, "One bull-calf," and added a mark to the record on his tally-sheet.

The horrible burning sensation lasted only a moment, and almost before Spot realised what had happened he was dragged to his feet and driven back towards the herd where his mother waited to lick his wounds comfortingly.

The same process was repeated with the other calves one after another, while the rows of figures in the tallyman's book grew longer and the cloud of dust around the cattle became steadily thicker, until the branding was finished. Then blankets and branding-irons and cooking utensils were gathered up, and the cavalcade of cowboys moved away followed by the rattling food-waggon. The herd was left to scatter again to its grazing, and to occupy the range in quiet until the time of the Autumn round-up, five months or more later.

The next two years passed without particular incident in Spot's career. He roamed over the range at will, seeking out the best grasses under the old dried stalks, never straying too far from the water-holes, occasionally trying his strength against some belligerent member of the herd, or dashing in wild career across the plain with the other cattle in flight from some imaginary alarm.

In spite of the hardship of occasional famine and cold, Spot grew rapidly in size and strength. His legs became strong until he was as fleet as a horse—after the fashion of the true Texas steer not fully transformed by the infusion of civilised blood. His frame was large, and though never fat, he had in him the making of a fine beef creature.


A rope flashed out from the hand of the man behind.

At the Spring and Autumn round-ups he was gathered in with the other cattle, but the men in charge paid no attention to him beyond a cursory glance and a brief comment on his promising appearance. Presently he was no longer greatly afraid of men on horseback, and had almost forgotten the time when he was branded. Yet the brand was still there, and its presence meant that in the course of time his existence would be forfeited to the cattle company's demand for dividends.

At the Spring round-up in his second year Spot, with a full thousand of his fellows, all young and well-conditioned steers, was separated from the main herd and started on his first long journey. They headed almost directly north and travelled steadily on day after day, snatching mouthfuls of grass as they moved, but always moving with the insistent bronchos and their riders close behind.

At night they lay down near some convenient water-hole, and there was always a chance for an hour or two of grazing before darkness settled down, and again in the morning before the day's journey began, but this was very different from the leisurely feeding to which they had been accustomed, and the cattle became lean and gaunt. Their surroundings were new and strange, and the range steer is always nervous in the presence of unfamiliar things.

Sometimes they would move about uneasily for two or three hours before settling down to rest at night, and at such times the cowboys kept a close watch over them, riding about the herd in a wide circle, and crooning a sort of long-drawn chant, a process known as "singing to the cattle," which usually had the effect of quieting them.

One night, however, when black clouds in the north-west brought on darkness earlier than usual, Spot found it impossible to settle down. Whether it was the thought of his Texas home or an unreasoning fear of the vivid flashes of lightning that occasionally cut the cloud-bank and lighted up the plain, he could not have told, but he began pacing about, sniffing at the earth, until his spirit of restlessness had communicated itself to the other cattle, and they all began circling round and round in aimless fashion. The foreman of the cowboys, who understood these symptoms, said to the men of the night watch before he turned in :

"You'll have to keep a sharp eye out to-night. The cattle are uneasy out there, and I'm afraid there'll be trouble before morning."

So the cowboys circled round and round the herd singing their wordless chant, until presently the movement among the cattle grew less and less, and some of them began to lie down. Spot was thinking of following their example, when suddenly out of the clouds that had mounted steadily higher and higher until the night was almost pitch-black came a terrific crash of thunder and a blinding flash of light, the forewarning of the storm.

Ordinarily Spot did not mind storms. He had passed through too many of them. But to-night, in his alarmed condition, this one thing was enough to overmaster him. Terror, the desire to escape from he knew not what, seized upon him, and with a startled bellow he dashed away into the darkness, while twice a thousand pairs of hoofs thundered after him through the darkness.

In vain the cowboys dashed for the van of the terror-stricken mass of cattle, discharging their pistols before the onrushing herd. With the impetus of a thousand maddened fellow-creatures behind him Spot could not have stopped or turned if he had willed, and he willed nothing. The spirit of flight, of his wild, free forefathers held him, and only exhaustion could master it.

On and on thundered the mad stampede, the fearless cowboys and their plucky ponies keeping pace with the rushing cattle in the darkness, where a false step or a treacherous prairie-dog hole meant that they would be trampled to death in an instant.

In a half-hour they had covered more ground than in a day's ordinary journey. Then suddenly another flash of lightning revealed to Spot and to the others in the forefront the fact that just before them was a steep embankment. It was too late to stop or swerve. With one tremendous leap Spot launched himself over the edge, unknowing what was before him. By good fortune he landed on firm ground on the other side, but some of those behind were not so fortunate, and went tumbling down among the rocks and bushes of the ravine, where they lay with broken legs, or were trampled upon by the herd behind until the little gulch held half a hundred dead, or maimed cattle.

Some of the cowboys had fared ill, being thrown in attempting to clear the gulch, and one poor fellow with his pony was stamped out of all recognition by the flying hoofs. But this ended the stampede. Before Spot could renew his flight the cowboys were before him, shouting and shooting into the air and barring his progress. The few steers that rushed past on one side or the other, finding themselves unaccompanied, soon stopped and lay down to rest.

A day was occupied in gathering in the strays, and then the cavalcade went forward again. The journey ended a fortnight later among the rolling Wyoming hills, where Spot soon found that the buffalo grass growing in detached tufts was stronger, higher, and more succulent than any he had cropped before.

Upon this fine food he grew with astonishing rapidity, and by the time late Autumn arrived he had acquired the size and weight of many a four-year-old. Still he was not fat, though he carried a good supply of solid flesh and muscle.

His new owners had not perhaps expected to part with him so soon; but he was a fine young steer, the corn crop was a heavy one, and the Chicago quotations for beef were running higher than they had for many years. These circumstances worked together to change the ownership of Spot once more.

He was bundled into a stock car, packed with so many of his fellows that he had scarce room to turn his head, and was carried eastward nearly three hundred miles to be put down on the premises of a Nebraska "feed-lot" owner, where he entered upon a life of ease such as he never before had experienced.

The feed-lot owner is a new factor in the cattle business, a development of the past decade. Formerly, cattle went direct from the range to the market, big of frame, but meagre of flesh. Now the feed-lot man takes them in hand and makes them successful candidates for the rating of "prime," instead of "common" or "poor," as they would be classed except for his attentions.

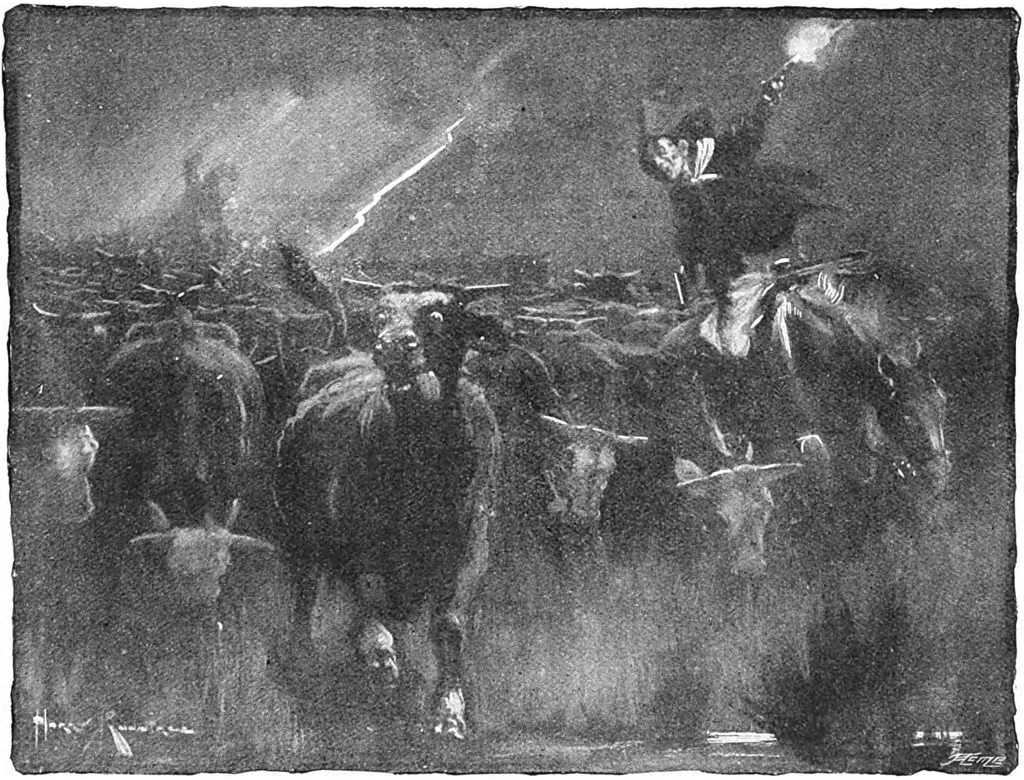
He depends not at all upon grass. Corn and hay and plenty of them are his staples, and he has reduced his system to an art so exact that he can take a range steer and add to him now a streak of fat and now a streak of lean, in a manner that would have been entirely acceptable to Jack Spratt and his wife of blessed childhood's memory.

Under these new conditions, Spot grew big and sleek and positively lazy. He had been accustomed to browse all day, in order to satisfy his appetite. He had been compelled to travel long distances to obtain water. When storms came, there had been no choice but to face them with the scant protection obtained by huddling together with the other cattle.

Now all this was changed. His food—fragrant hay, and fine, long cornstalks with golden ears—was placed before him, and he had only the exertion of eating it.

Near the centre of the home was a broad pond of clear water, which was kept full by a windmill. There were comfortable sheds to lie under when snow fell on cold nights.

Under this excellent treatment Spot was not long in taking on a good twenty stone, until, before the supply of corn was exhausted, he stood a one-hundred-stone steer, with well-rounded body, and a smooth, sleek coat, quite different from the rough jacket that he wore in his range days. Now he was a creature to appeal to a connoisseur of beef cattle, and so it happened that when a buyer from a near-by city drove out to the feed-lot owner's establishment one day Spot was among the steers that he selected.



In vain the cowboys dashed for the van of the terror-stricken mass of cattle, discharging their pistols before the onrushing herd.

Again there was the cattle car, with its cramped space—one of a long train of fifty. But Spot was worldly-wise now. He was no longer afraid of men or horses, or railway trains, or many of the things that once frightened him. He took the trip stoically.

Once every day the steers were let out to feed and drink and stretch their legs, and then they travelled on again. At length, one morning, the jolting of the train was replaced by a gentler motion. Instead of the roar of the locomotive ahead, a tug was puffing alongside. The cars had been run upon a big float, and were crossing the North River in New York Harbour towards a long pier, beside which lay a giant ocean liner.

If Spot's literary education had not been neglected he might have spelt the big white letters on her side into the name *Minnetonka,* and might have guessed that he was to become a passenger on board her. But perhaps it was as well that he did not know that last year this same ship and her sisters of the Atlantic Transport Line carried to England forty thousand of his kind, while the White Star steamers, a little further up the harbour front, carried out an almost equal number, or that all these went to satisfy the Briton's fondness for the roast beef that has made his country great.

After he had been carefully examined by a government inspector, and found to be in perfect condition, Spot with his fellows was driven up a narrow gangway to the deck of the ship, where he found quarters that were positively luxurious compared with those he had occupied on his railway trips. There was plenty of room here, and the clean, whitewashed partitions stretched away as far as he could see. There were cattle above, below, and on every side of him—nearly a thousand in all.

The cattle were all tied so that they could not move about much, but their heads were free, and there was no jolting or jarring or crowding, but only the imperceptible onward movement of the great steamship. Three times a day the men who took care of the cattle fed them on corn and shook down a plentiful supply of hay before them.

Indeed, all were looked after nearly as watchfully as the human passengers on the upper deck, for each one represented twenty pounds at the prevailing prices, and they were too valuable to be allowed to deteriorate through neglect.

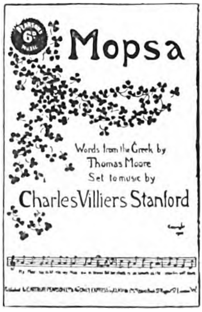
After nine days of this travel the *Minnetonka* entered Tilbury Docks, the cattle were transferred—once more to a float—and went upon the Thames to London.

Here, at the City's live-stock metropolis, Deptford Market, let us leave our friend Spot. We have accompanied him across a continent and an ocean since he left his early home, but further we shall not go. The subject is too painful.

The British law says that no foreign beef shall leave Deptford alive. And Spot's time of grace is short, for the same law provides that all cattle must be killed within ten days after landing. He will therefore be carefully inspected once more, this time by representatives both of Uncle Sam and of John Bull, and after he receives their good-health certificates the Deptford butchers will claim him.

A week or a fortnight after his arrival we may meet Spot again, and dine, not with him, but upon him. At the same time, at a hundred other tables in London, the steer that was raised in Texas, fattened in Nebraska, and killed at Deptford, is helping to make the dinner successful.

FIVE POPULAR SONGS.



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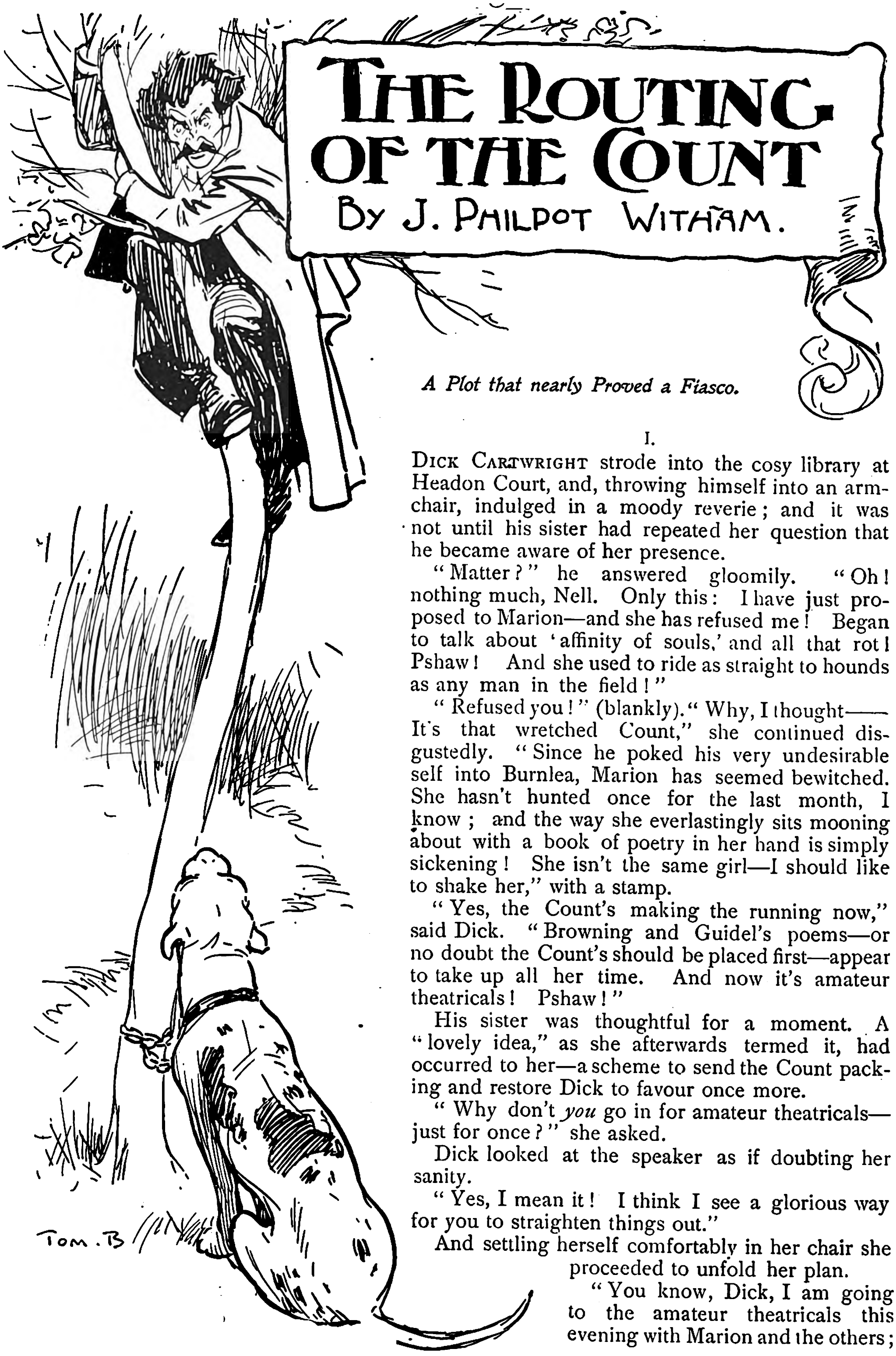

THE ROUTING OF THE COUNT

BY J. PHILPOT WITHAM.

A Plot that nearly Proved a Fiasco.

I.

DICK CARTWRIGHT strode into the cosy library at Headon Court, and, throwing himself into an armchair, indulged in a moody reverie; and it was not until his sister had repeated her question that he became aware of her presence.

"Matter?" he answered gloomily. "Oh! nothing much, Nell. Only this: I have just proposed to Marion—and she has refused me! Began to talk about 'affinity of souls,' and all that rot! Pshaw! And she used to ride as straight to hounds as any man in the field!"

"Refused you!" (blankly). "Why, I thought—— It's that wretched Count," she continued disgustedly. "Since he poked his very undesirable self into Burnlea, Marion has seemed bewitched. She hasn't hunted once for the last month, I know; and the way she everlastingly sits mooning about with a book of poetry in her hand is simply sickening! She isn't the same girl—I should like to shake her," with a stamp.

"Yes, the Count's making the running now," said Dick. "Browning and Guidel's poems—or no doubt the Count's should be placed first—appear to take up all her time. And now it's amateur theatricals! Pshaw!"

His sister was thoughtful for a moment. A "lovely idea," as she afterwards termed it, had occurred to her—a scheme to send the Count packing and restore Dick to favour once more.

"Why don't *you* go in for amateur theatricals—just for once?" she asked.

Dick looked at the speaker as if doubting her sanity.

"Yes, I mean it! I think I see a glorious way for you to straighten things out."

And settling herself comfortably in her chair she proceeded to unfold her plan.

"You know, Dick, I am going to the amateur theatricals this evening with Marion and the others;

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so, at the close, as the evenings now are just lovely, I shall suggest that the oldsters drive on, while we juveniles—that includes his Countship, although he's forty if he's a day, and I'm sure wears a wig—walk home in the moonlight.

"Marion, the Count, and I must dawdle behind, so that when we reach the avenue leading to the Beeches the others will be out of sight. Then, as we are walking up the drive—say where the old twisted holly is, it will be darkest at that spot—a tramp will step out and demand money and threaten the Count if he doesn't hand some over.

"That's my plan!" This gleefully.

"Think what a figure he will cut, Dick! I feel convinced he is a coward, in spite of all his brag about big game shooting in Central Africa; and if Marion were only to see him in his true colours, I know she would be disgusted with him.

"Dick!" (breathlessly). "Don't you think *you* could be a tramp for once? A false beard, a battered hat, and some ragged clothes, and there you are! What do you think of my scheme?"

"Sounds feasible, old girl." Then doubtfully, "I suppose it's fair enough? It doesn't seem—er—quite the thing, though, does it?"

"Oh, nonsense! The Count's bigger than you, and after all his 'tall' talk, if he can't manage to play the man when threatened by a tramp, the sooner Marion is disillusioned the better.

"Of course, you mustn't hurt him" (with a consideration which was truly Christian). "The conceited wretch actually had the impudence to try to flirt with me the other evening; but I shouldn't like you to hit him. Only make him *grovel*—that's all."

"I will!" said Dick with unction.

* * * * *

But perhaps we had better let the originator of the plot tell the remainder of the story in her own words.

II.

We all started for the Assembly Rooms together, Dick at the last moment excusing himself on some pretext or other.

Marion, I thought, looked after him rather wistfully; but the Count at that moment came up, all smiles and bows, and she went off with him. I felt I could have shaken her.

Count Francisque Guidel was in fine form in the masked ball, and the whole affair was a great success; but, of course, I was glad when it was over, and anxious for the real fun—*our* fun—to begin. Guidel, I could see, was higher in favour than ever; and I joyfully hugged myself at the thought of his coming downfall.

It was not hard to manage that we three should lag behind on the way home. One had only to call the Count's attention to the scenery to have him stop and give a rapturous dissertation on it, with quotations from the works of every known (or unknown) poet, dead or living, invariably including—in the latter category, unfortunately — those of Francisque Guidel.

Consequently, by the time we reached the avenue, we had the road entirely to ourselves; and as we neared the holly bush, I dropped a pace behind the others.

The Count should get the full benefit of the surprise we had prepared for him, I thought with a smile, as a slight crackle warned me that Dick was at his post.

Naturally, when he suddenly sprang out and stood before us, I was prepared.

Not so the others—although Marion, I must admit, was not daunted.

Drawing herself up, she stared unflinchingly at the tattered figure and bearded face of the "tramp" confronting her; while, with a stammer, the Count broke off in the lines he was quoting, and looked doubtfully at the intruder.

"Ve—ell, my goot man?" he said.

"You can spare a trifle, sir, for a poor man," said the disguised Dick truculently.

"No," broke in Marion firmly. "Don't encourage the lazy fellow, Count. Come, let us pass, my man."

But the tramp made a threatening gesture and came a step closer.

"Just a seexpence," faltered Guidel, avoiding Marion's eye. "Ze poor man looks—er—er—hoongry."

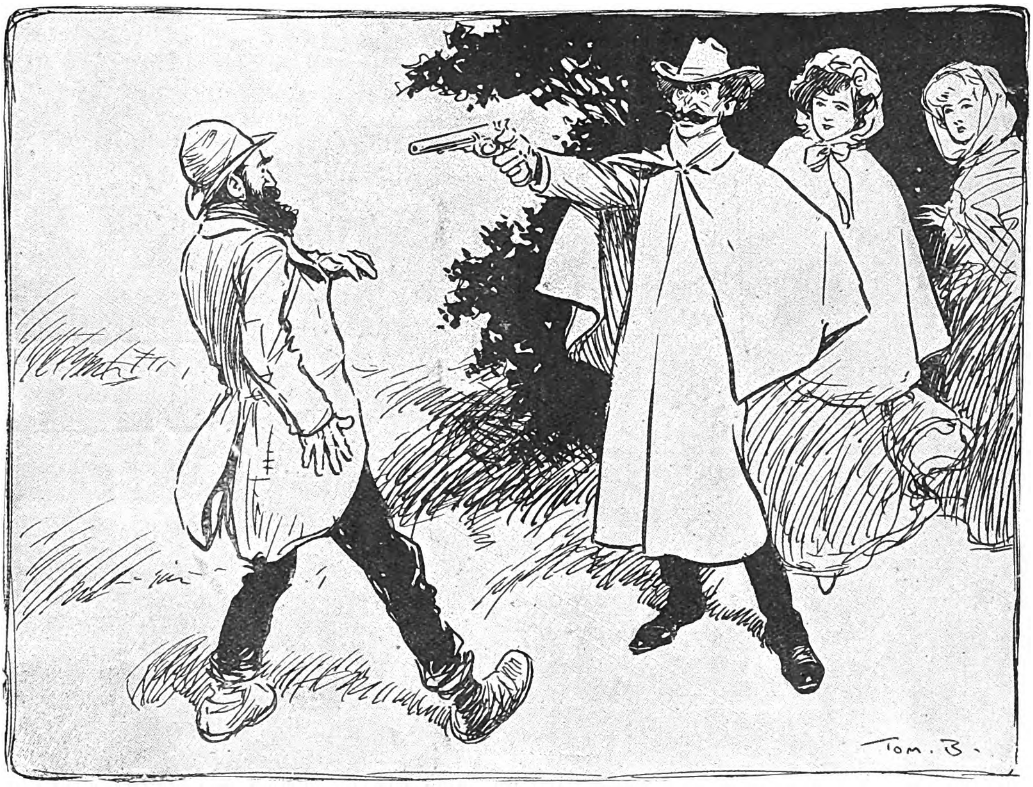
How I laughed to myself! (The laugh was still in our favour. I didn't know what was coming!) Dick hungry! *Angry*, if you like!

"*Sixpence!*" echoed my brother scornfully. "Look 'ere, guv'nor—make it a suvren."

("Good old Dick!" I murmured to myself. "Not half bad for a first attempt.")

The Count slipped his hand nervously into his pocket, and I remarked with glee the curl of Marion's lip as she noticed his action.

Stepping up to him, she whispered something into his ear; and, retreating a pace, Guidel at once put his hand into the inside pocket of his coat, drew out something which



"Move anozaire step at your per-r-ril," he said triumphantly.

glinted in the moonlight, and—pointed it at Dick.

"Move anozaire step at your per-r-ril," he said triumphantly. And I saw with horror that he was *covering the tramp with a pistol!*

To say that Dick was astonished is to put it mildly. Our cherished plot had certainly gone wrong. A pistol as a possible factor in it had not entered our calculations.

I guessed at once what Marion had whispered to that wretched Count. She, with her quick wit, had remembered the pistol he had used that evening in his character of Lieut. Cipriani, and which he had placed in his pocket when leaving the Rooms; and now Guidel was holding Dick at bay with—*an empty pistol!*

But how should my brother know it was not loaded?

All that passed through Dick's mind I shall never know. Judging from his face—or as much of it as the beard permitted me to see—his thoughts were of a rather vivid nature. At that point-blank range it would have been nothing but suicide for him to attempt to rush his opponent — had the pistol been loaded!

I could have cried at my inability to help Dick, and racked my brains for a means to let him know that the weapon was harmless. But at all costs I must guard against his identity becoming known. For the tale to get abroad would be unthinkable.

How bitterly I reproached myself for being the means of his getting into such a predicament!

"Tu-urn r-r-round, and mar-r-ch on," said the Count, with a military air.

There seemed nothing else for it, so on Dick walked, while we followed after, Guidel in fine feather.

My tongue itched to call out, "It isn't loaded!" as I saw my brother walking on ahead. But what would my companions think if I did so? Surely, I argued, Dick would make a dash soon, and escape before we got home.

This, he told me later, was what he intended to do.

But Dame Fortune willed it otherwise. The goddess must have been in a particularly sportive mood that evening, and had yet another surprise in store for us.

We were now about a couple of hundred yards from the house, which lay hidden behind a bend in the drive.

Suddenly, a terrible uproar reached our ears—the loud baying of a hound, mingled with the shouts of men and the terrified shrieks of women; and there, flashing round the curve ahead of us, and looking twice his size to our startled eyes, raced a huge monster, with fangs gleaming in the moonlight, and dragging a massive chain behind it!

We all stopped with remarkable unanimity.

"Merciful Heaven!' cried Marion, turning pale, "it's Nero! He's broken loose!"

I confess I felt like fainting. My heart seemed almost to stop beating. As for the Count, I thought he would have dropped.

Nero, the Colonel's savage boar-hound—an animal as big as a calf, and which only his master was able to control—had indeed broken the chain by which he was always fastened and was making straight for us.

"S-stay vare you are!" shrieked Guidel, in a quavering voice, pointing his pistol at Dick, and determined at any cost to keep someone between him and the snarling fury which was charging down the drive. "Stay vare you are—or I veel shoot!"

"Don't be a fool, man," shouted Dick, springing aside, his assumed character forgotten in the excitement of the moment. "Pull yourself together. Wait till he gets closer, and then—*Shoot!* Say at ten yards. You can't miss him!"

"I—I—can't," wailed the unhappy Count. "It—it—ees not loaded."

And dropping the useless weapon—for moral intimidation is not of much use with a savage boar-hound—he looked wildly round for a means of escape.

There was a young larch close at hand. The Count reached it in record time, and shinned up its slender stem with an agility which surprised us, and probably himself.

I caught Dick's glance at that moment.

"*Unloaded!*" he cried savagely, as a full appreciation of the ridiculous figure he had cut during the last few minutes broke upon him—"Unloaded! by Heaven!"

It was lucky for the Count that his erstwhile victim had something else to occupy his attention. There was a look in Dick's eye that boded ill for Guidel.

But Dick had no time to spare for him—at present.

With great bounds the savage animal rapidly neared us, and, with a horrible snarling sound, jumped straight at Dick's throat.

I shut my eyes for a moment and shuddered.

There was a thud, and man and dog fell in a heap—Dick with his hands tightly gripping its throat, while he avoided the vicious snapping of its powerful jaws.

I was absolutely too frightened to move, and stood as if petrified.

As for Marion, the moment of danger seemed to awaken the old practical spirit in her, and, darting forward, she seized the animal's hind legs and tried to secure them.

Backwards and still farther back Dick forced its head, and maintained his grip on the massive throat, till its struggles grew feebler, and at length, with lolling tongue and bulging eyes, it lay quiet.

"Scotched, not killed," he panted, rising to his feet and taking hold of the remains of the chain.

His battered hat and false beard had been lost in the struggle, and Marion started as she recognised him.

"We must tie him up," he said, looking round.

His glance fell on the larch, and travelled upwards until it encountered the figure of Guidel silhouetted against the stars.

"Ah!" he muttered grimly, "this will do, I think."

"No! Not there!" cried Marion, haltingly. "The Count——"

But Dick was adamant. I guessed the pistol incident was rankling in his breast, and that he saw a chance of turning the tables.

"Yes; here!" he returned, with decision.

"Oh! for mercy's sake, *don't*," wailed the poet in agonised accents, when he understood what was intended.

But, dragging the now reviving animal towards the tree, Dick passed the chain round the stem, made it fast, and jumped back.

And not a moment too soon.

With a convulsive gasp the great dog sat up and glared at his adversary. He shook himself, and then, with a low growl, sprang forward—only to be brought up by the chain with a jar that nearly choked him, and, incidentally, almost shook the Count from his perch.

"Come," said Dick, offering Marion his arm, "let me take you home."

I discreetly fell in behind, and we walked on towards the house.

"What does all this mean, Dick?" she

asked, touching his decidedly-the-worst-for-wear jacket.

"Oh, amateur theatricals seem all the go now. I thought I'd have a turn."

This was not bad for Dick. Repartee is not his strong point.

Marion blushed, but rallied quickly.

"And what part have you been playing?" she asked slily.

This was a poser.

"H'm," said Dick, with a burst of candour, "it looks very much as if I've been playing the fool."

"Never mind," she returned, her eyes shining, "you certainly played the hero in the end—Dick."

They were silent for a little while.

Then: "Dick," I heard her say very softly, "I believe I'm tired of amateur theatricals and—and—things."

His arm slipped round her waist, and I knew that it was all right again between them.

* * * * *

But all this time Guidel was up the tree. Colonel Travers, as it happened, had been suddenly called up to town, and as no one else cared to tackle the dog (for Dick had made a hurried exit to change into respectable clothes once more before he should be recognised), it looked very much as if the unfortunate Count would have to remain where he was.

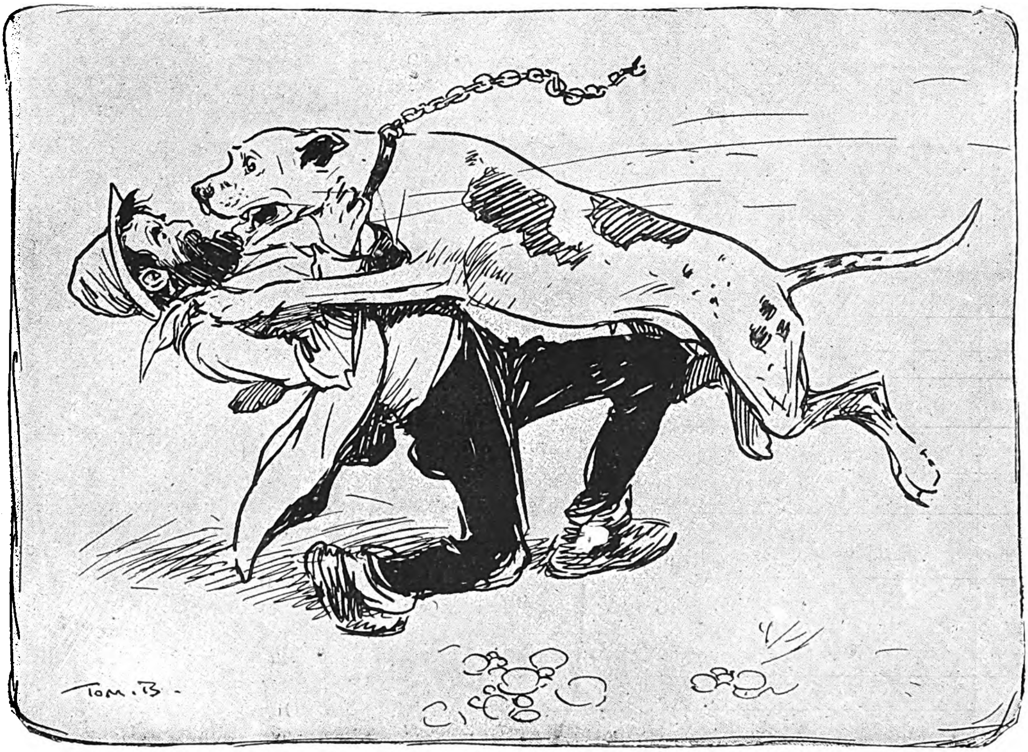
The difficulty was, however, solved by the gardener, who brought a long ladder, and down we all trooped to set the poet free.

We found the Count clinging desperately to the slender trunk of the larch, feebly uttering "*Mon Dieux*" and gently swaying to and fro in the breeze. The dog was taking a great interest in his every movement, and was licking his lips apparently in anticipation of the time when his prey should drop, a consummation which Guidel was, we gathered, doing all in his power to avert. The ladder was placed in a slanting position against the tree, with its foot well away from the trunk, and amid the eloquent silence of the whole house-party the Count very gingerly descended.

He walked hurriedly down the drive, and Burnlea saw him no more.

The proprietor of the Royal Hotel was the only person who seemed anxious to meet him again, and he after a short time crossed the sum of £15 10s. off his books as a bad debt.

And so the episode ended.



With great bounds the savage animal . . . . jumped straight at Dick's throat.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

For this Feature, Photographs of Queer and Uncommon Objects will always be Gladly Considered.

A BIRD 12FT. HIGH.

At one time the moa, an immense wingless bird, used to roam through the Australian bush in flocks of thousands. Now, however, it is quite extinct.

The moa belongs to the same family as the emu, which it greatly resembled, save in point of size, a height of 12ft. being the average attained by the bird.

Recently a rather imperfect skeleton of a moa was found. This was completed by a professor at the Otago University.

Then all possible information regarding the colour of the plumage was obtained, and emu skins, dyed as necessary, were sewn on to the skeleton, a perfect bird being the result.

In order that natural pictures of the bird might be obtanied to send round to various museums and institutions, the reclothed skeleton was photographed in its native surroundings, the Maoris posing as hunters.

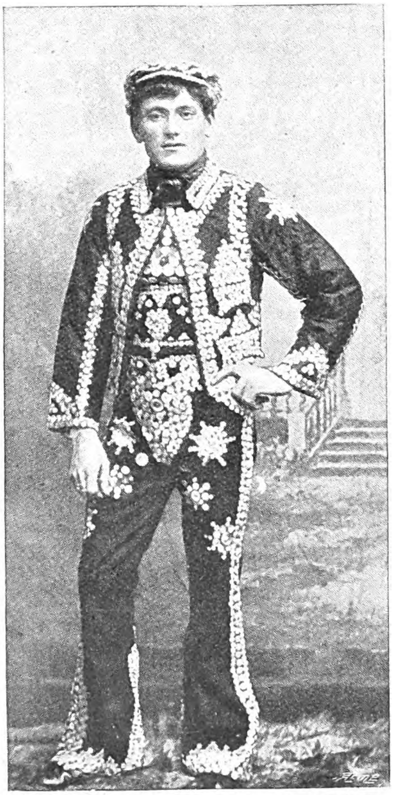
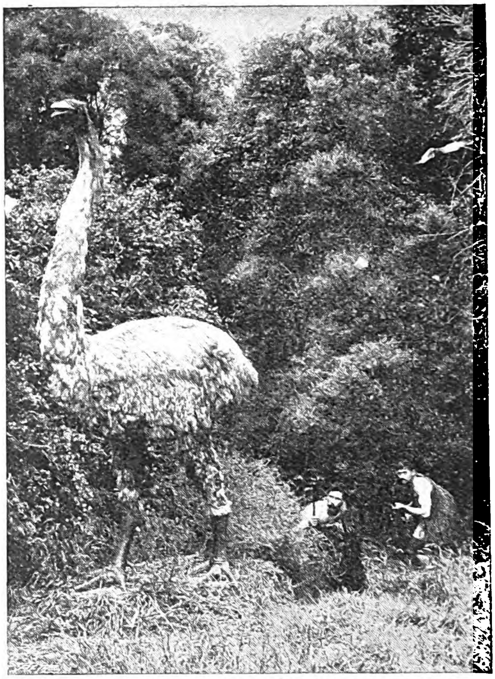


Photo *Lionel Bartram.*

The Would-be "Pearly King."



The Moa was an Australian bird, and stood 12ft. high.

A SUIT WITH 7000 BUTTONS.

The coster is well known to be very fond of clothes trimmed with buttons in great number, but it is somewhat unexpected to hear that a bluejacket, who has served seven years in the Royal Navy, aspires to the honour of becoming the "Pearly King."

Mr. Francis Brooker, A.B., was for three years on foreign service in China. During that time he conceived a great liking for pearl buttons, and resolved that he would set to and make himself a suit trimmed with quantities of these.

Accordingly he obtained some blue Melton and Italian cloth, and made it up into a suit of the regular coster type.

This he trimmed with as many pearl buttons as he could get possession of, using altogether no fewer than seven thousand of them.

The making of the suit occupied all the spare time at Mr. Brooker's disposal while on the China station. He is so proud of it now that he says that an offer of £50 would not induce him to part with it.

Every year a contest is held among the costers of London, at which the wearer of the suit most profusely and artistically ornamented with pearl buttons is awarded the title of "The Pearly King." Mr. Brooker means to enter the contest this year.

CYCLE RACING ON A "WHIRL."

CYCLE races on a level track are generally of a somewhat startling nature; what must they be, then, when the track inclines at an angle of sixty degrees—only thirty degrees from the perpendicular?

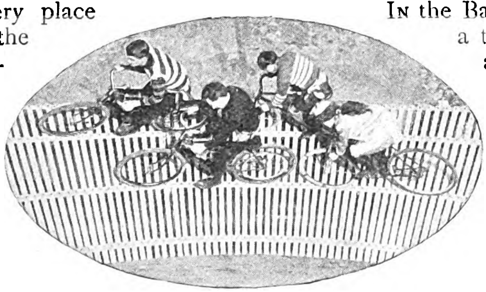
These extraordinary tracks are used for exhibition purposes principally, and have been given the name of "whirls."

They consist of a circular framework of wood and iron, wider at the top than at the bottom. To the wooden portion of the framework are secured slats, which present a comparatively smooth surface to the cycles.

Great care has to be taken in the selection of the material and in the construction of the tracks. So heavy is the strain owing to the speed at which the cycles go that the framework must be braced together with iron and securely bolted at every place where the slats forming the track intersect the circular frame.

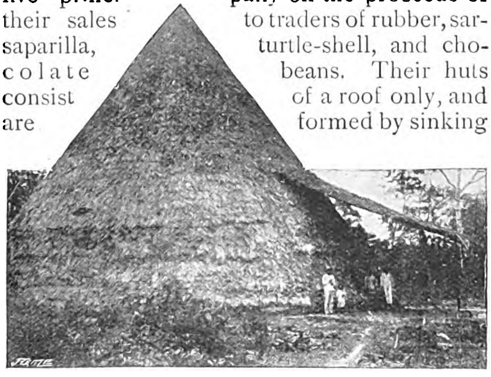
In the races on this track both men and women engage at the same time.

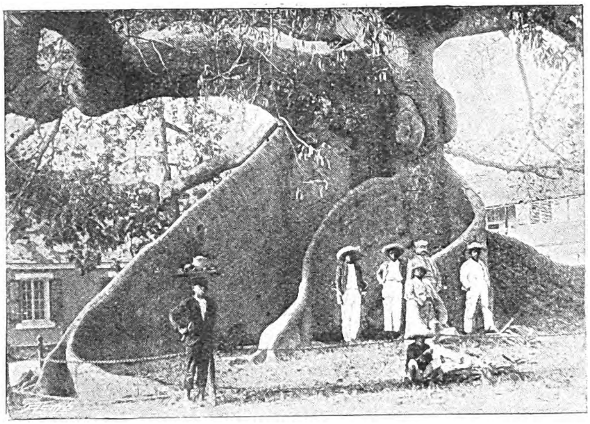
At times during the race the riders appear to be going parallel with the ground, and it is only by their speed that they can preserve their equilibrium. They must slacken very gradually to prevent a fall.


In this cycle race the contestants ride almost parallel with the earth.

A HUT THAT IS ALL ROOF.

THE Indians dwelling north and south of the Isthmus of Panama are a very shy race. They live principally on the proceeds of their sales to traders of rubber, sarsaparilla, turtle-shell, and chocolate beans. Their huts consist of a roof only, and are formed by sinking tree trunks into the ground, then interlacing the tops with bamboo, finally covering them with a thatch of leaves of the macaw tree.


The huts of the Panama Indians consist of nothing but a roof.


In trees similar to this one, horses are stabled.

STABLES IN A TREE.

IN the Bahama Islands flourishes a tree, the roots of which attain to enormous proportions, often reaching to a height of fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the earth, spreading in all directions underground as well, in order to obtain sustenance and give support to the trunk and branches.

The tree shown in the picture above is a native of Nassau, the capital town of New Providence, Bahama Islands. It stands in the public square, and is quite one of the sights of the island, people coming from far and near to see it.

On the tree grow innumerable balls of silky cotton, presenting an almost fairy-like appearance as they glisten in the sunlight. They are in great demand for stuffing cushions and pillows, being soft as down.

The spaces formed by the roots are often quite as large as fair-sized rooms, and, if roofed over, one tree would form a commodious dwelling-place for a family; in fact it would be infinitely superior to the average native hut. Holes could be cut in the roots to allow of internal communication.

Up to the present, however, the natives have not thought to utilise them as houses, though they are frequently in request as stables for horses.

FEMININE HAYMAKERS.

A New Industry that Girls have Adopted.

Fresh means of livelihood for women are repeatedly being discovered, but perhaps there is none more strenuous than that of working a farm.

Some years ago a farmer in Colorado died, leaving a family of seven daughters totally unprovided for. In order to save the family home from being sold up, the girls determined to work the farm themselves.

Not having enough money in hand to pay wages to labourers, the girls had to set to and work in grim earnest.

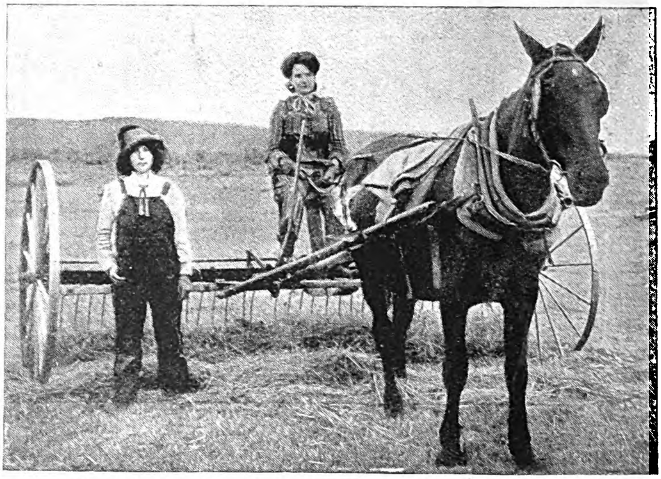
They donned overalls for the purpose—it would, of course, have been quite impossible for them to do their work in skirts—and, as will be noticed, they present a not unpleasing appearance.

The farm consists of 725 acres, so it can be imagined that during the summer months they have very little spare time on their hands.

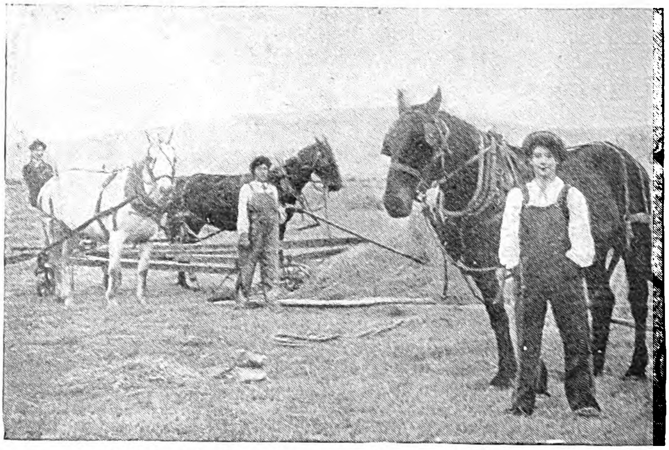
One of the girls has become quite expert at making stacks, and her efforts in this direction are far superior to those of the men for some miles round.

There is not much work to be done in the country during the winter months, and in consequence five of the sisters go to the nearest city to earn what they can there as stenographers or shop-assistants.

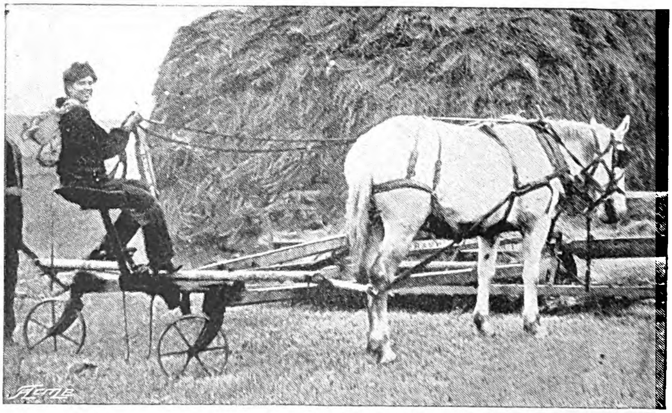
In spite of their unusual mode of living, these plucky girls have lost none of their femininity, and, when the day's work is done, they enjoy nothing more than putting on pretty frocks and spending a social evening with the neighbours.



Two of the girls raking the hay up into rows preparatory to carting.

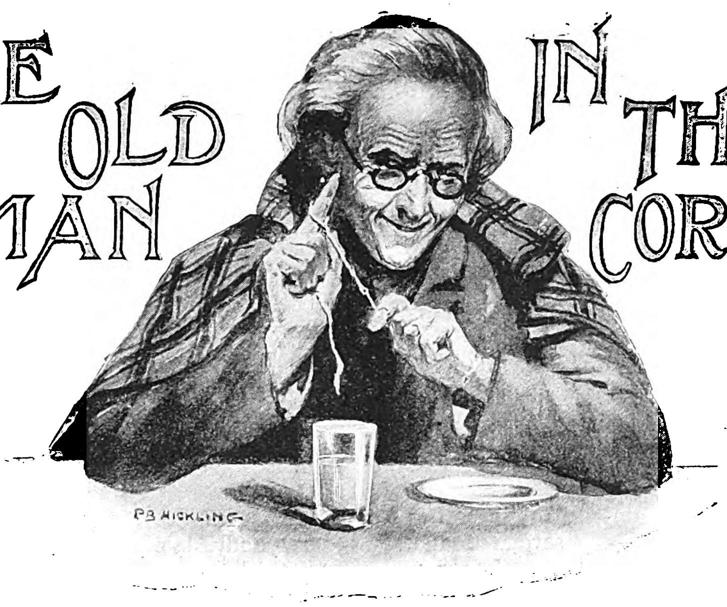


With this odd-looking implement the hay is made up into heaps.



By means of an elevator worked by a horse, the hay is "pitched" on to the stack.

THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER



XII.—THE TRAGEDY OF BARNSDALE MANOR.

By The Baroness Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who unravels the mystery to—
The Lady Journalist ...	Who relates it to the Royal readers.
Lord Barnsdale	Of Barnsdale Manor.
Lady Barnsdale	His wife.
Madame Quesnard	His aunt.
Alice Holt	Her amanuensis.
Sir Gilbert Culworth ...	A guest at Barnsdale Manor.
Sir Arthur Inglewood ...	A celebrated lawyer.
Jane Barlow	Lady Barnsdale's maid.

CHAPTER I.

"We have heard so much about the evils of Bridge," said the man in the corner that afternoon, "but I doubt whether that fashionable game has ever been responsible for a more terrible tragedy than the one at Barnsdale Manor."

"You think, then," I asked, for I saw he was waiting to be drawn out, "you think that the high play at Bridge did have something to do with that awful murder?"

"Most people think that much, I fancy," he replied, "although no one has arrived any nearer to the solution of the mystery which surrounds the tragic death of Mme. Quesnard at Barnsdale Manor on September 23rd last.

"On that fateful occasion, you must remember that the house party at the Manor included a number of sporting and fashionable friends of Lord and Lady Barnsdale, among whom Sir Gilbert Culworth was the only one whose name was actually mentioned during the hearing of this extraordinary case.

"It seems to have been a very gay house party indeed. In the day time Lord Barnsdale took some of his guests to shoot and fish, whilst a few devotees remained at home in order to indulge their passion for the modern craze of Bridge. It was generally understood that Lord Barnsdale did not altogether approve of quite so much gambling. He was not by any means well off; and although he was very much in love with his beautiful wife, he could ill afford to pay her losses at cards.

"This was the reason, no doubt, that Bridge at Barnsdale Manor was only indulged in whilst the host himself was out shooting or fishing; in the evenings there was music or billiards, but never any cards.

"One of the most interesting personalities in the Barnsdale ménage was undoubtedly Madame Nathalie Quesnard, a sister of Lord Barnsdale's mother, who, if you remember, was a Mademoiselle de la Trémouille. This Mme. Quesnard was extremely wealthy, the

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widow of a French West Indian planter, who had made millions in Martinique.

"She was very fond of her nephew, to whom, as she had no children or other relatives of her own, she intended to leave the bulk of her vast fortune. Pending her death, which was not likely to occur for some time, as she was not more than fifty, she took up her abode at Barnsdale Manor, together with her companion and amanuensis, a poor girl named Alice Holt.

"Mme. Quesnard was seemingly an amiable old lady; the only unpleasant trait in her character being her intense dislike of her nephew's beautiful and fashionable young wife. The old Frenchwoman, who, with all her wealth, had the unbounded and innate thriftiness peculiar to her nation, looked with perfect horror on Lady Barnsdale's extravagances, and above all on her fondness for gambling; and subsequently several of the servants at the Manor testified to the amount of mischief the old lady strove to make between her nephew and his young wife.

"Mme. Quesnard's dislike for Lady Barnsdale seems, moreover, to have been shared by her dependent and companion, the girl Alice Holt. Between them, these two ladies seem to have cordially hated the brilliant and much-admired mistress of Barnsdale Manor.

"Such were the chief inmates of the Manor last September, at the time the tragedy occurred. On that memorable night Alice Holt, who occupied a bedroom immediately above that of Mme. Quesnard, was awakened in the middle of the night by a persistent noise, which undoubtedly came from her mistress' room. The walls and floorings at the old Manor are very thick, and the sound was a very confused one, although the girl was quite sure that she could hear Mme. Quesnard's shrill voice raised as if in anger.

"She tried to listen for a time, and presently she heard a sound as if some piece of furniture had been knocked over, then nothing more. Somehow the sudden silence seemed to have frightened the girl more than the noise had done. Trembling with nervousness, she waited for some few minutes, then, unable to bear the suspense any longer, she got out of bed, slipped on her shoes and dressing-gown, and determined to run downstairs to see if anything were amiss.

"To her horror she found on trying her door that it had been locked on the outside. Quite convinced now that something must indeed be very wrong, she started screaming and banging against the door, determined to arouse the household, which she, of course, quickly succeeded in doing.

"The first to emerge from his room was Lord Barnsdale. He at once realised that the shrieks proceeded from Alice Holt's room. He ran upstairs helter-skelter, and as the key had been left in the door, he soon released the unfortunate girl, who by now was quite hysterical with anxiety for her mistress.

"Altogether, I take it, some six or seven minutes must have elapsed from the time when Alice Holt was first alarmed by the sudden silence following the noise in Mme. Quesnard's room, until she was released by Lord Barnsdale.

"As quickly and as coherently as she could she blurted forth all her fears about her mistress. I can imagine how picturesque the old Manor House must have looked then, with everybody, ladies and gentlemen, and servants, crowding into the hall, arrayed in various *négligé* attire, asking hurried questions, getting in each other's way, and all only dimly to be seen by the light of candles, carried by some of the more sensible ones in this motley crowd.

"However, in the meanwhile, Lord Barnsdale had managed to understand Alice Holt. He ran downstairs again and knocked at his aunt's door—he received no reply—he tried the handle—but the door was locked from the inside.

"Genuinely frightened now, he forced open the door, and then recoiled in horror.

"The window was wide open and a brilliant moonlight streamed into the room, weirdly illumining Mme. Quesnard's inanimate body, which lay full length upon the ground. Hastily begging the ladies not to follow him, Lord Barnsdale quickly went forward and bent over his aunt's body.

"There was no doubt that she was dead. An ugly wound at the back of her head, some red marks round her throat, all testified to the fact that the poor old lady had been assaulted and murdered. Lord Barnsdale at once sent for the nearest doctor, whilst he and Miss Holt lifted the unfortunate lady back to bed.

"The messenger who had gone for the doctor was at the same time instructed to deliver a note, hastily scribbled by Lord Barnsdale, at the local police station.

"That a hideous crime had been committed, with burglary for its object, no one could be in doubt for a moment. Lord Barnsdale and two or three of his guests had already thrown a glance into the next room, a little boudoir, which Mme. Quesnard used as a sitting-room.

There the heavy oak bureau bore silent testimony to the motive of this dastardly outrage. Mme. Quesnard, with the unfortunate and foolhardy habit peculiar to all French people, kept a very large quantity of loose and ready money by her. That habit, mind you, is the chief reason why burglary is so rife and so profitable all over France.

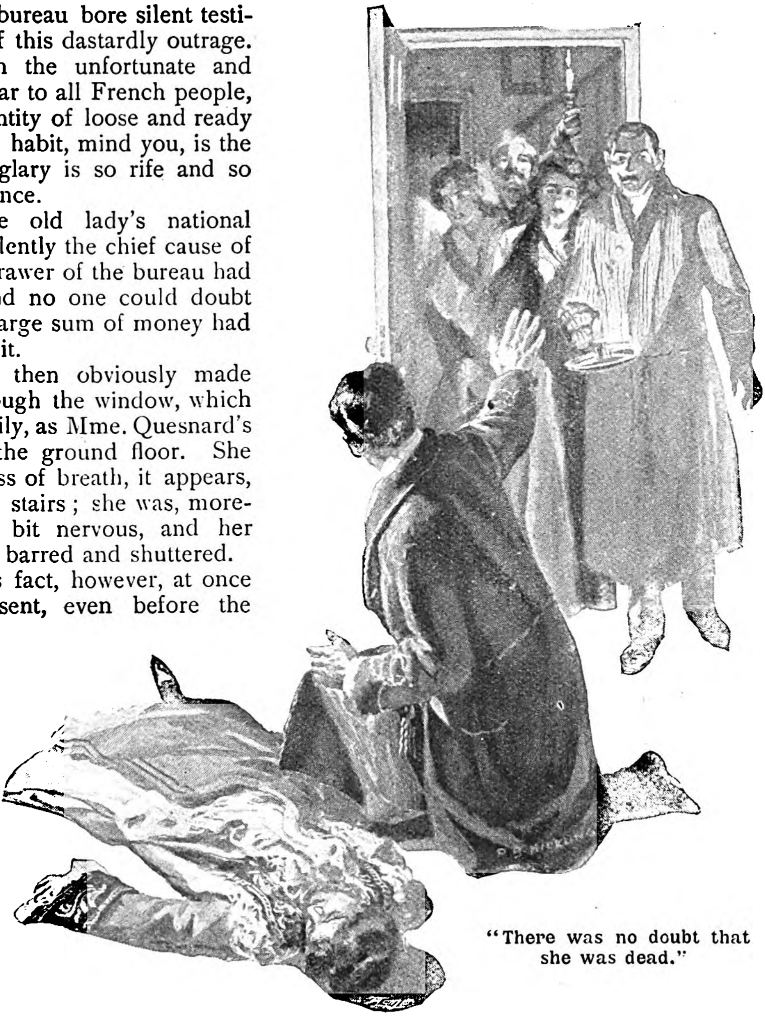
"In this case the old lady's national characteristic was evidently the chief cause of her tragic fate; the drawer of the bureau had been forced open, and no one could doubt for a moment that a large sum of money had been abstracted from it.

"The burglar had then obviously made good his escape through the window, which he could do quite easily, as Mme. Quesnard's apartments were on the ground floor. She suffered from shortness of breath, it appears, and had a horror of stairs; she was, moreover, not the least bit nervous, and her windows were usually barred and shuttered.

"One very curious fact, however, at once struck all those present, even before the arrival of the detectives, and that was, that the old lady was partially dressed when she was found lying on the ground. She had slipped on an elaborate dressing-gown, had smoothed her hair, and put on her slippers. In fact, it was evident that she had in some measure prepared herself for the reception of the burglar.

"Throughout these hasty and amateurish observations conducted by Lord Barnsdale and two of his male guests, Alice Holt had remained seated beside her late employer's bedside, sobbing bitterly. In spite of Lord Barnsdale's intreaties she refused to move; and wildly waved aside any attempt at consolation offered to her by one or two of the older female servants who were present.

"It was only when everybody, at last, made up their minds to return to their rooms, that someone mentioned Lady Barnsdale's name. She had been taken ill and faint the evening before, and had not been well all night. Jane Barlow, her maid, expressed the hope that her ladyship was none the worse for this awful commotion, and must be wondering what it all meant.


"There was no doubt that she was dead."

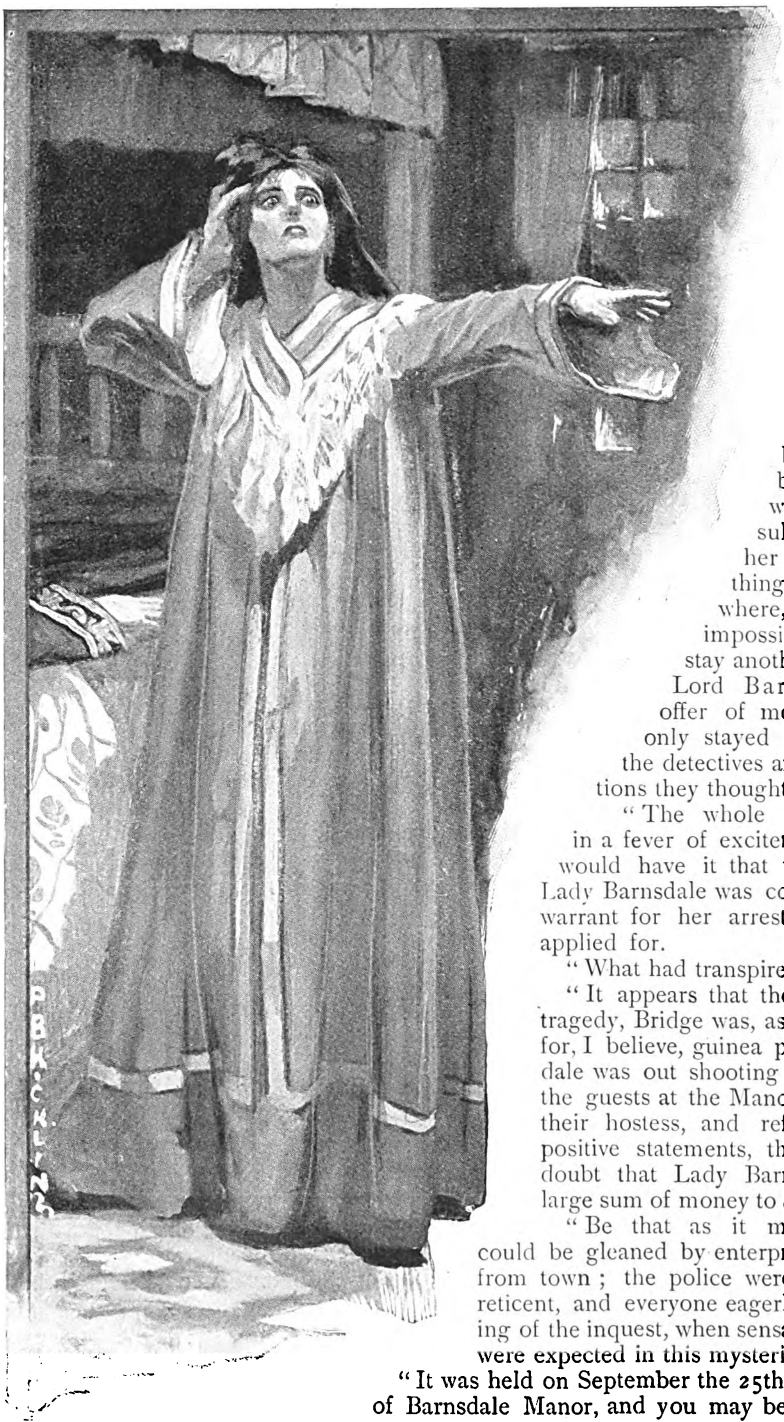
"At this, suddenly, Alice Holt jumped up, like a madwoman.

"'What it all means?' she shrieked, whilst everyone looked at her in speechless horror, 'it means that that woman has murdered my mistress, and robbed her. I know it—I know it—I know it.'

"And once more sinking beside the bed she covered her dead mistress' hand with kisses, and sobbed and wailed as if her heart would break."

CHAPTER II.

"You may well imagine the awful commotion the girl's wild outburst had created in the old Manor House. Lady Barnsdale had been taken ill the previous evening, and, of course, no one had breathed a word of it to her, but equally of course it was freely talked



"'What it all means?' she shrieked, whilst everyone looked at her in speechless horror. 'It means that that woman has murdered my mistress, and robbed her.'"

about at Barnsdale Manor, in the neighbourhood, and even so far as in the London clubs.

"Lord and Lady Barnsdale were very well known in London society, and Lord Barnsdale's adoration for his beautiful wife was quite notorious.

"Alice Holt, after her frantic outburst, had not breathed another word. Silent and sullen she went up to her room, packed her things, and left the house, where, of course, it became impossible that she should stay another day. She refused Lord Barnsdale's generous offer of money and help, and only stayed long enough to see the detectives and reply to the questions they thought fit to put to her.

"The whole neighbourhood was in a fever of excitement; many gossips would have it that the evidence against Lady Barnsdale was conclusive, and that a warrant for her arrest had already been applied for.

"What had transpired was this:—

"It appears that the day preceding the tragedy, Bridge was, as usual, being played for, I believe, guinea points. Lord Barnsdale was out shooting all day, and though the guests at the Manor were very loyal to their hostess, and refused to make any positive statements, there seems to be no doubt that Lady Barnsdale lost a very large sum of money to Sir Gilbert Culworth.

"Be that as it may, nothing further could be gleaned by enterprising reporters fresh from town; the police were more than usually reticent, and everyone eagerly awaited the opening of the inquest, when sensational developments were expected in this mysterious case.

"It was held on September the 25th, in the servants' hall of Barnsdale Manor, and you may be sure that the large room was crowded to its utmost capacity. Lord Barnsdale was, of course, present, so was Sir Gilbert Culworth, but it was understood that Lady Barnsdale was still suffering from nervous prostration, and was unable to be present.

"When I arrived there, and gradually made my way to the front rank, the doctor who had been originally summoned to the murdered lady's bedside was giving his evidence.

"He gave it as his opinion that the fractured skull from which Mme. Quesnard died was caused through her hitting the back of her head against the corner of the marble-topped washstand, in the immediate proximity of which she lay outstretched, when Lord Barnsdale first forced open the door. The stains on the marble had confirmed him in that opinion. Mme. Quesnard, he thought, must have fallen, owing to an onslaught made upon her by the burglar; the marks round the old lady's throat testified to this, although these were not the cause of death.

"After this there was a good deal of police evidence, with regard to the subsequent movements of the unknown miscreant. He had undoubtedly broken open the drawer of the bureau in the adjoining boudoir, the door of communication between this and Mme. Quesnard's bedroom being always kept open, and it was presumed that he had made a considerable haul both in gold and notes. He had then locked the bedroom door on the inside and made good his escape through the window.

"Immediately beneath this window, the flower-bed, muddy with the recent rain, bore the imprint of having been hastily trampled upon; but all actual footmarks had been carefully obliterated. Beyond this, all round the house, the garden paths are asphalted, and the burglar had evidently taken the precaution to keep to these asphalted paths, or else to cross the garden by the lawns.

"You must understand," continued the man in the corner, after a slight pause, "that throughout all this preliminary evidence, everything went to prove that the crime had been committed by an inmate of the house, or at any rate by someone well acquainted with its usages and its ménage. Alice Holt, whose room was immediately above that of Mme. Quesnard, and who was, therefore, most likely to hear the noise of the conflict and to run to her mistress' assistance, had been first of all locked up in her room. It had, therefore, become quite evident that the miscreant had commenced operations from inside the house, and had entered Mme. Quesnard's room by the door, and not by the window as had been at first supposed.

"But," added the funny creature excitedly, "as the old lady had, according to evidence, locked her door that night, it became more and more clear, as the case progressed, that she must of her own accord have admitted the person who subsequently caused her tragic death. This was, of course, confirmed by the fact that she was partially dressed when she was subsequently found dead.

"Strangely enough, with the exception of Alice Holt, no one else had heard any noise during the night. But, as I remarked before, the walls of these old houses are very thick, and no one else slept on the ground floor.

"Another fact which in the early part of the inquest went to prove that the outrage was committed by someone familiar with the house, was that Ben, the watch-dog, had not raised any alarm. His kennel was quite close to Mme. Quesnard's windows, and he had not even barked.

"I doubt if the law would take official cognisance of the dumb testimony of a dog; nevertheless, Ben's evidence was in this case quite worthy of consideration.

"You may imagine how gradually, as these facts were unfolded, excitement grew to fever pitch, and when at last Alice Holt was called, everyone literally held their breath, eagerly waiting to hear what was coming.

"She is a tall, handsome-looking girl, with fine eyes and a rich voice. Dressed in deep black she certainly looked an imposing figure as she stood there, repeating the story of how she was awakened in the night, by the sound of her mistress' angry voice, of the noise and sudden silence, and also of her terror, when she found that she had been locked up in her room.

"But obviously the girl had more to tell, and was only waiting for the coroner's direct question.

"'Will you tell the jury the reason why you made such an extraordinary and unwarrantable accusation against Lady Barnsdale?' he asked her at last, amid breathless silence in the crowded room.

"Everyone instinctively looked across the room to where Lord Barnsdale sat between his friend Sir Gilbert Culworth and his lawyer, Sir Arthur Inglewood, who had evidently come down from London in order to watch the case on his client's behalf. Alice Holt, too, looked across at Lord Barnsdale for a moment. He seemed attentive and interested, but otherwise quite calm and impassive.

"I, who watched the girl, saw a look of pity cross her face as she gazed at him, and I think, when we bear in mind that the distinguished English gentleman and the poor paid companion had known each other years ago, when they were girl and boy together in old Mme. Quesnard's French home, we may make a pretty shrewd guess why Alice Holt hated the beautiful Lady Barnsdale.

"'It was about six o'clock in the afternoon,' she began at last in the same quiet tone of voice, 'I was sitting sewing in Madame's boudoir, when Lady Barnsdale came into the bedroom. She did not see me, I know, for she began at once talking volubly to Madame about a serious loss she had just sustained at Bridge; several hundred pounds, she said.'

"'Well?' queried the coroner, for the girl had paused, almost as if she regretted what she had already said. She certainly threw an appealing look at Lord Barnsdale, who, however, seemed to take no notice of her.

"'Well,' she continued with sudden resolution, 'Madame was very angry at this; she declared that Lady Barnsdale deserved a severe lesson; her extravagances were a positive scandal. "Not a penny will I give you to pay your gambling debts," said Madame, "and, moreover, I shall make it my business to inform my nephew of your goings on whilst he is absent."

"'Lady Barnsdale was in a wild state of excitement. She begged and implored Madame to say nothing to Lord Barnsdale about it, and did her very best to try to induce her to help her out of her difficulties, just this once more. But Madame was obdurate. Thereupon Lady Barnsdale turned on her like a fury, called her every opprobrious name under the sun, and finally flounced out of the room, banging the door behind her.

"'Madame was very much upset after this,' continued Alice Holt, 'and I was not a bit astonished when directly after dinner she rang for me, and asked to be put to bed. It was then nine o'clock.

"'That is the last I saw of poor Madame alive.

"'She was very excited then, and told me that she was quite frightened of Lady Barnsdale—a gambler, she said, was as likely as not to become a thief, if opportunity arose. I offered to sleep on the sofa in the next room, for the old lady seemed quite nervous, a thing I have never known her to be. But she was too proud to own to nervousness, and she dismissed me finally, saying that she would lock her door, for once; a thing she scarcely ever did.'

"It was a curious story, to say the least of it, which Alice Holt thus told to an excited public. Cross-examined by the coroner, she never departed from a single point of it, her calm and presence of mind being only equalled throughout this trying ordeal by that of Lord Barnsdale, who sat seemingly unmoved whilst these terrible insinuations were made against his wife.

"But there was more to come. Sir Gilbert Culworth had been called; in the interests of justice, and in accordance with his duty as a citizen, he was forced to stand up and, all unwillingly, to add another tiny link to the chain of evidence that implicated his friend's wife in this most terrible crime.

"Right loyally he tried to shield her in every possible way, but cross-questioned by the coroner, harassed nearly out of his senses, he was forced to admit two facts, namely, that Lady Barnsdale had lost nearly £800 at Bridge the day before the murder, and that she had paid her debt to himself in full, on the following morning, in gold and notes.

"He had been forced, much against his will, to show the notes to the police; unfortunately for the justice of the case, however, the numbers of these could not be directly traceable as having been in Mme. Quesnard's possession at the time of her death. No diaries or books of accounts of any kind were found. Like most French people, she arranged all her money affairs herself, receiving her vast dividends in foreign money, and converting this into English notes and gold, as occasion demanded, at the nearest money-changer's that happened to be handy.

"She had, like a great many foreigners, a holy horror of banks. She would have mistrusted the Bank of England itself; as for solicitors, she held them in perfect abhorrence. She only went once to one in her life, and that was in order to make a will leaving everything she possessed unconditionally to her beloved nephew, Lord Barnsdale.

"But in spite of this difficulty about the notes, you see for yourself, do you not? how terribly strong was the circumstantial evidence against Lady Barnsdale. Her losses at cards, her appeal to Mme. Quesnard, the latter's refusal to help her, and finally the payment in full of the debt to Sir Gilbert Culworth on the following morning.

"There was only one thing that spoke for her, and that was, the very horror of the crime itself. It was practically impossible to conceive that a woman of Lady Barnsdale's refinement and education should have sprung upon an elderly woman, like some navvy's wife by the docks, and then that she should have had the presence of mind to jump out of the window, to obliterate her footmarks in the flower-bed, and, in fact, to have given the crime the look of a clever burglary.

"Still, we all know that money difficulties will debase the noblest of us, that greed will madden the sanest and most refined. When the inquest was adjourned I can assure you that no one had any doubt whatever that within twenty-four hours Lady Barnsdale would be arrested on the capital charge."

CHAPTER III.

"But the detectives in charge of the case had reckoned without Sir Arthur Inglewood, the great lawyer, who was watching the proceedings on behalf of his aristocratic clients," said the man in the corner, when he had assured himself of my undivided attention.

"The adjourned inquest brought with it, I assure you, its full quota of sensation. Again Lord Barnsdale was present, calm, haughty, and impassive, whilst Lady Barnsdale was still too ill to attend. But she had made a statement upon oath, in which, whilst flatly denying that her interview with the deceased at 6 p.m. had been of an acrimonious character as alleged by Alice Holt, she swore, most positively that all through the night she had been ill, and had not left her room after 11.30 p.m.

"The first witness called after this affidavit had been read was Jane Barlow, Lady Barnsdale's maid.

"The girl deposed that on that memorable evening preceding the murder, she went up to her mistress' room at about 11.30 in order to get everything ready for the night. As a rule, of course, there was nobody about in the bedroom at that hour, but on this occasion when Jane Barlow entered the room, which she did without knocking, she saw her mistress sitting by her desk.

"'Her ladyship looked up when I came in,' continued Jane Barlow, 'and seemed very cross with me for not knocking at the door. I apologised, then began to get the room tidy: as I did so I could see that my lady was busy counting a lot of money. There were lots of sovereigns and banknotes. My lady put some together in an envelope and addressed it, then she got up from her desk and went to lock up the remainder of the money in her jewel safe.'

"'And this was at what time?' asked the coroner.

"'At about half-past eleven, I think, sir,' repeated the girl.

"'Well,' said the coroner, 'did you notice anything else?'

"'Yes,' replied Jane, 'whilst my lady was at her safe, I saw the envelope in which she had put the money lying on the desk. I couldn't help looking at it, for I knew it was ever so full of banknotes, and I saw that my lady had addressed it to Sir Gilbert Culworth.'

"At this point Sir Arthur Inglewood jumped to his feet and handed something over to the coroner; it was evidently an envelope which had been torn open. The coroner looked at it very intently, then suddenly asked Jane Barlow if she had happened to notice anything about the envelope which was lying on her ladyship's desk that evening.

"'Oh yes, sir!' she replied unhesitatingly, 'I noticed my lady had made a splotch, right on top of the C in Sir Gilbert Culworth's name.'

"'This, then, is the envelope,' was the

"'Not a penny will I give you to pay your gambling debts,' said Madame."

coroner's quiet comment, as he handed the paper across to the girl.

"'Yes, there's the splotch,' she replied, 'I'd know it anywhere.'

"So you see," continued the man in the corner, with a chuckle, "that the chain of circumstantial evidence against Lady Barnsdale was getting somewhat entangled. It was indeed fortunate for her that Sir Gilbert Culworth had not destroyed the envelope in which she had handed him over the money on the following day.

"Alice Holt, as you know, heard the conflict and raised the alarm much later in the night, when everybody was already in bed, whilst long before that Lady Barnsdale was apparently in possession of the money with which she could pay back her debt.

"Thus the motive for the crime so far as she was concerned was entirely done away with. Directly after the episode witnessed by Jane Barlow, Lady Barnsdale had a sort of nervous collapse, and went to bed feeling very ill. Lord Barnsdale was terribly concerned about her, he and the maid remained alternately by her bedside for an hour or two; finally Lord Barnsdale went to sleep in his dressing-room, whilst Jane also finally retired to rest.

"Ill as Lady Barnsdale undoubtedly was then, it was absolutely preposterous to conceive that she could after that have planned and carried out so monstrous a crime, without any motive whatever. To have locked Alice Holt's door, then gone downstairs, forced her way into the old lady's room, struggled with her, to have jumped out of the window, and run back into the house by the garden, might have been the work of a determined woman, driven mad by the desire for money, but became absolutely out of the question in the case of a woman suffering from nervous collapse, and having apparently no motive for the crime.

"Of course Sir Arthur Inglewood made the most of the fact that no mud was found on any shoes or dress belonging to Lady Barnsdale. The flower-bed was very soft with the heavy rain of the day before, and Lady Barnsdale could not possibly have jumped even from a ground-floor window and trampled on the flower-bed, without staining her skirts.

"Then there was another point which the clever lawyer brought to the coroner's notice. As Alice Holt had stated in her sworn evidence that Mme. Quesnard had owned to being frightened of Lady Barnsdale that night, was it likely that she would *of her own accord* have opened the door to her in the middle of the night, without at least calling for assistance?

"Thus the matter has remained a strange and unaccountable puzzle. It has always been called the 'Barnsdale Mystery' for that very reason. Everyone, somehow, has always felt that Lady Barnsdale did have something to do with that terrible tragedy. Her husband has taken her abroad, and they have let Barnsdale Manor; it almost seems as if the ghost of the old French woman had driven them forth from their own country.

"As for Alice Holt, she maintains to this day that Lady Barnsdale was the culprit, and I understand that she has not yet given up all hope of collecting a sufficiency of evidence to have the beautiful and fashionable woman of society arraigned for this hideous murder."

(*At this point you might try to think out the solution for yourself.*—ED. ROYAL.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Will she succeed, do you think?" I asked at last.

"Succeed? Of course she won't," he retorted excitedly. "Lady Barnsdale never committed that murder; no woman, except, perhaps, an East-end factory hand, could have done it at all."

"But then?——" I urged.

"Why then," he replied with a chuckle, "the only logical conclusion is that the robbery and the murder were not committed by the same person, nor at the same hour of the night; moreover, I contend that there was no premeditated murder, but that the old lady died from the result of a pure accident."

"But how?" I gasped.

"This is my version of the story," he said, excitedly, as his long bony fingers started fidgeting, fidgeting with that eternal bit of string. "Lady Barnsdale, pressed for money, made an appeal to Mme. Quesnard, which the latter refused, as we know. Then there was an acrimonious dispute between the two ladies, after which came the dinner hour, then Madame, feeling ill and upset, went up to bed at nine o'clock.

"Now, my contention is that undoubtedly the robbery had been committed before that, between the dispute and Madame's bed time.

"By whom?

"By Lady Barnsdale, of course, who, as the mistress of the house, could come and go from room to room without exciting any comment, who, moreover, at 6 p.m. was hard-pressed for money, and who but a few hours later was handling a mass of gold and banknotes.

"But the strain of committing even an ordinary theft is very great upon a refined woman's organisation. Lady Barnsdale has a nervous break-down. Well! what is the most likely thing to happen? Why! that she should confess everything to her husband who worships her, and no doubt express her repentance at what she had done.

"Then imagine Lord Barnsdale's horror! The old lady had not discovered the theft before going to bed. That was only natural, since she was feeling unwell, and was not likely to sit up at night counting her money; the lock of the bureau drawer having been tampered with, would perhaps not attract her attention at night.

"But in the morning, the very first thing, she would discover everything, at once suspect the worst, and who knows, make a scandal, talk of it before Alice Holt, Lady Barnsdale's arch enemy, and all before restitution could be made.

"No, no, that restitution must be made at once; not a minute must be lost, since any moment might bring forth discovery, and perhaps an awful catastrophe.

"I take it that Mme. Quesnard and her nephew were on very intimate terms. He hoped to arouse no one by going to his aunt's room, but in order to make quite sure that Alice Holt, hearing a noise in her mistress' room, should not surreptitiously come down, and perhaps play eaves-dropper at the momentous interview, he turned the key of the girl's door as he went past, and locked her in.

"Then he knocked at his aunt's door (gently, of course, for old people are light sleepers), and called her by name. Mme. Quesnard, recognising her nephew's voice, slipped on her dressing-gown, smoothed her hair, and let him in.

"Exactly what took place at the interview it is, of course, impossible for any human being to say. Here even I can but conjecture," he added with inimitable conceit, "but we can easily imagine that, having heard Lord Barnsdale's confession of his wife's folly, the old lady, who as a Frenchwoman was of quick temper and unbridled tongue, would indulge in not very elegant rhetoric on the subject of the woman she had always disliked.

"Lord Barnsdale would, of course, defend his wife, and the old lady, with feminine obstinacy, would continue the attack. Then some insulting epithet, a word only perhaps, roused the devoted husband's towering indignation—the meekest man on earth becomes a mad bull when he really loves, and the woman he loves is insulted.

"I maintain that the old lady's death was really due to a pure accident; that Lord Barnsdale gripped her by the throat, in a moment of mad anger, at some hideous insult hurled at his wife; of that I am as convinced as if I had witnessed the whole scene. Then the old lady fell, hit her head against the marble, and Lord Barnsdale realised that he was alone at night in his aunt's room, and that he had killed her.

"What would anyone do under the circumstances?" he added excitedly. "Why, of course, collect his senses and try to save himself from what might prove to be consequences of the most awful kind. This Lord Barnsdale thought he could best do by giving the accident, which looked so like murder, the appearance of a burglary.

"The lock of the desk in the next room had already been forced open; he now locked the door on the inside, threw open the shutter and the window, jumped out as any burglar would have done; and, being careful to obliterate his own footmarks, he crept back into the house and thence into his own room, without alarming the watch-dog, who naturally knew his own master. He was, of course, just in time before Alice Holt succeeded in rousing the household with her screams.

"And thus you see," he added, "there are no such things as mysteries. The police call them so, so do the public, but every crime has its perpetrator, and every puzzle its solution. My experience is that the simplest solution is invariably the right one."

* * * * *

MR. —HIS PAGES.

A letter from "Mr. X's" post-bag: "Dear 'Mr. X,' I always look forward with Xtreme Xcitement to your Xcellent pages in THE ROYAL. They are Xactly what I like and I think you Xcel in them. As I should Xceedingly like to win a puzzle penknife I am sending you some puzzles. They are, without Xception or Xaggeration, MOST Xtraordinary. I hope, when you Xamine them, you will Xclaim, will consider them Xhilarating, and will Xhibit them in your pages. Please Xcuse this, as I am not an Xpert at letter-writing and feel I have not Xpressed myself Xtra plainly."

Puzzle Penknives or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X." and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"Mr. X's" Monthly Prize.

No. 9.

[Answers must be sent in before March 20th, addressed "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and marked on the outside "No. 9."]

This month "Mr. X" wants his readers to prove obvious impossibilities. It sounds a tall order, but is easy enough when you know the way. For example, to prove that a lie is nothing:

A lie is a story.
A story is a tale.
A tail is a brush (of a fox).
A brush is a broom.
A brougham is a carriage.
A carriage is a trap.
A trap is a gin.
Gin is a spirit.
A spirit is a ghost, and
A ghost is nothing.

"Mr. X" offers Three Prizes of Five Shillings (one prize for each transformation) to the senders of what are, in his opinion, the best proofs, on the above lines, that (1) A bat is a ball; (2) A brush is a comb; (3) A chair is a rabbit.

* * *

Very Simple.

MILLY: "How do we know for certain that Moses did not take mustard into the Ark?"

BILLY: "Don't know, I'm sure."

MILLY: "Because Moses was never in the Ark, stupid."

Brutal.

A.: "Is there a post here to-morrow morning?"

B.: "Yes.

A.: "Well, knock your head against it."

* * *

Black Art.

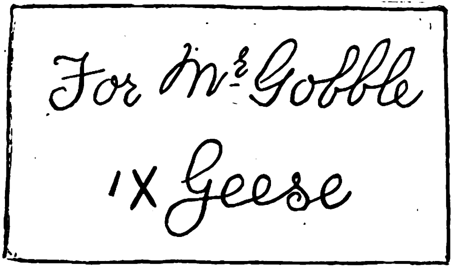
In most tricks done with the aid of an accomplice it is above all things essential that the accomplice should not be discovered. Here is an amusing little piece of "magic" in which the confederate openly declares himself, the puzzle being for other people to discover how he helps his friend.

One person goes out of the room. Those remaining think of any three-figure number. On the magician's return, his accomplice juggles mysteriously with the poker, tongs, and shovel, lays them out heads together on the carpet—and his friend instantly gives the required number.

The solution is as simple as it is hard to discover. The two friends imagine that the touching heads of the fire-irons are the centre of a clock, each implement points to where a figure on the face of such a clock would be, and the three figures so indicated form the number chosen. The order in which the implements are read is P, T, S, (poker, tongs, shovel). If the poker was at IX, the tongs at III, and the shovel at V the answer would be

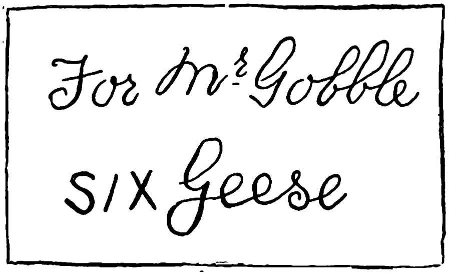
INGENIOUS DISHONESTY.

"Yes, I'll give you a job," said Farmer Giles to a man who applied for work. "Just take these nine geese to Mr. Gobble on the hill," and he packed the geese in a basket, placing on top this label:


For Mr. Gobble

IX Geese

Off went the man, but, ere he reached Mr. Gobble's, was tempted, and gave way. Taking out three geese he concealed them in the hedge, and delivered only six. "But I ordered nine," said Mr. Gobble. "Well, look at the label," replied the man. And Mr. Gobble, doing so, saw that he was indeed only entitled to half-a-dozen geese. How had the man managed it? He had not altered the actual figures. Well, this is the label as Mr. Gobble read it:


For Mr. Gobble

SIX Geese

* * *

ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU MAD.

Twice two of us are six of us,
And six of us are three,
And three of us are five of us,
Whatever can we be?
And if you aren't contented,
And think you'd like some more,
Then seven of us are five of us,
And five of us are four.

The answer to this exceedingly complicated puzzle is: The number of letters in each number before the words "of us." Thus twice two of us are six because there are three letters in the word two. Three of us are five because there are five letters in the word three and so on.

* * *

Q. Why did the coal scuttle?
A. Because the table had cedar legs (seed her legs).

THE CATCHERS CAUGHT.

ADOLPHUS: "I say, Algy, old man, do you know the story of the bed?"

ALGERNON: "No."

ADOLPHUS: "That's where you lie! Not bad, is it? Ta-ta!"

ALGERNON: "One moment, Dolphy, old chap. Do you know the story of the dirty window?"

ADOLPHUS: "No."

ALGERNON: "It's no good telling you, because you couldn't see through it."

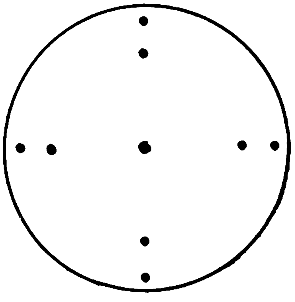
ADOLPHUS: "Ha! Do you know the story of——"

[*No, and certainly I do not intend to.—"Mr. X."*]

* * *

CIRCLES WITHIN CIRCLES.

Here is a circle containing nine dots. The puzzle is within that circle to describe three other circles, so that each dot is in a segment of its own.



* * *

ABOUT DUCKS.

Why does a duck go under water?
For divers reasons.
Why does he come up again?
For sundry (sun dry) purposes.
Why does he go under again?
To liquidate his bill.

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 6.

RESULT.

"Mr. X" offered a prize of five shillings for what was, in his opinion, the best telegram whose nine words commenced respectively with the letters **C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S**, the telegram to be sent to "Mr. X."

"Mr. X" has received a great number of telegrams in response to his offer, and he has found some difficulty in selecting the prize winner from the number of ingenious attempts that have come in.

The five shillings goes to Miss A. Batt, of 66 Melbourne Road, Chatham, for the following:

"Christmas! Happiest rejoicings I send to Magazine and Staff."

Puzzle purses have been sent to the following: Mrs. E. N. Lawton, Woodbank, Matlock Bath, Derbyshire; Miss E. F. Stokes, 35 North Road, Hertford, Herts; Miss M. Alexander, Shedfield Vicarage, Botley, Hants; and Mrs. H. V. Belsten, 3 Carlton Road, Walthamstow, N.E.

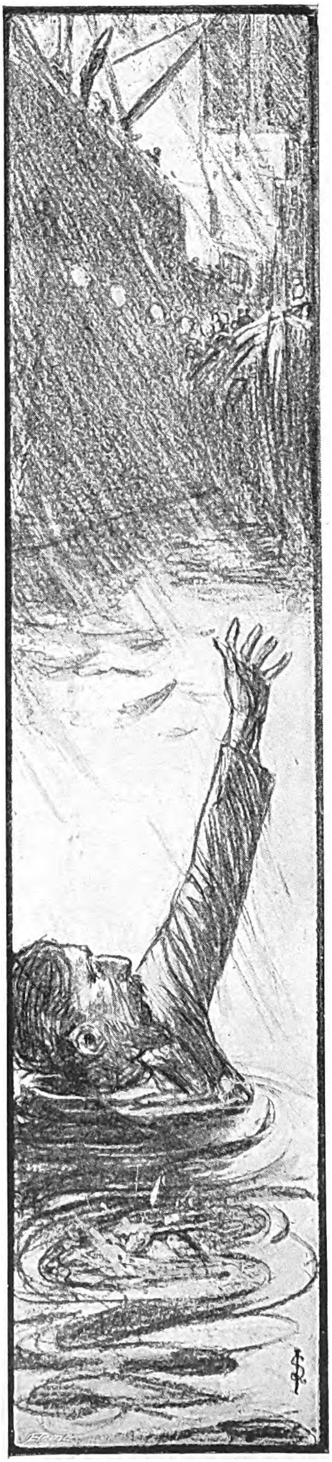
These are some of the other good attempts that were received:

"Congratulate heartily ROYAL in securing thy merry, amusing self."

"Congratulate heartily. ROYAL is still the marvel at Sixpence."

"Came home repeating impossible solutions. Took morphia; am sleeping."

"Christmas has returned. I sincerely tender my annual salutations."



"Help! Help!"

Real Life Romances.

The Incidents on this and the Five Succeeding Pages have been Selected by the Royal Humane Society as Relating Some of the Bravest Deeds of Recent Years.

In China Waters.

HOW THE FOURTH OFFICER OF THE "MALACCA" SAVED THE QUARTERMASTER.

SOME two miles off the Chinese port of Woosung, the P. and O. steamer *Malacca* lay riding at anchor. The night was dark and cold—biting winds swept the decks.

On board, the scene was illuminated by the glare of several electric lamps. Sailors were shouting and hurrying hither and thither, busily engaged in unloading the cargo. Moored alongside the *Malacca* lay a Chinese junk, into which the great bales were transferred at top speed.

Suddenly, amidst the shouting of natives and clanging of machinery, a cry ran out:

"Man overboard!"

The quartermaster, while attempting to board the junk, had fallen over the side. From end to end of the ship the cry was echoed. A cold feeling crept over the heart of every man. On such a night as this, what hope was there of rescue?

"Lower a boat!" the command came from an officer on the *Malacca*, and a dozen men sprang to the davits.

Meanwhile the swift running tide was fast bearing the drowning man away from the ship. In the fitful glimmer that the electric lamps cast upon the sea, his struggles were dimly visible. Soon his strength failed. He beat the water with his hands, calling the while loudly in an agony of fear.

"Help! Help!" The words were carried by the biting wind to the anxious men on board. But who could brave the rushing tide, the icy seas, on such a night as this?

Even to lower a boat seemed a hopeless task. Long before it could be manned and floated, the quartermaster would be swept out of sight.

Suddenly, a startled exclamation distracted the men from their drowning comrade. On the bulwarks, standing coatless and capless, they beheld the tall figure of the fourth officer (Mr. J. Shearme). One moment he balanced thus, then plunged into the surging sea beneath.

A cheer broke from the crew, and still another, and another, as the officer's head emerged above the waves. He was a powerful swimmer, they all knew, and as they watched, each man recalled how on the last voyage to Shanghai he had rescued a European from the river.

With strong and steady strokes the fourth officer swam towards the drowning quartermaster. Now he had seized him by the shoulders, and was battling back to the ship.

In what seemed an eternity he drew within twenty yards of the vessel. A rope curled through the air, the officer caught it, and binding it around his unconscious comrade, both were hauled on deck.

For this brave deed Mr. J. Shearme received the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society, and the Stanhope Medal for the bravest rescue of the year.

A Soldier Hero.

HOW A GUNNER SAVED A FAMILY FROM SUFFOCATION.

HERE is the story of how William Hall, a gunner in the Royal Artillery, earned the Royal Humane Society's Silver Medal, and also a greater distinction, the Stanhope Medal, for the greatest act of bravery recognised in the year 1898.

In one of the rooms of an electro-plating factory, situated in Clerkenwell Close, worked a man named Franklin. Scattered about the floor were several large bowls filled with various chemicals necessary to the plating process.

No accident had ever befallen Franklin before, nor would anything have have happened that day had not his wife called with her three small children.

Whilst she talked, the children romped about the floor. A sudden shriek, followed by a crash, broke from the little boy. In his excitement he had overturned two bowls full of chemicals, the one containing sulphuric acid, the other cyanide of potassium.

Instantly a dense blue cloud rose from the mingled chemicals. The room became filled with choking, poisonous fumes. With a terrified cry the man sprang to his feet, then clasping his hands to his throat, the startled wife saw him fall senseless to the floor. The next glance revealed her children lying prone.

A mortal dread came over her—she felt powerless to assist them—another minute she herself would fall. Fresh air, that she must have or die. Opening the door, she fell panic-stricken into the street.

A small crowd soon collected before the factory, attracted by the woman's screams. Trembling, with many tears she told the awful tale. Not one amongst the crowd dared to venture into the deadly smoke.

Unnoticed in the excitement, a soldier had approached, and now stood questioning a bystander. "A father and his three children are lying suffocated in that room," one told him, indicating with a gesture a window from which faint threads of smoke curled upwards.

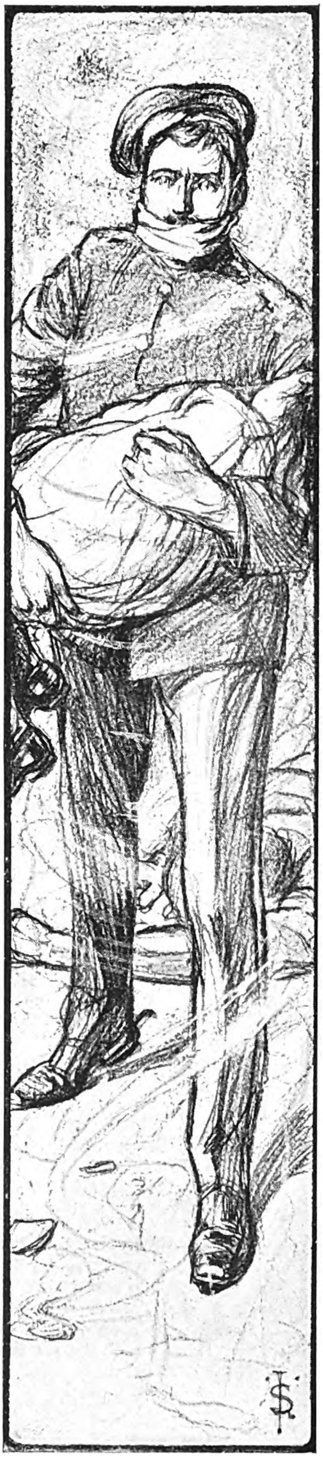
More the soldier did not stay to hear. Rushing to the door he bounded up the stairs. On the top he paused, and tied his handkerchief round his mouth. Then he entered. The air even filtering through the handkerchief choked him, and his eyes smarted so intolerably that he could scarcely see.

A small boy lay motionless on the floor. Picking him up, the soldier staggered from the room and handed him to one of the bystanders who had ventured up the stairs.

Again he rushed into the room. This time he saved the second child. Back, moving as one possessed, he vanished into the smoke to reappear five seconds later with a baby in his arms.

Only the father remained. The soldier leant against the banister, his throat was parched and smarting, he could scarcely breathe. But a man lay dying not fifteen feet away —he *must* be saved!

Scarcely able to move, once more he staggered into the room and groped along to where Franklin lay. Half-lifting, half-dragging, he brought him out to safety, then himself sank senseless to the floor.



He vanished . . . to reappear five seconds later with a baby in his arms.

Attacked by a Crocodile.

TELLING HOW A NATIVE SERGEANT WON THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY'S MEDAL.

TRAMP, tramp! The regular footfalls of approaching infantry arose from a battalion of the 1st Uganda Rifles. Presently, amidst a cloud of dust, the troops emerged into view.

They looked a fine body of men, this native regiment, with the brilliant sunlight streaming upon their khaki uniforms and turbaned heads.

Evidently they were seeking a convenient spot on which to camp. The path led along the bank of the sluggish Juba river. From mid-stream, every now and then, there came a splash of some huge creature, and at times a long, hideous, scaly head peered at the men with beady eyes, then vanished with a swirl.

On either side, placed in the river some yards from the banks, a light stockade had been erected by the natives, in order to keep the crocodiles from ravaging the neighbouring villages.

The battalion had now halted and the men were performing their duties. Presently, one of the soldiers walked down to the river, and began washing his hands in the cool waters Beyond the palings he knew many hungry crocodiles gazed eagerly at him. But there on the other side they were powerless to reach him.

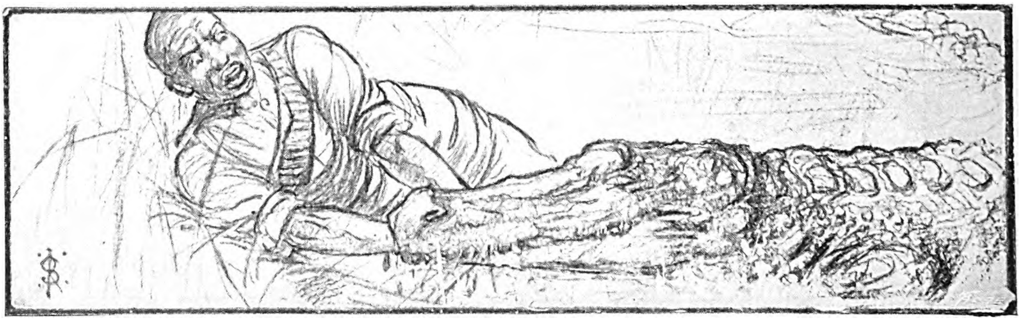
Under ordinary circumstances this would have been the case. But to-day, it so happened that one of the stakes forming the stockade had broken down. And through this a long, lizard-like creature had found its way.

Feeling refreshed, the man rolled up his sleeves and plunged in his arms up to the elbow. Scarcely had he done so, than a huge mouth emerged from the water, and seized the man by the hands.

He screamed loudly for help. In vain he struggled to drag himself free. The powerful reptile held him in a grip of iron. With one swift move of its tail it dragged him into deep water, and sought to escape by the gap in the stockade.

The agonised cries of the drowning man alarmed the camp. A score of soldiers rushed to the river, jabbering excitedly in their dialect, and asking what had best be done.

None seemed to know until a *subidar* (native sergeant) approached. Quickly realising what had happened, he plunged into the river, and seized the man by the legs, endeavouring vainly to drag him from the monster.



A huge mouth emerged from the water, and seized the man by the hands.

At last, seeing the hopelessness of the task, the sergeant shouted for a rifle. A private promptly handed him the weapon. Raising it to his shoulder he fired.

The shot took effect. The crocodile released its prey, and disappeared through the gap in the stockade.

The rifleman no longer screamed. Once he sank, then rose, to be grasped by the brave sergeant and quickly borne ashore.

This little picture of what happened in a comparatively unknown part of Africa was not forgotten. News of the gallant deed was shortly sent to England, and some months later the officer in command of the 1st Uganda Rifles pinned the Royal Humane Society's medal on the breast of the Sergeant, Shamus Khan.

In the Depths of the Earth.

THE STORY OF AN ESCAPE FROM FIRE DAMP.

THE scene of this story is Burnhope Colliery, Durham; the time one day in December.

Down the pit mouth the engine-driver had lowered the last cage full of colliers. Above the mine the sun shone in golden haze, lighting up the numerous smoking shafts that abounded in the district.

Far down in the depths below, their small safety lamps barely illuminating the intense darkness, the colliers moved to their work. Every few minutes loud shouts rent the air, and a dozen small trucks full of coal, and drawn by a couple or more small ponies, dashed past.

Some distance along one of the main galleries half-a-dozen men were undermining a seam. Presently, one of them called for a wedge. The foreman, seeing that none were left, dispatched one of the colliers to a disused part of the mine, where a wedge had been left some weeks before.

Half-an-hour went by, and still the man had not returned. Realising that something must have befallen him, the foreman ordered the miners to cease their work, and, led by him, all set off to search for the missing man.

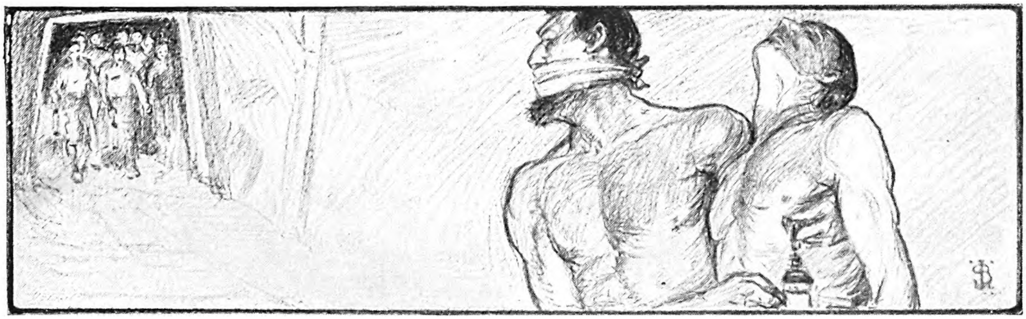
Lamps in hand, the rescue-party moved cautiously towards the disused quarter of the mine. In every mind two thoughts were uppermost. Had their comrade been crushed by a sudden falling in of the mine, or had an outpouring of coal-gas overpowered him?

A shout came from the foremost miner. He turned and staggered back, gasping hard for breath. All gathered round him. Each man knew the dread meaning of the incident, and why their comrade had not returned. The mine in that part had become filled with fire-damp.

Who would venture to save him? Each man felt it to be his duty—but all hesitated. For well they knew the danger beyond—the choking gas, the fight for breath, and in the end, most likely, the cold clammy floor of the mine!

It was suggested that the overman should be sent for, and, whilst two of the miners hurried away, the others kept watch in silence.

A few minutes later the men returned, bringing with them the overman, by name Richard Summerbell. In a few words the plight of their comrade was told to him.



Summerbell staggered towards them, holding in his arms the missing man.

"He may be dead," Summerbell remarked; "but some attempt at least must be made to rescue him."

Saying this, he took his handkerchief, and steeping it in water, bound it round his mouth.

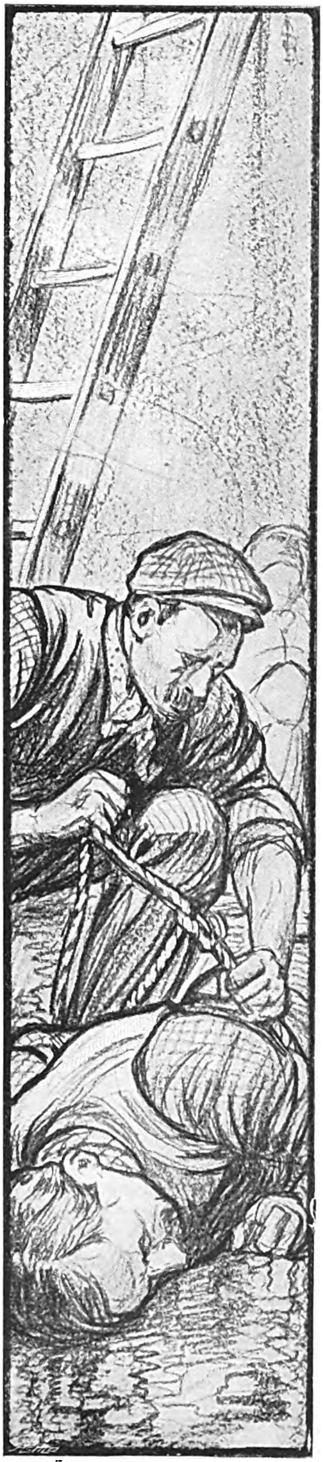
In silence the men watched him disappear into the deadly darkness.

Time passed slowly. It seemed ages since he left them. At last, unable to bear the awful suspense, one of the men shouted. Then, suddenly, a faint light appeared, and Summerbell staggered towards them, holding in his arms the missing man—alive, but unconscious.

Such is the story of the gallant deed that gained for Richard Summerbell the Medal of the Royal Humane Society.

A Chamber of Death.

HOW A WORKMAN SAVED THREE OF HIS COMRADES.



The rope was firmly fixed to his comrade.

THE hero of this story is Richard Allen, an employé of the Wear Fuel Company, of Sunderland. It began in this way. A workman, by name McLeod, had one day been ordered to repair a tar-still belonging to the Fuel Company. At the time the still was warm, so in order to avoid accidents from the deadly fumes that it gives forth in this state, McLeod had been warned not to begin the work until the still had completely cooled.

However, disdaining the caution, the man, with the assistance of two others, set about examining the apparatus from without. It was a large structure, some nine feet in diameter, and eight and a half in depth.

The inspection over, McLeod next proceeded to lower a ladder in order to make a survey of the interior. Scarcely had he reached the bottom-most rung of the ladder than a peculiar sensation gripped his throat.

With hands extended wildly, he clutched blindly at the ladder, then sank unconscious upon the tar-strewn bottom of the still.

Seeing what had happened, one of his comrades, first shouting loudly for help, hurriedly descended to the rescue. But the fumes overpowering him, he, too, fell insensible.

Undaunted by the terrible sight, a third man came forward. Stepping on to the ladder he drew a deep breath and leapt into the still. A moment later, his arms incircled the nearest figure. He dragged him towards the ladder and prepared to ascend, when suddenly, unable longer to hold his breath, he gasped.

The fumes had gained another victim!

Inside the still three men, tar-bespattered, lay sleeping the sleep that would soon end in death.

And now a fourth, one Richard Allen, stood peering into the still. Eight feet below he could see his comrades. It looked a little distance—but all around were the deadly gases!

Picking up a rope he drew a long breath, and hastened down the ladder. An instant he bent over an unconscious form, the next sped up the ladder. But he had succeeded. The rope was firmly fixed to his comrade, and he drew him to the top. One life was saved!

Again Allen descended. Again he fought the awful fumes. Again he conquered.

Down once more Allen clambered, and quickly made fast the rope. This time he only just succeeded; he was almost choked by the fumes.

As Allen knelt, with head throbbing and awhirl, other comrades, who had soon collected, began to draw up the last man. By some means the rope had caught in the machinery. Another journey must yet be made down into the dimness if the man were to be saved.

Allen was ready. His mind had regained its clearness. Down once more he disappeared and freed the ropes.

This is the plain, unvarnished tale of how Richard Allen won the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society, and at the same time a still greater reward—the Stanhope Gold Medal, for the bravest deed performed in the year 1900.

From the Jaws of Sharks.

AN ACT OF HEROISM THAT GAINED TWO MEDALS.

WITH sails outspread and steaming slowly, the *Investigator*, a small boat belonging to the Indian Marine Survey, moved southward across the Bay of Bengal. Behind her dragged a rope, for she was engaged in trawling at a depth of 1800 fathoms.

Two long, dark fins approached. Stealthily they moved right up to the boat, then, turning, sped swiftly round and round her. Sometimes they sank, then rose, but always kept together. For a short time this passed unnoticed, until a sudden shout of "Sharks!" announced that the intruders had been seen.

One of the sailors, baiting a hook with a piece of fat, cast it overboard. Instantly the water was lashed into foam, and a violent jerk rushed the line through the sailor's hands.

In vain he tried to check the mad rush of the enraged shark. Diving some feet below the surface, the great fish rushed towards the stern of the boat. A moment later, it fouled the trawl-rope.

Fearing that the net might be damaged, the captain ordered the gunner, by name Peterson, to shoot the monster. Rifle in hand, the man repaired to the stern of the boat, thinking from there to gain a better view of the shark. Cautiously peering over the side, he raised the rifle. As he did so his foot slipped, and, with a wild shriek, he vanished over the side.

"Man overboard!" a terrible cry at all times, but now a thousand times more so, with the savage, hungry fish waiting below.

Lower a boat! Was there time? The face of the gunner rose to the surface and gazed appealingly for succour.

Suddenly, Lieutenant Huddleston, on duty at the forecastle, threw off his jacket, and, rushing to the side, plunged headlong to the rescue.

With strained eyes, the crew peered down, endeavouring to catch a sight of the sharks. Ten yards away floated the mate of the one that was struggling on the line. The head of the lieutenant appeared above the surface. Clearing the salt water from his eyes, he swam swiftly, apparently unconscious of the terrible risk he was running, towards the drowning man.

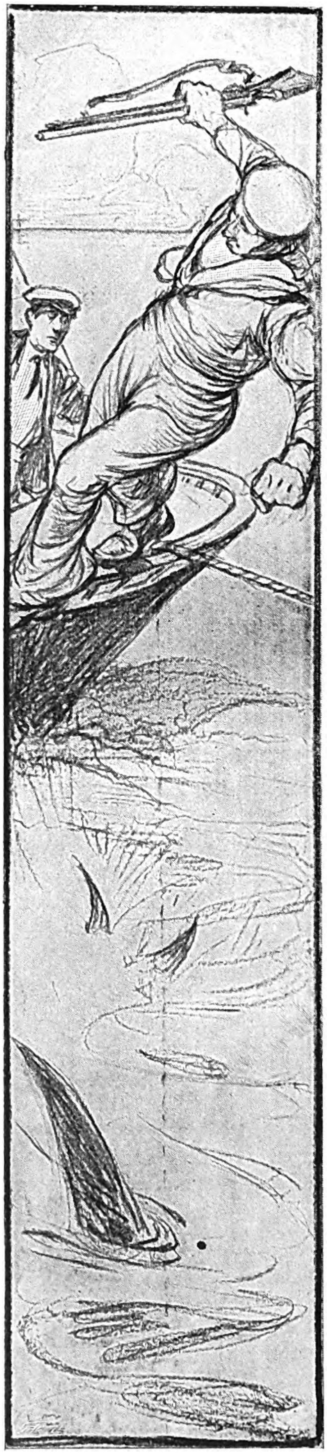
Would the dark, long, torpedo-shaped fish attack? This thought racked the minds of all.

Now the lieutenant had seized the drowning gunner in his arms. A cheer broke from the crew. Then, in answer to a quick word of command, a lifebuoy, attached to a long rope, was thrown to the struggling men.

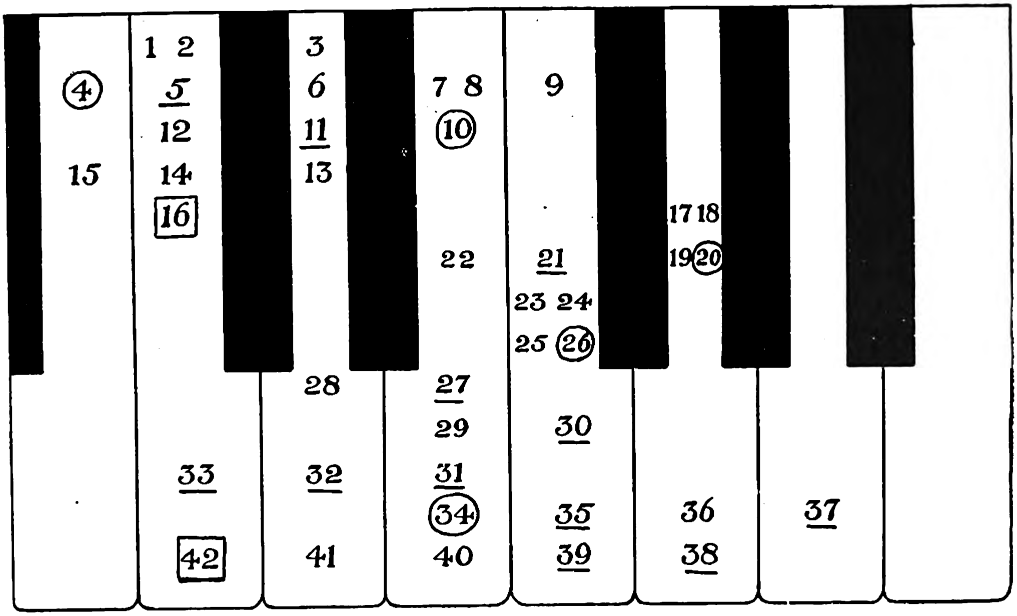
Ages seemed to pass to those on board, before the lieutenant, bearing the half-conscious gunner, reached the buoy. But when at length he did, the crew vied with each other to share the honour of drawing him aboard.

Some months later, this daring deed of heroism met with the distinction it deserved. Not only did the hero, Lieutenant W. B. Huddleston, receive the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society, but he was also awarded the Stanhope Medal, as a tribute to the bravest deed of the year.

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.



With a wild shriek, he vanished over the side.



The inspiriting strains of the British National Anthem.

(The circle indicates a longer note, the underline the shorter ones, and the square the pauses.)

MUSIC WITHOUT NOTES.

How a Beginner Can Teach Himself to Play the Piano.

By George Western.

"If I could only play the piano, I should be perfectly happy!" How often have we heard that cry? And from how many lips? Now we all know that to play the piano really well—brilliantly, up to concert standing—one must begin early and practise very hard, and have good and very expensive lessons. That goes without saying. But to play a little bit—to be able to play a pretty air that one hears at the theatre or concert, well—there you have a very different thing.

Here is a simple way of playing "God Save the King," and a dozen pretty and popular songs, that needs no learning, and can be done by anyone as easily as possible, Make a large sketch of the keyboard of the piano, or rather a section of it, let us say twelve or thirteen keys in the middle, opposite the lock of the piano. Shade the black keys to distinguish them from the white ones. Now write out the tune of, let us say, the National Anthem on this keyboard so that anyone can look at it and play it on the piano.

Sing over the song, but in place of words sing numbers. Instead of singing "God save our gracious King," sing "One, two, three, four, five, six." The one and the two come on the same note. So mark on the middle key of the diagram, the key that corresponds with the one opposite the lock of the piano, (1) and (2). Then put the (3) on the next note. The (4) will be put on the note below the "middle C" — that is what musicians call this note opposite the lock. The (5) you will find, by fingering it out on the piano, is on the middle note again, the (6) is on the note above.

Now you see how to go on, and by giving a number to each word you will work out the tune on your diagram quite easily.

You must put the numbers clearly on the key-diagram, and then you will soon be able to play the tune easily. Try some other tunes, easy ones at first: "Home, Sweet Home," "The Banks of Allan Water," "Auld Lang Syne." There are plenty of

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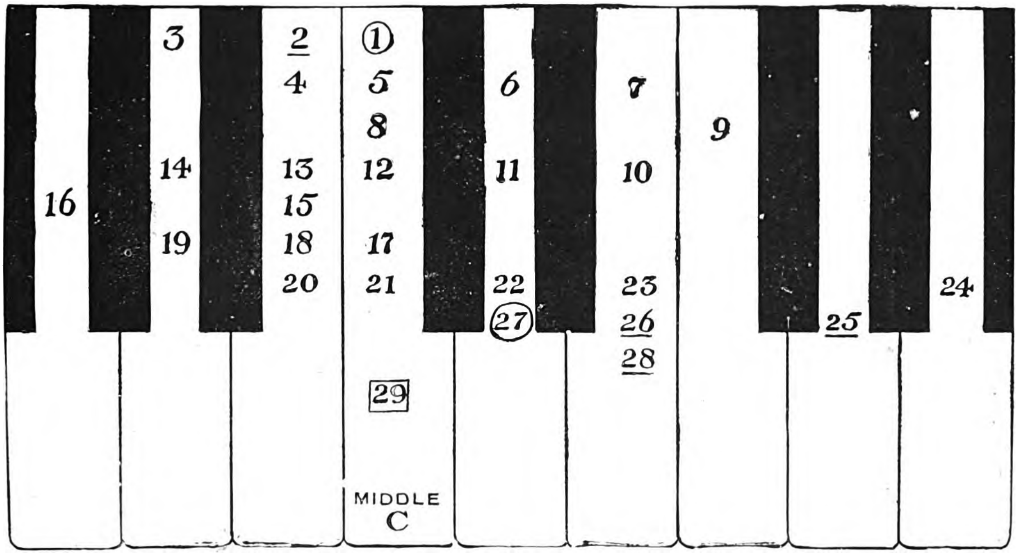
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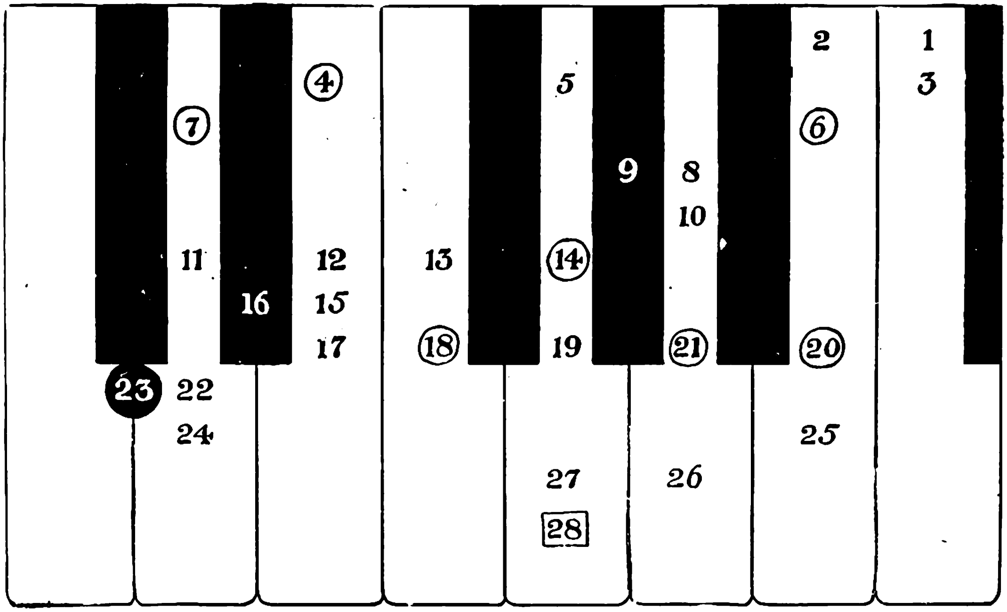
The Welsh National Hymn—"The March of the Men of Harlech."

them that are quite easy to play, and, in consequence, quite as easy to write out.

Now let us think of the advantages that you will all get from this system. Firstly, you will be able to play and sing all the beautiful old songs and hymns that you love so much. That means a lot to many of us. Then you will get your fingers used to the piano, for you must always write out your tunes in numbers on your diagrams yourself, and that means fingering out the notes on the piano.

Soon you will not need the key diagram, but will play the tunes by heart. Then you can give away your diagrams to a friend, and thus all your friends who cannot play at present will soon be able to play quite easily.

There is one difficult little point, but that will not give you any trouble. Some notes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The Refrain of "Venetia," a new-song by Signor L. Denza.

"Life is a dream worth dreaming,
Love is a dream divine,
Let us forget to-morrow,
That morning will ever shine."

Lady Tellington's "Fun!"

An Episode of a Country House-Party.

By George Williams.

(*From Lady Tellington, at Hightopp Hall, Midshire, to Mrs. Gaston-Smythe at Crampley Mansions, South Kensington.*)

Dearest Eleanor,—You may be surprised at hearing from me after so long has elapsed without my writing, but, believe me, it is only the strenuous rush and round of social existence, and *not* forgetfulness of an old friend and schoolfellow, that has caused my silence.

However, now that I *am* writing, it is to ask a favour!

Will you lend me your dear little daughter for a three weeks' visit? I am having a cheery lot of people down to stay here (mostly young folks—nice girls and eligible bachelors, with just enough of the soberer element for leavening purposes), and it would be *so* sweet to have Ray amongst us!

As it is principally a boy and girl house-party, I *know* you will understand my not asking you and your husband (how is the dear fellow? handsome as ever?), but we hope to see you *both* later on.

Now, I want you to send a wire *immediately* saying that Ray may catch the 2.30 train from St. Pancras next Thursday, and that you will lend her to me till Thursday three weeks. *Don't* disappoint me, because I am expecting several people whom I par*tic*ularly want your little girl to meet. Please excuse this weirdly short invitation, but I *never* make up my parties till the last moment.

Relying on you to grant this request of an old friend, I am, ever affectionately yours,

Eleanor Tellington.

P.S.—By-the-bye, tell Ray not to trouble about an undue amount of "clo" (I know what a nuisance luggage is!), as Mabelle left behind two or three *sweet* evening frocks that were unsuitable for wear in India; and as she and Ray are just about the same size, your dear child will be doing me an *immense* favour by wearing them.

N.B.—Please wire *immediately* and let the wire be "*yes.*"

(*From Miss Ray Gaston-Smythe to Mrs. Gaston-Smythe—written in the train* en route *for Midshire.*)

Now, mummy dear, I'm going to write you just a little linelet to say that I begin to miss you already! Now that I've really started I feel shiveringly nervous, and I wish we had taken daddy's advice and wired "No" to Lady Tellington's invitation. Seventeen and a half is awfully young to go away by oneself, and as you've always kept me back so much, I am afraid I shall often fall to the ground during this first flutter of my wings. Oh! do excuse this scribbly scribble, but the train is wobbling horribly. I'd like express trains better if they'd only go slower.

I wonder if they'll snub me, and crush me much, mamma?

Even though we've got very nice far-back blood in our veins, our income and our flat are both quite small, aren't they?

I expect I shall feel frightfully "out of it," among county heiresses whose fathers have crowds of "places," and "boxes," and moors and things! Never mind, my new hat's pretty (there's a nice firm-profiled young man in the opposite corner who keeps looking at it over the top of his paper), so that's all that matters for the moment!

Forgive so much nonsense, darling, but I feel sort of excited with fun and fear.

I'll write to you at the earliest moment after I get there, and tell you if they crush me much, and how I am behaving.—Your most loving little daughter, Ray.

P.S.—I bought a 1s. etiquette book for fun (they are much more amusing than novels to

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read in the train!) while papa was taking the tickets. It says in the chapter on "tips,"—"Fortunately girls are not expected to give as much as are married women." Perhaps, after all, I shall be able to make my £2 5s. last the three weeks. I'll try.

N.B.—The hat-gazing young man has got "Dolf Glenning" on his dressing bag. Isn't it a pretty name? Like the cynical hero, in a nice book with an art linen binding!

(*From Miss Ray Gaston-Smythe to her Mamma—three days later.*)

Hightopp Hall, Midshire.

Oh! mamma!! Yes, darling, that's just how I feel. "Oh! mamma!" expresses it exactly.

I'm having a positively regal time, and if it were not for one or two details which annoy me, I really think my untidy head would be turned right round.

Now I'll try to be lucid, and give you a little account of exactly what's happened (two "n's" or one? I can't remember!). To begin with, the firm-profiled young man who looked at my hat in the train, turned out to be going to Hightopp Hall as well, so we are fellow guests. Funny!

Directly I arrived Lady Tellington met me in the hall, kissed me rapturously, and took me up to my room (such a beautiful room, the *best* one) herself.

"Now, dear little Ray," she said, after we had talked about the journey, and how I have daddy's eyes with your smile, and so on, "I want you to have a splendid time, and to enjoy yourself just as much as a seventeen-and-a-half-year-old girl, with hair the colour of gilded primroses, has a right to enjoy herself."

"Thank you, Lady Tellington," I answered, peeping into the dressing-table glass to see if my hair is really like that. (It truly *is*, mamma!)

"But, dearest," she went on, stroking my hand while I wished she wouldn't, "as you are very young to come away by yourself, I'm going to give you a few 'tips,' as they say in the world of sport. For one thing, keep your own affairs to yourself. I have a special reason for saying this, because one of my guests is indirectly connected with a Society paper, and everything that he hears inevitably gets into print. If any questions are asked you, just say how you've travelled a lot—all round America and so on—and that now you are living with your father and mother, but don't mention anything about the South Kensington flat, or any details concerning your family or surroundings. It's so much the safest way for a young girl!"

"Very well," I replied, feeling a little bit offended, because it looked as if the hostess were ashamed of her guest living in a small flat.

"And," continued Lady Tellington, "I shall always introduce you as 'Miss Smythe,' *without* the 'Gaston'; because double-barrelled names are so terribly laughed at in Society, unless it's in the case of old-established families."

This made me awfully angry, mamma, because "Gaston-Smythe" is our *real* name, isn't it? Papa's people have been "Gaston-Smythes" for ages, haven't they? It isn't as though we were those brewer people in the flat below, who've *invented* a hyphen between Mr. Beere's Christian and surname, and now call themselves "Percival-Beere"!

I suppose I must have showed how cross I felt, because Lady Tellington at once began to make a million more excuses, after which she raved over my "blue-star" eyes, as she calls them, till I really *had* to be amiable again.

So I'm plain "Miss Smythe"!

I miss the dear "Gaston" and the hyphen horribly, but as I'm having such a good time without them, I suppose I must put up with being cut in half!

Well, after Lady Tellington had asked me what frock I was going to wear, she left me and sent her maid to help me dress. I like the maid; she's got such a cheery round face.

I put on the white silk muslin with my blue sash, little turquoise set, and the forget-me-not wreath in my hair, and I must confess, mammy, that I didn't look a bit bad—not a bit.

Then I went downstairs and found myself launched in the sea of Society!

Well, I'll never try to learn to be cynical again, like lady writers; or say that "golden keys" unlock all doors, any more.

The world is a beautifully disinterested place!

A princess couldn't have been made more fuss of than I was—I, a little girl from a South Kensington flat, with £80 a year dress money.

I went in to dinner with Sir Joe Luckley, a younger son who says "What!" whenever there's no need to say it; and the compliments he paid me made me notice things about myself that I had never thought of before . . . He *was* kind.

Then after dinner everyone was the same, and more so, Col. Pitcher (quite a funny red-faced thing), Dr. Drymanton (a bishop with thin legs), Count Abitoff (who won't sit in the same room with a Japanese screen), Paul Royter (a comic song singing young man with a nice 'Varsity slouch), Captain Hardupp, Sir Jasper Credytte, and Monsieur de Sansous. They all simply crowded round me and glared at each other.

The sole person who didn't make a fuss of me was Dolf Glenning, and he was really the only one I'd have cared to talk to. I like his face; he looks as if he could be so horrid if he was cross; and men ought to look like that, oughtn't they?

But even though he doesn't trouble about me like the others, he always seems to know what I want somehow. When we were all looking at the moonlight on the lake I hardly knew I was cold myself till I found him putting a shawl round my shoulders, and then walking away!

And, do you know, mamma, the women are nearly as nice as the men!

They rave over my frocks, and say they think it's "so sweet" of me to dress so simply. I can't see why it's "sweet," when I couldn't afford to do anything else, can you?

I can't write any more, as Mr. Glenning has just come into the room. He doesn't seem to want to speak to me, but I must just thank him for going right into the next village to get me a book I wanted.

All my love and kisses to you, mammy, dear.—Your fond girl, RAY.

(*From Miss Gaston-Smythe to Mrs. Gaston-Smythe, four days later.*)

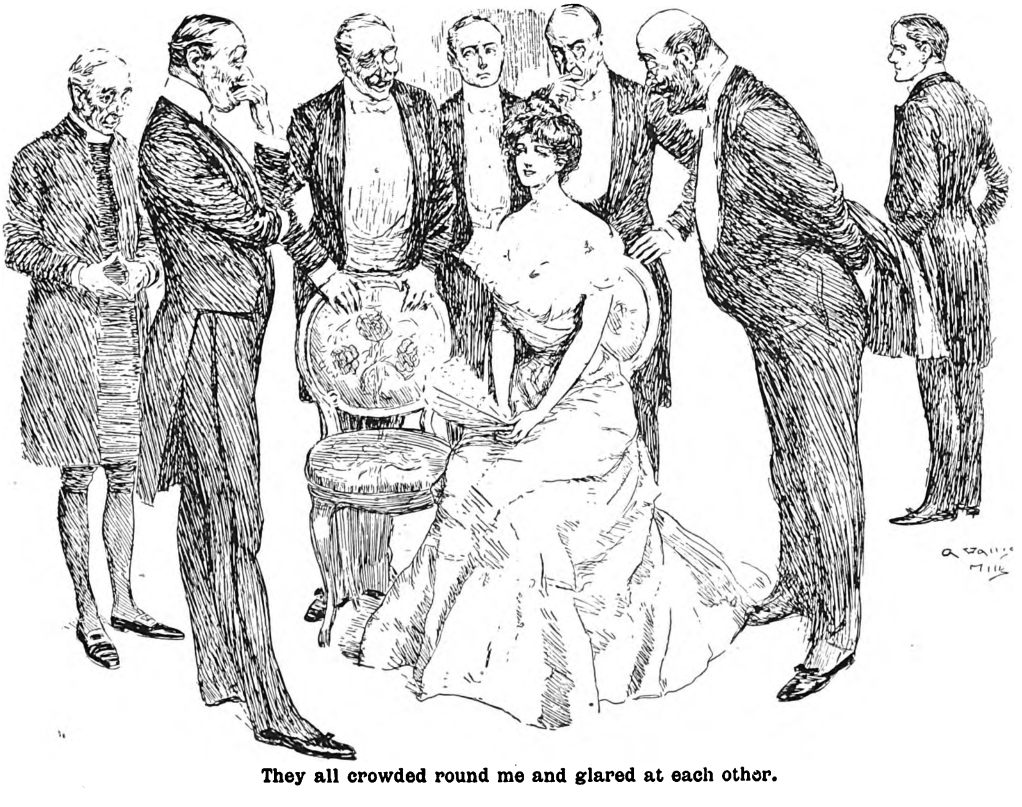
DARLING MAMMA,—It's really getting *too* mysterious!

Nearly every man in the house—with the exception of that irritating Mr. Glenning—has proposed, or semi-proposed, to me!

Can you possibly understand it? *I* can't.

I daresay I'm a nice girl and not bad-looking, but then so are Miss Cleere, Lady Adah Cheltham, Milly Burgess, and the Hortons, and they don't get taken a quarter the notice of. It's beginning to quite frighten me. It almost seems as if it must be some joke, and that they are making fun of me.

Though Mr. Glenning is still kind, and watches me a great deal (it can't be my hat he's looking at when I haven't got one on!), he speaks to me less and less every day.



They all crowded round me and glared at each other.

Well, I don't care

We had a little dance last night (I wore a wonderful embroidered chiffon over satin that Lady Tellington lent me), and I had no fewer than nine bouquets sent to my room!

Do say what you think is the reason. It is EXTRAORDINARY.—Always your loving

RAY.

(*From Mrs. Gaston-Smythe to Miss Gaston-Smythe.*)

MY DEAREST LITTLE DAUGHTER,—I've only time for a short note as your father is waiting for me to go out, but I'll write more to-morrow.

Yes, darling, all this adulation that you seem to be receiving is very strange. Not that I mean that my little daughter isn't worthy of a great deal of kindness, but it certainly *is* extraordinary for a dowerless middle-class girl to be *fêted* like this.

I'm sorry that Lady Tellington lent you a dress, because, though I can't afford to buy you expensive clothes, I'd rather think of you wearing the frocks I have chosen.

Your dear papa is rather worried. He has just lost £1000 over some speculation, which is a considerable item for people like ourselves, who have a difficulty to keep up appearances.

Another thing that vexes me regarding your visit is the dropping of the "Gaston." I can't bear to think of your being called Miss "Smythe." What Eleanor says is absurd! I haven't told your father, he would be so angry.

I am sending you a small cheque in case you run short, but be economical, won't you, dearest?

We miss you dreadfully; home doesn't seem at all like home without our little girl. Fondest love from us both.—Your loving

MOTHER.

(*Miss Ray Gaston-Smythe to Mrs. Gaston-Smythe.*)

VERY DEAREST OF MAMMAS,—Such an embarrassing thing happened yesterday morning.

The night before I had lent Mr. Glenning the book of poems I was reading, and directly after breakfast he came up to me and said:—

"Thank you, Miss Smythe, for the book. I have a terrible confession to make. There was a letter left inside the pages, and before I knew what I was doing, I had read it. At first I thought it was something you had written out—some comments on the poems—but soon I found out my mistake in a confused sort of way; and, instead of putting the letter down, read it to the end before I had realised the horribly 'outside' thing that I had done. Please, please, will you forgive me? It—it—means everything to me if you will."

And what letter do you think it was, mamma?

Why, the *last one I had from you.*

Isn't it horrid?

Anyhow, though he's found out we "have a difficulty to keep up appearances," he knows that my name is "Gaston-Smythe," which is a supreme consolation.

Of course I forgave him, I couldn't do anything else, somehow; and we've been better friends than ever, since.

He doesn't avoid me any more, and he's told me all about himself. He's a barrister with £800 a year of his own; and then he makes a little, very little, by "barristering," and a little bit more by writing dry sorts of things for papers.

I fancy he has got so friendly and confidential to make up for having read your letter, half by accident.

All the other people are just the same—running after me more than ever. I *can't* understand it. It's rather tiring, but it's very pleasing.

Good-bye for the present, dearest. I must go and dress.—Your own daughter, RAY.

P.S.—(Two hours later). Such a commotion! A new and apparently unexpected guest has arrived—a Miss Smith from America. Lady Tellington seems terribly flustered. I have just seen Annice—the cheery round-faced maid—and she is convulsed with merriment! Things seem strange.

(*Miss Ray Gaston-Smythe to Mrs. Gaston-Smythe—two days later.*)

DARLING MOTHER,—I've only time for the tiniest paper-chat, as I'm off to play golf with Do—Mr. Glenning.

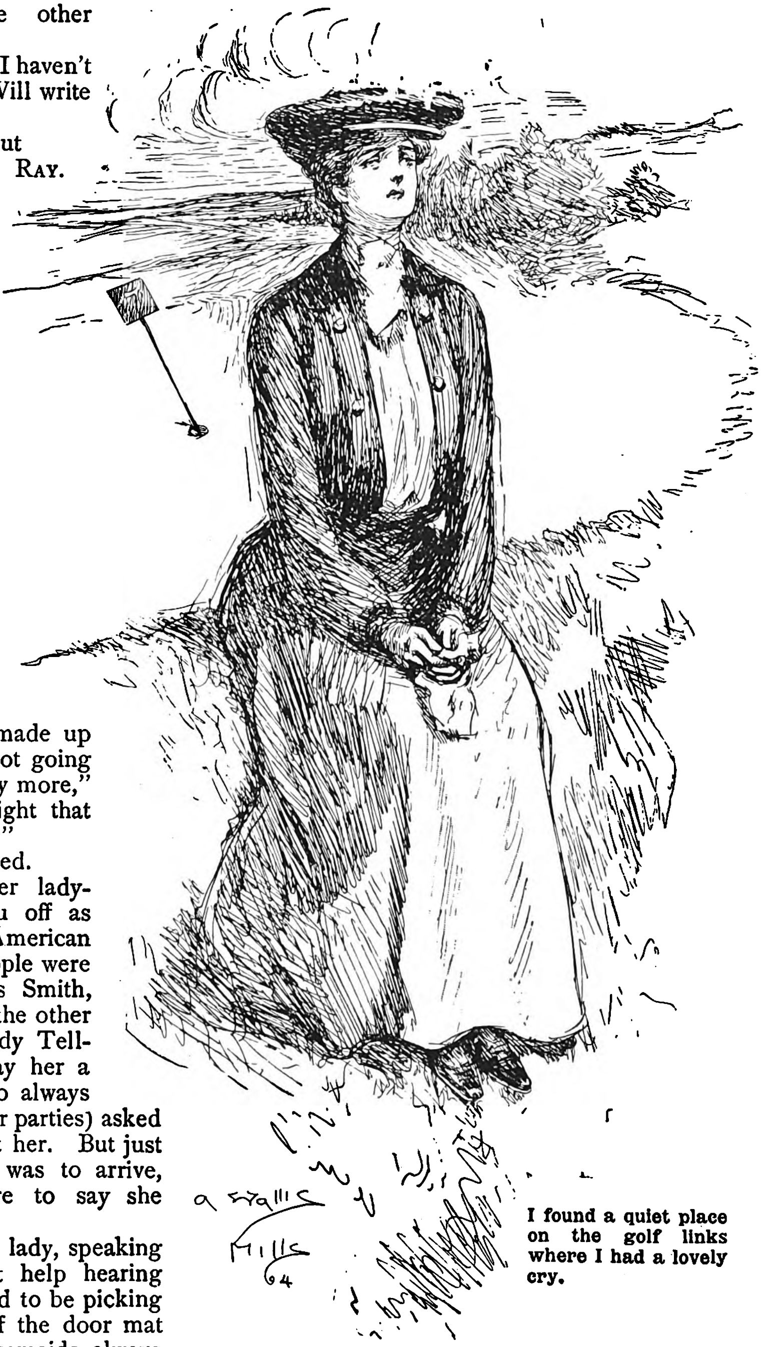
A most extraordinary change has occurred with the coming of Miss Smith. Nobody, except Mr. Glenning, takes any particular notice of me now, and everybody is tittering about "Lady Tellington's little joke!" I can't find out what the joke is.

Miss Smith, a rather common American person, with more diamonds than breeding, seems to be a great favourite already.

I'm very glad to be left in peace, because it gives me more time to be with myself, but I don't quite like being overlooked after its being so much the other way.

Only last night—oh! I haven't time to tell you now. Will write to-morrow.

Ever your loving, but
neglected, RAY.



I found a quiet place on the golf links where I had a lovely cry.

(*From Miss Gaston-Smythe to Mrs. Gaston-Smythe.*)

MAMMA,—I understand everything now, and I want to come home *at once*. It's infamous! It's disgraceful! Dolf says it's nearly actionable, how I wish it were *quite!*

This morning Annice—Lady Tellington's cheery round-faced maid—came to my room. She had just had a disagreement with Lady T. about some torn lace, and had given notice.

"And now that I've made up my mind to leave, I'm not going to shield her ladyship any more," she said. "It's only right that you should know, miss!"

"Know what?" I asked.

"Why, know that her ladyship's been passing you off as Miss Smith, the great American heiress, who all these people were invited to meet! Miss Smith, who came unexpected the other night, had accepted Lady Tellington's invitation to pay her a visit, and so my lady (who always likes to get a 'star' at her parties) asked all these people to meet her. But just three days before she was to arrive, Miss Smith sent a wire to say she couldn't come.

"'Oh, John,' said my lady, speaking to Sir John (I couldn't help hearing it all because I happened to be picking up some bits of fluff off the door mat at the time—these housemaids always neglect their duties, and I can't do with untidiness!), 'it will make me look so absurd after telling all these people that they were to meet a millionairess! I must get a substitute. I know! I'll write and ask Ray Gaston-Smythe. We'll call her "Miss Smythe," tell her not to talk about herself, and then no one will know that she isn't my "lion." I'll send a note to Eleanor Gaston-Smythe and ask her to telegraph a reply.'

"And that's what she did, miss; and then when the *real* Miss Millionairess suddenly found that she *could* come, she (not used to studying anyone's convenience but her own) turned up without wiring or writing. So my lady had to tell everyone that it had been a bit of fun pretending *you* were Miss Smith from Chicago . . . Fun, indeed!"

I couldn't wait to hear another word, mamma. I felt so miserable and humiliated that I ran right out and found a quiet place on the golf links where I had a lovely cry, all by myself, until I happened to meet Dolf. Then, I couldn't help it, I *did* want somebody's sympathy! I told him all about it.

"Yes," he said, "I was taken in with the others; and, if it hadn't have been for your mother's note that was in the book of poems, I should have gone on thinking that you were a millionairess, whom a battling barrister was in honour bound to avoid. However, bless your mother's note! It cleared the way for me!"

I don't know what he meant by "clearing the way," but I felt so glad to think that he was the one person who hadn't given me up because I wasn't a millionairess!

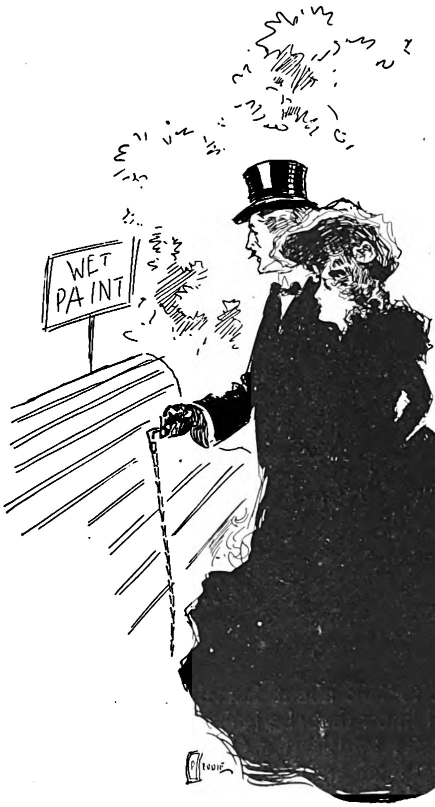
Please wire, mamma dearest, what train I may come home by.—Your loving but humiliated RAY.

P.S.—Since writing I've been for a walk with Dolf. I've found out what he means by "clearing the way." He wants to give me a diamond ring for a birthday present, but can't do so till he's had a chat with papa, he says.

Please wire what time papa can see Dolf, and then what train I can come home by, so that we can all be together as soon as possible.

Give my darlingest love to daddy and tell him that I'm sure he'll say I may have the ring directly he sees Dolf; but, if he *doesn't*, why—well, I've read all about Dorothy Vernon!

N.B.—I really feel grown-up at last, and—oh! mother, mother darling, I *am* so happy! I wouldn't be a millionairess for *anything!*



The Park Seat

(A Drama in Verse.)

HE.

Here, where the ancient trees
Murmur their pride,
While the mad April breeze
Greets the Springtide;
Here, on this sheltered seat,
Just for a moment, Sweet,
Sit by my side . . .

What! You won't sit with me?
Ah! I know why.
You chafe for liberty—
Go, then! Good-bye!
Broken our pact and plight,
Never more from to-night
Darken mine eye!

SHE.

Stop groaning, William, do!
You'd vex a Saint!
You think I'm tired of you—
Oh, no, I ain't!
But I won't sit down here—
Why not is pretty clear—
It's all wet paint!

R. A. HAMBLIN.

Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

Mr. H. Herbert, who tells the story of the Balaklava Charge.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

The Second of a Series of Soul-stirring Stories of British Valour, in which each Narrative is Taken from the Lips of One who Actually Passed Through the Events Described. Here the Famous Charge of the Light Brigade is Set Forth by One of its Heroes, Mr. H. Herbert.

GLEANED AND EDITED BY WALTER WOOD.

No. II.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF MR. H. HERBERT,* 4TH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

HERE, in brief, is the story of the Battle of Balaklava, of which the mistaken but glorious Charge of the Light Brigade is the most famous incident.

It was October the 25th, 1854. Sebastopol was beseiged by the allied armies of England, France and Turkey, whose base was the seaport of Balaklava. Thirty thousand Russians were posted in the vicinity, and their attempts to relieve Sebastopol by driving the British from Balaklava led to the battle.

The enemy advanced, captured some guns in British redoubts, and attempted to remove them. They were temporarily disorganised by the gallant charge of Sir James Scarlett with the Heavy Brigade. But the guns being still in peril, Lord Lucan, commanding the Light Brigade, received orders to follow the enemy and prevent him carrying out his design.

The Light Brigade then swept into the "Valley of Death," where in a few moments nearly half of them were lost.

"The object of the Russians," Mr. Herbert told me, "was to capture Balaklava Harbour, and so bring about the loss of our base. But the harbour was strongly fortified on the heights surrounding it; and in addition a frigate was moored broadside on at the top of the harbour, so that she was able to sweep the surrounding country with her guns.

"We thought we were to attack the Russians on October 22nd or 23rd, 1854, but we did not do so until the 25th, the day of the charge. Of course our staff must have observed a movement amongst the Russians, whom they could see through their glasses; but to us, with the naked eye, they were invisible. We had been continually standing to our horses, and were doing so during the greater part of the 24th, returning to our camp late at night. It was the custom on active service in those days to turn out and stand to our horses for two hours before daybreak, and on the 25th we turned out about four o'clock. The weather was cold

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* Mr. H. Herbert, the narrator of this story of the charge of the Light Brigade, was born at Bristol nearly seventy-two years ago. He enlisted in the 4th Light Dragoons, now the 4th Hussars, and at the age of twenty-one rode in the immortal charge. He left the Service at the end of the Crimean War with the rank of sergeant—a sufficient testimony to his abilities and zeal.

He began business as a builder, and for twenty years was successful. Then misfortune overtook him, and he accepted a post as night-watchman, which he kept until he was compelled to resign it through rheumatism. For ten years he was chairman of the Balaklava Relief Committee, an admirable institution, the head of which is now Mr. T. H. Roberts. It has been the means of rescuing many survivors from the workhouse, and is able to keep body and soul together for them in their ending years. The oldest survivor is seventy-nine years old. Seventeen were on the stage of the Alhambra at a benefit performance on the fiftieth anniversary of the charge. The curtain rose to the strains of "The Boys of the Old Brigade," and fell to the sad and significant bugle-sounding of the "Last Post."

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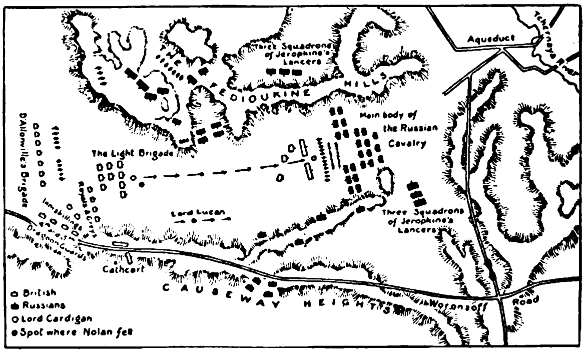
and miserable, and we had slept on the ground under our tents, fully dressed and armed. We had nothing to eat or drink before turning out.

"The Light Brigade was formed up not far from where the charge afterwards took place. It consisted of the 4th Light Dragoons, 8th Hussars, 11th Hussars, and 13th Light Dragoons, all of which are now Hussar regiments, and the 17th Lancers.

"Our pickets suddenly gave the alarm that the Russians were attacking, and we advanced across the plain to the three British redoubts which were the object of the Russian attack. The redoubts were manned by a few British artillerymen and Turks. The Russians abruptly loomed up out of the dull grey of the morning, and immediately shells and cannon-balls were falling amongst us, and screaming over our heads.

"As I sat on my horse I took particular notice of the Russian lines as they advanced to attack us; and I have often thought that they resembled the keys of a piano under the fingers of a clever player. Some of the keys seem to fall out and reappear rapidly; and so it was with the Russian ranks as our artillerymen played upon them—only the keys which disappeared did not come up again. A great many of the Russians fell, dead or wounded, as they advanced.



Plan of the Battle of Balaklava.

"Very soon we found that the Russians had carried the redoubts, for the guns—our own guns—were turned upon us. As soon as the redoubts were taken, we saw the Turks rushing out of them and tearing pell-mell down the eminences and across the plain towards us. I remember how freely our men cursed them, and how little the Turks seemed to care whether they were cursed or blessed. As they flew past they shouted to us, '*Bono, bono*, Johnny!' meaning 'Good, good'—they called all Englishmen in the Crimea Johnny, but our men shouted back, 'No *Bono!*' and swore fearfully.

"The I Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery had already dashed up and gone past us in magnificent style, and had opened fire on the Russians. Shortly afterwards I saw Captain Maude, commanding the battery, carried away to the rear, with either an arm or a leg—I think it was a leg—shattered.

"As soon as our commanders found that the Russians had got our range from the redoubts we retired back upon our own camp, which was towards Balaklava. There was a large plain extending from these redoubts, so that we had a good level surface to ride on.

"We retired, the shot and shell playing on us continuously. The Russians at the same time advanced their cavalry—masses of them, and some of them remarkably handsome regiments, too. Amongst them were hussars dressed in light blue.

"While we were retiring across the plain, the Russians following, the Heavy Brigade, under Sir James Yorke Scarlett, prepared to charge. The Heavy Brigade consisted of the Scots Greys, the Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, the Royal Dragoons, and the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards. At first the Russian cavalry were galloping down the hill, but the sudden appearance of the 'Heavies' stopped them, and they came on at a walk. Sir James instantly swept on, dashed into them, and with his 600 men scattered 3000 Russians.

"The Heavy Brigade advanced splendidly, and made a grand charge. They went right through the enemy, and at the same time the guns were supporting them with a smart and telling fire. We were a little bit too much to the left to see the charge itself fully; but we could hear the din of the fight.

"If the Light Brigade had dashed on the Russians' right flank and followed up the terrific charge of the 'Heavies' there is no doubt, I think, that we could have annihilated the Russians on the spot. It was a grand opportunity for the Light Brigade; but it was lost.

"After this there was a lull in the fight, and we thought the battle was over. We were ordered to take ground to the left, and reached some rising ground at the top of the valley, where we halted.

"We next proceeded to dismount, and stood to our horses for some time. A few men were able to take a snack of something to eat, but only those who had saved part of the last rations issued on the previous day, for on that morning we had turned out in a violent hurry, and there was no time to do little odds and ends of work that had been overlooked.

"For instance, the straps under my trousers were still unbuttoned, because in the hurry of mounting I had had no time to secure them. The riding and galloping about had made me very uncomfortable. There were no jackboots in those days—soldiers are very differently provided for in these times, I can assure you—and my trousers had wriggled up my legs.

"I said to a comrade of mine, a young fellow from Birmingham, named Fletcher: 'Tom, will you button up my straps for me?'

"He willingly obliged, and was just finishing the job when Captain Nolan galloped up to Lord Lucan.

"What passed between Captain Nolan and Lord Lucan I cannot pretend to know, because I was not close enough to hear anything; but at any rate Lord Cardigan shouted: 'Stand to your horses, men! Prepare to mount! Mount!'

"The trumpeters of the different regiments sounded these orders, and we sprang into our saddles.

"The order was then given: 'The Light Brigade will advance!'

"We knew one thing—we knew what was expected of us, for two or three days before the charge Lord Lucan had addressed us, saying: 'Keep your horses well in hand, men, and obey your officers; but when you get in amongst the Russians, *skiver* them well!'

"As he spoke he gave us with his own sword an illustration of what he meant—which was pointing and cutting with the weapon.

"Lord Lucan had previously served in the Russian army. He was a regular fire-eater. Lord Cardigan and he were a well-matched pair in that respect.

"We knew that we were going into something pretty desperate; but we did not realise what was in store for us. Not a soul suspected that.

"The advance began. We had not got more than two or three hundred yards when the Russians bellowed fire from three batteries of guns, with ten guns in a battery. There were ten on our left, ten on our right, at a distance of about a mile, and ten at the bottom of the valley, with their muzzles pointing directly at us. All these batteries were field guns, and very much superior to ours.

"The batteries poured in a fearful fire from these three quarters—straight ahead and on our right and left; and, in addition, there must have been great numbers of Cossacks and infantry in ambush on our right, because from that direction also a murderous fire was coming.

"Rushing into the 'jaws of death' like that our men dropped from their saddles by dozens. Some were wounded, some were killed on the spot, and fell out of their saddles. There were cases of man and horse being literally blown to pieces by shells.

"Soon after we had started, the wild rush of the living men was accompanied by maddened horses with emptied saddles.

"The first man to fall in the charge was the officer who, rightly or wrongly, had brought the order for it—Captain Nolan. He was ripped up the breast by a piece of shell and fell from his horse with terrible cries; but his foot got fixed in the stirrup and he was dragged for a considerable distance. Our own major—Major Halkett—was struck by a shell, or a cannon-ball, full in the chest and killed on the spot.

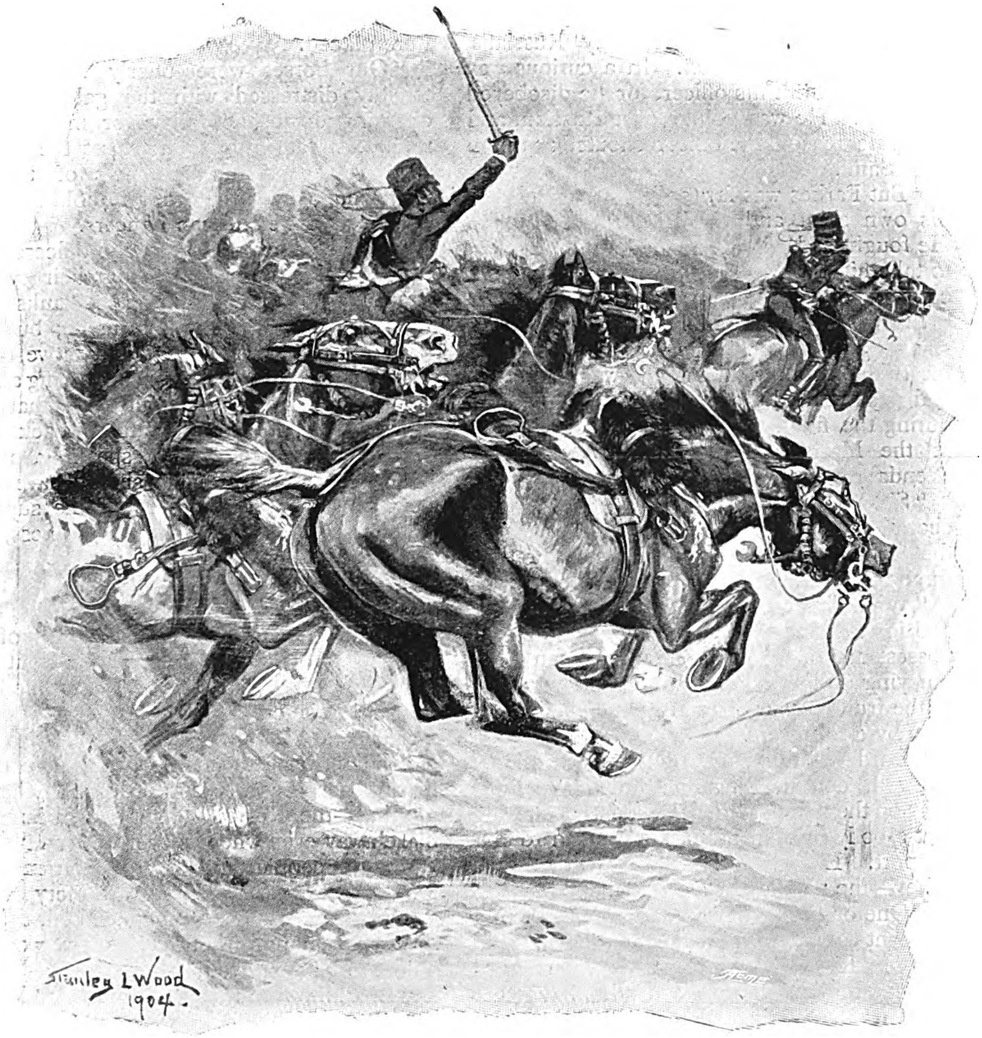
"Very soon afterwards, my own chum, Tom Fletcher, was shot. He was a brave soldier and a splendid horseman; but the heavy fire was disorganising us, and he got a little behind me in his dressing—that is to say, he was not level with me in the line. I shouted: 'Keep up, Tom!' The words were no sooner out of my mouth than I heard a whizz and a thud, and a bullet which had just grazed me struck him in the back of the head. But he held on, wounded though he was, and fought till he was taken prisoner. He lived for a little while, but died not long afterwards in the Crimea.

"The Light Brigade was advancing in three lines—the 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Lancers forming the first, the 4th Light Dragoons and 11th Hussars the second line, and the 8th Hussars the third. Lord Cardigan was in command, and led the first line; Colonel Douglas led the second, and Lord George Paget the third. The 17th had lances, the rest of us carried swords, although as light cavalry we had been through the lance exercises.

"From our starting-point to the place where the farthest guns—those at the lower part of the valley—were stationed was at least a mile and a quarter; and for the whole of that distance we rode through a perfect blaze of fire. So terrible was the flanking fire on our right and left, that when we had reached the bottom of the valley there were not more than about one hundred men remaining mounted.

galloped up and surrounded them as well as we could with our shattered numbers, and stopped them from going.

"Then the most terrible part of the whole mad business came. The gunners tried to escape from the fury of our men by crawling under the guns; but the drivers had not time to get away from their horses. They were sabred as they tried to dismount, and a good many of our own men dismounted and struck the Russians under their own guns or routed them out at the point of the sword. At such a time nothing could escape—men had no time to think, and the very horses were cut and stabbed and killed. So far as my



"Soon after we had started, the wild rush of the living men was accompanied by maddened horses with emptied saddles."

"We literally flew at the batteries; but by the time we got to the guns the first line of the Brigade had melted away. It had been almost annihilated by shot and shell.

"When we reached the battery we found that the gunners and drivers had limbered up their guns and were slowly retreating. We own recollection goes there was not a man or horse who escaped alive in the whole of the battery.

"Many of our men were fighting dismounted, their horses having been killed by fire or steel. Some of them performed prodigies of valour, amongst them being Sam Parkes, a private of my own regiment. When we were mixed up with the guns Parkes was on foot, his horse having been killed. He was surrounded by Russians, and fought like a demon. In a curious way he got level with his officer, for he disobeyed an order. He was going for a Russian, and for some reason the officer shouted: 'Spare him, Sam!'

"But Parkes was far too busy looking after his own skin, and the Russian had to go. He fought as long as he could, and then had to take his choice between surrender or being cut to pieces. He surrendered and was made prisoner, but not until his sword had been smashed by a shot. The Russians kept him for twelve months, then he was released, and was awarded the Victoria Cross for valour during the fight. For many years he lived at the Marble Arch, where he was the attendant.

"Six Victoria Crosses were given for the charge of the Light Brigade, and three for the 'Heavies'—nine in all. No fewer than three of them went to the 17th Lancers.

"We had captured the guns fairly enough, and for a short time they were actually in our possession; but the Russians were seen to be hurrying up large bodies of troops to rob us of the fruits of our charge. The enemy was seen by our officers.

"Lord George Paget shouted to Colonel Shewell, commanding the 8th: 'We must rally on the Lancers, men!' evidently believing that a body of Lancers had advanced to our support. He was at that time looking up the valley—the 'Valley of Death.'

"One or two of our men, amongst them a sergeant called Andrews, shouted back, 'But they're Russian Lancers!' Then Lord George replied that we must hold together and cut our way through them; and the order was given to go about and retire.

"That, indeed, was the only thing we could do, because it was clear that the handful of men who were still lucky enough to be living could do nothing against the Russian masses who were now in motion against us.

"To stay where we were was to be cut to pieces—and for nothing—inasmuch as we had no supports, and could not take the guns away. As for supports, it was fortunate, in a way, that we were without them; for if they had advanced they would have been served in the same way as the Light Brigade. There would have been no help for it, because the odds were so overwhelmingly against us.

"When we went about we made for the Lancers, whom we now saw clearly enough. They were drawn up in a line right across the valley, not far from the points at which the flanking batteries on our right and left were placed.

"Our horses were utterly winded, and terribly distressed with the galloping and charging down the valley for more than a mile. It was impossible to get them to go very fast; but the remnants of the five regiments obeyed the order to hold together, and went at the Russian Lancers.

"As we came back I saw the officers commanding the Russians waving their swords, as if they were trying to bring the flanks of the Lancers round, so as to hem us in; but they seemed to me either to be afraid to move, or not to know what their officers were driving at. It was, of course, a disgraceful thing that they allowed a single man of us to get back again down the valley. Strictly speaking, not a soul in the Light Brigade should have been permitted to return, in view of the superior numbers of the enemy, their freshness, and our own exhausted state.

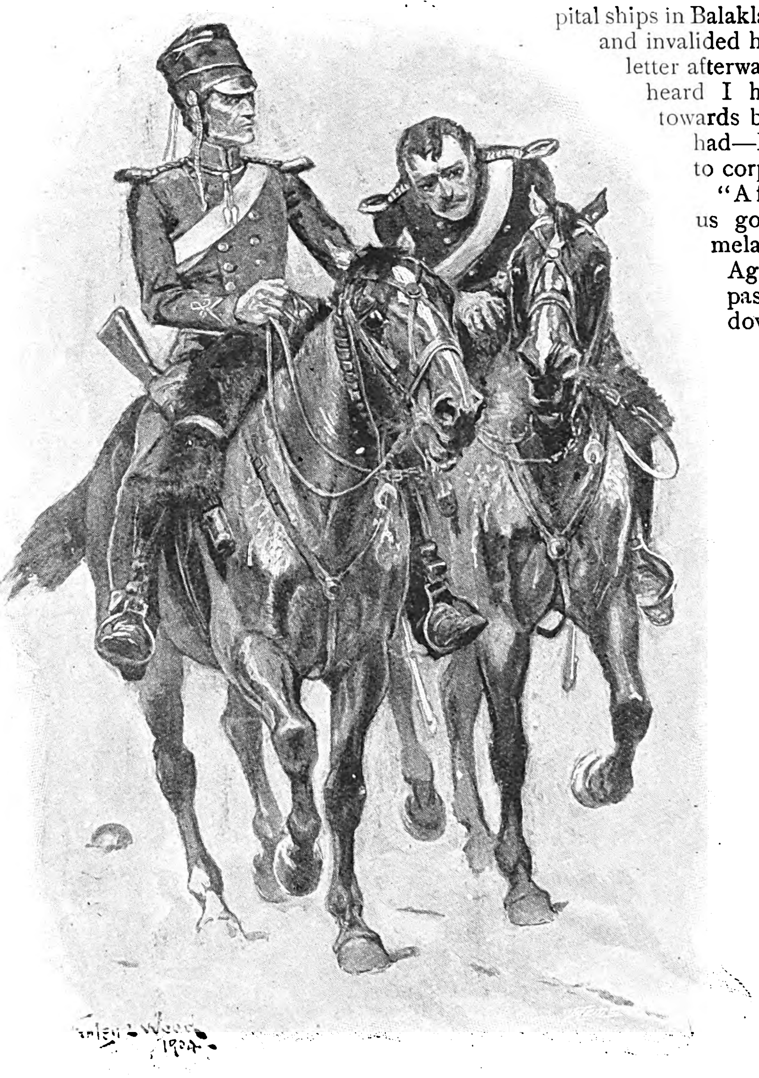
"We rushed in amongst them, and there was a renewal of the cutting, slashing, pointing, and parrying of the earlier part of the fight. There was no fancy work, but just hard, useful business, and it fulfilled its object, for we cut our way through the opposing lancers.

"There was a repetition of a savage thing that happened as we dashed down in the beginning—the Russian batteries continued to blaze away even when we were mixed up with their own people, and destroyed friend and foe alike. It was merciless butchery so far as their own soldiers were concerned, though it was fair enough in our case, as we were the object to be destroyed.

"In addition to this artillery fire we had to bear the fire of the hundreds of Cossacks who were hovering on our flanks. Many a man who had gone through the charge in safety fell before the Cossacks' fire.

"The charge had caused us to be scattered and utterly disorganised and separated, so that we retreated pretty well anyhow and as best we could.

"Many a friend was missing, and some that I thought I should never see again were found. There was one amongst them, a



"I did get him through luckily, and when we were safely back I saw him taken off his horse."

member of my own troop, that I did not expect to set eyes on, but I overtook him during our retreat.

"I saw that something was wrong, as he was terribly pale, so I said: 'Hello, Bill, what's the matter? Are you hurt?'

"He said: 'Yes, I am; I'm shot through the foot.'

"'Here, old boy,' I told him, 'you must get out of this. Hang on to the saddle and give me the reins. I'll get you through.'

"I did get him through luckily, and when we were safely back I saw him taken off his horse. He was removed to one of the hospital ships in Balaklava Harbour, doctored, and invalided home. He wrote me a letter afterwards to say that he had heard I had got my first step towards being a general. So I had—I had been promoted to corporal.

"A few lucky ones amongst us got safely back—and a melancholy return it was! Ages seemed to have passed since we charged down the valley, and yet the whole of the desperate business had been done well within half-an-hour.

"We staggered in, some singly, some in twos, and some in threes; and the way we were met and cheered and helped showed how stunned those were who had been left behind, and had seen us going on an undertaking that looked like sheer madness and certain death for every man and horse.

"The fire which had pretty well destroyed us had caused the Heavy Brigade some further losses, as they were on the slope behind us, and in the line of fire. That we should have suffered even more than we did at the finish is certain if it had not been for the action of some French cavalry, who advanced and silenced some of the Russian guns.

"We were back at last—but what a handful! When we turned into our tents at night some of them were perfectly empty, for not a single man belonging to them was alive; while others, which had sheltered twelve soldiers in the morning, now held only two. The camp seemed quite deserted, and the shadow of death lay heavy upon it. Some of our brave fellows were, we knew, prisoners in the hands of the Russians, because their horses had been shot down, they were themselves wounded, and escape was impossible; but most of the missing were dead.

"Between six and seven hundred of us had charged down the valley; when we were mustered for the roll-call it was found that half were missing, and when the final returns were prepared, it was shown that in that charge of a few minutes' duration 247 officers and men had been killed or wounded or were missing, while of the horses 475 had been killed and forty-two were wounded.

"A never-to-be-forgotten night followed the day of the charge. The survivors turned into the tents, exhausted and miserable; but all the same I know that there was not a man who had come out of the charge who thought he had done anything more than his duty, and if the rest of the Light Brigade had been ordered to form up again for another charge not a man would have disobeyed.

"Fully dressed and armed, with horses saddled and picketed to the ropes, we turned into our tents, and lay down to try to sleep. A wild and disturbing thing happened. In the middle of the night we were startled by a terrible shouting and commotion. The officers were halloing, and the guards were shouting 'Turn out! Turn out! The Russians are upon us!'

"We roused up and rushed out of the tents to our horses. As we were getting the bits into their mouths I heard an officer shout: 'By ——, men, turn out, or we shall be cut to pieces!' Almost as he spoke, a hundred or a hundred and twenty horses galloped madly right into our camp; but, luckily, although they were Russian, they were riderless. They were loose horses which had stampeded. All we had to do was to capture them as best we could.

"On the morning after the charge, our men who had been taken prisoners by the Russians were paraded before the Russian general, Liprandi, who spoke very good English. He asked the men if they had had anything to eat, and was astonished when they said they had charged on empty stomachs. He gave them plenty to eat and drink, and saying that he thought they would, no doubt, like to write to their mothers and wives and sweethearts, he had them provided with ink and pens and paper.

"He asked, 'What did you men have to drink this morning before you came down in the charge?'

"They told him, 'Nothing.'

"'Oh,' he said, 'I thought you were all drunk or mad!'

"Then an Irishman said to him: 'By ——, General, if we'd had anything to drink we should have had half Russia by this time!'

"The general laughed and answered: 'Well, my man, if they were all like you, I believe you would!'

"I do not remember the case of the butcher of the 17th Lancers, who, you say, joined his regiment fresh from the shambles, and rode through the charge with his pole-axe; but I can tell you of a case as amazing in its way, and one which shows the brutal discipline of the Crimea period.

"There was a man in our regiment named Fox. When the order to advance was given he was on duty in the camp. He rushed to his horse, rode in the charge, and came safely back. And to what? The cat! He was court-martialled for leaving his post without orders and sentenced to receive fifty lashes.

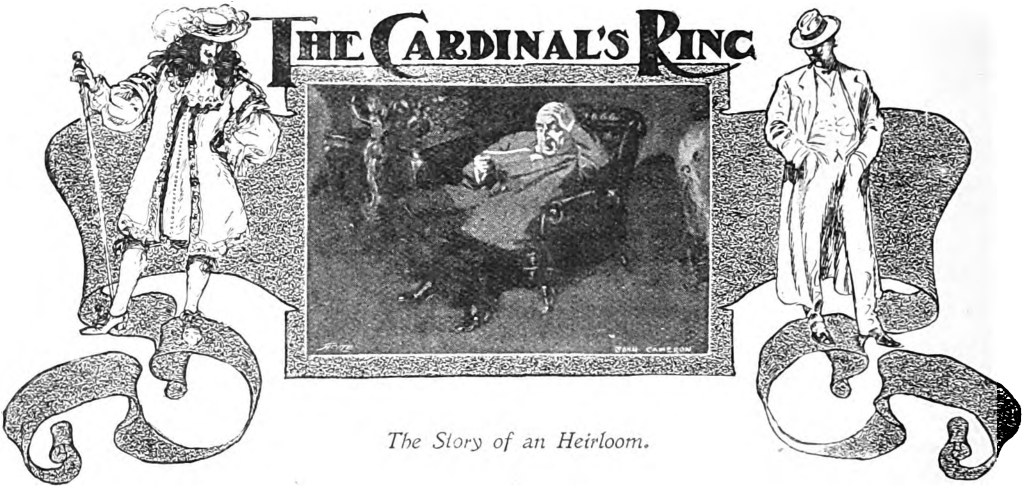
"The remnant of the 4th was paraded for the degrading and monstrous punishment, and Fox was tied to the wheel of a forge-cart. One of the farriers took a cat-o'-nine-tails and gave twenty-five strokes. At that time, when flogging was in vogue in the army, one man never gave more than twenty-five lashes, then a new man and a fresh cat were obtained.

"When half the punishment had been given, the colonel said: 'Hold! I will forgive you the other twenty-five.' Fox, who was an Irishman, answered: 'Oh, don't. Please, colonel, I don't want to be beholden to you for anything. I'll take the other twenty-five!' The colonel said sternly: 'Silence, sir,' and had him marched off to the hospital marquee. The balance was never given. Fox was a desperate character, and a rough customer to deal with, it was true; but he was a fine soldier, and, considering what he had gone through, his punishment was out of all proportion to his crime.

"After Balaklava we were under the command of the French general, D'Allenville, at Eupatoria. We tried very hard to get the Russians to have another brush with us, but they would never face us again.

"It has always been a disputed point as to whether the trumpets sounded the 'Charge!' or not. The order was, 'Walk!' then 'Trot!' The men found that they were passing through such a murderous fire that they all wanted to get at the enemy as soon as possible. Accordingly they began to gallop, and from the gallop they broke into the charge. But I never heard any 'Charge!' sounded, and other survivors bear me out in this statement."

THE CARDINAL'S RING



The Story of an Heirloom.

By John K. Leys.

I.

In a side street leading off Old Bond Street, a few doors from the main thoroughfare on the left-hand side, there stood some years ago—and probably still stands—a house of a quiet and retiring aspect. Rather narrower than its neighbours, it receded a foot or so from the general line of frontage, as though it were quite willing to occupy the position of a poor relation in that aristocratic neighbourhood.

On the ground floor was a single window, shaded by silken curtains in such a way as to preclude any view of the interior; and beneath them lay a narrow platform of red velvet, upon which reposed a tray with some antique trinkets, and near it a few nick-knacks—a chased silver goblet, a piece or two of old china, two or three minatures, and a bit of old lace.

At this window there stood, leaning on a cane, one April morning, a tall, high-bred looking man, already past the prime of life. His well-cut, well-brushed frock-coat had a tired, faded look about it. His smooth silk hat was of an antique pattern. His white hand closed upon the handle of his stick with a nervous grasp, as he dreamily regarded the objects on the window-sill.

Suddenly he seemed to recollect himself; he stood upright, stepped to the door, which bore the legend, *A. Cohen, Dealer in Curios and Antiques*, and pulled an unobtrusive bell-handle.

The door opened as if of itself, and the visitor, taking a pace to the right, found himself in a small apartment, half office, half shop. Besides an office-desk and a large green safe, there were a number of tables on which stood china, bronzes, and glass cases containing plate and jewellery.

The owner of the establishment, who had been furtively observing the new-comer as he stood outside, came up, and smiled an ingratiating smile. He had already noticed the shabby frock-coat, and decided that any marks of deference would be out of place.

"Permit me," said the stranger, and taking out an old-fashioned lady's card-case of filigree silver, he produced a card which he handed to Mr. Cohen with the tips of his long, white fingers.

The Jew's manner instantly changed.

"Proud to serve you, my lord Marquis," he said with a shopman's bow.

"I wish to explain," said the Marquis, "that although the title belongs to me, I do not generally use it. I am known in London simply as Mr. Sarmeuse—or Sarmose, as they generally pronounce it. To speak frankly, our family lost nearly all, save honour, at the Revolution, and the fortunes of our house are now at a very low ebb.

"So low, in fact, have they sunk, that I am compelled to part with an heirloom of considerable value. One of my ancestors in the seventeenth century was fortunate enough to do the King, the fourteenth Louis, an important service, and the King desired that he should be presented with a souvenir of value as an acknowledgment. Accordingly, my great-great-grandfather was presented with a ring, set with a magnificent ruby.

"The gift was made through the King's minister, Cardinal Richelieu, and on that account it has always been known in our family as the Cardinal's Ring. Permit me to show it to you."

The old man leant his stick against one of the tables, and took out a faded leather case wound round and round with narrow black silk ribbon.

"I have been assured on good authority," he observed, "that there are very few finer rubies in the world, and that it is worth at least fifteen hundred pounds. Considering that the ring is a historical relic, it is of course worth a great deal more than that."

Having unwound all the ribbon, the Marquis opened the case and produced a netted silk purse, and from that a tiny bag of chamois leather, from which he took a ring of immense weight. The stone was of the true pigeons'-blood hue, and of unusual size.

The Jew took it, turned it over, scrutinised it through a magnifying - glass, and returned it to its owner with a shrug of the shoulders and a contemptuous smile.

"Imitation!" he said briefly.

"Sir!"

The thin form of the Marquis towered upward till it seemed as though the top of his tall hat would reach the ceiling.

"But this is an insult!" he cried. "My ruby—the Sarmeuse ruby—an imitation! But I have here the papers, what you call the documents, the certificates and attestations. You shall see—you shall see for yourself."

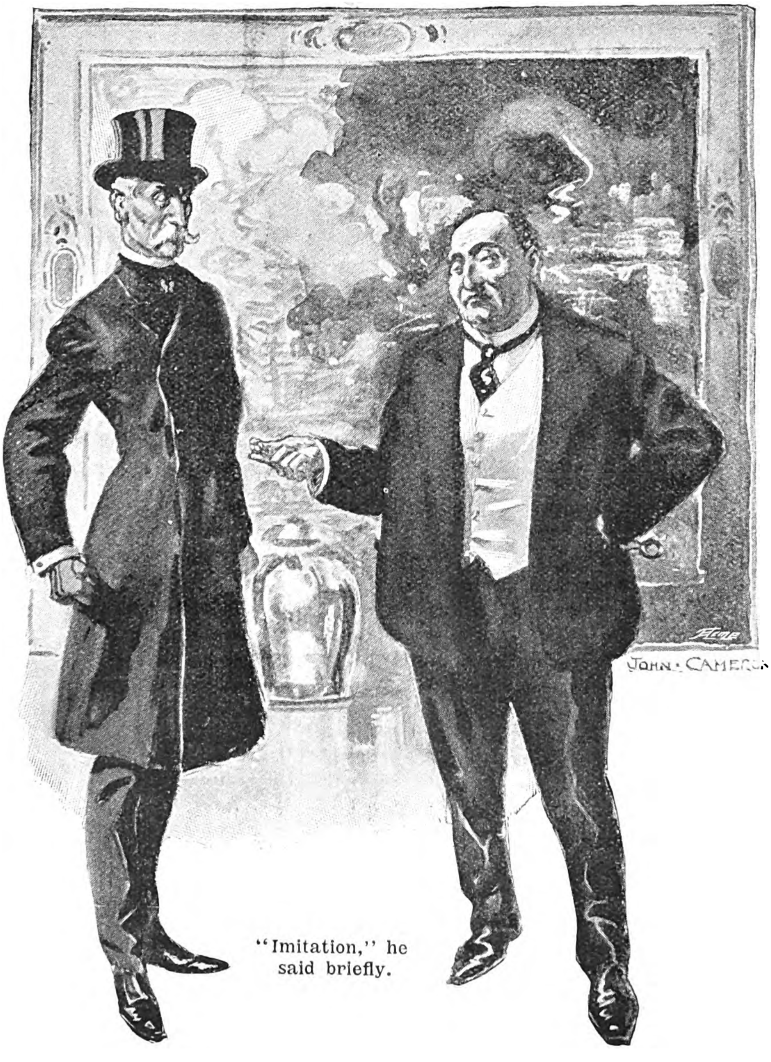
With trembling fingers he undid the clasp of an ancient pocket-book, and brought forth some pieces of parchment with seals attached, and one or two letters yellow with age. It was difficult to understand how such papers could have been fabricated. They certainly looked genuine, and they confirmed the Marquis' story in every particular.

"What did you say you expect for this?" said Cohen, laying down the documents and taking up the ring again.

"Fifteen hundred pounds; and if you find me a purchaser you shall have five per cent. commission."

The Jew grinned in his face.

"Fifteen hundred farthings would be nearer the mark," he said coarsely. But the Frenchman seemed to have decided that



"Imitation," he said briefly.

it was beneath his dignity to quarrel with the Jew.

"You allow the ring to lie here, where it can be seen," said he, "and keep the papers in your safe there; then perhaps someone more skilled in precious stones and more quick than you are to estimate the value of a historic relic, may see and wish to purchase it. The commission, as I have mentioned, will be five per cent."

"Oh, well, all right," said the Jew, after a moment's consideration. "And your very lowest price is——?"

"My proper price is one thousand five hundred pounds, but I might possibly take twelve hundred."

"All right. But I don't intend to guarantee the genuineness of the stone."

"It is understood—that is my affair, not yours," said the Marquis, drawing himself up. And with a dignified wave of the hand he was gone.

"The old fellow evidently believes in his ruby," said Mr. Cohen to himself, inspecting it carefully once more, "and yet—I am almost sure I have seen imitations exactly like it."

He carried it with the accompanying documents to a friend on the other side of the street—a man who dabbled in genealogy, ancient MSS., and antiquities of every kind This gentleman could say nothing about the value of the stone, but he unhesitatingly pronounced the documents to be genuine, and offered a five-pound note for them, simply as curiosities.

This decided the Jew to make an effort to sell the ring, and he forthwith deposited it in the tray on the window-sill, where it seemed to make all the other ornaments shrink to half their proper size. There the ring lay for nearly three weeks.

"Say, mister; there's a mighty big ring in your window—seems to be a ring for Giant Blunderbore. But the stone looks to me first-class. Let's have an inspection."

The tall, lantern-jawed gentleman who said this in a strong New York accent would have been taken for an American anywhere, even in church. His quick, alert eyes, dark brown hair, and clean-shaven cheeks gave him a look of youthfulness, though he was evidently no longer young.

He had a friend with him, a shorter and stouter counterpart of himself.

"That ring, gentlemen," said Mr. Cohen, as he handed it to the speaker, "possesses no ordinary interest. It was presented by the great Cardinal Richelieu on behalf of Louis XIV. to the Marquis de Sarmeuse, in acknowledgment of his services to the State. Here are documents which tell the story, and which are undoubtedly genuine. The ring was intrusted to me for sale by the present Marquis."

"Seems to me you don't know much about it. What does your man ask for it?"

"Three thousand pounds."

"Great Tompkins! D'ye think I'm a No. 2 Rockefeller? But if your story is c'rect we might make a deal."

Here the second visitor, who had been trying to make out the seventeenth-century French in the documents of title, whispered a few words to his friend, who responded "Right!"

Then turning to Cohen, he said,—"I leave London to-morrow, but if I have time I will bring a friend, who is an expert in these matters, to have a look at your client's ring. Good-day." And the two Americans quitted the shop.

Mr. Cohen scarcely expected to see either of them again; but on the following day the taller of them re-appeared, bringing with him a little wizened man in a loose brown overcoat, with his head plunged in a hat several sizes too large for him.

This person scrutinised both the ring and the accompanying documents in a very careful and leisurely manner. Finally he handed both back to the Jew, and spoke a word aside to his companion.

"I'll give you ten thousand dollars—I mean two thousand pounds—and that's an outside price," said the American.

The Jew concealed his delight, and mournfully shook his head. Two thousand pounds, he said, was not nearly enough. Three thousand pounds was his friend's irreducible minimum.

"Vallard, I must be going," called out the man in the loose overcoat, and the Jew started. It was the name of a wealthy American already famous as a collector of antiques. Such a man, Cohen told himself, would pay three thousand pounds as readily as two thousand for a thing that took his fancy.

"I regret I am not authorised to take less," he began, but the American cut him short.

"All right. Must be off now—good-night," he said; and before the Jew realised it, he was gone.

Cohen made a bolt for his hat, called his wife downstairs to stand on guard, and rushed after the millionaire; but he was too late.

He could not see the American anywhere, and he returned to the shop ready to bite his tongue for vexation.

It was plain to him that either he had been mistaken in thinking the ruby an imitation stone, or that at least the American believed it to be real.

If only he had accepted the two thousand pounds! That would have given him a large profit, for he never dreamt of paying the owner of the ring more than the minimum price, less commission. Never in his life, he told himself, had he let such a chance slip.

He kept a bright look out for the American, but in vain.

A month had gone by when Mr. Cohen met in Piccadilly the gentleman who had accompanied Mr. Vallard on his first visit to the shop.

He followed the stranger into a restaurant, and having accosted him, learnt to his satisfaction that he was speaking to Mr. Vallard's secretary, Mr. Windle, and that the millionaire had not left England. He was staying at a country house, to which the secretary was proceeding that afternoon; and he said he had no objection to bring the subject of the ring once more under his employer's notice, and let him know that the owner was now willing to part with the jewel at his own price—two thousand pounds.

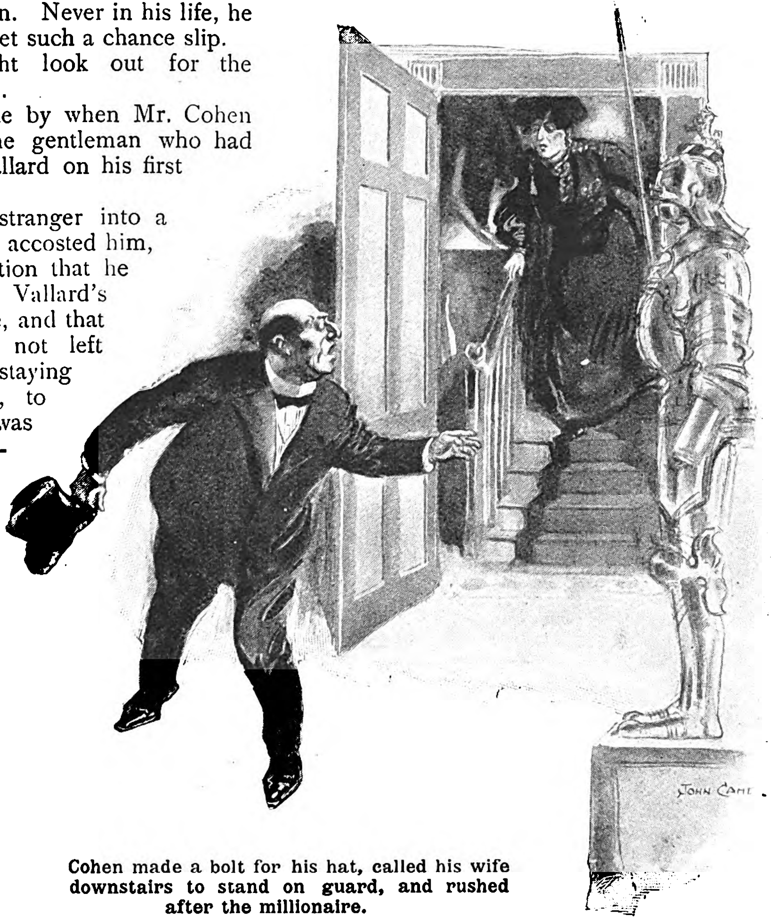
Mr. Vallard, the secretary informed him, would return to London on Wednesday, and leave early on Thursday morning, staying overnight at Claridge's Hotel. If he wished to see Mr. Vallard he had better call there on Wednesday evening.

When Mr. Cohen got back to his place of business, he found the old Marquis waiting for him, accompanied by a girl dressed in mourning, presumably his daughter.

The old man asked whether the ring had been sold, and on being told that it had not, he said he wished to have it back, in order that he might show it to a possible purchaser.

"Oh, that is impossible!" cried the Jew, fearing that if he once let the ring go out of his hands he might never get it back. "I am in negotiation for the sale of the ring to a gentleman who has taken a fancy to it; and I am entitled to keep it until my offer is accepted or refused."

"Well, if your offer is not accepted I must have it back at once," said the Marquis in a dissatisfied tone. "By the way, how much did you ask for it?"



Cohen made a bolt for his hat, called his wife downstairs to stand on guard, and rushed after the millionaire.

Now Cohen had been hoping that this question would not be put. He still entertained grave doubts as to the genuineness of the stone, and if he admitted that he had asked a high price for it, that would be tantamount to an admission either that he believed it to be a genuine ruby, or that he had been trying to cheat somebody.

But the Marquis pressed him, fixing him

with his eye, and at last the Jew said in an offhand way:

"I said I believed you would take five or six hundred for it."

"Then you acted contrary to my precise instructions, sir!" cried the old man, with sudden fury. "I told you my price was fifteen hundred, which I said might possibly be reduced to twelve hundred, and I forbid you to sell it for less."

"But, my lord, if I had a genuine offer for eight hundred, you would not refuse it?"

"I certainly would."

"Then I fear no business can be done," said the Jew with a sigh.

"Give me the ring, then, and leave me to find my own purchaser," said the Marquis promptly.

"But this is not reasonable!" exclaimed the Jew. "I call seven hundred pounds a very fair price—a magnificent price—for a stone twice as good as yours!"

"That may be. It is not my price," said the Marquis coldly. "Be good enough to give me my ring and let me go."

But this, of course, the Jew refused to do, and he spent a long time in pointing out to the owner of the ring that it would be foolish to refuse a ready-money offer for it, when he might spend months or years in waiting for a better price.

Eventually he persuaded the Marquis to be content with one thousand and fifty pounds, the odd fifty pounds to be deducted for commission, on the understanding that he would be paid in cash.

"Now that suits me," said the Jew to himself, turning his hands slowly one over the other, as the Marquis left the shop. "If the American backs out I am no worse off than before; if he takes it I pocket a thousand pounds, instead of a beggarly fifty."

Mr. Cohen awaited with some anxiety Wednesday morning's post. There was no letter for him, and his hopes sank to zero.

In the afternoon he called at Claridge's Hotel, and to his great joy found a letter awaiting him. It was from Mr. Windle—a mere line, stating that Mr. Vallard was willing to stand by his offer, and would see him at 4.30 that afternoon at the hotel and complete the transaction.

"Mr. Vallard is staying here?" he asked the hotel clerk.

"Yes; he has not arrived, but rooms have been taken for him," was the reply; and Mr. Cohen went away satisfied.

Again the Marquis was waiting for him, his daughter at his side.

"My ring—can I have it?" he exclaimed as soon as the Jew made his appearance.

"I am happy to tell you, my lord, that the ring is sold," said the Jew, with a smirk of satisfaction.

His client's face fell.

"I was hoping—I might have got considerably more for it," he said. "But it can't be helped If you let me have the money——"

"But that is unreasonable!" exclaimed the Jew. "I haven't been paid myself yet."

Again the Marquis' face fell. "When will you be paid?" he inquired.

"This evening," he said curtly. "Call here any time after six and you shall have your money," he added, being naturally glad to get rid of the Marquis and his questions.

Punctually at 4.30 Mr. Cohen called at the hotel.

"Mr. Vallard has gone out," said the hotel clerk, "but he has left a note for you."

"Shan't be back till after twelve, as I am dining out," ran the note. "But there's no need to wait. The hotel manager has my cheque for the money, which he will exchange with you for the ring. You may leave it with him. It will be quite safe."

The manager on being summoned produced a sealed envelope, which contained a cheque on the London and Provincial Bank for two thousand pounds. This he gave to Mr. Cohen, who in exchange handed over the ring with the documents concerning it.

"Well, I expect the expert Vallard called in ought to know, but I can't help wondering whether that stone is genuine," said the Jew to himself as he left the hotel. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter to me. I didn't guarantee it to be genuine, and I don't care whether it is or not. I come out on top whatever way it is."

At the Jew's place of business the Marquis was waiting for him, this time alone.

"You have sold the ring?" he asked with no appearance of anxiety.

"Yes, I have sold it."

"For twelve hundred pounds?"

"No, for a thousand guineas."

"Ah! It is a loss to me. I believe I might have got half as much again."

"Well, the money will be ready for you to-morrow," said the Jew abruptly.

"The money will be paid to me to-night, or the ring will be returned to me to-night," said the Marquis calmly.

"To-morrow, I say!" screamed the Jew. "You can do nothing to-night. The banks are closed——"

"If I am not paid to-night my solicitor

applies for a summons at Bow Street to-morrow morning," said the Marquis.

"You are talking nonsense," blustered the Jew. "No summons would be granted. I am a respectable man."

"The summons will certainly be applied for, and the magistrate shall know the facts. What the magistrate may do is not for me to say," and with calm dignity the Marquis stepped across the threshold.

The Jew reflected. If a summons were applied for, no matter on what grounds, the facts would come out. The American would see a report of the case, and come forward to say that he had paid two thousand pounds for the ring—or he (Cohen) might be called upon to produce the cheque.

He was not sufficiently well acquainted with the law to know whether he had committed a criminal offence, but he saw it would never do to allow the facts to become known.

He recalled the Marquis and gave him all the money he had in the house, and his cheque for the balance—£650.

The American's cheque was crossed, and it was not till the following day that he received it back from his own bankers, who had presented it. It was defaced with the terrifying legend—"No account—refer to drawer."

Mr. Cohen nearly fainted. A small glass of brandy revived him somewhat, and he drove to Claridge's Hotel. On producing the dishonoured cheque he was allowed to resume possession of the ring; but, as he had suspected all along, it was an imitation ruby set in a heavy ring of 22 carat gold.

To apply to the police was impossible—he could do nothing without making public the fact of his own attempted fraud.

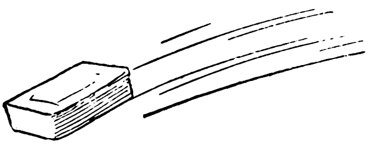
He engaged a private inquiry agent, who succeeded in discovering that the bogus cheque had been taken from a cheque-book stolen some months before—and that was all.

His own cheque had, of course, been cashed as soon as the bank opened in the morning, and the Marquis has not been seen since in London. Indeed, Mr. Cohen is by no means sure that if he met him he would dare to make any charge against him. How was he to prove that he had any connection with the writer of the bogus cheque?

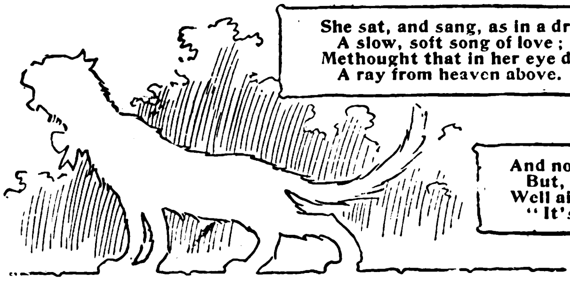
And yet at the back of Mr. Cohen's mind there lurks a haunting suspicion—that the owner of the ring was an actor of very fair ability, and that, as a matter of fact, the Marquis de Sarmeuse and the American millionaire were one and the same.

A · BACK · YARD · TRAGEDY

When the pale stars began to shine,
Beneath the linden tree
She sat – no ear, no eye, save mine
Was there to hear or see.



She sat, and sang, as in a dream,
A slow, soft song of love;
Methought that in her eye did gleam
A ray from heaven above.



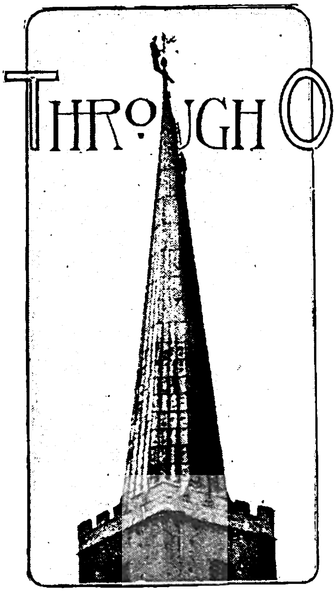
And now her flute notes louder soar;
But, ah! – a sudden pain.
Well aimed that brick! A voice next door,
"It's Jones' cat again!"

THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES

XIII. — THE STEEPLE-JACK'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY B. WYAND.

In these Pages a Steeplejack—who Follows One of the most Perilous of Callings—Describes his Terrifying Sensations while Climbing to his Work in Mid Air.



The writer ot this article making a perilous climb. His is the figure to be seen on the right-hand side, almost at the summit of the steeple.

THE word steeplejack is usually associated in the public mind with a man who simply builds and repairs tall chimneys; but these works form only a branch of his business, and towers, monuments, church steeples, and many other erections of a lofty nature come within the scope of his undertakings. In the ranks of the steeplejacks, too, are found masons and stone carvers of a high order—as much artists as their brethren who work at lower levels.

Every steeplejack has not the good fortune to be born into the work, although it is essentially a business which runs in families, and descends from father to son; and my own experience was not acquired without a somewhat undue expenditure of nerve force and a succession of quite unnecessary thrills.

My first climb was up the spire of a church steeple, rising some two hundred and forty feet from the ground. From the vane downwards, for a matter of thirty feet, the masonry had been condemned by the architect as unsafe, and it was to be pulled down and rebuilt.

THE TERRORS OF A FIRST CLIMB.

The men are already at work, and as I stand at the foot of the church waiting to commence the ascent, I hear a rattling of frail ladders. One of the men is coming down. I watch his figure emerge from the shadow of the scaffold into the open. Step by step he comes, the ladders clattering beneath his tread—larger and larger he looms, disappears for a minute behind the parapet of the tower, and then, clambering over, comes quickly down the remaining eighty feet, and lands lightly upon the ground.

What has struck me most up to now has been the extreme frailty of the ladders, with their light side-pieces and their rungs of the thickness of an inch and a depth of only an inch and a half. Two hundred and forty feet, I ejaculated, and an inch and a half of timber between me and eternity. I slip, a broken rung, a loose "dog" (iron holdfast), a chafed lashing, and——

Almost before the thought had entered my head I was away up the first ladder, clinging tightly to the side-pieces, and intuitively "sounding" the rungs as I place my feet in turn upon them; but this hesitation does not last long—it is not allowed to—for behind me, swarming up in easy, careless fashion is the climber who has just come down, and I am involuntarily compelled to hasten my steps.

I look up. Endless seems that snaky line of ladders now, and not only endless, but tortuous, and running at critical angles in order to pass the decorative obstacles with which the spire is studded. One ladder, in especial, fascinates me—a ladder with an out-

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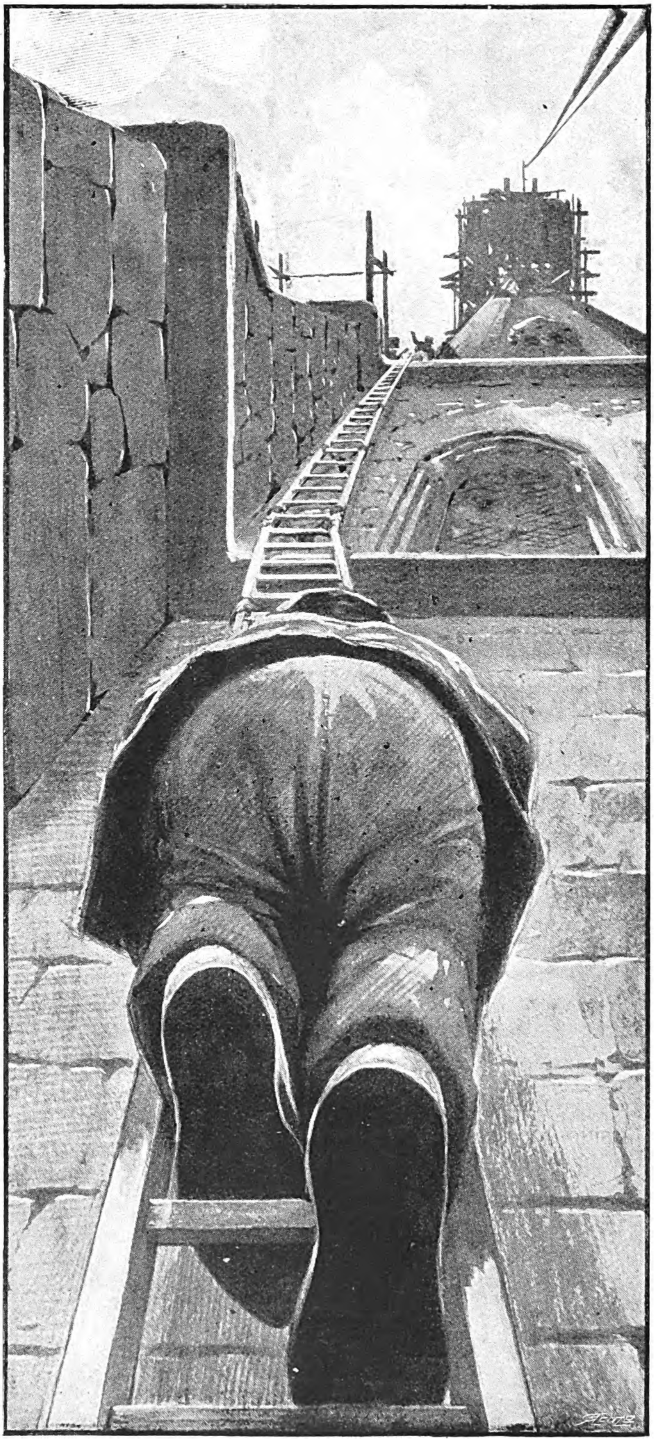
ward throw, necessitating a crawl *with one's back hanging towards the earth!*

Higher and higher I mount, at first with a certain amount of decision, for the thick base of the spire hides the view immediately in front of me, and I refrain from glancing on either side. But now the spire tapers rapidly, and bend my eyes as I may upon the ladders, every now and again the spreading landscape forces itself upon my vision, now on one side and now on the other.

Stop! The man who had passed me whilst I meditated on the tower had gone ahead, and, disdaining such a trifle as a plank thrown across the upgoing of the ladders, had clambered round the obstacle. The spire has become woefully thin at this height, and the seconds pass as hours whilst I wait for a climber to descend from the topmost scaffold on which he is engaged and shift the plank for me.

It is utterly unnerving, this standing still in mid-air, supported on the frail rung of a frail ladder, which in its turn is fixed merely by a rope lashing to an iron "dog" or holdfast driven into a joint of the masonry. My old ideas come back with crushing force. If the rung on which I stand should break, if the "dog" should draw, the lashing fray!

I look around me—at the sky. Horizontally — there is no other view. Then I steal a downward glance, past the rake of the spire, in an oblique direction, allowing my eyes to fall little by little until their line of sight is almost vertical. Below is a long stretch of road, fringed on either side by trees which look for all the world like huge bushes, and beyond them again are roofs, roofs, nothing but



When climbing a church tower behind another man, this is the appearance that the foremost man presents. The height of the tower cannot be gauged save by looking to one side in order to see the scaffolding above. Hold the paper above your head to get the full effect.

roofs. If I were to fall! I withdraw my eyes and investigate intently the construction of the ladder, calculate the strands of the rope lashings, the thickness of the dogs; but it is useless, for I am fascinated by the view below, and once more I throw my eyes downwards. There is a crowd of people standing there now in the roadway, their figures squatted into a black patch, with an upturned white spot for face.

The plank is moved, and again I essay the heights. It is an easy matter now, encompassed by the scaffolding, with planks at every stage; and with one final pull I emerge, hot and perspiring, arms and legs aching, upon the topmost platform—sheer above the vane, with nothing between me and illimitable space.

I would give worlds for something to hold, were it only a swaying rope or the projection of a scaffold-pole; but I stand alone, shuddering and shrinking in dire sickness of spirit, physically unable to move a limb.

The light scaffold—it is two planks wide here—sways suddenly from side to side, and the world at my feet, upon which I have not yet dared to look, seems to rise and encompass me—hills piled upon hills, and above all the vast blue dome of the sky.

It is only the man at work on the scaffold below; but the shock has served to reassure me, and, the swaying motion over, I contrive, with many a longing grip at nothing, to steady my nerves sufficiently to look around. At first, as when upon the ladder below, I keep my eyes steadfastly in a direction almost horizontal, then, little by little, as assurance comes, I allow them to sink slowly downwards towards the earth so far below, until they strike the horizon. From here the descent to the surrounding landscape is accomplished by a comparatively easy transition.

Immediately beneath me now, but hidden in part by the projecting bulk of the square tower, lie the roofs of the cottages, their gardens clearly mapped out. Houses are strangely squat and warped, and roads wind like white ribbons, with here and there a black blotch for a human figure; whilst away into the distant haze of the brilliant sunshine runs an endless succession of fields and hedgerows.

I am recalled by the voice of one of the men to my position on the swaying scaffold and the two hundred and forty feet have now to be descended—an easier task than the one just accomplished.

THRILLING WORK IN A STORM.

For the past twenty-four hours the gale has blown without intermission, and as evening descends once more, the wind, intensified threefold, is accompanied by great sheets of driving rain. It is six o'clock, and offices and warehouses are turning out their crowds of workers, to battle home as best they may amid the tempestuous fury of the elements.

Aloft in the wilderness of spire and chimney, amid the tangle of crossing and intercrossing telegraph and telephone wires, the winds raged uncontrolled, whilst the rain drifts in great slanting masses sheer across the city, lashing the face like whipcord, and blinding the eyesight as it strives to penetrate the incircling gloom.

We have work this night—work that would appal the stoutest-hearted—work that brings a thrill into the heart and the blood into the face of even the hardened climber. It is only a trifle of a couple of hundred feet, rising in a brick column from the yard of a generating station; and it must be climbed to-night, beat the storm as it may.

Throughout the day, when, owing to the strength of the wind, work has been impossible, fears have been entertained for the safety of the light scaffolding fixed round the cap of the shaft; and now, with the intensifying fury of the gale, it has been deemed advisable to overhaul this frail combination of poles and planks, and to supply such extra lashings and ties as may seem necessary upon inspection. Up the shaft, from base to cap, runs only a single line of ladders, fastened in the ordinary way with lashings to iron holdfasts driven into the brickwork.

Night has descended all too rapidly, and we must bestir ourselves or darkness will come upon us at our work, and the danger and toil be tenfold increased.

In the shelter of the huge sheds the violence of the gale is but little felt; but, once above these, its full strength bursts upon us, and we huddle ourselves tightly against the quivering ladders, which shake and pull as though instinct with life and determined to throw us back into the black nothingness beneath.

Every now and again a gust, stronger than its fellows, forces us to lie still, crouched clingingly to the woodwork, one foot thrust through a rung; and then, its velocity momentarily lessened, we swarm up a ladder or two, fighting every inch of the way, the giant mass of brickwork swaying (it appears to us) as though every moment it would break in two. Once the foothold of the man above

me slips from the treacherous rain-slimed rung, and I hear his gasp as he clings for dear life to the bending side-pieces; then we are again a-swarm, our bodies silhouetted blackly against the black-grey of the thickening gloom.

Atop there is a great overhanging cornice to crawl round, with a ladder set backwards at what seems an abnormally acute angle with the horizontal. We are at hand grips with it now, hanging suspended whilst a furious blast of wind and a driving squall of rain beat upon our bodies. They have passed—a long swing, and, surmounting the cap, we stand, an exhausted trio, upon the swaying scaffold.

Below, in the yard, we have left a man, and now, with the aid of the service tackle, we haul up the lashings and ties, which he places in the slings. It is a perilous job, standing there pulling for dear life upon the rope; but, one by one, the necessary ropes and timbers are hoisted up and deposited close in to the brickwork of the shaft. From below comes the voice of the man, in strident, raucous tones; but we, shouting in reply, feel that our cries are carried away on the wings of the gale, never to be heard by man on earth.

Throughout the tedious operation, the scaffold swings endlessly from side to side, quivering into steadiness under a stronger blast, and then drifting once more into its uncertain, pendulum-like motion as the wind sweeps by and runs shrieking and moaning into the gloom enshrouding the city as a pall.

Below are a thousand glimmering lights, twinkling like the stars of an inverted sky; and upward there travels the ceaseless hum of traffic, with, now and again, the shrill shriek of a railway-engine whistle, or, between the blasts, the cry of some newsboy vending his wares in defiance of the elements.

It has grown dark now, so dark that we can barely do more than discern each other's forms, and it is necessary to feel the scaffold carefully with the feet and crawl in a crouching attitude from pole to pole. A lashing here, a lashing there, a tie from right to left, one from left to right—the work is half done, and we clamber perilously around the circular wall of the shaft to the other side. Here the operation is repeated, amid the never-ceasing sway and swing of the scaffold and shaft, with ever and again a sharp, short pitch, like the toss of a cutter in a choppy sea, or a long vibrating thrill as the force of the wind grips the planking and holds it firmly within its clutch.

At last we stand huddled together on the overhanging cornice, ready for the descent, and one of the men swings off into space. The first ladder, owing to its outward throw, necessitates a downward crawl with one's body at an angle to the vertical and one's face looking upwards at the sky—to a novice a most nerve-destroying operation, to the climber an everyday incident of his work.

The man has disappeared, swallowed up beneath the projecting masonry, and it is now my turn. Hardened by long practice, I swing carelessly off, gripping a rung with my foot, and holding on to the short side-pieces of the ladder which run above the cornice. I am halfway down the ladder, against which my body is pinned by the force of the wind, when suddenly, without a minute's warning, I feel myself projected outwards into space, the ladder to which I am clinging for dear life, plunging and rearing in the gale like an untamed horse.

I realise in an instant what has happened. The lower lashing which held the foot of the ladder to the brickwork has given way under the strain, and I am hanging now suspended merely by the one top lashing.

Tighter and tighter I grip the side-pieces, driving my very nails into the woodwork, and I intertwine my legs between the rungs; and then, at a lull in the storm, the swing of the ladder grows less, the jerky motion ceases, and I hang perfectly plumb—above me the edge of the cornice sharply defined against the grey sky, below me the thousand and one twinkling lights and the din of the busy traffic.

I shout to my mate above; but he has already realised my peril, and his voice echoes back in reassuring tones, which fall upon my ears as though from miles away.

Twice does a fierce squall hurl me swinging and eddying into space, and twice, its violence past, do I hang motionless, sick and giddy with fear and apprehension. I picture the lashing fraying strand by strand, chafed yarn by yarn against the rough edge of the masonry, and then I seem to feel the sickening "drawing" of the last threads and the mad downward rush on to the paved yard below.

I am at peace once more, suspended like a plummet in mid-air. I could sleep in this pleasant calm, rocked gently to and fro with a motion like the swing of a vessel riding at anchor; and I lay my throbbing forehead upon the cool wet rung, and glide off for a moment or two into a merciful unconsciousness of my terrible position.

A sharp, stinging blow awakes me, and I am back on that swaying ladder, every nerve in me vibrating with terror. Again the stinging blow, and there ahead of me, pressed close up to the wall of the shaft, I can discern the white face of the climber who had descended first, and who has now returned to my assistance.

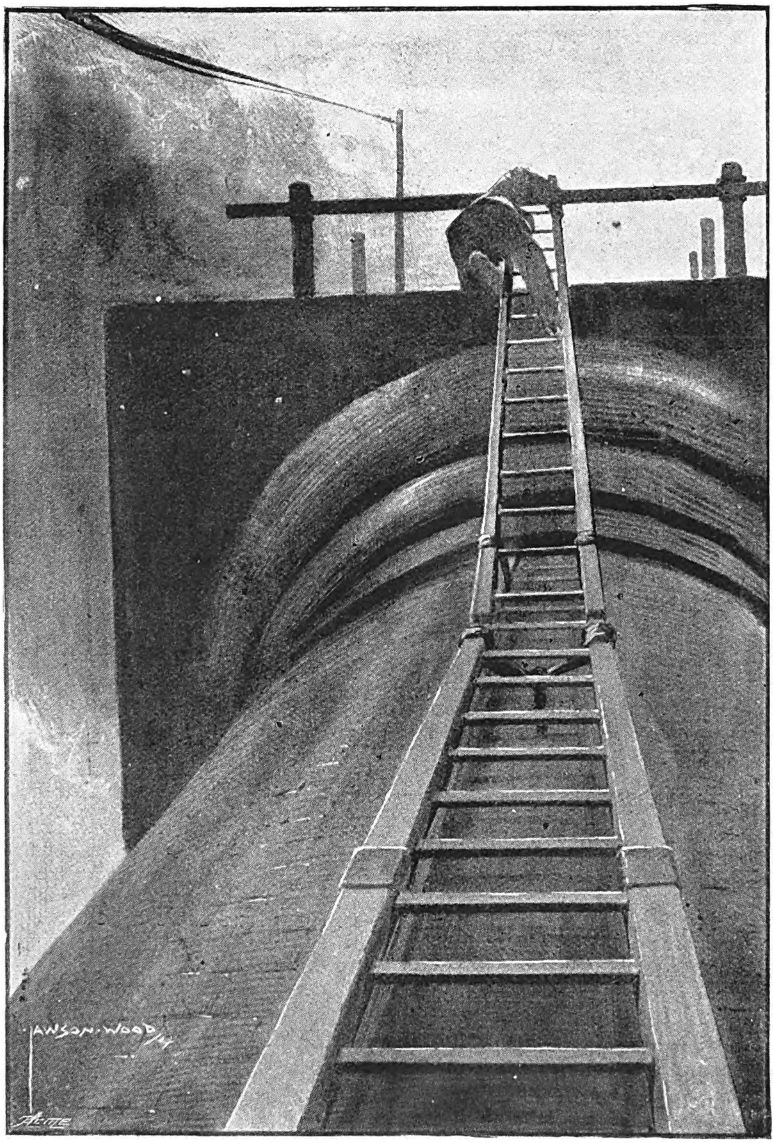
His rich flow of language recalls me to myself with better effect than could a volume of prayer and protestations, and the next time the line strikes me I release one hand and grip it. It is fast to the side-pieces—not knotted, for I have no power left in me to do that—but taken once round the ladder, and the end twisted around my hand.

Little by little, very steadily, he draws the ladder in to him, fastens it temporarily to the one he is standing upon, and bids me gruffly descend.

For the moment I am seized with a fear ten times greater than that I experienced when hanging in mid-air; but his choice stock of expletives comes again to my aid, and I am enabled to release my deadly grip and clamber laboriously down.

A couple of ladders lower I stop, bending my head to a furious gust and listening wonderingly to the sharp impact of the climber's hammer as he drives an extra dog into the brickwork to take the improvised lashing with which he swung me in, and to render the descent of the other man doubly secure.

At last I hear his hoarse cry of "Righto!" followed by a clatter of boots above me. Breathlessly I look upwards, watching my mate as he clambers down that ladder with the outward throw, and I give a great sigh of relief as I realise that he has passed it in safety.

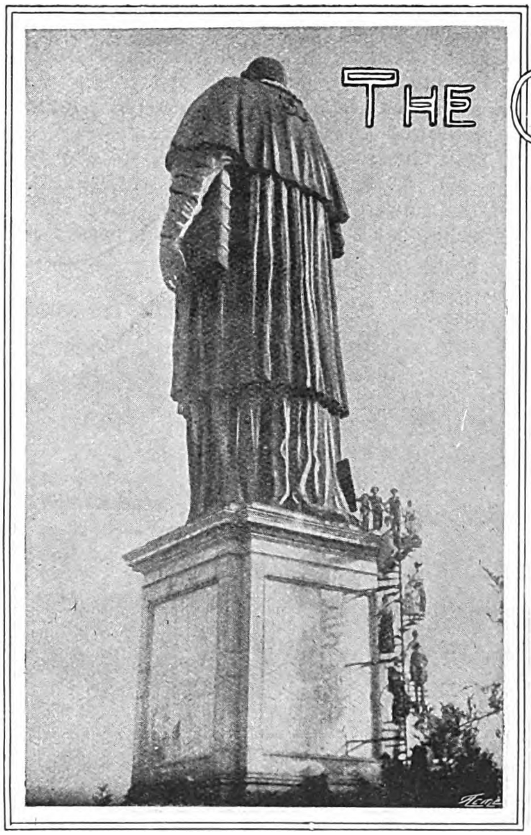


Surmounting the overhanging cornice of a tall chimney in a violent gale. The last ladder is set at an acute angle to the horizontal, so that the steeplejack climbs with his body almost parallel with the ground.

THE GREATEST SAINT ON EARTH

An Account of a Gigantic Statue to be Seen in Italy.

BY STANLEY WHITE.



The back view of the monster, showing tourists ascending to the figure.

HARD by the Lago Maggiore, one of the loveliest of Italian lakes, there is a statue so colossal that it deserves the title of the eighth wonder of the world. Seventy feet in height, it rests on a pedestal measuring forty-two feet, 112 feet in all. The figure is that of the celebrated Cardinal, Count Carlo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, who died in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Crowds of tourists go to see this marvellous statue every year, and a few of the more venturesome penetrate into the interior and work their way, at some hazard to their lives, to the head of the Saint, and even recline in the hollow of his nose as in an easy chair.

Close to the statue there is a church and seminary, also in honour of the Cardinal. And so curiously has this church been placed that, notwithstanding that the colossal figure rears itself for more than a hundred feet, not a glimpse of it can be had by the visitor until he first arrives at the church door. The purpose of this is evident—the tourist is expected to enter the church and offer a prayer before satiating his curiosity. A walk round the church brings you face to face with the mountainous mass of hollow metal. The effect is startling in the extreme, and very beautiful.

Though the head of the Saint is in itself as long as the body of the tallest man—about six feet six inches—the features are proportioned with such genius that their harmony is perfectly preserved and the general effect is one of ineffable sweetness and grace. If you decide to explore the vitals of the colossal statue, it must be under the guidance of a cicerone, who awaits you at the base.

He led the writer to the monstrous boots of the figure, each of the size of an ordinary table. This proceeding is one not usually allowed and is attended by no little difficulty and some anxiety, it being necessary, in order to maintain one's footing, to cling firmly hold to folds in the copper garment, vast enough to shelter a regiment. Then, it was noticed that every fold of the garment, and every section of the mass, was cast and shaped separately. What consummate labour and skill must have been required to preserve the harmony of the whole.

Crawling back the cicerone showed the way to the entrance, himself disappearing for a few moments for a preliminary examination.

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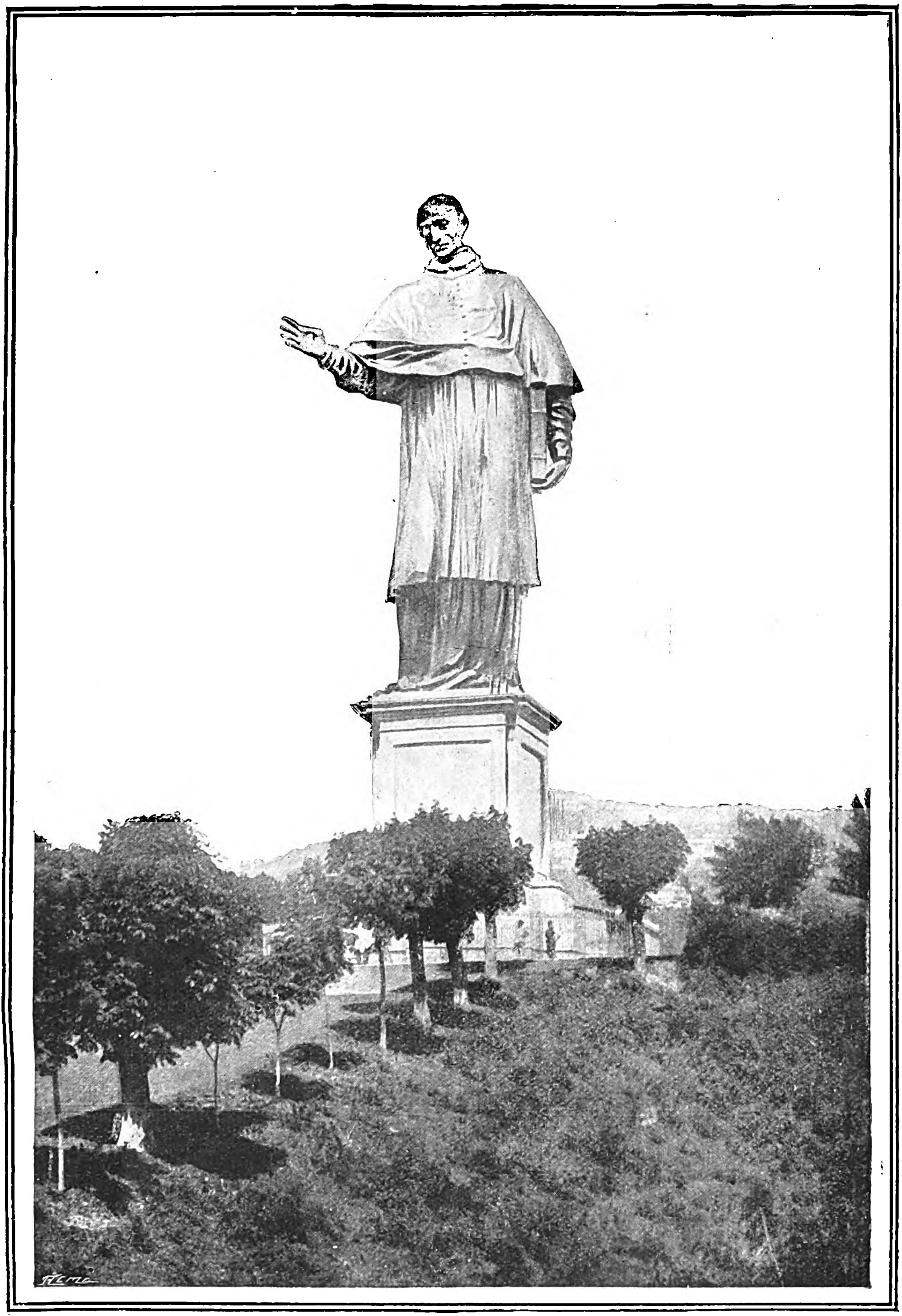


A front view of the colossal statue. Note how pigmy-like the figures standing at the base appear.

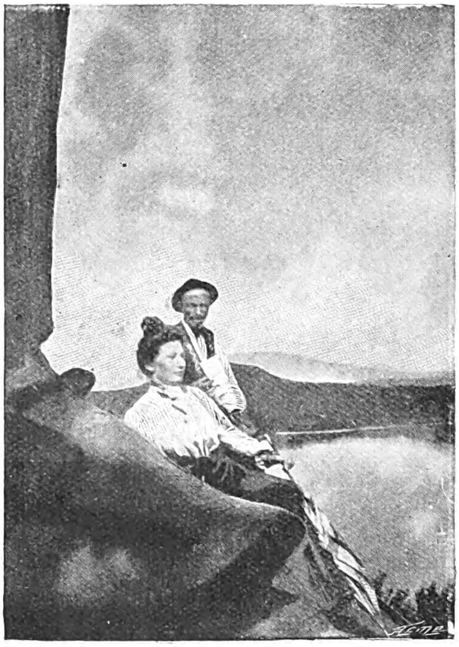
"The sun has been on him," he remarked, quaintly, on his return, "and you could bake bread in his breast." Bidding the tourists divest themselves of their coats, he beckoned them to follow him into the interior. Immediately inside the door a ladder starts, which, being fairly well lighted from the open door, is comparatively easy of ascent. Where the ladder ceases, the hard work begins, for the ascent is narrowed by infinite ramifications of girders, stays, and masonry masses; for even the giant's equilibrium would not be proof against the high wind without such defences.

From the knees to the chest the ascent is made almost in complete darkness by means of slippery iron cross-stays, negotiated by hands and feet. It is just here that the climber half repents his temerity and wishes himself well outside this terrible prison, breathing the pure air of the plain.

But at length the cicerone is able to give a hand from above, and the Saint's enormous bosom is reached. Here is a window which commands an overwhelming vista of lake and plain, and mountains topped with snow. But all at once the cicerone disappears. Where can he have gone? A little while and he emerges, smiling, from the cavernous recesses of the Saint's right arm, which is braced to the central mass with a wilderness of girders. The fierce sunlight from the window strikes strangely upwards through the neck on to the interior of the vast six foot face. Still higher, and with great labour, the tourists continue to climb until they reach the goal of their ambition, the capacious armchair, formed of the hollow of the nose, through whose monstrous copper nostrils one can see the pitiless, hard ground, more than a hundred feet below.

It happened on this occasion that one of those sudden storms arose which so frequently occur in this district. At first the tourists congratulated themselves upon being so well protected from the raging elements. Soon this feeling gave place to one of fear The rat and bat-infested hall was strangely lit with the flaring flashes of lightning, while the heavy roll of the thunder seemed to threaten the frail, hollow monster.

Slowly the descent was made, and without accident they reached the exit. Nature once more smiled, the warm sun drove the cloud masses from many peaks, and with the feeling of intense relief, allied to one of pleasure, not to say triumph, at having passed through so memorable an experience, the travellers made their way down the hill to their hotels.

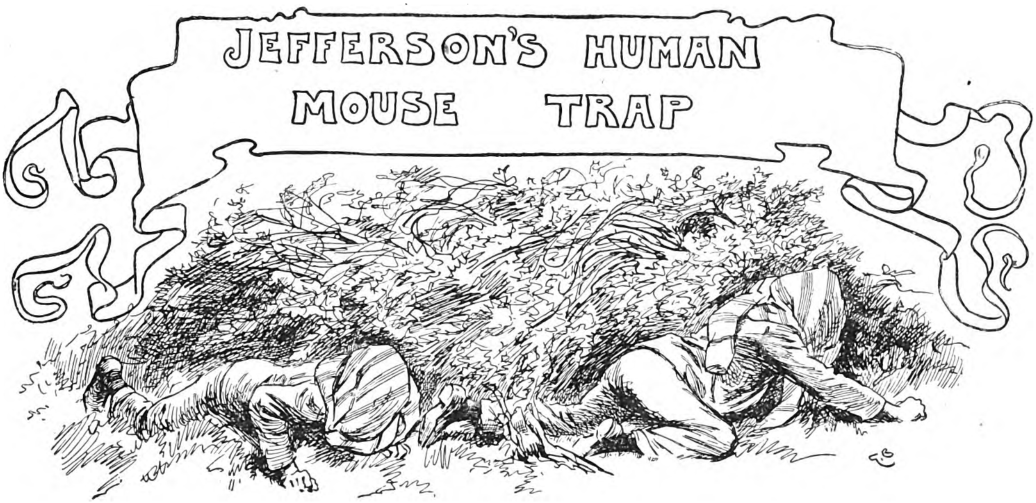


Tourists seated at the foot of the statue, from which a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country may be seen.

This great monument of religious devotion naturally cost a great sum, over £50,000. It is entirely of copper, and the dimensions of the various parts stagger the imagination. Round the head the Saint measures eighteen feet six, the nose is about thirty inches, the ear twenty-five inches; each eye is eighteen inches wide, and the mouth twenty-seven. The length of the arm, extended, in the act of blessing, is about twenty-seven feet, and the book under the arm is over twelve feet high, the hand is three and a half feet wide, the thumb being about thirty-six inches in circumference.

The statue took many years to complete. One misfortune after another occurred, and it seemed as if Fate had ordained that it should never be finished. It was commenced in 1624, and work was suspended five years later owing to a visitation of the plague. Two years later the originator of the idea, Cardinal Borromeo, the uncle of the Saint, died, and then came wars and upheavals. Work was resumed in 1635 and was then at a standstill until 1690, and on May 9th, 1698, the Saint's nose was riveted on and the vast statue blessed and inaugurated by Cardinal Frederico Caccia.

JEFFERSON'S HUMAN MOUSE TRAP



A School Adventure.

BY GUY POCOCK.

It seemed to Jefferson that the human mouse-trap had been reserved for him to discover; if it hadn't been reserved for him, how was it that nobody had found it in all those years?

It happened in this way.

Jefferson was keen on blackberries; and as he often remarked, Baines didn't seem to have the slightest objection to them either. The great blackberry clump at the end of the field was annually picked bare to a depth of thirty feet, beyond which no one ventured till Jefferson invented the new way in.

"All you have to do," he explained, "is to squirm along with your blazer over your head——"

"And land in an adder's nest," suggested Baines.

"Adders' nests be blowed," answered Jefferson, "if you'd suggested a Troglodyte's nest now——"

"I'm not so frightfully keen on being bitten to death by any of your beastly insects!" Baines interrupted.

"A Troglodyte isn't an insect," Jefferson explained with a superior smile; "I don't know *exactly* what it is, but it's the sort of thing you expect to find in the middle of things."

And in they went.

"I hope you're often going to stop short like that without any warning!" shouted Baines as his head came into violent contact with Jefferson's boot; "I thoroughly enjoy being kicked on the forehead, and I only hope to goodness it hasn't hurt your boots!"

"Well, I'm not going to dash over a precipice to please anybody, let alone you!" retorted Jefferson. "I can't see, because this abominable blazer won't come off; but as far as I can feel, I've got hold of some bottomless pit or other!"

Then Jefferson got his blazer off, and uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"What on earth is it?" he cried. "Have you ever seen anything like it?"

"Never seen anything like it!" panted Baines. "And what's more, I don't see much prospect of ever seeing anything like it, with my head tied up in a sweater and blackberry branches wound round my throat, and thorns simply ruining the jugular!"

Then the seam split suddenly and his head came through. Right before them was an oblong pit thickly matted with undergrowth and faced with brick, in the middle of which loomed the top of a huge water-wheel.

"Probably one of those wheels they used to break people on," Jefferson suggested. "If you climb down into the pit you'll probably find any amount of traitors and things, all broken."

"I'm not so awfully keen on broken traitors, thanks," Baines protested. "Anyhow," he added, "it's no good having it there if we don't make it go round; jolly well round, too!"

But the blackberry shoots had grown densely round the axle, and though Jefferson tugged at the spokes and Baines stood on the water-boxes, the wheel refused to budge.

It was then that Jefferson began to cut

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away the blackberry strands with his pig-sticker.

He explained afterwards that it had come as an inspiration; he was simply moved to do it; he never thought of Baines being on the wheel.

For with a sudden rending sound the great wheel ripped away the remaining strands, and Baines found himself sinking gently into the pit. In some alarm he stepped on to the next water-box and then the next; but the wheel settled down into a good swinging pace, and soon Baines was running hard and steadily, without making the slightest progress towards the top. Then he got frightened and began to shout, and the more he shouted and the harder he ran, the more Jefferson laughed, till the tears ran down his face.

But soon Baines was panting hard, and even Jefferson began to feel uncomfortable, and shouted to him to jump Then Baines sprinted, gained three steps, and flung himself gasping on to the side of the pit.

Jefferson was beastly sorry, but he simply couldn't help laughing, to see poor old Baines fairly flying up the wheel like a blooming dormouse, and shouting, and—oh, lor'! And Jefferson became quite weak.

"Of course," Baines began with the utmost dignity, "of course I don't care in the very slightest about risking my life to amuse you. In fact, I should be only too glad to at any time——"

But Jefferson's laugh was infectious, and it really must have looked rather funny; and in another moment Baines was speechless too.

Jefferson broke the silence at last.

"I would give worlds," he said, "I'd give my pig-sticker to see old man Duckett on the human mouse-trap—old man Duckett simply galloping up the wheel, spectacles and all—oh! it'd be too rippin' for words!"

Baines sat up and looked at his watch, then he grinned at Jefferson, and Jefferson grinned at Baines. Without another word they set off by the way they had come, reached the football-ground, and encountered the unsuspecting Duckett, who was solemnly engaged in swarming up a goal-post.

"Old man Duckett!" Jefferson began, "if you'll come off your perch and take your dying oath not to tell anyone, me and Baines have got a secret to tell you!"

Old man Duckett got off his perch.

"The fact is," Jefferson went on, "there's a torture-chamber in the blackberry clump with a 'scavenger's daughter' like the one in the 'Tower of London,' and a rippin' wheel for breaking chaps on: and what's more, the boxes on the wheel are absolutely chock full of hidden treasure!"

"All you have to do," said Baines, taking up the thread, "is to stand on the wheel and fairly hand out the treasure!"

Now, Duckett was one of those boys who can never tell when they are being "had on," and hence, as Jefferson neatly expressed it, "he came as a boon and a blessing to men."

In another five minutes they had carefully explained the glories of the human mouse-trap to old man Duckett, who stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Now, if Duckett's quite ready," Baines suggested at last, "we had better be pushing things through, as Duckett'll have plenty to do before it's finished."

"Plenty to do," Jefferson agreed, "and rattling good exercise, too!"

Duckett was quite ready, thank you, only he wasn't quite sure what was wanted.

"All you have to do," Jefferson explained, as they scrambled down to the mouse-trap, "is to stand on the wheel and hand out all the hidden treasure you see, while we hold the thing steady."

"It's empty!" cried Duckett, clambering on to the wheel and peering into a water-box. "Somebody must have been at it!"

"Rum thing," Jefferson agreed. "You must have got hold of the one box there doesn't happen to be any treasure in. A pity, that."

"Never mind," said Baines cheerfully; "we'll move the wheel round a bit, if you'll just walk up it."

Stop it? Jefferson was most beastly sorry, but he couldn't stop it.

"And hang it, you know, *I* didn't make the wheel," he protested. "All you have to do is to run. You'll soon get used to it. Yes, that's the way. Beautiful! Rippin'! A bit faster, perhaps, or——"

But Jefferson could not go on; it was too absolutely killing. The two tormentors simply lay on the bank and shook.

Then Duckett began to scream, but not as Baines had done. Duckett screamed in deadly fear.

Baines stopped laughing, and glanced anxiously at Jefferson, who had sprung to his feet with a gasp; for Jefferson had heard a drowning man cry out, and he knew that cry.

Duckett had not half the physique of Baines, and as the wheel gained upon him little by little, he was sinking lower and lower into the pit. The two boys snatched desperately at the spokes as they swung heavily past. Jefferson glanced over his shoulder. For a moment he saw Duckett's hands fighting up the water-boxes; then he was gone; and Jefferson shut his teeth tight and pulled frantically with both hands. At last they got it under control, and Jefferson flung himself on to the bank, shouting for Duckett.

"We didn't mean to do anything really caddish, old chap!" he shouted. "Are you hurt, or dead at all? Why don't you shout back, you silly ass?"

There was no answer, and the two boys looked at each other, feeling cold about the lips.

"Run back for help while I climb down after Duckett," said Jefferson.

Baines refused to go back. If one went down both were going, so there was an end of it.

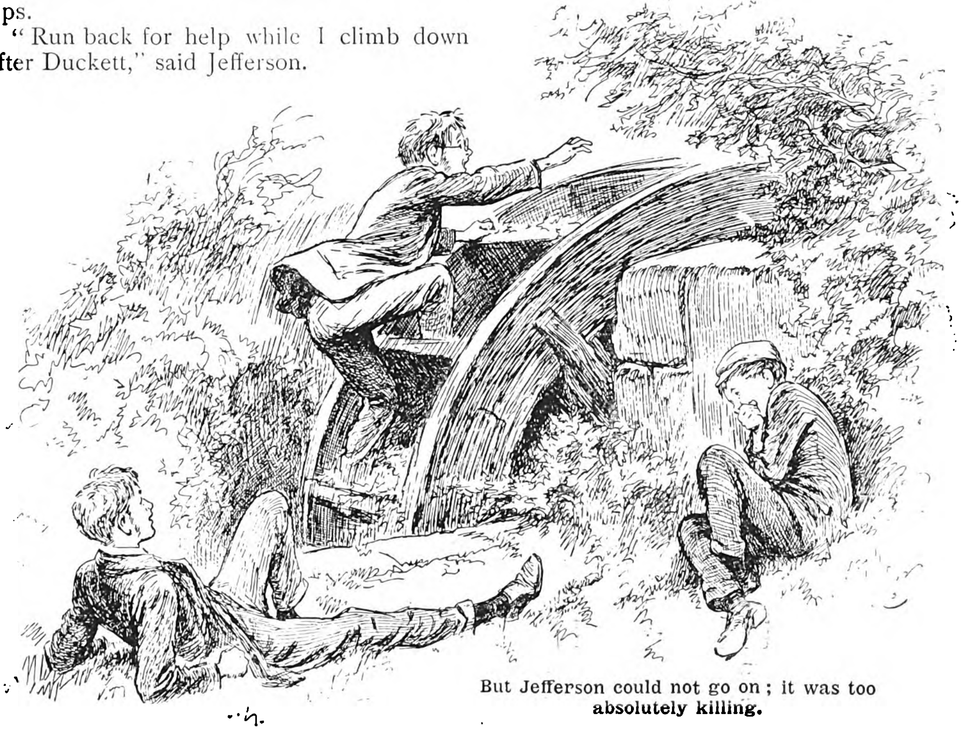
The bell was clanging for afternoon school as the two boys climbed down the spokes as far as the axle and thence to the ground. The great wheel loomed enormous over their heads, and the light that glinted through the bushes on to the muddy floor was sufficient to show them in an instant that Duckett was not there.

"Anyhow there are no odd bits of Duckett lying about, which is relieving," said Jefferson. "But if he isn't inside, and he hasn't got out, the question is where is he?"

"It seems to me," said Baines, after consideration, "that he simply must be somewhere."

"I should say that was distinctly probable," Jefferson replied, "but the question is, where?"

Baines remarked "Um!" which on the whole seemed the only answer adequate to meet the case. Then the search began. They splashed through puddles, poked into every crevice of the wheel, pulled at the ferns and mosses on the walls, and finally groped their way into the darkness at the lower end of the pit.

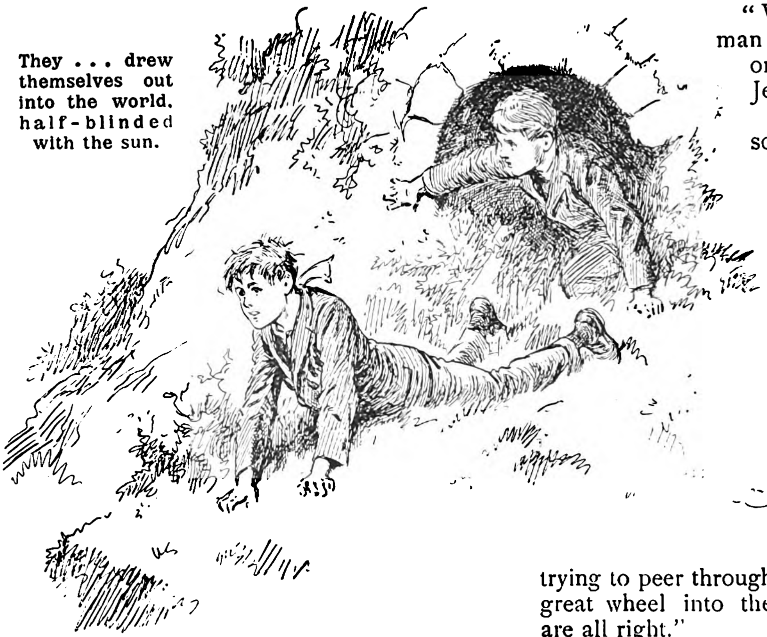


But Jefferson could not go on; it was too absolutely killing.

Curiously enough the pit did not end abruptly as they had expected. The further they went the darker it grew, till at last they could see nothing at all.

The air was stale, like the air of a vault, and the passage grew narrower, and the roof sloped till they were obliged to crawl through the mud on all fours and in single file.

But Jefferson had been thinking; and it seemed to him that where a water-wheel was sunk into the ground there must be a tunnel for the water to run out. Still they crawled on till the putrid air made them feel dull and lifeless. Stones and earth fell upon them from the roof, and sickened them with the dread of being buried alive; while the



They . . . drew themselves out into the world, half-blinded with the sun.

darkness was so intense that great rings and comets danced bewilderingly in front of their eyes.

They were over their wrists in mud, and still no sign of escape, when suddenly Jefferson gave a shout. Far down in the distance appeared a little point of light no bigger than a star.

Pushing with their shoulders between the narrow walls they panted towards the light; gained it at last, and drew themselves out into the world, half-blinded with the sun.

At first the place seemed unfamiliar. Then it dawned upon them with a shock. The tunnel must have run in a straight line from the blackberry clump, under the football field, under the school buildings, and right down into the valley beyond.

Three minutes' running brought them to the playground, in the middle of which stood old man Duckett, like themselves, covered with mud, and surrounded by a group of masters.

He was expostulating feebly. If they would go into the middle of the blackberry clump, he said, they would find Baines and Jefferson; he had taken his dying oath not to say any more—so he simply couldn't! "This was the unkindest cut of all."

"It was all our fault," cried Jefferson as he ran up.

"But we didn't know it would turn out caddish," put in Baines.

"We're jolly glad old man Duckett wasn't broken on the wheel," said Jefferson.

"But we had a narrow squeak of being buried alive," added Baines.

All of which information, and a great deal more, only left the masters more mystified than ever. Anyhow, there they were, and the next thing to do was to shout the news to Mr. Legge, who had gone into the blackberry clump after them.

"Are you there, sir?" Baines shouted, trying to peer through the water-boxes of the great wheel into the depths below. "We are all right."

At first there was no answer; but after a time strange sounds began to issue from the clump as of a man who tries to shout when there is no breath left in him.

Jefferson looked at Baines, and Baines looked at Jefferson, and the look that passed between them was one of fearful joy.

"The Human Mouse-trap has caught a master," Jefferson murmured slowly, and he shut his eyes and smiled.

Baines sighed softly.

"There are some things," he said, "that one would give pounds to see. Just imagine old Legge dancing up that wheel, while all the while it kept on going faster and faster! Oh, why weren't we there to see?"

Minutes passed, but no Mr. Legge appeared, and when he did emerge the two boys turned away out of sheer pity.

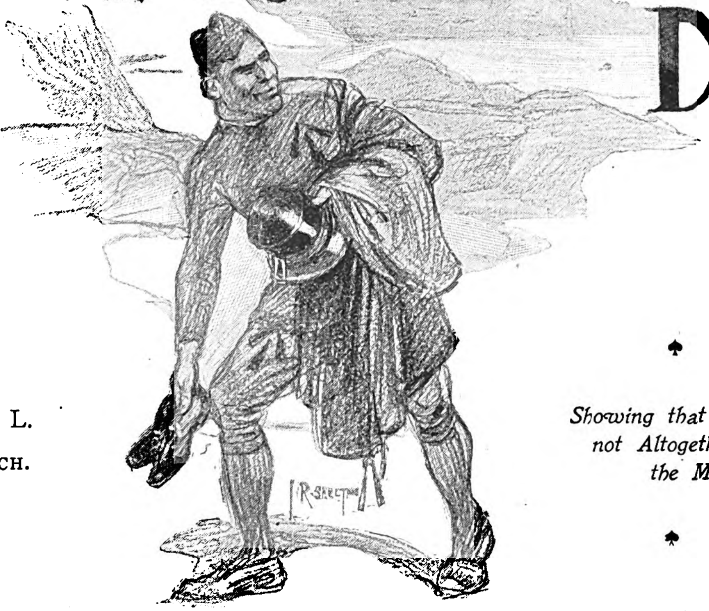
"Must have had a twenty-minutes' run," Baines said in an awed whisper. But Jefferson knew that the Human Mouse-trap had caught its last victim.

That night an edict went forth. The blackberry clump, with its mysterious water-sluice, was forbidden for ever.

Moreover, that very evening, old man Duckett became the possessor of a historic pig-sticker.

Baines and Jefferson appeared at late Prep. with their hands bound up in lint, which meant learning Latin grammar for an hour and a half; and, as Jefferson exultantly observed, "You know what *that* means!"

HIS LORDSHIP'S SEA-DIP



By Victor L. Whitechurch.

Showing that Clothes do not Altogether Make the Man.

The Bishop of Frattenbury was seated at the breakfast table, reading the *Daily Herald*, and occasionally addressing stray remarks to his wife. They were staying at the Sea View Hotel, at Wynnstrand, which everybody knows is a charming little South Coast watering place. His lordship was in an excessively good humour that morning, chiefly on account of a leading article in the *Daily Herald* on the subject of the Licensing Bill, that coincided with a speech he had recently made.

"My dear," he was saying, "this article is the most intelligent I have read for some time. It is entirely based on my own view of the case."

"Now, that is very satisfactory."

"I have always maintained that if once the country could be induced to adopt—ah—um—" concluded the Bishop suddenly, his spouse being engaged in reading a letter.

Presently he looked up again from his paper.

"Dear me. I see a convict has escaped from Hartland Prison and is still at large."

"Hartland? Why, that's very near here!"

"Quite so. Oh, here's a letter from the editor of the *Daily Herald* about that interview!"

"What interview?"

"Didn't I tell you? He wants to publish a series of special articles on the Licensing Question, embodying the opinions of our party. So I told him he might send his representative down here. He writes to say he's coming this morning."

The Bishop rose at this point, clasped his hands behind him, as was his wont, and walked to the window. He was a man who carried his fifty-seven odd years well, for in his younger days he had been a noted athlete, and he was still strong and vigorous. A fortnight's rest by the sea from the hard work of his diocese had quite tanned his face, and his own dean would scarcely have known him. He stood gazing out of the window for a minute, and then turned to his wife.

"My dear, it's such a lovely morning that I think I shall start for a long walk at once. I should love a ramble under the cliffs immensely. We'd better ask this good man who's coming, to lunch with us."

He rang the bell, and the waiter appeared.

"Oh, there's a gentleman coming to see me this morning, who will lunch with us. If he should call before I return you might tell him I've gone for a walk under the West Cliffs, but that I shall be back to luncheon."

"Very good, my lord."

Five minutes later the Bishop's wife stood

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at the window admiring her spouse from hat to gaiters, as he started from the hotel.

The Bishop was a good walker, and soon left the town behind him as he tramped over the crisp, grey sands. At one point, some two miles from the outskirts of Wynnstrand, a little winding path ran up the cliffs, and the Bishop mounted to the top to admire the view.

Here he met a coastguard, who was strolling about on duty, and, being in a very beaming frame of mind, he had a chat with the man. There were no houses near, except a few wooden huts adjoining the coastguard signals. The Bishop at length descended the path again, sat down on some rocks, and—for even Bishops are human—produced a pipe and a tobacco pouch. In a few minutes he was smoking contentedly.

Now, whether it was the warmth of the day, or the gentle ripple of the incoming tide about thirty yards from where he was seated, or whether it was the effect of his pipe, or whether he forgot for the moment he was a Bishop, will never be known; but certain it was that the longer his lordship sat and smoked, the stronger became his lordship's desire to have a bathe. He had been a first-rate swimmer in his day, and what swimmer could resist the allurements of that balmy summer morning?

At all events, if anyone had been near they would have seen the Bishop knock out the ashes from his pipe, take a careful glance round to see that he was not observed; they would have heard him mutter: "I *must* have a dip. There's no one here—yes, I *must*. I shall easily get dry in the sun,"—and then—tell it not in Gath!—they would have seen his lordship deliberately unbuttoning his episcopal gaiters and untying the strings of his episcopal apron—if, indeed, this garment is worn in the usual domestic fashion by his lordship's fraternity. But this is a dread mystery which we will not presume to unravel—or untie!

But, although the Bishop knew it not, he was being observed most closely and intently by an individual not twenty yards away from him. This personage was crouching behind some rocks in a little recess in the cliff in the background, and, like the Bishop, was dressed in a distinctive uniform, only whereas his lordship was garbed as a representative of Church *and* State, the other was arrayed in the habiliments of the latter only, which consisted of a knickerbocker suit ornamented with that peculiar species of arrow which is known by the name of "broad." He was a man considerably past middle age, and his closely-cropped hair had turned a decided grey.

A wicked smile lit up his countenance as the Bishop finally entered the water. There was no doubt that his lordship enjoyed it immensely, and he was soon swimming out to sea. So engrossed was he that he never noticed the individual we have mentioned step forth from his hiding-place, gather up all the episcopal outer garments, including even the hat, and rush off with them as fast as he could go, until he disappeared in a bend of the rocks which formed one side of the little creek in which his lordship was enjoying a morning dip.

When the latter returned from his swim he was not a little surprised to see nothing but his undergarments lying on the shore. His first ejaculation was one of surprise, his second one of distinct indignation. Here was a pretty fix for a dignified prelate! He looked right and left, but there was no sign of the thief. A few minutes later the astonished coastguardsman on the top of the cliff saw an extraordinary figure coming up the little path.

"My good man," said the Bishop, coming to a standstill before him, "I am, as you see, in a most unfortunate predicament. Someone has stolen my clothes while I was bathing."

"Did you see who it was, sir?"

"No. There was no sign of anyone when I came out of the water—and—and—well, I couldn't very well run about looking for the thief as I am now."

The man eyed him critically.

"He ain't left you none too many clothes," he said. Then he stepped to the edge of the cliff and took a good look over the sands and rocks below.

"There ain't no sign of him," he said. "You see, sir, there's so many places down there where he could hide. Or if he's made tracks for Wynnstrand round the bend yonder, so long as he keeps close to the cliff you couldn't see him from here. I expect he hid and waited till you came up, and then started off."

"Couldn't you—couldn't you run off at once, and see if you could find him? I'd make it well worth your while."

"Very sorry, sir, but I daren't leave my post, and there ain't no one to send. Your best way is to get back to Wynnstrand as quick as you can and put the police on the track."

"But how am I to do that?" pleaded the unhappy prelate. "I can't go like this!"

"Well, *'twould* look a bit rum, sir," replied the man, with a smile; "but I'll tell ye what. There's a few clothes in the hut here you can have. They ain't exactly the same cut as yours, but you could walk to Wynnstrand in 'em."

"Well, it's exceedingly awkward. Let me see these garments."

"I'm 'fraid they ain't up to much," said the man as he led the way into the hut. "You see, sir, they're a few things we keep here in case we get wet, so's to have a change."

The Bishop stared in consternation when the "few things" were produced. They consisted of a pair of sailor's trousers, with a patch on one knee, a jersey, and an old blue blouse. With the assistance of the coastguard the Bishop managed to struggle into these garments, and then the man said:

"Here's a sou'-wester or an old straw hat. Which will you have, sir?"

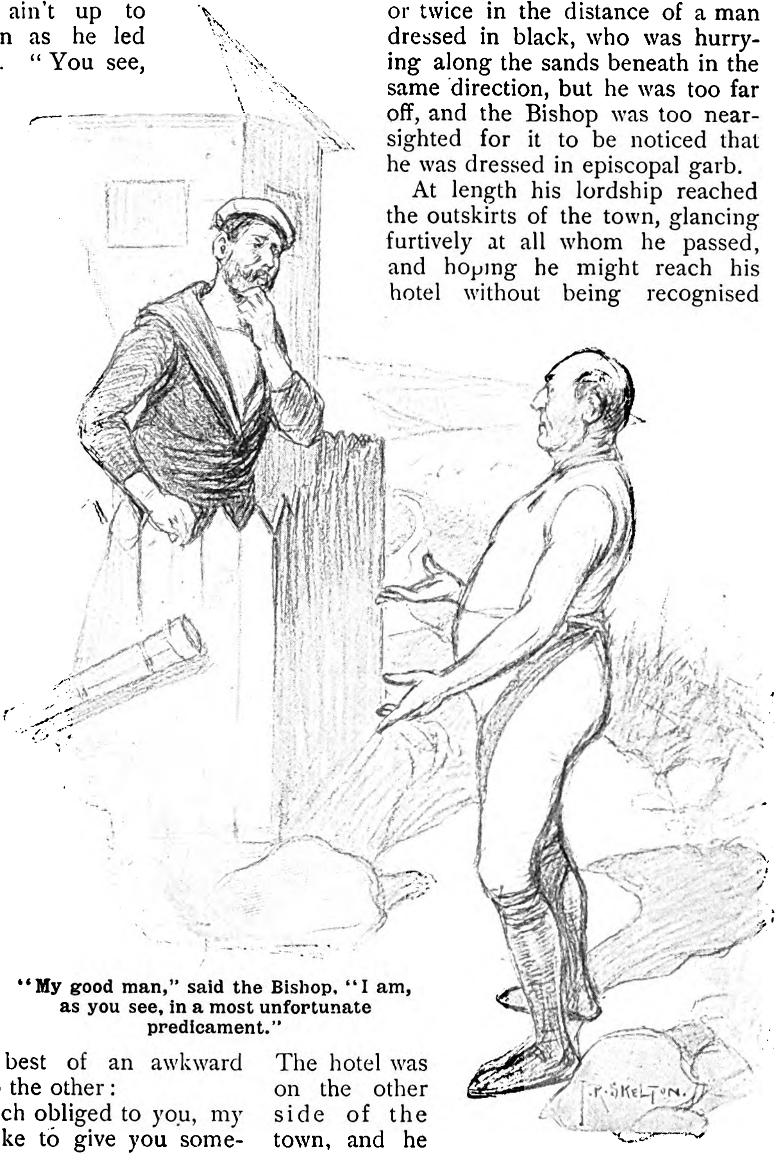
The Bishop feebly appropriated the latter, and his costume was complete.

"Why, it quite suits you, sir," exclaimed the coastguard. "You look for all the world like an old sailor."

How his lordship felt was quite another consideration; however, he had determined to make the best of an awkward dilemma, so he said to the other:

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you, my man, and I should like to give you something, only my purse was stolen with the clothes! However, if you will come or send to the Sea View Hotel, you shall have these things back, and a suitable reward for your trouble."

"Thank you, sir. Who shall I ask for?"



"My good man," said the Bishop, "I am, as you see, in a most unfortunate predicament."

"The—er—Bishop of Frattenbury," said his lordship, as he turned on his heel.

"The Bishop of Frattenbury!" said the other to himself, with a broad grin, as he watched him depart. "Lor', who'd take him for my Lord Bishop in them togs!"

The Bishop walked towards Wynnstrand on the top of the cliff. He caught sight once or twice in the distance of a man dressed in black, who was hurrying along the sands beneath in the same direction, but he was too far off, and the Bishop was too near-sighted for it to be noticed that he was dressed in episcopal garb.

At length his lordship reached the outskirts of the town, glancing furtively at all whom he passed, and hoping he might reach his hotel without being recognised The hotel was on the other side of the town, and he determined to hail the first cab and be driven there. Presently he saw an empty one standing near the parade.

"I want you to drive me to the Sea View Hotel," he said to the driver.

"Sea View Hotel. Oh, you looks like it,

old man, don't yer? P'raps you're a stayin' there with your family?"

"Of course I am," replied the Bishop, forgetting for a moment his extraordinary appearance. "But that's nothing to do with you. Drive me there at once," and he opened the door to get in.

"No, you don't," shouted the driver, jumping down and pulling him back. "I don't mind drivin' you, but I'll see the colour of your money first. I've been done that way before."

"I—er—haven't any money with me," said the unfortunate Bishop, "but I'll pay you double fare when I get there."

"Oh, that's a good un! P'raps you wants me to believe you're a Hadmiral of the Fleet in disguise. Why——"

At this moment a hearty voice broke in:

"Won't he let ye go, shipmet? Well, it sha n't be said we wouldn't help ye, shall it, Tom?"

Another voice exclaimed with unnecessary adjectival emphasis that it certainly shouldn't.

The Bishop turned and encountered two sailors who had overheard the dispute—two typical "Jacks ashore." As he met their gaze the first speaker suddenly caught him by the hand.

"Why, blowed if it ain't old Joe Dickson! You've heered me speak of him many a time, ain't yer, Tom?"

"Aye, lad."

"But I'm *not* Joe Dickson, and——"

"Ain't ye? Well, you're the living image of the old chap, you've got the same wopping big nose as he had, so I'll act towards ye as I would to him. Now, where d'ye want to go?"

"The Sea View Hotel," said the Bishop, anxious to escape; "but I won't——"

"So ye shall. *We'll both take ye there!* Here's the money, cabby. Get in, old shipmet—or maybe ye'll have a wet at the public yonder first?"

The unfortunate prelate protested that all he wanted was to get to the hotel as speedily as possible.

"Well, we'll all have something there," said the other, as they got in. "Now then, off ye go!"

There was only one thing upon which the Bishop congratulated himself, and that was, that the cab was a closed one. That drive seemed to last hours.

As to the other two, the first speaker employed the time in explaining that he had come over to Wynnstrand to court Tom's sister, and gave the Bishop a hearty invitation to be present at the wedding if it ever came off, adding: "If ye can dance a hornpipe as good as Joe Dickson, I'm blest if ye won't be the life of the party," while Tom himself performed the journey with his head out of the window, shouting friendly greetings to policemen and men of nautical cut, or hurling unrecordable language at the driver.

At length they drew up at the steps of the hotel, from the door of which a lady was just coming out.

"My wife!" ejaculated the Bishop.

"Oh, that's your missus, is it? Come along, Tom—let's take him in. The old girl's a smart 'un, ain't she?"

And, as that personage stood on the steps, she beheld the extraordinary spectacle of her husband, dressed in shabby seafaring clothes, advancing towards her between two excessively cheerful sailors who insisted upon holding his arms.

At length he managed to disengage himself, and rushed in with a—"Tell those men to wait," to the astonished porter, and a "Wot! Ain't ye goin' to have a drink?" from the hilarious Tom, and was closely followed by his wife.

The two sailors waited rather angrily, and were beginning to heap vituperations on their companion for leaving them so abruptly, when a waiter appeared with an envelope:

"This is for you, with many thanks for your kindness to the Bi—the gentleman you have just brought home."

Out fell a couple of sovereigns when Tom opened the envelope.

"Well!" said the other, "maybe he was a-masqueradin' in disguise; a-havin' a bit of a lark. But he's come down handsome, so let's go and drink his bloomin' health."

As for the Bishop, he changed his clothes and made explanations to his wife. When they sat down to lunch he suddenly remembered the interviewer.

"Didn't that gentleman come?" he asked the waiter.

"Yes, my lord. He came an hour ago."

"Then where is he?"

"We told him in which direction your lordship had gone, and he said he would go out and meet your lordship, as his time was limited."

"Oh! When he returns, send him here at once."

But he did not return. He had started off hoping to meet the Bishop, and had shortly afterwards encountered a personage in episcopal garb, hurrying along the sands.

Now he had never seen the Bishop of

Frattenbury in his life. So he stopped this personage.

"I beg your pardon—the Bishop of Frattenbury, I believe?"

"Eh—oh—yes—yes," answered the other, about to pass on.

"I am the representative of the *Daily Herald*, and have come to interview your lordship, as arranged."

A slight grin stole across the face of the other.

"I see—yes—I remember," he said. "By the way, could you tell me when the next train for London starts?"

The journalist drew out a pocket time-table and told him. The "Bishop" consulted his watch, and apparently made up his mind.

"Very well," he said, "let's sit down, young man. I'll give you ten minutes of my valuable time. Now then, fire away."

The other looked askance at his companion. He thought him rather strange for a bishop. Then he began:

"It's about the Licensing Bill, my lord. I want to ask——"

"Good old bloke!" exclaimed the "Bishop" suddenly. He was fumbling in his pockets, and had just discovered pipe and tobacco-pouch.

"Eh?"

"Oh, nothing. Go ahead. I don't know what you're talking about," and he filled his pipe complacently.

"The Licensing Bill, my lord."

"Oh, yes. What about it?"

"We are anxious to publish an expression of your lordship's views on the subject."

The "Bishop" blew a heavy cloud of smoke with much satisfaction.

"Well," he said, "to tell you the truth, young man, it doesn't interest me very much."

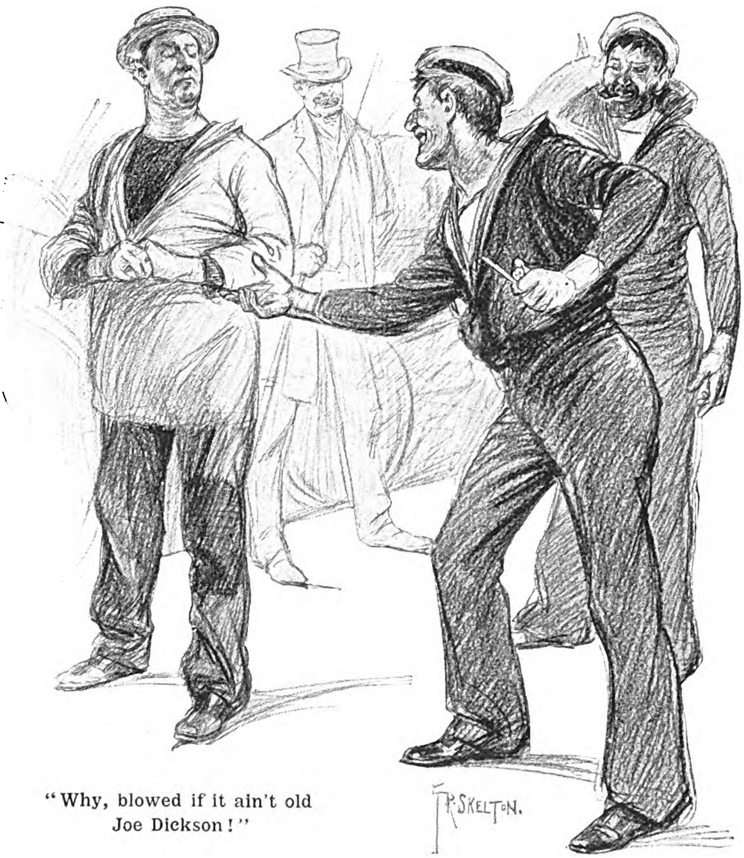
"*What!* But your lordship said the other day it was a subject of vital importance to the clergy, and——"

"Dare say I *did*. But I've altered my mind. You're going to publish this, I suppose?"

"Of course, my lord."

"Well," replied the other, deliberately, "you can say that I wish the clergy wouldn't interfere with what doesn't concern them. Parsons are a nuisance sometimes. *I've* found 'em so"—he was thinking of the gaol chaplain. "Let them practise what they preach, *I* say."

"But, my lord," ejaculated the astonished interviewer, "you are one of the leaders of the temperance movement, a total abstainer, I believe."



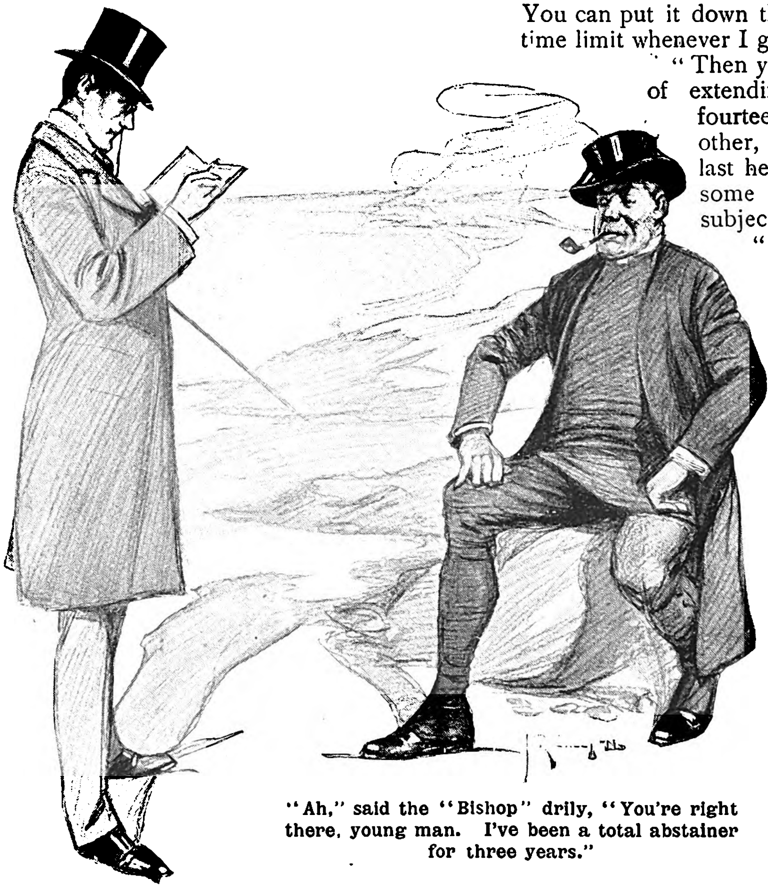
"Why, blowed if it ain't old Joe Dickson!"

"Ah," said the "Bishop" drily, "you're right there, young man. I've been a total abstainer for three years," and he puffed at his pipe viciously as he remembered the fact.

"Is this Licensing Bill going to close the pubs?" he went on suddenly.

"Why, your lordship knows it means a reduction in the number of them."

"Going to do the working man out of his



"Ah," said the "Bishop" drily, "You're right there, young man. I've been a total abstainer for three years."

beer, eh?" said the other, contemptuously. "I sha'n't support it, then!"

"But surely your lordship takes an interest in the reduction of licences, and will support the Government?"

"Young man," said the "Bishop," taking his pipe out of his mouth, and without the vestige of a smile, "I've been working hard for the Government for years, and now I've had enough of it. I shall withdraw my support, and let the Government get on without my services. The Government knows what it's about, and may do just what it pleases. As to licences, what does it matter to them if the working man gets his beer?"

"You—your lordship has nothing to say on compensation?" faltered the journalist.

"I could say a good deal on that subject if I chose, perhaps. But I'm not going to."

"But the question of a time limit?" exclaimed the young man, who began to wonder if he were in some hideous dream.

"Ah," said the "Bishop" grimly, "that's another thing. I've been in favour of a time limit for years. There's some sense in that. You can put it down that I shall vote for a time limit whenever I get the chance."

"Then you would be in favour of extending such a limit to fourteen years?" asked the other, who thought that at last he was beginning to get some information on the subject.

"Fourteen years!" cried the "Bishop" with a laugh, "not much. A month's quite long enough."

"But—my lord—it couldn't be done!" gasped the journalist.

"Oh, *couldn't* it?" said the "Bishop," with another broad grin, "*I* know better. Now then, time's up! Good morning!"

And he was off to the station, leaving the perplexed journalist gazing at him in wonder. He just caught the London train, and was well on his journey before the real Bishop had time to change, and to give information to the police about the loss of his clothes.

Next morning the Bishop was astonished to read the following in his morning paper:—

The Licensing Bill.

Extraordinary statements by the Bishop of Frattenbury.

Yesterday the Bishop of Frattenbury was interviewed by our representative on the subject of the Licensing Bill, and those who have known and appreciated the attitude he has hitherto maintained towards the question will be surprised and grieved at the peculiar views to which he now gives utterance.

He commenced by saying that the whole question of Licensing Reform was really of little interest to him, urging that if the clergy refrained from interfering in what did not concern them it would be better for all classes of the community, and that if they practised what they preached, and let others alone, they would be far more respected.

He professed the most utter unconcern as to the vital questions of compensation and reduction of licenses, saying that he supposed the Government knew what they were about, and, so long as the working-man got his beer, it really mattered very little. With regard to a time limit——

Here his lordship laid down his paper on the table with great force, and it is rumoured made a remark somewhat unbecoming to a Bishop.

CAP AND BELLS

ALL SHE CARED ABOUT.

SHE: "Did you see me in the water this morning, Mr. Shortsight?"

MR. SHORTSIGHT: "Rather. You looked just like a goddess rising from the sea."

SHE (disappointed): "Indeed. Then you didn't notice my new bathing costume, after all."

* * * * *

WOULDN'T CHANCE IT.

TOM: "Why is it you don't let your boy go fishing?"

JACK: "I want him to grow up a truthful man."

* * * * *

NO PRACTICE.

HE: "It is hard to keep a secret sometimes, isn't it?"

SHE: "I don't know: I've never tried it."

AN EXPERT OPINION.

"Do you think that perpetual motion will ever become known to the world?"

"No," answered the engineer. "If anybody should discover perpetual motion he would be so afraid of being sent to a lunatic asylum that he would keep it a profound secret."

* * * *

A GLASS "MOLECULE."

"What are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son.

"I hope you will be very attentive, and practise constantly. I tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't make it stay in his eye."

* * * * *

POOR OLD GODS!

"The mills of the gods grind slowly," quoted the long-faced man in the black coat.

"Why don't they put in some modern machinery?" asked the Yankee. "Up our way they turn out 500,000 barrels a day."

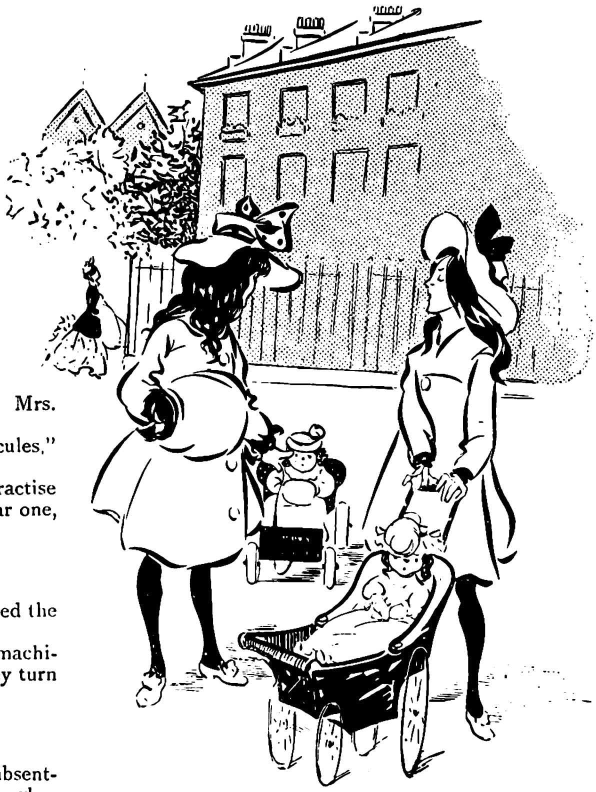
* * * * *

A PRETTY QUESTION.

"Are you a married man?" asked the absent-minded K.C., who was putting a witness through a searching cross-examination.

"No, sir," replied the witness. "I am a bachelor."

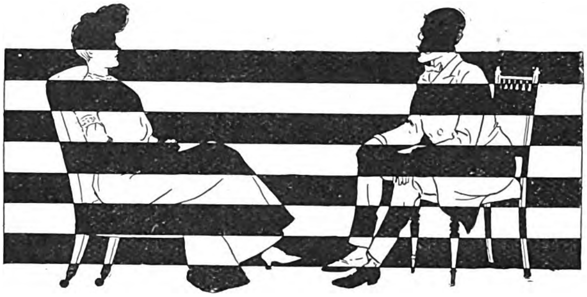
"Very well, sir," continued the lawyer. "Now tell me how long you have been a bachelor, and what the circumstances were that induced you to become one?"



SUBURBAN SNOBBERY.

"My Sybil is quite fashionable with her motor-car, isn't she?"

"Yes, dear. but I'm afraid my Angelina Montmorency will have to cut her, as I do not allow her to mix with anybody but carriage folk."



A LIFE-LONG PUNISHMENT.

She: "Didn't I tell you not to propose to me again?"

He: "You said something of the kind, but, of course, it made no impression on me."

She: "Oh, it didn't! Well, I'll give you a lesson now that you won't forget. You'll never propose to me again."

He: "What are you going to do?"

She: "I'm going to accept you."

* * * * *

THE SQUELCHING OF JONES.

Jones had seen the play before, but Smith had not. So, of course, it was Jones' duty to explain the plot to Smith, and to repeat each joke as it was uttered on the stage, lest Smith should miss the point. And Smith will vouch for the fact that Jones did his duty like a man, at least, during the first and second acts.

A few minutes before the curtain rose on the third and last act, Jones, who had just given his friend a brief synopsis of what was about to happen, felt someone touch him on the shoulder. Turning round in his seat, he found himself face to face with a solemn-faced individual who looked rather like a clergyman.

"My young friend," said the stranger, "I trust you will pardon my addressing you. I cannot go without thanking you for the very pleasant evening I have passed."

"I—I don't quite understand," stammered Jones, thinking that perhaps the speaker had mistaken him for the author of the play.

"It has been my privilege," continued the stranger, "to overhear your extremely interesting and instructive comments on the play, and I feel myself deeply indebted to you, although I am fully aware that your remarks were not intended for my ears. Nevertheless, as I have profited by them, I feel that the least I can do is to thank you.

"But for you the performance would have been all Greek to me, and I should not have known when to laugh and when to cry. I should not have been able to distinguish between the hero and the villain, nor to know when the latter had been foiled. Above all, by reason of your brief but lucid synopsis of the last act, I am now enabled to leave the theatre and catch my train without being left in suspense as to the outcome of the play.

"This alone would be enough to earn my lifelong gratitude. Before I go, let me offer you my card. I hope I shall some day have an opportunity of serving you in my professional capacity. Nothing, I assure you, could give me greater pleasure. Good night!"

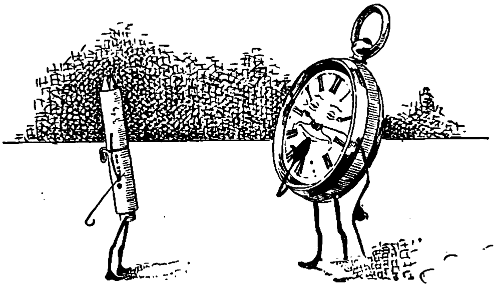
After the stranger had gone, Jones glanced at the card. It bore this legend:

J. W. TOOMBS, *Undertaker.*

Smith saw it too. Then he turned his head away.

"What the dickens are you sniggering about?" demanded Jones.

* * * *



EXPLAINED.

Watchkey: "Hullo, old chap, you're looking very bright."

Watch: "Yes, I've just had my face and hands cleaned."

* * * *

TWO VIEWS.

Bills: "Did you notice the pleased expression on her face when I told her that she did not look any older than her daughter?"

Wills: "No, I was looking at the expression on the daughter's face."

* * *

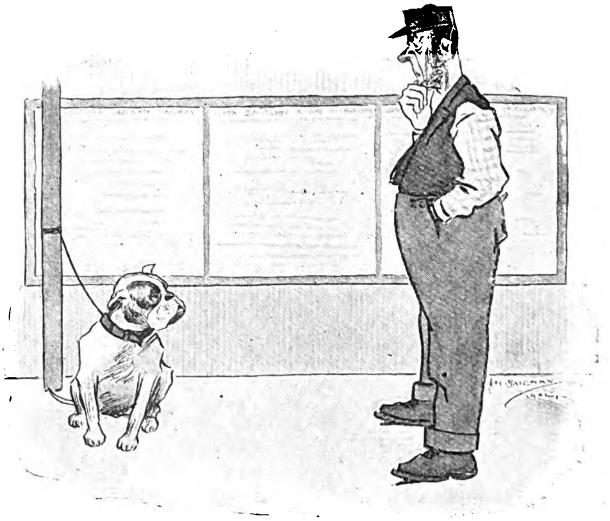
OF COURSE.

"So Bragley was out fishing yesterday. How many did he bring back?"

"Oh, about a dozen."

"A dozen what? Trout?"

"No, fish stories."



"With Care!"

UNSCIENTIFIC.

"What were you arguing so violently about with Smithers, professor?"

"He called me a blooming jackass."

"You ought to have knocked him down."

"Oh, I didn't mind it personally. It was the unscientific nature of his statement that annoyed me."

* * *

QUITE PROPER.

Keedick: "Young Browne added 'e' to his name after he inherited his uncle's big fortune."

Fosdick: "That's quite right. Rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people."

* * * * *

SOCIETY JOTTING.

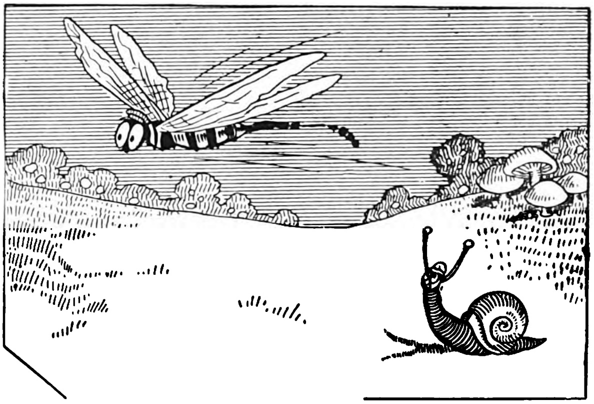
"Is your wife entertaining this season?" asked Jones,
And Smythe, who would like to be merry,
Replied in emphatic but dolorous tones,
"I can truthfully answer, not very!"

* * * * *

RED TAPE AGAIN!

Clark (to his employer, leaving the office): "Oh, Mr. System, haven't you forgotten your umbrella? It's raining."

Mr. System: "Can't help it. I have made a resolution to have one here and one at home, to provide for all emergencies. Now, if I take this one they'll both be at home."



MOTORING IN INSECTLAND.

Constable Snail: "Hi! you there! You're exceeding the speed limit!"

OH! MONSTER!

Millie: "What does this motto on the ring mean?"

Willie: "Faithful to the last."

Millie: "The idea! I thought I was the first!"

* * *

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

"In about 280 years," said the scientist, "when the world's population exceeds 5,994,000,000, the earth will be unable to find nourishment for her people, and they will be forced either to cannibalism or starvation."

"And just think, papa," said the daughter, "what trouble there'll be for us to get through the crowds on our bicycles!"

* * * * *

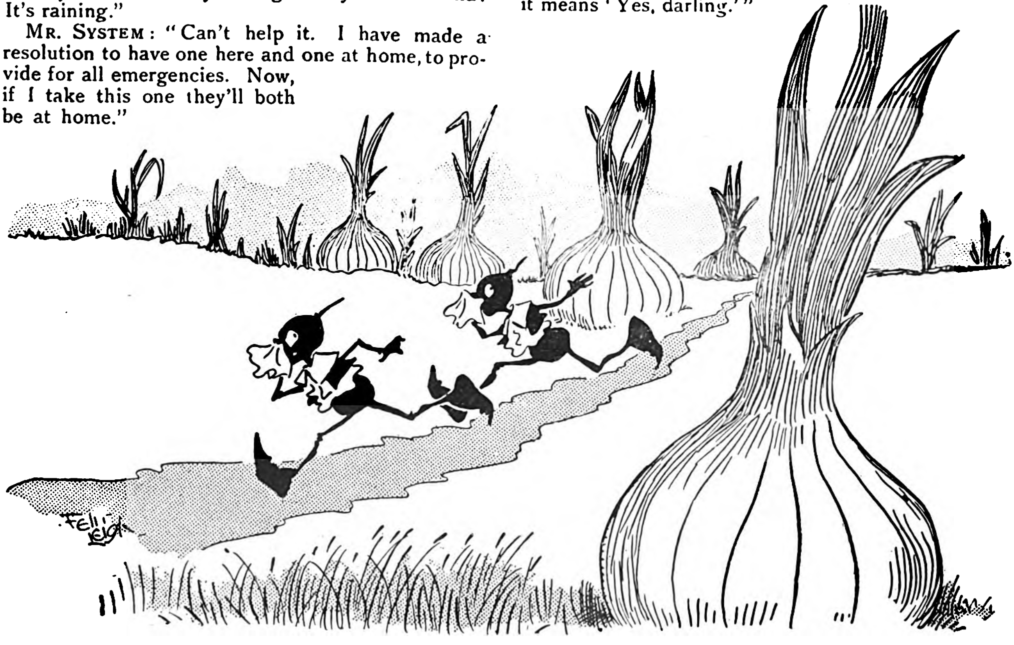
SIMPLE SIGNALS.

Caller: "Why are you waving your handkerchief so wildly?"

Murilla: "Since papa has forbidden Jack the house, we have arranged a code of signals."

Caller: "What is it?"

Murilla: "When he waves his handkerchief five times that means 'Do you love me?' and when I wave frantically in reply, it means 'Yes, darling.'"



THROUGH THE ONION BED.

Brownie Tourists: "Great grasshoppers! This district must be without even the most elementary ideas of sanitation."

MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Don't Miss this Page simply because it is the Last in the Number.

KIND-HEARTED PEOPLE.

There are many kind-hearted people in the world in spite of what the cynics may say. Here's an instance in point. You, doubtless, remember my mentioning the letter from an Australian, in which he described the delights of reading The Royal in the depths of the Bush.

Shortly after the number was published I received a note from a lady reader offering to pay my correspondent's annual subscription. Unhappily, I was unable to avail myself of her kindness, the Australian having omitted to send me his address. If, however, this paragraph should catch his eye, I hope he will make good his omission and become an annual subscriber gratis.

MANY THANKS.

Yes, and I am sure it is merely kindness of heart which prompts so many of my readers to send me Christmas and New Year's cards. Unhappily, these hardly ever contain either names or addresses, and I am, therefore, compelled to accept most of them without the chance of making any return—without being able even to say a personal "thank you" to each kind friend. Collectively, however, I take this opportunity to express my gratitude, and to cap all the good wishes sent me with better wishes to those who sent them.

AN EXPENSIVE GIFT.

A few years ago one of the Editors of this office was the recipient of a Christmas present which cost him its full value. I tell the tale in fear and trembling, as I know that he does not much relish having it routed out of merciful oblivion. He was chaffed enough about this peculiar gift at the time to last him his life long.

The day before Christmas a heavy parcel addressed to him was brought into his room. On opening it he found that it contained a magnificent turkey, with a label attached to its fat breast bearing these words: "With best Christmas wishes from X. Y. Z." My good friend, the editor, was overjoyed, promptly dispatched the turkey home, and he and his happy family ate it to the bones during the ensuing holiday festivities. On the first day of his return to the office he found the following letter awaiting him on his desk:

> Dear Mr. Editor,—
>
> Yesterday I sent off a turkey to the Fresh Air Fund, and hope it will prove acceptable.
>
> Yours sincerely, X. Y. Z.

You can imagine my friend's feelings. To make a present of a turkey to the Fresh Air Fund in mid-winter was more kind than sensible—to dispatch the letter after the turkey was somewhat thoughtless, I think. Anyhow, my friend, the editor, of course paid into the Fresh Air Fund what he honestly considered the turkey's worth.

DO YOU WANT A PICTURE GALLERY?

Now here's a plan by which any of my readers can acquire a set of original drawings by some of the best-known black-and-white artists of the day—the originals, namely, of the various pictures which appear in The Royal.

All you have to do is to go among your friends and get them to become annual subscribers of The Royal. For each new annual subscriber you manage to get for us we present you with the original sketch of some illustration which has appeared in The Royal immediately on the receipt of the subscription fee (6/6 Home, 7/- Abroad), which must be addressed to "The Editor, The Royal Magazine, 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C." Inclosed you might send a list of three or four sketches which you are particularly anxious to obtain. Of course, I cannot promise that any of these will be available, they may all have been previously disposed of. But some good sketch you are certain to get. How does the idea strike you? It's a fair bargain and you don't come out of it the worse.

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SHAPELY FIGURES.

THE stoutest men and women may regain a shapely figure, with increased strength and improved health, without trouble or inconvenience, by means of a short course of the famous "Russell" treatment for the cure of corpulency. This unique home treatment, which is opposed to all drugging and wasting processes of fat reduction, effects a decrease of weight from the very commencement. Within four-and-twenty hours the scales will prove a reduction varying from ½lb. to 2lb., even more in pronounced cases of over-fatness. Then, day by day, as surely as the pleasant and easy régime is carefully followed, there is a steady loss of fat until normal weight and correct natural proportions are permanently regained. The tendency to the formation of unwholesome fat is lastingly destroyed. Breathing becomes easy, appetite is greatly improved, and the increased quantity of wholesome food taken has a naturally healthful and strengthening effect upon the entire system. There are no irksome dietary restrictions, and the treatment may be followed in strict privacy. The chief compound, an agreeable liquid, employed in the treatment, is purely vegetable and quite harmless to the most delicate person. For a fuller appreciation of the "Russell" treatment, which so many thousands have followed with uniform success, stout persons of both sexes should consult the lucidly-written chapters of "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), by the founder of the treatment. A free copy of this standard book, which contains the recipe of the liquid preparation mentioned above, may be obtained by sending three penny stamps (for postage under private envelope) to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

"To the Hundred Thousand Ladies and Gentlemen who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for a reply and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my Recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair.

GREETING: KNOW ALL OF YOU—

In consequence of the immense demand for my remedy, 'Tatcho,' and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine Preparations purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, **I have been compelled** to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the Prescription absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself."—**Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS.**

Mr. Geo. R. Sims'

"Tatcho" For the Lack of.... Hair

Positively Produces Hair. ***Stops the Hair Falling Out.***
Prevents Hair Going Grey. ***Preserves its Natural Colour.***

THE "DAILY MAIL" INTERVIEWS THE DISCOVERER OF "TATCHO."

In a recent number of the *Referee* Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the famous poet and dramatist, journalist, and playwright, and the writer of "Mustard and Cress," over the signature of "Dagonet," explained to a wondering public that he had, to a band of philanthrophic millionaires, made over his right in a new "Hair Restorer."

Eager for an explanation, a representative of the *Daily Mail* sought out Mr. Sims, at Opposite the Ducks Villa, and asked him point-blank if it were true that he had forsaken the leafy paths of literature. Now, Mr. Geo. R. Sims, as many people know, is one of the busiest men in the kingdom, but, hastily affixing his signature to a letter, he looked up and extended a characteristically cordial welcome. Then he said, "I will explain. I found that I was rapidly going bald. I went to two Specialists, both of whom cheerfully assured me that I should be absolutely bald in two years. Then I discovered the preparation which has now been placed upon the market, and found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders. Look at my hair now.

After a time people got to know that I had discovered a Restorer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began. Letters in thousands poured in to me from every quarter of the world, and it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the Hair Restorer department of correspondence. In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my Hair Restorer the public shall have it, but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article within the reach of all."

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public, a wealthy syndicate has been formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims' Hair Restorer Co., is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet-table of every member of the King's vast empire.

"Tatcho" is personally vouched for, not alone by Mr. Geo. R. Sims, but also by

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Princess Eugene Cristoforos-Palælogue.
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Mrs. Norman Forbes-Robertson, &c., &c.

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Col. Perry.
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Over 1,500 Physicians and Medical users.

"**TATCHO,**" **Non-Oily**, a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.

"**TATCHO,**" **Oily**, a brilliant tonic, containing all the hair-growing properties of "**TATCHO,**" Non-Oily, with the addition of an oil product for dry hair.

"**TATCHO**" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any ingredient harmful to the scalp,

"**TATCHO**" is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at **1/-, 2/9, and 5/-.**

Arrangements have also been made whereby the principal Chemists and Stores throughout the Kingdom will now supply

..A.. FULL-SIZE 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE OF "TATCHO" FOR 1/10

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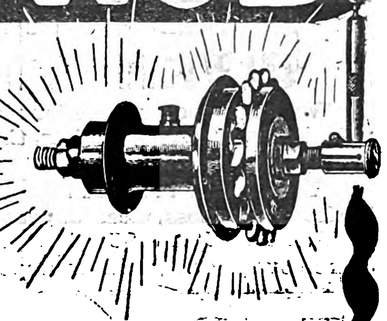

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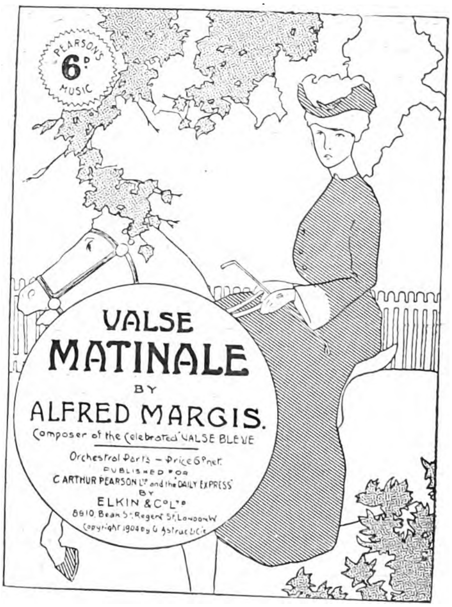
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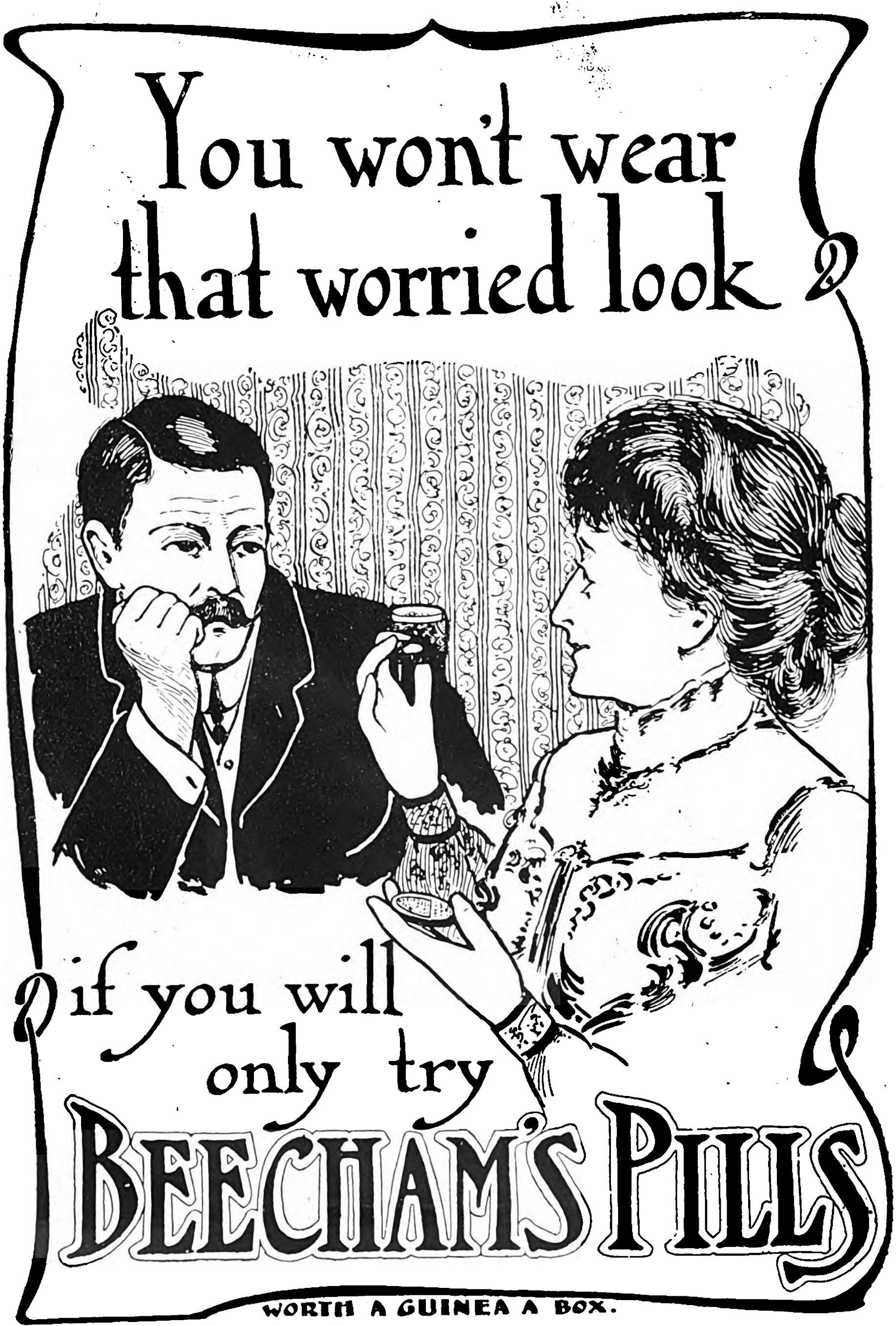
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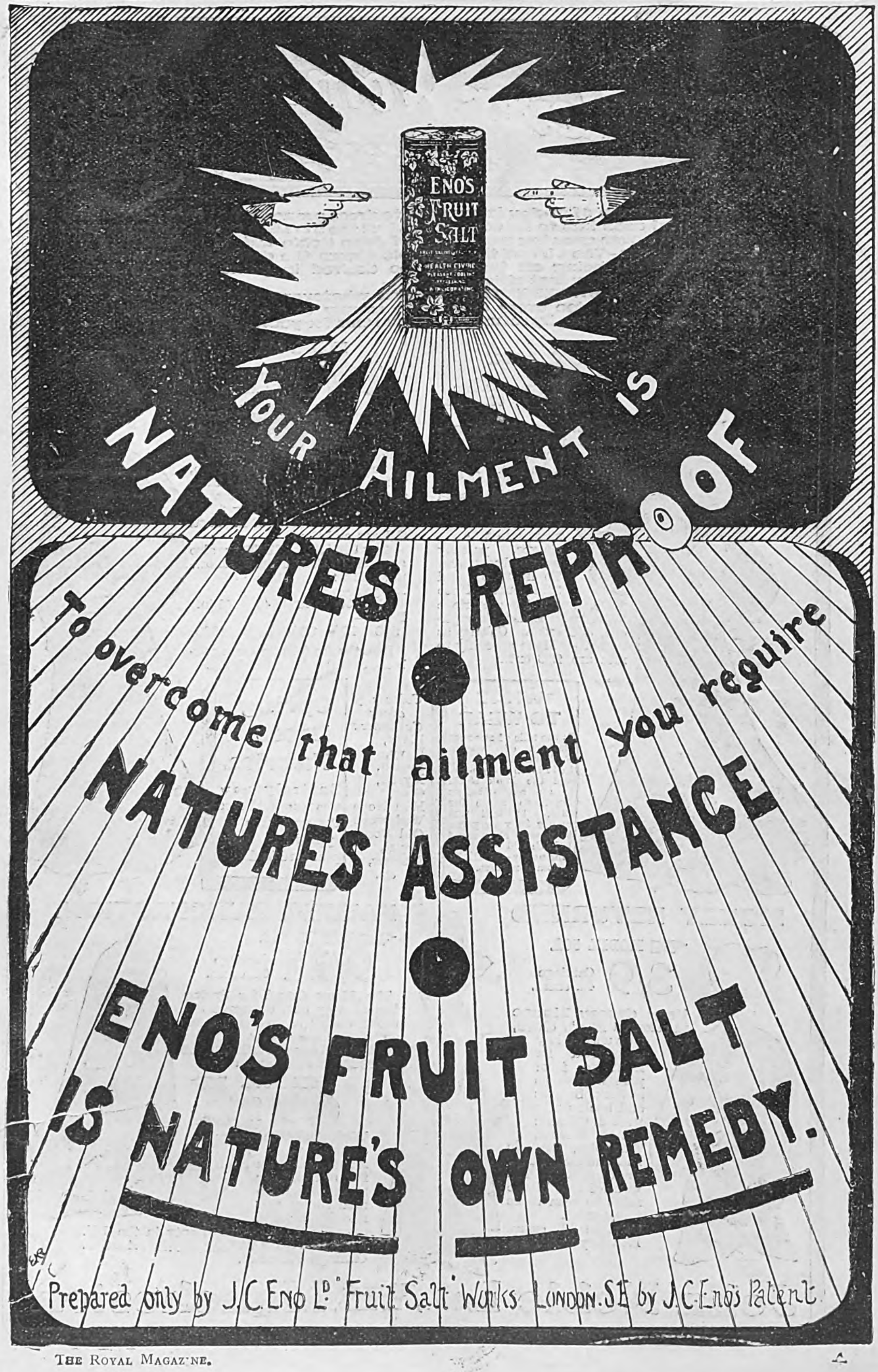
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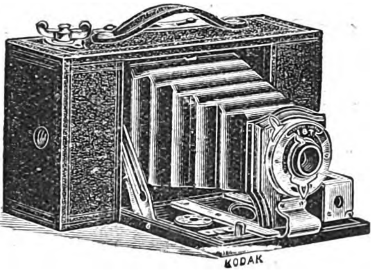

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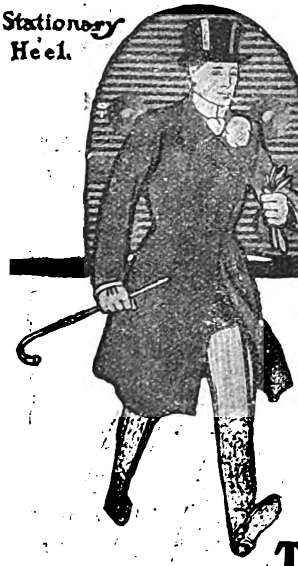

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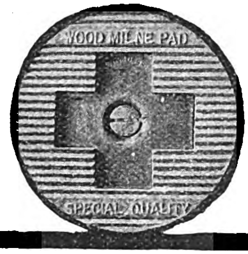

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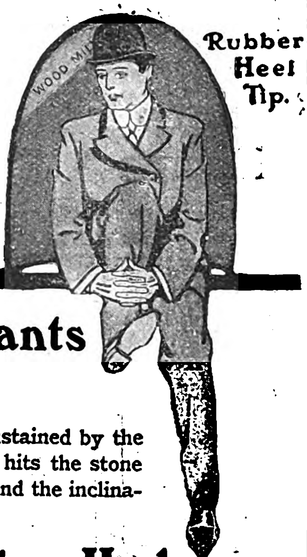

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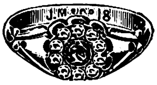

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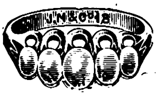

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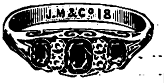

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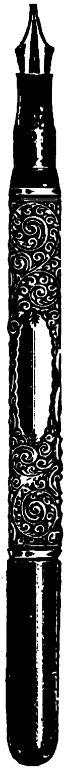

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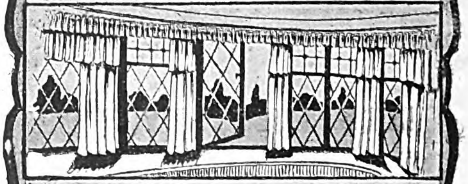

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J. Mackintosh Ltd. The Toffee Mills, **Halifax.**

If you like Extra Cream Toffee, try **Mackintosh's Old-Fashioned Treacle Toffee.**

FREE TO THE DEAF

Mr. E. HODGSON.

"I can now hear a watch tick at arm's-length."

15 BOUNDARY STREET, ROUNDHAY ROAD,
LEEDS, YORKS.

DEAR SIR,

I had been gradually getting deaf for some time, when I read in the *Sunday Companion* about Mr. Isaac Shufflebotham, of Congleton, having been completely cured by the "Keith-Harvey System." As Mr. Shufflebotham's case was exactly like my own, I made up my mind to try the treatment. I noticed an alteration after applying the remedies for twelve days, and I am now pleased to state that my hearing is greatly improved since using your Treatment.

You will appreciate the improvement when I tell you that I can now hear a watch ticking at arm's-length from the ear.

You are at perfect liberty to use my name, and I shall also be pleased to answer any inquiries.

Yours faithfully,
E. HODGSON.

14th November, 1904.

Miss M. BATEMAN.

17 Years Deaf. Completely Cured.

SWEET TOOTH LANE,
SANDBACH, CHESHIRE.

DEAR SIR,

As the result of an attack of scarlet fever in childhood I had for the past 17 years been suffering from Deafness and noises in the head.

These "humming" and "buzzing" noises never left me, and latterly have become very troublesome. I could hear much better when in a train or amongst the noise of machinery, and the weather also affected me.

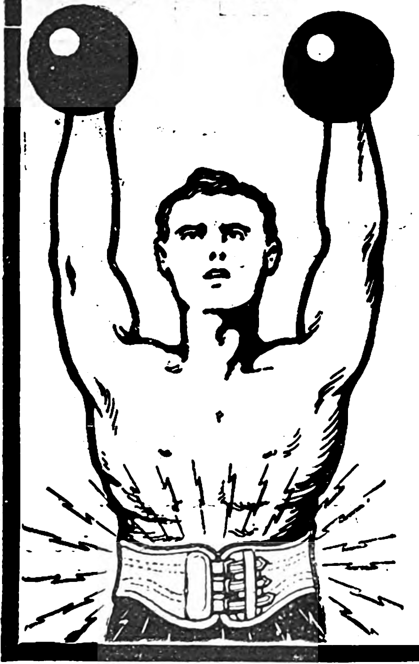
Noticing in the *Sunday Companion* that others had obtained relief from the "Keith-Harvey System," I made up my mind to try it. I am very pleased to tell you that your Treatment has proved most satisfactory in every way, and my hearing is now very good.

I shall be most happy to recommend the "Keith-Harvey System" to anyone.

Yours truly,
(Miss) M. BATEMAN.

31st October, 1904.

IF YOU are a sufferer from Deafness or Head Noises, and desire a complete and permanent cure, write at once to Professor G. Keith-Harvey, 117 Holborn, London, E.C., for Pamphlet, fully describing an entirely new self-applied method, which he will send you gratis and post free on mentioning the "Royal Magazine."



STRONG AND HAPPY

This is the way they feel now—the men who were once ill and weak, who were always nervous and trembling, and who never knew what it was to enjoy peaceful sleep.

They are now free from pain, and awake refreshed and full of energy—are light-hearted and self-confident.

HERE IS THE SECRET—

Electricity—that's all. This grand force is the only natural restorative; the only certain means of curing ailments of a nervous and debilitating character. All who suffer in this way should lose no time in investigating the claims of the Pulvermacher Electric Belt, which fills the body with nerve-life, warms the blood, and restores both physical and mental energy.

FREE BOOK. In order to prove our claims, and that the general public may know more about electricity as a curative agent, we have prepared a 90-page book (illustrated), dealing with the subject in an interesting manner, and this we will send free for the asking to those interested in the development of vigorous health in men and women.

Do not delay! Cut out this advertisement and send it to us to-day.

J. L. PULVERMACHER Ltd.,
25 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

MACKILL'S ASTHMA CURE.

A sure and speedy remedy for this distressing affliction. Mackill's is no new cure, but has been in operation for over 30 years, and its fame rests on the solid foundation of efficacy.

FREE TRIAL ON RECEIPT OF POSTCARD.
Tins 1/9, 2/9, and 4/6 post free.
The MACKILL ASTHMA CURE CO, BATHGATE N.B.
Sold by Chemists everywhere.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

FREE to all afflicted. To remove root and stem, send for the Treatise compiled from MSS. of the warrant-holder to the Courts of George IV., William IV., and Queen Adelaide. The proprietor will hold himself personally responsible for efficacy, permanency of cure and harmlessness.

ROBT. LOW, 5T Gt. Queen Street, LONDON.

MACKENZIE'S

Essentially High-Class.
THE LOVELIEST TOFFEE IMAGINABLE.
Sold Everywhere. Steam Works, London.

CREAM TOFFEE

DRUNKARDS CAN BE CURED.

with or without the patients' knowledge
For free trial write: WARD CHEMICAL CO.,
248 Century House, 205 Regent St., London, W.

In Springtime:

Bird's Custard and Rhubarb, wholesome and healthful, rich and creamy. Bird's Custard is the one thing needed with all Stewed, Tinned, or Bottled Fruits. It enhances their flavour and imparts to them a grateful mellowness.

BIRD'S

No Eggs!
No Risk!
No Trouble!

CUSTARD POWDER

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-class Custard. Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes. The unfailing resource of every successful hostess.

In the Spring

EVEN THE — MOST HEALTHY

are subject to Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Stomach Disorders, Biliousness and Low Vitality.—The lack of out-door exercise, the fog, cold and damp of Winter weaken and debilitate the organs of digestion and excretion—the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys—so that they fail to do their work properly.—In the Spring time all men, women, and children

NEED —

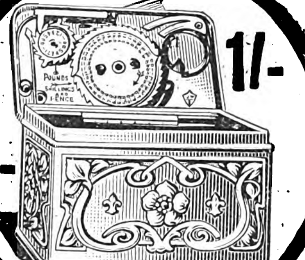
THE TONIC & BLOOD PURIFIER

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP. "I used to suffer dreadfully with Indigestion," says Mrs. Rachel Gutteridge, Walton-at-Stone, nr. Hertford. "I had dreadful pains after food, both at the stomach and in the back. I also suffered much from dizziness and headache. Nothing did me any good but MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP, which soon restored me to health. I think there is no medicine for indigestion to be compared with MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP. It has been my best friend for years."

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

TAKE IT DAILY AFTER MEALS.

Price 1/1½ & 2/6 per bottle.



"BANG WENT SAXPENCE"

is an old saying implying the loss of that nimble coin.

But every sixpence or shilling put into a

"Daily Mail" Savings Bank

or every penny and halfpenny put into a

"London Magazine" Savings Bank

brings you nearer the sum you originally intended to save, because you cannot open the bank until you have obtained the amount desired. You set it to the sum you want. The coins once inserted cannot be extracted until the sum settled upon is made up. Every coin as inserted is registered, and amount still required to open it is shown on outside of box.

Simple and Effective. Cannot get out of Order. Full Directions on each Box. Handsomely and Strongly Made.

MOST MARVELLOUS SAVINGS BANK EVER INVENTED.

PRICE ONLY ONE SHILLING.

On Sale at all Railway Bookstalls, Stationers, Fancy Goods Dealers, Ironmongers, etc., or post free by return for 1/2½ from

Solo Makers and Patentees—
THE WORLD'S MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. 24), 11 VICTORIA STREET,
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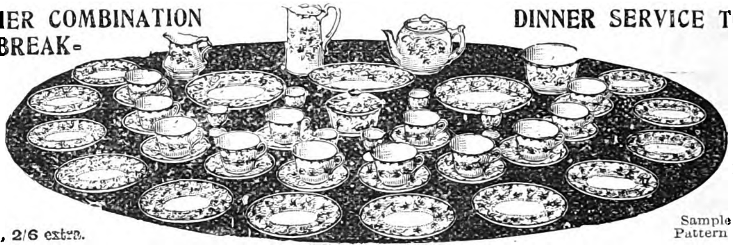


GREAT CLEARANCE SALE, SEE OUR CATALOGUE.

Beautifully Illustrated in Colours, which we will send Free.

THE PREMIER COMBINATION TEA AND BREAKFAST SET.

In Special Art Flown Blue,

53 PIECES

Packed Free **9/3**

Finished in Gold, 2/6 extra.

DINNER SERVICE TO MATCH.

47 PIECES

15/6

Packed Free.

Finished in Gold 4/3 extra.

Sample Plate, to show Pattern and Quality, 6d.

THE CHINA ST. POTTERY CO. (Dept. 3), **VIVIAN WORKS, FENTON, STAFFS.**

Money returned if not approved. *Bazaars, Schools, Hotels, catered for.* *See Goods Bear our Name.*

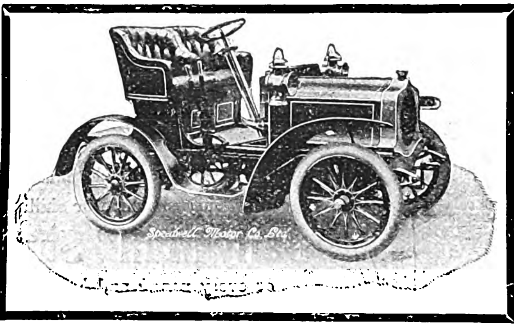
THE

SPEEDWELL

6 h.p. 125 Gns. 10 h.p. (Two Cylinders) £260

NEW LIST NOW READY.
POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. E.

THE SPEEDWELL MOTOR Co. Ltd., 151 Knightsbridge, London, S.W.



ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

Drink and Drug Habits cured at home in 3 to 7 weeks by the recognised TURVEY TREATMENT.

This Treatment eradicates all desire for Stimulants, creating a permanent distaste for Alcohol and Drugs in every form. All craving removed and healthy sleep and appetite restored within a few hours. The Course, with full instructions and advice, can be sent to any part of the world. Mr. THOMAS HOLMES, the well-known North London Missionary (of the **Church of England Temperance Society**), referring to his cure of some of the most hopeless cases in England by the

TURVEY TREATMENT,

says:—"The patients' physical condition rapidly improves, their depression of mind passes away, they become bright and hopeful—in fact, new men." Call (10 to 5) or write for Treatise with Press Report of Successful Public Test, Annual Report, and Consultation Form (post free).

Med. Supt., TURVEY TREATMENT CO. Ltd., 3 AMBERLEY HOUSE, NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON.

(Near Somerset House.) TELEGRAMS: "Turvert, London." TELEPHONE: 5494, Gerrard.

Let Us Give

You a 2s./3d. Bottle of Liquozone, to Show You What it is.

We offer to give the first bottle of Liquozone free to each sick one who asks it. And we are spending £100,000 to announce and fulfil this offer. Our object is to let Liquozone itself show what it can do. A test is better than testimonials, better than argument. When we give a free bottle to each of a million sick ones, there will be few who don't know the value of Liquozone.

In every neighbourhood there is sickness which nothing but Liquozone can cure, and suffering which only Liquozone can stop. Hundreds die daily whom Liquozone could save. Our plan seems the right way—the best way—to quickly let these sick ones know it.

Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. The process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid which does much of what oxygen does. It is food for the nerves and the blood—the most helpful thing in the world for you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalising, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of £250 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—the very life of an animal—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease, while Liquozone is almost certain. This fact has made Liquozone so valuable that, after it had been tested for five years, through physicians and hospitals, we paid £20,000 for the British rights.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and for ever. That is inevitable.

Asthma
Abscess—Anæmia
Bronchitis
Blood Poison
Bright's Disease
Bowel Troubles
Coughs—Colds
Consumption—Colic
Constipation—Croup
Catarrh—Cancer
Dysentery—Diarrhœa
Dandruff—Dropsy
Dyspepsia
Eczema—Erysipelas
Fevers
Gall Stones
Goitre—Gout
Hay Fever—Influenza
Kidney Diseases
La Grippe
Liver Troubles
Malaria—Neuralgia
Many Heart Troubles
Piles—Pneumonia
Pleurisy—Quinsy
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Stomach Troubles
Throat Troubles
Tuberculosis
Tumors—Ulcers
Varicocele
Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitaliser, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

A 2s./3d. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then post you an order on a local chemist for a 2/3 bottle, which he will give you, on our account, to try. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 1/1½, 2/3, and 4/6.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and post it in a sealed envelope to the British Liquozone Co. Ltd., 60 Wilson Street, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

My disease is..

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me with a 2/3 bottle free I will take it.

....

....

A194 ....
Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

WE WANT YOU TO PROVE THE MARVELLOUS HEALING POWERS OF MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS FOR YOURSELF. SO THAT YOU CAN DO THIS WITHOUT RISKING EVEN A PENNY WE WILL SEND YOU

4/6 WORTH FREE

If you send us your name and address and are a sufferer from that horrible plague

RHEUMATISM

We are anxious for every sufferer to know of these wonderful Drafts, for they have cured thousands—they will cure YOU. We never refuse any case—we guarantee to cure.

Magic Foot Drafts have cured cases of over thirty years' standing. Some of our cured patients once kept to their beds for years, others used crutches for a long time, but now they are permanently cured. Why not you, too?

Just read this letter from one of our patients :—

Mr. STEPHEN COOPER.
(From a Photo.)

12, Gardens-terrace,
Courtney-street,
Holderness-rd.,
Hull.

Dear Sirs,—I beg to inform you that the Magic Foot Drafts have done me a wonderful amount of good. I was going down the street when friends said, "What have you done with your other stick?" and I told them about the Magic Foot Drafts, and they said, "You go better with your one stick than you did with two." I shall be 81 years of age on St. Stephen's Day, and I am proud to say that there is not anyone in better health than I.

Your's truly,
STEPHEN COOPER.

All we ask you to do is to send us your name and address—no money, no stamps, and by return post we will send you 4s. 6d. worth of these wonderful MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS ABSOLUTELY FREE. When we say FREE we mean it. Send to-day. — MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., 435 Victoria Chambers, Holborn Viaduct, London. E.C.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

with NEW HEMSTITCH FRILLS, 3yds. long, **8/3** per pair. PLAIN FRILLS, **6/9** per pair. Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins on approval. CASEMENT BLINDS, Fringes, &c CARPETS, TAPESTRIES, CRETONNES, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES. Patterns on approval. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Carpets, Matting, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, Furniture, Bedding, Post Free.

ART WICKER CHAIRS

in great variety of styles. Upholstered in Cretonne from **8/3** Tapestry, **9/9**. Patterns on approval

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Seamless and Reversible Moss-Green, Terra-Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson, plain or patterned centre. Most durable. 6 by 9, 9/-; 7½ by 9 11/3; 9 by 9, 13/6; 10 by 9 15/9; 12 by 9, 18/-; 13½ by 9, 20/3; 10½ by 10½, 18/6; 12 by 10½, 21/6; 13½ by 10½, 23/9; 12 by 12, 24/-; 13½ by 12, 27/-; 15 by 12, 30/-; 18 by 12, 36/-. RUGS to match, 6 by 3, 3/- each. STAIR CARPET to match, 18in. wide, 10½d.; 22in., 1/0½; 27in., 1/3½; 36in., 1/7½ per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval.

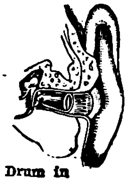
GORRINGE LINOLEUM.

We cut and match this excellent material to any size required. 7½ by 9, 12/-; 9 by 9, 14/8; 10½ by 9, 16/9; 12 by 9, 19/-; 12 by 10½, 22/-; 13 by 12, 25/6; 13½ by 12, 28/6; 15 by 12, 31/6. Also for PASSAGES, 18in. wide, 9½d.; 27in., 1/3½; 36in., 1/7½ per yard. Patterns on approval.

GORRINGE FEATHER BEDS.

Made from Feathers specially purified by steam, and are, therefore quite fresh and sweet. Double Bed Bolster and 2 Pillows. 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in., weight 50lb., **£1 17s. 6d.**, carriage paid. Samples of Feathers and Ticks free. Purified Feathers from 9d. per lb.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 67A Dept., NOTTINGHAM.



Drum in position.

DEAFNESS

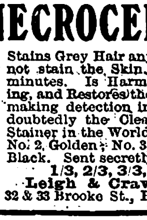
AND HEAD NOISES RELIEVED BY USING

WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

WILSON'S EAR-DRUM CO.
D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.



NECROCEINE *For* **GREY HAIR**

Stains Grey Hair any shade desired. Does not stain the Skin. Applied in a few minutes. Is Harmless, Washable, Lasting, and Restores the Colour to the Roots, making detection impossible, and is undoubtedly the Cleanest and Best Hair Stainer in the World. No. 1, Light Brown; No. 2, Golden; No. 3, Dark Brown; No. 4, Black. Sent secretly packed by post for **1/3, 2/3, 3/3, 5/-, and 10/-.**

Leigh & Crawford (Dept. 56),
32 & 33 Brooke St., Holborn, London, E.C.

Capt. GEO SOULSBY, of 94 Coltman Street, Hull,

HAS BEEN CURED OF A DOUBLE RUPTURE

CAPT. GEO. SOULSBY.

of 40 years' standing without an operation. This is proof conclusive that rupture can be cured. Everyone one who has a rupture would be only too glad to have it cured, but some have been led to believe that rupture was incurable except by operation. Capt. Soulsby is a well-known man in Hull, and he would have no object whatever in saying he was cured if such was not an actual fact. He would have nothing to gain by telling a falsehood. He relates his experience with trusses, &c., as follows :—"I had a double scrotal rupture when 29 years of age, and for 40 years tried several trusses, but as my age advanced my ruptures got worse. When in London in June last year, I obtained the Rice Method of Cure, and by the end of last December my rupture had entirely gone. It has not been down for nearly 12 months, although at present I am troubled with a severe bronchial cough. I can go about without any truss. My age at present is 69 years."

The Rice Method is fully described in a book which is sent free to every sufferer upon application. Send for it at once. In the meantime, write to Capt. Soulsby if you wish, and let him verify this. You cannot afford to let your rupture go without proper treatment. Don't put it off any longer. Write for this book at once to **W. S. RICE, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 2174), 8 and 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.**, before you forget the address.

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Look for Name & Trade Mark
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT

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THE MOST WELCOME, ARTISTIC & UP-TO-DATE!

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A month's FREE TRIAL is allowed and your satisfaction fully guaranteed.

The Free Book awaits your request. Write TO-DAY and test its value to you.

H. SAMUEL, No. 39, Market St. MANCHESTER.

NO. 1. Razor Complete 7/6. Extra Blades 4/-.

The Original KAMPFE STAR SAFETY RAZORS Are the Very Best

KAMPFE BROS. Trade Mark on every Blade

Simplest—therefore Cleanest. Beware of Imitations.

Every blade bears a reputation of 29 years' standing. Recommended by DR. OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES in his book, "Our One Hundred Days in Europe." Quick Easy, Reliable, and Safe. In Morocco Cases, 2 blades, 14/6; 3, 18/6; 4, 22/6; 7, 40/-. Handsome Combination Cases, 23/- to 100/-. Solid Silver and Ivory 7 day Set, 80/-.

Most Suitable for Presents. Sold by all Silversmiths and Cutlers.

Write at once for List (free) and full particulars—
MARKT & CO. L Dept., 20 Chapel St., London, E.C.

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Electric Baked Sliced Form of Shredded Wheat. Should replace White Bread at Every Meal. 24 Triscuits in Box, 6d.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

With Hot Milk makes the Best Breakfast.

"Of its purity, its nutritious qualities, and its digestibility there can be no question."—*The Hospital.*

Victorious Japan!

JIU-JITSU is the most wonderful system in the world of all-round physical culture and self-defence. It has made the Japanese, though small of stature, the Greatest Athletes in the World, and made them the superiors of Western people in health, endurance, vitality, and cheerfulness of temperament. JIU-JITSU was for hundreds of years the closely guarded secret of the powerful samurai, hereditary fighters of Japan. It was not taught to the ordinary Japanese until after the ascension to the Imperial Throne of the present Mikado. Strategy and skill are its basis. A mysterious art of self-defence by which the Japanese prove antagonists whom it is impossible to defeat in physical encounter. The well-trained Jiu-Jitsian, man or woman, is able to meet and defeat at all points the fistic expert much larger and stronger than themselves. The weaker man, if skilled in JIU-JITSU, is able to vanquish his stronger, but unversed opponent. It is to the persistent practice of Jiu-Jitsu that the Japanese own their courage and success in battle, their almost superhuman strength and power of endurance, their low death rate and their material progress. JIU-JITSU not only embodies the ideal principles of attaining and retaining perfect health and perfect physical development, but as a means of self-defence it is as potent at close quarters as the deadliest weapon. A knowledge of its self-preserving principles renders a man or woman impregnable to every form of vicious attack. TAUGHT BY POST with perfect success. Mr. Kara Ashikaga, of the Yoshimosa School of Jiu-Jitsu, Tokio, has arranged a correspondence course, which completely and successfully teaches this marvellous system by post. It develops health, strength, endurance, revitalizes the whole body and improves the mental capacity. In order to show how marvellous this system is, we will send booklet, full particulars, and

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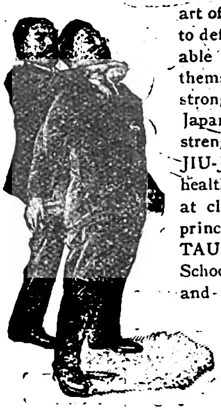

ONE LESSON FREE,

which teaches one of the numerous Japanese methods of defeating a dangerous assailant.

THE ASHIKAGA SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU,

6, Electric Buildings, Maryland Street, LIVERPOOL.

CALL OR WRITE.

Design No. 730.
10/6

Allen Foster & Co
THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS
47 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

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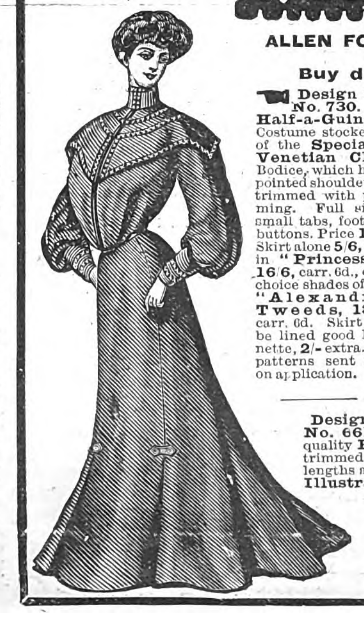
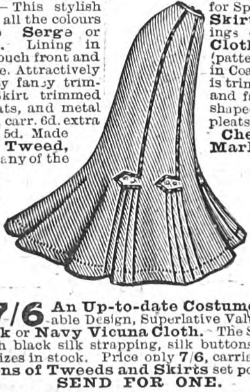


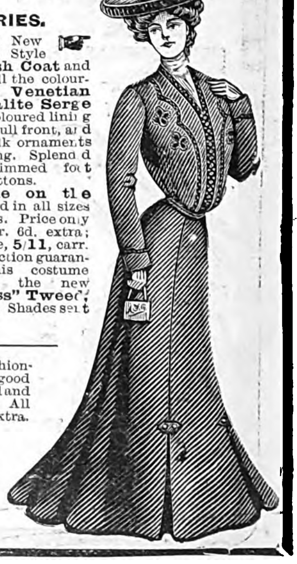
ALLEN FOSTER & CO. are famous for their COSTUMES and COSTUME SKIRTS.
Buy direct from the "ALFOSCO" FACTORIES.

☛ Design No. 730. **10/6** Wonderful Value for **Half-a-Guinea.**—This stylish Costume stocked in all the colours of the **Specialite Serge** or **Venetian Cloth.** Lining in Bodice, which has pouch front and pointed shoulder cape. Attractively trimmed with pretty fancy trimming. Full size Skirt trimmed small tabs, foot pleats, and metal buttons. Price **10/6,** carr. 6d. extra. Skirt alone **5/6,** carr. 5d. Made in **"Princess" Tweed, 16/6,** carr. 6d., or in any of the choice shades of the **"Alexandra" Tweeds, 18/6,** carr. 6d. Skirt can be lined good linenette, **2/-** extra. All patterns sent free on application.



Design No. 732. **10/6** New Style ☚ for Spring—**Stylish Coat** and **Skirt,** made in all the colourings of the new **Venetian Cloth** or **Specialite Serge** (patterns free). Coloured lining in Coat which has full front, and is trimmed good silk ornaments and fancy trimming. Splendid shaped Skirt, trimmed foot pleats, tabs and buttons.

Cheapest Line on the Market. Stocked in all sizes and colours. Price only **10/6,** carr. 6d. extra; Skirt alone, **5/11,** carr. 5d. Satisfaction guaranteed. This costume made in the new **"Princess" Tweed,** only **16/6.** Shades sent post free.



Design No. 661. **7/6** **An Up-to-date Costume Skirt,** Fashionable Design, Superlative Value. Made in good quality **Black** or **Navy Vicuna Cloth.** The Skirt is cut full and trimmed with black silk strapping, silk buttons and tucks. All lengths and sizes in stock. Price only **7/6,** carriage paid 5d. extra. **Illustrations of Tweeds and Skirts** set post free.

SEND FOR ONE.

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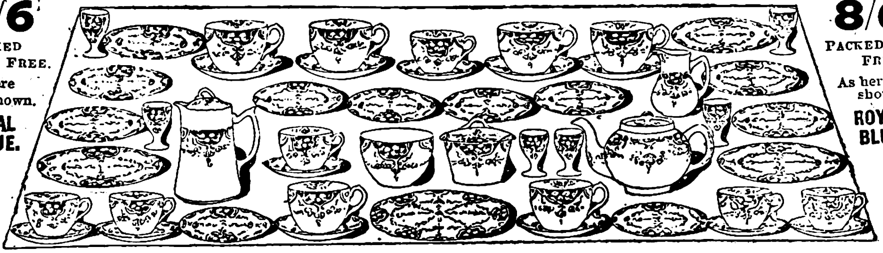

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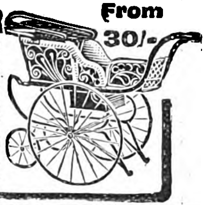

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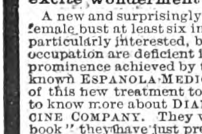

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WHY?

spoil the look of your boots or shoes? Why risk accidents by wearing turning-style heels? when you can have the Penna Elastic Rubber Heels, an exact and secure fit to your leather heels, which do not betray their existence, look clumsy, or unsightly. If you wear Penna Heels no one can tell you are wearing Rubber Heels. The new **DECK PENNA** Heels have an **everlasting** device to prevent slipping on **Wet or Damp** pavements, or wet ship decks, and they wear twice as long as any other style of rubber heel (turning-style or any other form). See the words **DECK PENNA** on each heel, Insist upon having them and no other from your bootmaker and repairer.

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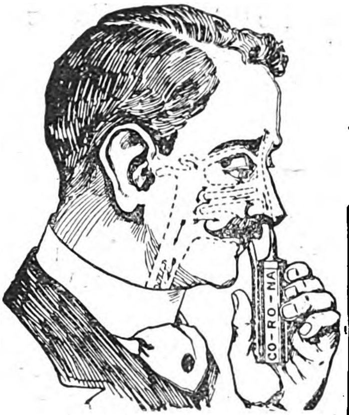

The above illustration shows how the Co-ro-na Medicator sends the Medicated Air into every air passage of the head (see dotted lines). Nothing but air can penetrate the fine air cells and reach the homes of the living germs that cause these diseases.

MONEY BACK 10/6 IF 10/6 NOT SATISFACTORY.

The Latest Scientific Discovery

FOR THE CURE OF

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COLDS,

without the use of noxious Medicines or Drugs.

And one that bears the unqualified endorsement of the **United States Health Reports, *hundreds*** of Physicians and thousands of benefited users, is the

CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR

It is made of Nickel, and will last a life-time; is compact, may be carried in the waistcoat pocket. The Co-ro-na stands without a rival in the history of appliances for administering MEDICATED AIR for the cure of all diseases of the air passages with dry air medication.

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"I have had Catarrh and Bronchial troubles for six or seven years; "nothing that I took did me any good. I saw your advertisement "of the CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR. I tried one. In a few days "I was much relieved, and have got rid of it altogether. I "certainly would not like to be without one now."

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"On July 4th I purchased from you a CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR for "chronic Catarrh. I have experienced more relief from its use "than from any other remedy I have tried during the four years I "have suffered from the complaint. It holds it in check in a wonder- "ful way. Will you please send me another bottle of Medication?

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The same old Toast
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The Choice of Connoisseurs

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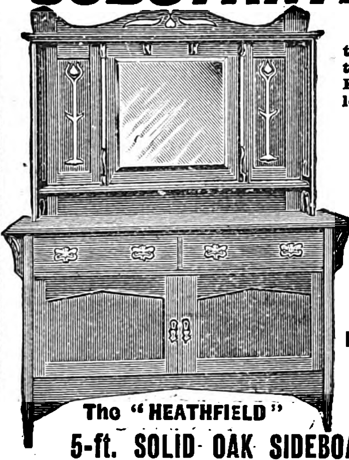

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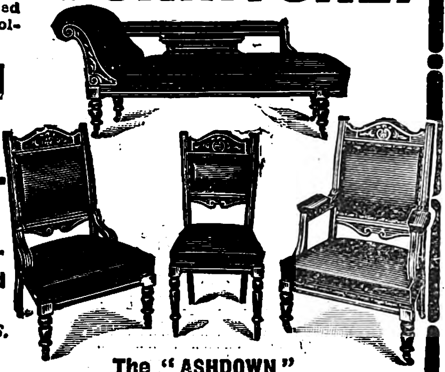

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DESCRIPTION.—**Solid Oak.** 5-ft. Sideboard, depth back to front, 1ft. 9in., height 6-ft. 6-in. Cut through back and Brackets, Bevelled Crystal Plate 22-in. by 22-in., Brass or Copper Oxydized Handles, Two Cupboards of ample capacity, and Two useful size drawers. This Sideboard is a combination of economy, usefulness, and sound construction and handsome appearance.

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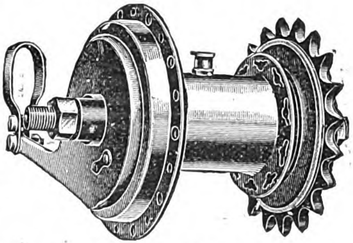

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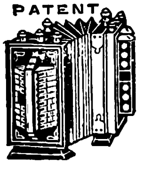

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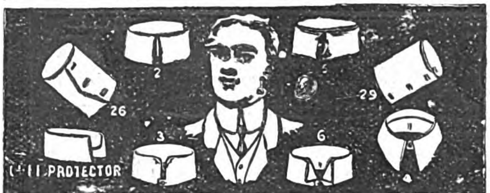

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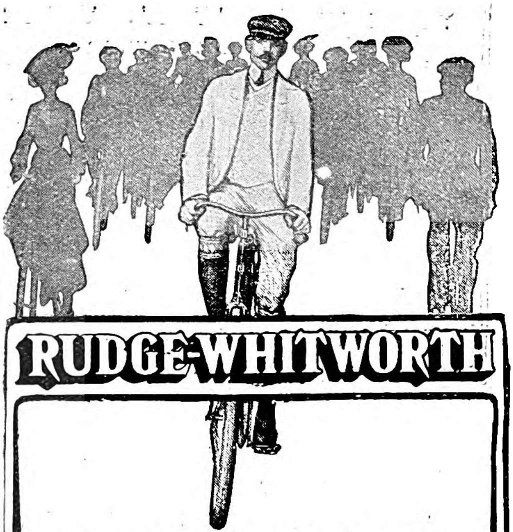

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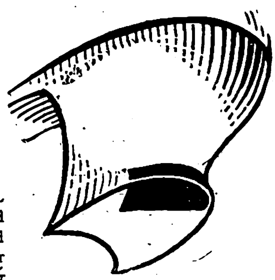
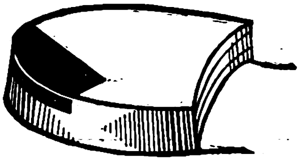
RUBBERETS





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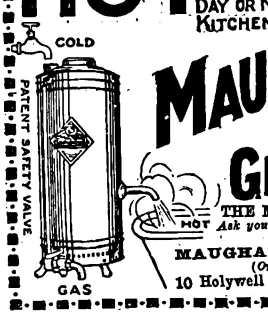

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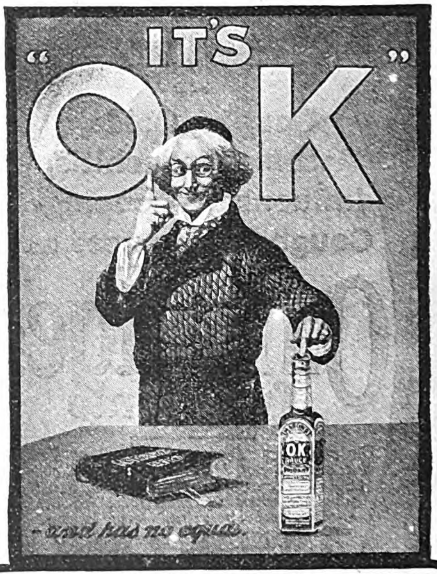

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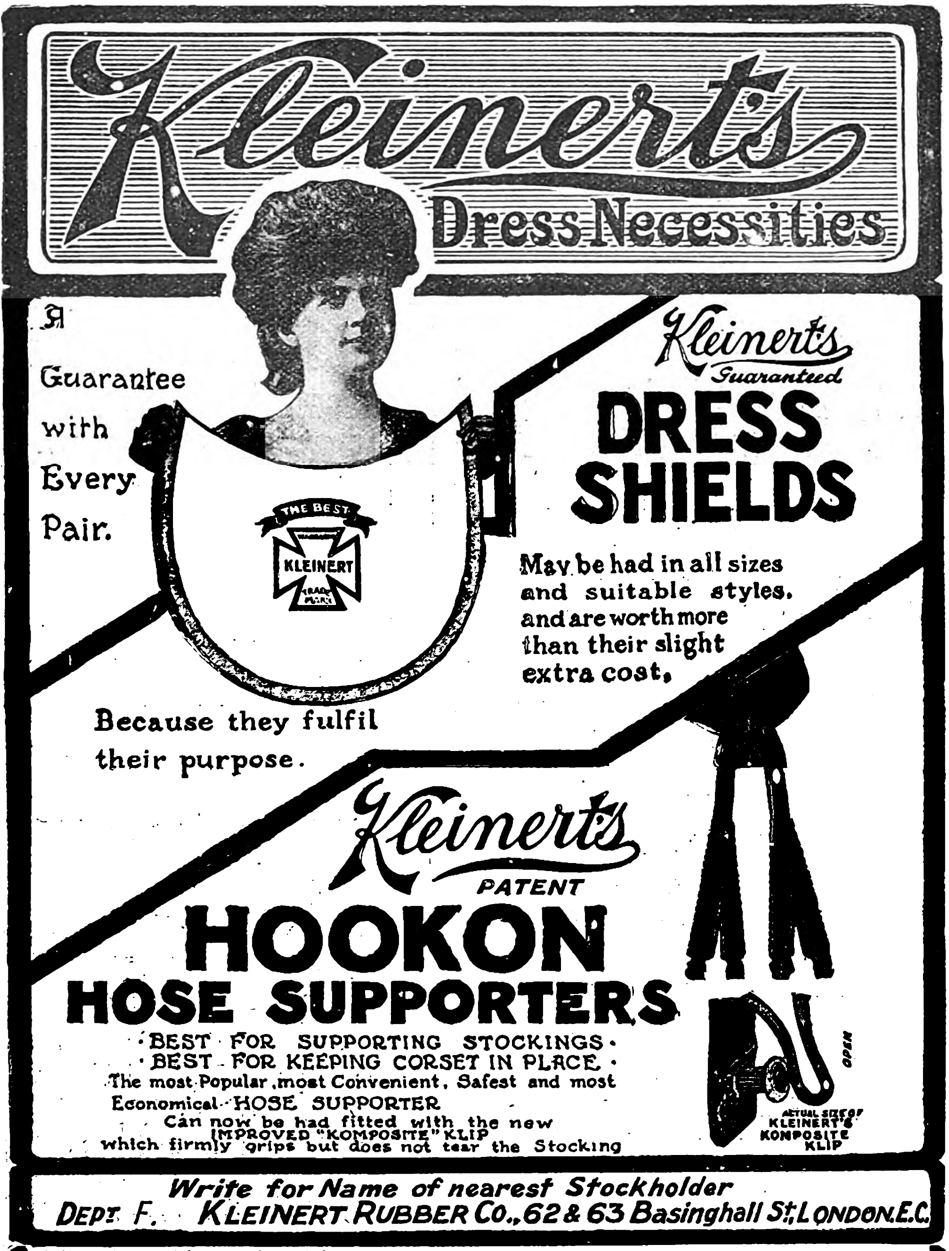

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May be had in all sizes and suitable styles, and are worth more than their slight extra cost,

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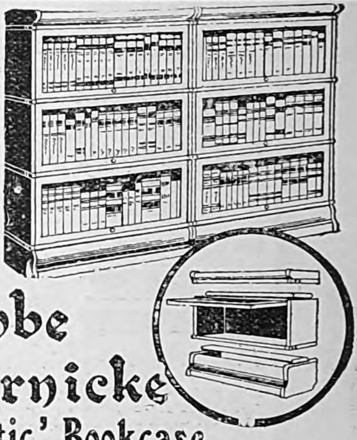

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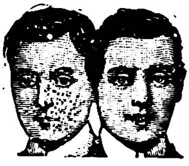

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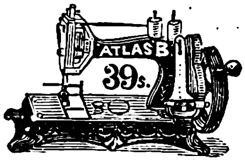

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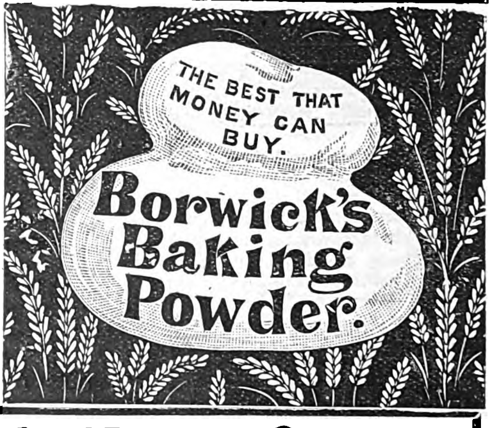
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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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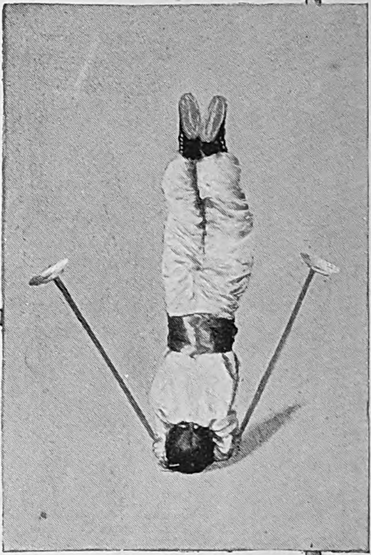
Photo, Jerome.

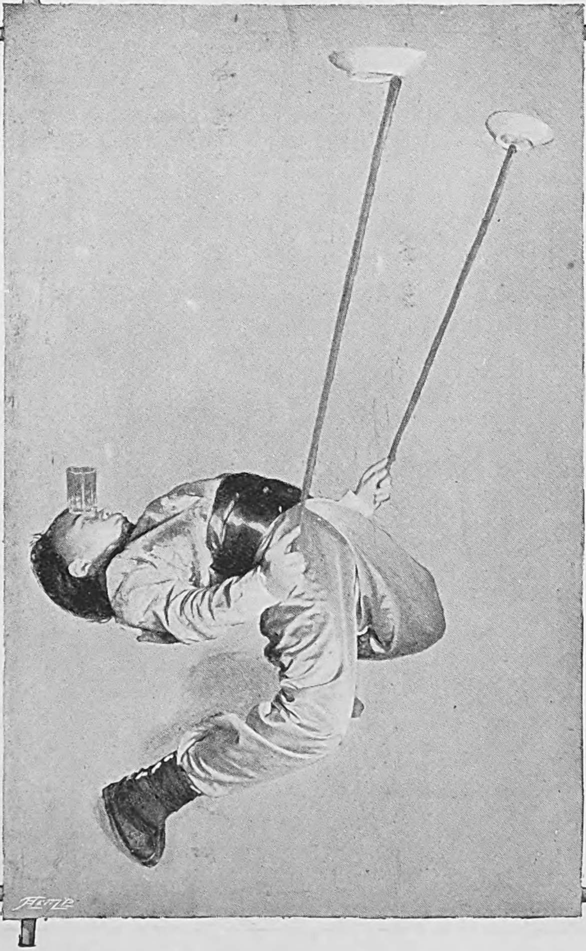
Her face is like the Milky Way in the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.—*Suckling.*

THE CHUNCHUSES.

Jugglers from Manchuria.

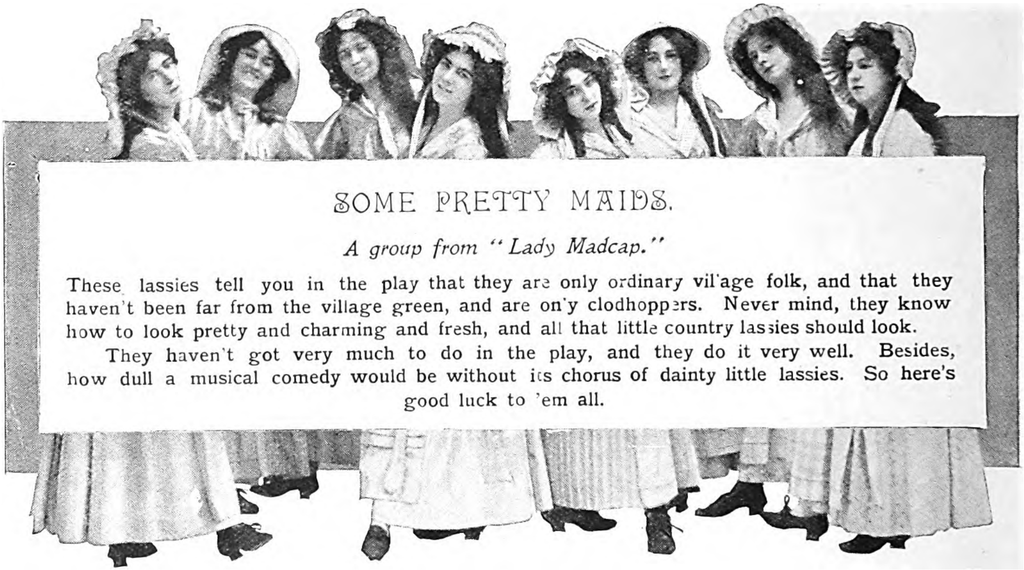
The **Chunchuses**, or, to quote their proper name, the **Tschin Maa Troupe** of Manchurian jugglers, hail from the seat of war, from Lian-Yong.





The particularly marvellous thing about their entertainment is that they can, and prefer to, juggle upside down, or on their backs, or on someone else's back. The photographs we give here show this weakness of the gentlemen from Mukden, the one man standing on his head doing a little plate-twisting trick, while the other does a similar performance bent double backwards.

The Chunchuses always carry about with them a large poster reproducing their agreements with their English managers. This is in Chinese, and attracts many marvelling onlookers, who wonder what the cryptic characters mean.

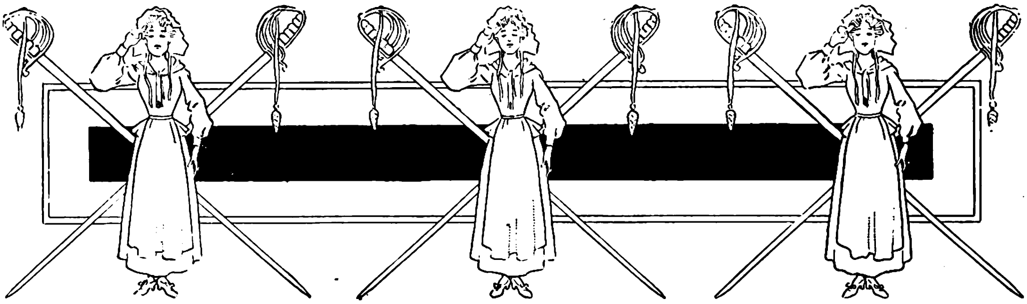


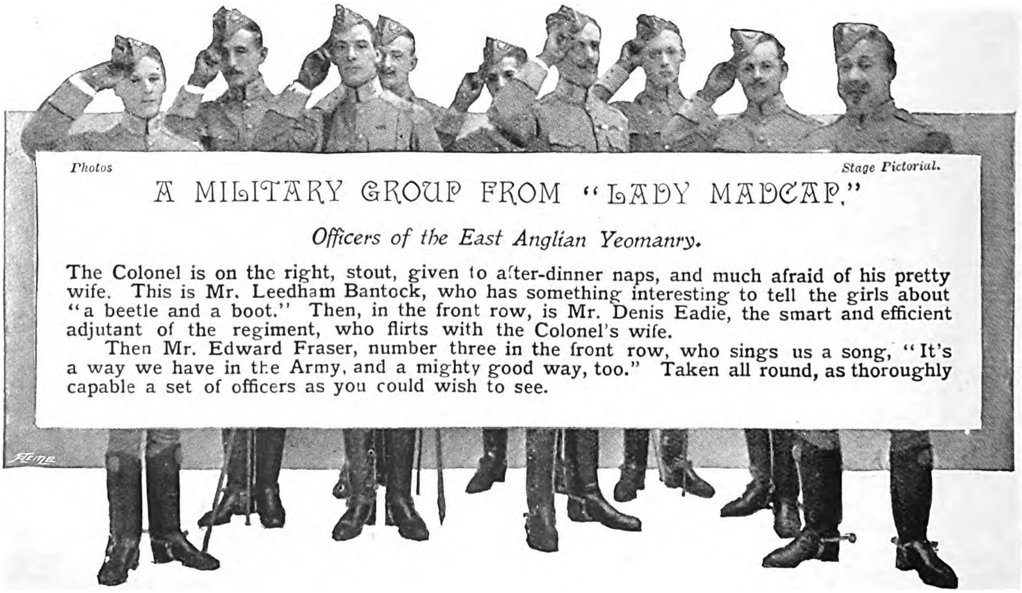
SOME PRETTY MAIDS.

A group from "Lady Madcap."

These lassies tell you in the play that they are only ordinary village folk, and that they haven't been far from the village green, and are only clodhoppers. Never mind, they know how to look pretty and charming and fresh, and all that little country lassies should look.

They haven't got very much to do in the play, and they do it very well. Besides, how dull a musical comedy would be without its chorus of dainty little lassies. So here's good luck to 'em all.





Photos *Stage Pictorial.*

A MILITARY GROUP FROM "LADY MADCAP."

Officers of the East Anglian Yeomanry.

The Colonel is on the right, stout, given to after-dinner naps, and much afraid of his pretty wife. This is Mr. Leedham Bantock, who has something interesting to tell the girls about "a beetle and a boot." Then, in the front row, is Mr. Denis Eadie, the smart and efficient adjutant of the regiment, who flirts with the Colonel's wife.

Then Mr. Edward Fraser, number three in the front row, who sings us a song, "It's a way we have in the Army, and a mighty good way, too." Taken all round, as thoroughly capable a set of officers as you could wish to see.

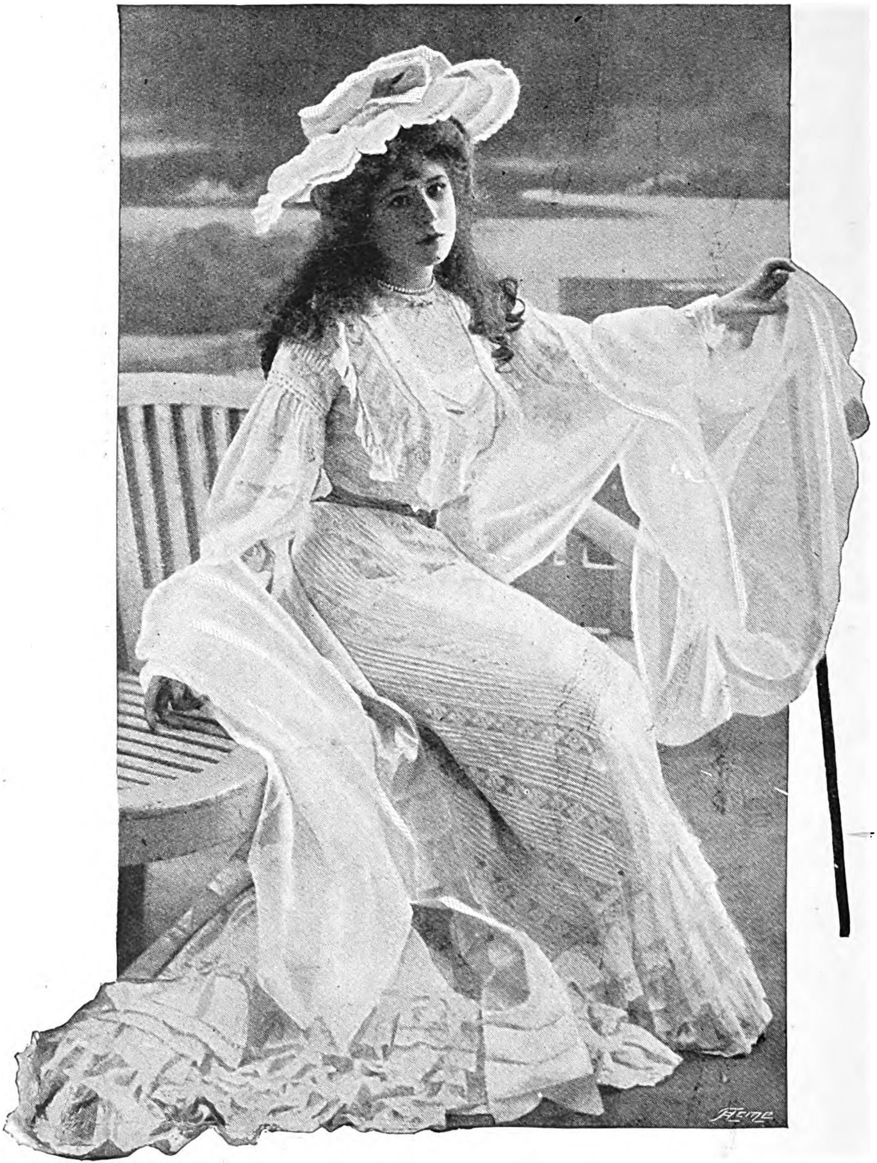


Photo Reutlinger.

MABEL LOVE.

The Daintiest of Dancers.

As pretty a little lass, and as pretty a little dancer, as one could wish for.

Mabel Love started her theatrical career at a very early age. She tells how she had to turn to one day, and dance with no rehearsal, and, worse than that, no frock.

"We wired to town," she writes, "for dancing skirts and shoes, and I told the band to play what they knew best, and I would dance to it."

She wore a summer frock, and in the dance tore the frill off. The dance was encored, and the audience was in roars of laughter, for it had seen pretty Mabel tearing the frills and flounces off her skirt—the curtain had not fallen to the bottom between the dances.

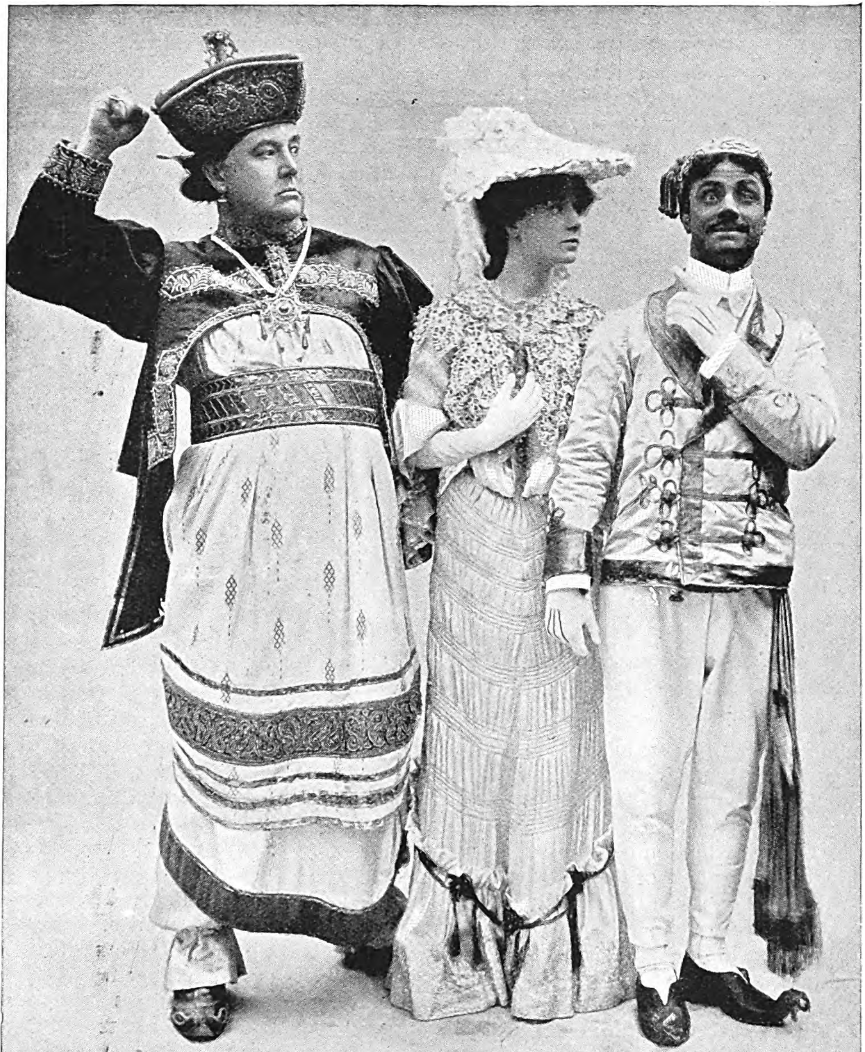


Photo Stage Pictorial.

A "CINGALEE" GROUP.

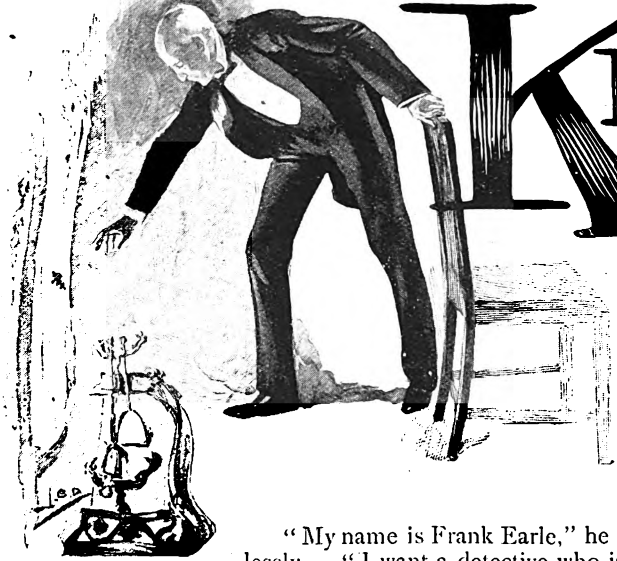
Rutland Barrington, Gracie Leigh, and Huntley Wright.

On the left is the great Indian potentate, Rutland Barrington, the veteran of musical comedy, whose topical song is always one of the best in the piece. Number two is Gracie Leigh, always a popular little lady, and a very graceful dancer.

On the right we find Huntley Wright, funniest of funny men, and always getting into scrapes and having all sorts of punishments threatened him. In "The Cingalee" he is lucky to escape with one ducking in the river.

Rutland Barrington, besides acting admirably and most amusingly, writes verses, very often the encore topical verses of his own songs. His first effort was at an early age, and the refrain is still preserved. It runs thus: "Fol de rol lido doodle um day," which is at the same time elevating and explicit.

THE BLACK KNIGHT



A Detective Story of a Plot that Failed.

By Owen Oliver.

I.

It was a cold, damp evening, and I was dozing by the fire after dinner, when the maid ushered in a short, slight young fellow of about five and twenty, with straw-coloured hair and pale blue eyes that seemed to avoid me as he spoke.

"My name is Frank Earle," he announced, moving his fingers restlessly. "I want a detective who is a gentleman; someone who can come home with me as a friend to look into something. I was recommended to come to you." I bowed.

"What is the case exactly?" I asked.

"I don't want to accuse anybody," he said hesitatingly. "If you would come for a few days, in case anything turned up? I could give you the particulars then."

"Hadn't you better send for me when you are prepared to trust me?" I suggested.

He traced the pattern of the carpet with his foot.

"It might be too late then. The case is this: I live with my uncle, Mr. John Brand, of Narrowby. My cousin, Edith Norton, lives with him too. He is a man of property. We are dependent on him. About half of the property is his absolutely. He has left it between us. He has only a life interest in the remainder. It goes to another nephew—George Morris. He has been very wild. He may be all right now. Three years ago they quarrelled. My uncle ordered him out of the house. Some bitter words passed. I—I don't suppose he meant them seriously."

He paused uneasily.

"Meant what?" I inquired.

"My uncle vowed that he would do nothing for him so long as he lived; George replied that he would have to do something for him before long; and that was to die." He spread out his hands deprecatingly. "They were idle words probably. My uncle took them as a threat. They did not speak for three years. A fortnight ago they became reconciled through some chess-playing friends. My uncle is an ardent chess-player, and a very skilful one, although he is blind."

"Blind! Then how can he play?"

"He has special chessmen that peg into holes in a board. The white men have knobs to distinguish them from the black. He tells the position of the pieces by passing his hands over the tops. Morris has become a good player lately, and taken a cottage near us. I don't think my uncle really likes him, but it is difficult to find a worthy opponent in our little place." He got up and paced the room. "They are together a great deal. Morris is a desperate man, according to report. Of course report is often wrong." He sat down again and played with the fringe of the table cover. "I know that he is in want of money."

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"You suspect him of some design on your legacy?"

"It isn't that. My uncle is not likely to leave my share or Edith's to *him*." He looked me straight in the face for the first time. "It is my uncle himself that I am concerned about."

"In short, you think that your cousin is anxious to come into his inheritance, and would not be scrupulous as to the means?"

"I have no right to think so; but I—I am anxious. I am very fond of my uncle. So is Edith."

"Miss Norton shares your suspicions?"

"No, no! You must not breathe a word to her. She won't listen to anything against Morris. In fact"—he sighed—"I fear she helped to bring about the reconciliation."

"Ah!" I lit a cigarette. "I don't want to be impertinent; but are you fond of her?" He smiled.

"Not in the way you mean. I intend to marry—someone else—when I am in a position to do so. My uncle does not approve of my choice. As I have told you, I am dependent on him."

"Is your uncle violent-tempered or unreasonable?"

"Not in the least. Quite the contrary."

"Then why not tell him your suspicions?"

He fidgeted again.

"He might think I wanted to injure Morris. I am the next heir to the entail also, which makes it—awkward."

I puffed thoughtfully at my cigarette.

"Frankly," I told him, "you do not seem to have much to go upon; but I cannot give a definite opinion till I have studied your cousin and his antecedents."

"You will come then?" he asked eagerly.

"I will come," I promised.

He looked at his watch.

"Come to-night," he begged, "by the 9.40 from Paddington. It is only forty minutes' ride."

"Very well."

"You are an old college friend of mine, remember—except to Symons."

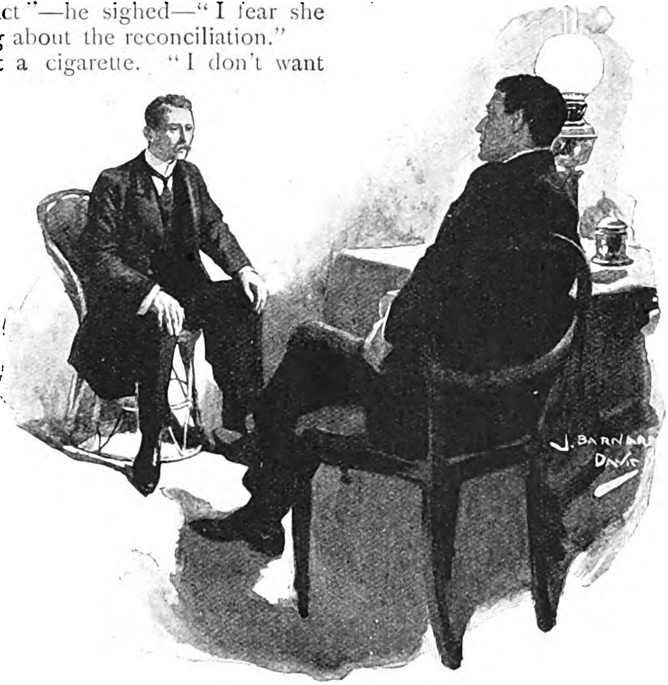
"Who is Symons?"

"The butler. He has been in the family for thirty years. We can trust him."

I shook my head.

"Is it necessary to confide in him? It is a good rule never to trust anyone unless you are obliged."

"It will be necessary if you are to have the run of the place," he assured me.



"It is my uncle himself that I am concerned about.

Then I went off to pack. In half an hour we were in a hansom, bowling along to Paddington. A dog-cart awaited us at Narrowby station, and Symons was at the hall-door. Miss Edith had gone to bed with a headache, he said, and the master was not yet home from Mr. George's. We waited for him in the library. It was nearly midnight when he arrived.

Mr. Brand was a small, spare man of about sixty, with sharp, hard features, and a piercing look in his sightless eyes; but his voice was soft and pleasing. He greeted me cordially as "my nephew's friend and therefore mine"; but he seemed thinking of something else while he spoke.

"I am not quite myself," he apologised, "this evening. It is only a little—faintness." Then he collapsed.

"He has only fainted once before," Earle told me. "That was also after he had been to my cousin's to play chess!"

II.

The next morning I learnt that Morris was going to London for a few days. I proposed to follow him and make inquiries about his antecedents and associates; but Earle was averse to my leaving the place. So I wrote to a brother detective to make the inquiries while I studied the household. A detective can never know too much of all the persons concerned in a case.

Mr. Brand himself impressed me favourably as a shrewd, straight-forward, courteous gentleman. Symons declared that, until his infirmity came upon him, he had been headstrong and passionate. His nephew and niece declared that they had never known him anything but kind and good-tempered. His one weakness was an inordinate passion for the game of chess. Before his blindness he had been one of the best amateur players of the day; and afterwards he had won a game against the great Steinitz by a brilliant coup with the Black Queen's Knight.

To commemorate this he had replaced the Knight in the set by a duplicate, and had the original mounted upon a silver pedestal, which stood on the library mantelpiece.

Edith Norton was a tall, slight girl, with a mouth that drooped a little too much, a voice over deep for a woman, and a manner that, at times, bordered on vacancy. I thought her plain till I noticed her eyes; shallow, till I heard her sing; and negligible till I discovered that, quietly, she ruled the household. She was the sort of woman who would be very good or very bad; and I was not sure which.

Earle was as difficult to estimate. He seemed to take his colouring from his company, and however frankly he spoke on nine points of a subject he always kept the tenth point back. I fancied that I had not seen his real self at all; but everyone spoke well of him.

Of Morris I could learn little in the locality. There were rumours of wild doings abroad; but they were vague and conflicting. The country people said that he was a dangerous man to cross, and Symons declared that "he would stick at nothing." "He's been a bad lot, sir," he remarked with a solemn shake of his grey head, "from the time he was a boy."

In the late afternoon of the day before Morris' return was expected I received a letter from my detective friend, detailing what he had gleaned about him. I noted down three points as deserving special attention.

1. He had been mixed up in a desperate gambling affray in Australia.
2. He was in pecuniary embarrassment.
3. He had made a special study of chess before attempting reconciliation with his uncle—presumably with that object.

From stray remarks of Mr. Brand and his niece I had arrived at a fourth conclusion for myself:—

4. He had some hold over Mr. Brand, and possibly over Edith Norton.

I was pacing the shrubbery in the dusk considering the matter, when I noticed a tall, well-built man stealthily crossing the lawn. I stole behind a tree, and watched him enter the French windows of the dining-room. I was about to follow when I heard Edith Norton's voice.

"It is no use threatening him, George," she said. "He will never give way—never, so long as he lives."

"He won't live for ever," said a man's voice—"possibly not very long. In the ordinary course of nature——"

"He will live till *you* are ruined," she cried passionately, "till *I* am old and ugly."

He murmured some protestation.

"Sometimes I almost wish——" She began crying, and he was evidently comforting her. I caught a few words here and there.

"You don't mean it, Edith, you know," he said.

"Sometimes I think I do," she sobbed. "I am a wicked woman."

Then I could hear only odd words, till he said that he must go. I retreated some way behind the trees, and found Symons beside me!

"I saw him from the larder, sir," he muttered in my ear. "He has come like this before, and none of them have seen him but I."

I noted mentally that he had not heard Edith's voice, and had not mentioned the previous visits to Earle; or, if he had, Earle had not told me.

Then Morris came out, and went away as stealthily as he had come. I could see Symons clench his fist.

"My poor master is in danger, sir," he whispered.

"I am afraid he is," I owned.

"You'll save him, won't you?" He plucked at my sleeve eagerly. "You know now that danger comes from George Morris, as I warned you."

"Yes," I said. "I know where the danger comes from."

But I meant Edith Norton.

Shortly after dinner began, Symons made pantomimic signs to me from the door. I excused myself on the ground of faintness, and went out. The old man was holding the tankard from which his master usually drank. His hand trembled violently.

"There's a sediment, sir," he said, "at the bottom. I was just going to fill it. When *he* came in here he must have put it in the tankard. My poor master!"

"Give me the stuff in a tumbler," I commanded. "Rinse out the tankard thoroughly, and give it to Mr. Brand as usual. Don't let anyone suspect anything."

I took the sediment to my bedroom and analysed it, having a fair knowledge of chemistry, as a detective should. It contained a slow poison, which it is not necessary to name. One such dose as that in the tankard was practically harmless. Given regularly it would cause a gradual wasting away, without leaving any evident trace of its use.

George Morris had no means of administering such a poison with the regularity required. The question was, was Edith Norton the sole criminal or an accomplice? From the conversation I had overheard I inclined to the former view.

As Symons would probably tell Earle about Morris' visit, I spoke to him myself; but I said nothing of Edith's presence, for fear that a change in his manner to her might put her on her guard.

III.

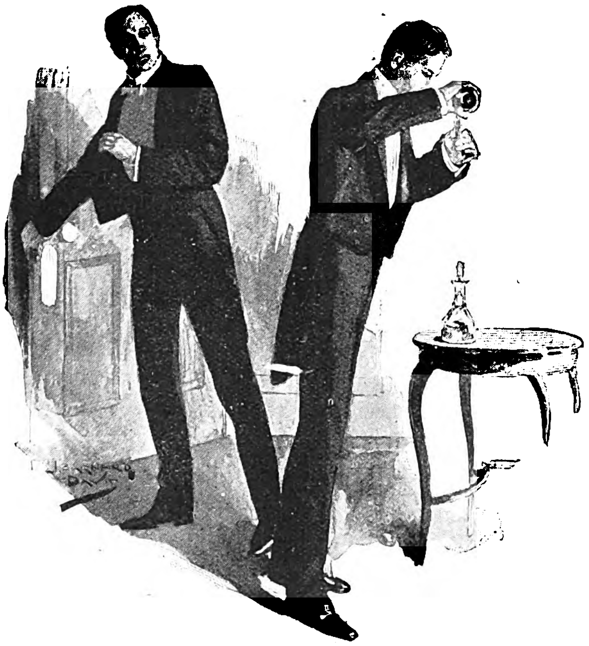
The next day I watched Miss Norton narrowly. She waited upon her uncle assiduously, and made an unusual demonstration of affection. When a message came from Morris announcing his return, and asking Mr. Brand to come over and play chess that evening, she seemed anxious to dissuade him. It was bad weather for him to go out, she said, and the games would over-excite him.

I was inclined to revise my opinion and consider her an accomplice rather than the principal. Probably, I thought, she had a fit of remorse, and knew that a further administration of poison would be attempted during the evening. So I arranged that Earle should endeavour to obtain some of the liquor from his uncle's glass. The poison, as I have explained, was not so immediately dangerous that it was necessary to prevent him taking any, as I pointed out to Symons when he "took the liberty," as he put it, of suggesting to me that another attempt would probably be made that night.

Earle put the chessmen in their box, and gave this and the board to Symons to send over in the afternoon. We drove there after dinner, and I made Morris' acquaintance. But for my suspicions he would have impressed me favourably.

His face was hard in repose, but he had a pleasant way when he spoke. He lost two games and won one with equal good humour. Then he asked his uncle to play over the famous game for my entertainment.

"Perhaps Mr. Fisher will discover a reply to the great move," he suggested with a glance at Edith.



Earle emptied some of the whiskey from his uncle's glass into a little glass flask.

"No, no!" she cried sharply, "I don't want to see the game any more. It excites uncle too much." She turned to him. "You were poorly last time when you came home," she pleaded. "Don't play it to-night."

"Your uncle would not play it then," Morris stated. "We only discussed the great move."

The old man rose suddenly.

"I do not wish to discuss it any more," he said in an annoyed tone. "It is time we went."

Morris shrugged his shoulders good-temperedly and accompanied his uncle to the hall. As soon as their backs were turned Earle emptied some of the whiskey from his uncle's glass into a little glass flask that he had brought. I stood between him and the door while he did so.

When the others had gone to bed, he took it from his pocket and held it up to the light.

"See," he cried, "there is a deposit at the bottom—a grey powder."

I started and examined the bottle. I possess considerable self-restraint, but it was some seconds before I trusted myself to speak.

"It is the poison, beyond a doubt," I told him.

"I noticed another strange thing to-night," he remarked. "You know that I locked up the chessmen before I gave them to Symons?"

"Yes." I had seen him do so.

"Well, when I went to unlock the box, I found that it had been opened. However, I don't see that he could do any harm to *them*."

"No," I agreed. "Probably not; but it is curious. It is a curious case altogether. I must think it out quietly."

"I will leave you to it. Good night."

He turned with his hand on the door handle.

"It is curious, too, what stress Morris lays on that move with the Black Knight," he observed, meaningly.

Then he went, and I sat for a long time thinking, with my head on my hand. The poison in the form of powder would take about two hours to dissolve in spirits; but, once dissolved, it would never leave a deposit. It had not come into the flask with the whiskey. The whiskey had found it in the flask.

Only one conclusion seemed possible. Earle wished to remove his uncle, in order to obtain his legacy, and to throw suspicion upon his cousin. If George Morris were hanged for murder, Earle was the next heir to the landed estate. *He* had put the poison in the tankard, and, when it was discovered, he had put some more in the flask, to increase the suspicion against Morris. He had employed me to make me a witness against his cousin, and over-reached himself as such men usually do.

Earle was evidently guilty; but I was not sure that Morris and Miss Norton were innocent. Possibly they were all three in league, and Earle was playing the others false. What a villain the man was, and how artfully he had directed my suspicions!

The grey powder was a very slow poison, and if not given regularly would fail. Possibly it was only a blind to divert attention from some more deadly agent. Earle had not spoken without meaning about the unlocked chess box, and the Knight's move—"Q. Kt. to Q. B. 6," in the technical language of the game. What did he wish me to discover?

The board and men were on the table beside me. I examined them critically. Except the knobs and pegs, necessary to adapt them to the use of a blind man, there seemed nothing strange about them though they were slightly foreign in shape. This was natural, as Mr. Brand had bought them when travelling in India, Symons had told me. The Black Queen's Knight, however, I remembered, was a duplicate made in England. Earle's secret must relate to that.

I took the King's Knight, distinguished by a stamped crown, and held the two together. There was no apparent difference; but when I put them on the letter balance the Queen's Knight proved heavier by about a quarter of an ounce. It had a slightly longer peg, too, I thought, on further examination.

Next I examined the board, prodding the holes with a long pin. The hole at the Black Q. B. 6 was very slightly shallower than the others. This, combined with the longer peg, would prevent the Queen's Knight fitting tightly in without considerable pressure. What would happen then?

An explosion would be too uncertain and too much in evidence. An electric discharge occurred to me, but there was no means of completing a circuit through the wooden board. It must be poison, if anything. I examined the top of the piece, where it would naturally be held, with a pocket microscope. There seemed to be a number of tiny, glittering specks on it. I covered my hand with an antimacassar, wrapped in folds, held the Knight by the base instead of in the usual manner by the top, and pressed the peg firmly in the hole at Q. B. 6. I felt a spring give, and with the aid of a microscope I detected ten fine needle points projecting from the top of the Knight to such a trifling extent as to be invisible to the naked eye. They would pierce the skin so slightly as to give no pain and leave no mark.

There were some white mice in a cage in the conservatory. I fetched one, put the top of the Knight against it, and pressed the peg at the bottom. The mouse died without even a tremor. When Mr. Brand moved the piece to the fatal square, as Earle knew he would in playing over his famous game, *he* would die; and I, if I were clever enough to find out the means of his death, was to be a witness against Morris as the murderer.

The man who had planned this was a dangerous opponent. He would not scruple to remove *me*, if it suited his purpose.

The grey morning light was invading the room when I went to bed. I smiled as I yawned, for I had formed my plan.

IV.

The next morning, when Earle and Miss Norton were out, I told Mr. Brand the whole story. At first he was incredulous; then angry; then he turned away from me and wiped his eyes. When I came to the poisoned Knight, he half rose from his chair and laughed hysterically.

"*Now* I understand," he said. "Give me a little brandy. My nerves are not what they were. You have a plan, you say?"

"The safest plan, of course, would be to denounce the plot at once; but I imagine that you are prepared to run a little risk to make quite sure who is guilty."

"I know the guilty one," he asserted.

"You know one who is guilty; but do you know that there is only one?" He winced.

"I have no doubt in my own mind; but it is a point to be quite clear about. What do you propose?"

I told him the outline of my plan, and we worked out the details together. It is only necessary to mention one of them here. We put the poisoned Knight on the silver stand, and the harmless Knight from the stand in set; having first enlarged the peg by successive layers of thick gum, so that it would be as difficult to fit in the fatal square as the other.

"I think," I stated, "my plan will find out who is guilty."

"I hope," he replied, "it may find out who is innocent."

"It will deal with both."

"I am not so sure of that," he said; but he would give no reason for his doubts.

Morris was coming at half-past eight that evening. When dinner was over Earle went to his room, as usual, to read for a short time.

"I want you to run over my famous game with me, my dear," Mr. Brand told his niece.

"Oh, no, Uncle!" she begged. "I—it excites you too much."

"I wish it, my dear," he insisted. So she consented, with obvious reluctance.

I set the pieces for them, and they began to play, talking between the moves. Mr. Brand's composure was outwardly perfect; and if his niece felt any agitation she betrayed none. But her smile seemed forced when they came to the Knight's famous move.

"Now you will see my uncle's great coup," she told me. "Q. Kt. to Q. B. 6."

"Q. Kt. to Q. B. 6," he repeated absently. "Yes, yes. My hand is unsteady this evening. Move it for me, my dear."

He leant back in his chair and trembled perceptibly; she took up the piece calmly and moved it to the fatal square.

"It doesn't go in properly," she remarked.

"Push it hard," he commanded with a tremor in his voice. She pressed it firmly in its place.

"That is all right," I announced. He made a hoarse noise.

"What is the matter, uncle?" she asked quickly.

"Nothing—nothing! Thank God!"

She jumped up and caught his arm.

"What does it mean?" she demanded breathlessly. "Tell me."

He looked to me with his sightless eyes.

"You had better tell her," I said unwillingly, "since it has gone so far." If he did not, she would be almost sure to say something that would warn the others.

"You tell her," he said hoarsely.

So I told her the whole story, including the conversation that I had overheard. She said nothing till I had finished, but her face was very white.

"You will not find George guilty," she asserted quietly. "I know! It wasn't only that we were dependent on you, Uncle. I did not want to grieve you. You do believe me?"

"Yes, my dear." He stroked her hair.

"As for the threats—you know what George meant."

"Yes." He turned to me. "He has discovered a reply to my great move. I was weak enough not to wish it published, and——"

"He never would have," she interrupted.

"I shall publish it now."

"It is not necessary."

"It is honest. Chess is a minor matter, after all." He smiled gravely.

"There is no need for Miss Norton to stop in the room while we make the—the experiment," I suggested. "She might unwittingly betray her anxiety."

She faced me proudly.

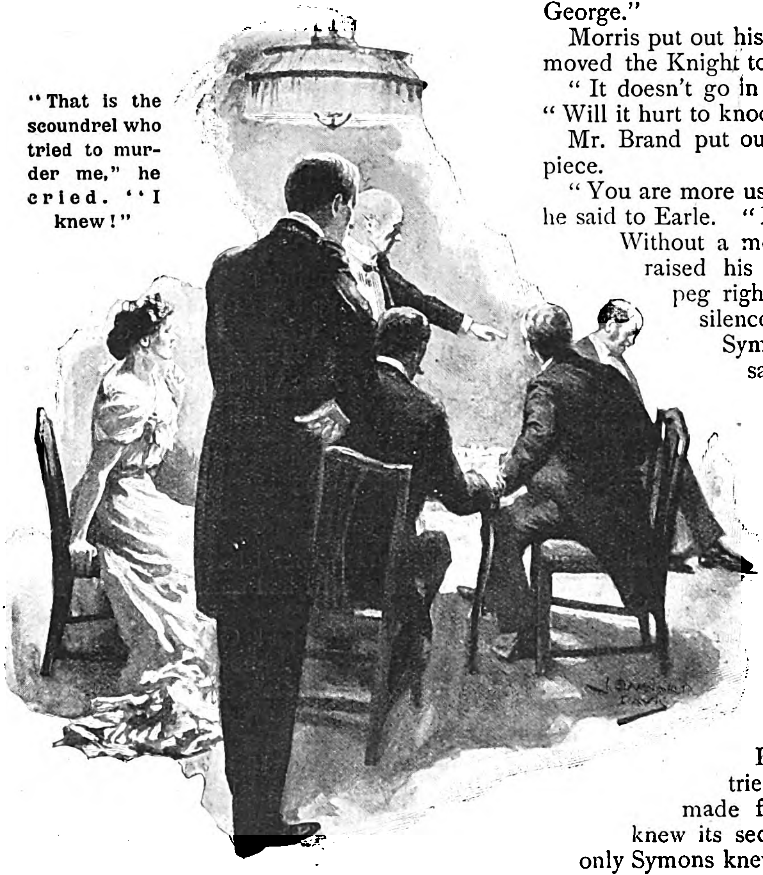
"I have no anxiety about George."

"No, no. Still——"

"I shall betray you neither by word, look, nor sign," she declared. "I *must* stay, Uncle."

"You shall stay," he promised.

At half-past eight both nephews appeared. Mr. Brand sat down to play Morris. His other nephew and niece sat at either side of the table. I stood behind Morris' chair.



"That is the scoundrel who tried to murder me," he cried. "I knew!"

"Before we have a regular game," Mr. Brand said, "I want to play over the old one." Morris frowned. "I have told them of your discovery." Morris flushed.

"I should never have told them, or anyone else, whatever I may have said to you."

"That does not alter my wish."

Morris shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well. Shall I begin?"

Mr. Brand nodded. As the play neared the crucial point, a great hush came over us. The old man was unnaturally composed, Morris seemed uneasy. His eyes sought Edith's once or twice; but she kept hers fixed upon the board.

Earle was obviously excited; his restless fingers kept closing and unclosing. My own muscles were tense with the nervous strain, as the fatal move approached. Even Symons seemed to catch the prevailing excitement, and drew near his master's chair. Then Morris played his move and waited for the Knight's reply. The old man hesitated.

"Q. Kt. to Q. B. 6," he muttered. "I am tired and stupid. Make the move for me, George."

Morris put out his hand immediately, and moved the Knight to the fatal square.

"It doesn't go in very well," he observed. "Will it hurt to knock it in?"

Mr. Brand put out his hand and felt the piece.

"You are more used to the board, Frank," he said to Earle. "Knock it in—hard."

Without a moment's hesitation Earle raised his hand and knocked the peg right in. There was dead silence for a moment. Then Symons gave a gasp and sank helplessly in a chair. The blind man rose and pointed in his direction.

"That is the scoundrel who tried to murder me," he cried. "I knew!"

* * *

The obvious question came afterwards; and Mr. Brand sighed before he answered.

"It was the *original* Knight with which he tried to poison me. It was made for such a purpose. I knew its secret, and beside myself only Symons knew. As for the rest, poor Frank was merely an innocent tool in trying to convict Morris through you."

"But what was Symons' motive?" I asked.

"He loved Frank, and wished him to come to his own. He *shall* come to his own."

"You will prosecute Symons, of course?" I remarked, but he shook his head.

"I bury the past," he cried. "See!"

He walked over to the mantelpiece, and with unerring hand seized the fatal piece. His blind eyes seemed looking at it affectionately for a moment—then he dropped it in the fire. And that was the end of the Black Knight.

How to be Healthy at a Minute a Day.

This Simple Exercise, if Performed Daily, Will Keep You in Splendid Condition.

BY HENRY CRUISE.

Last year the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY offered the handsome prize of One Hundred Guineas to any reader who submitted what was considered, by an Adjudicating Committee, to be the best physical exercise. The exercise was not to take longer than one minute to perform. The Adjudicating Committee, which consisted of five experts on physical training, unanimously selected the following exercise as the most excellent from among the many thousands submitted for their decision.

No man or woman of sedentary occupation can hope to keep permanently healthy unless they devote some of their spare time to physical culture. Neglect this and they may be certain of a breakdown some time or other—to-morrow perhaps, or twenty years hence, but come it will as inevitably as Fate.

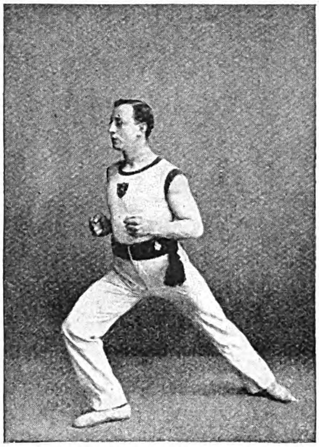
It is possible for nearly everyone to be physically fit, provided they take proper measures, and the exercise given here may safely be recommended as thoroughly desirable in every way, and to perform the whole series only occupies *one minute!* Of course, the more often they are repeated the better it is for the subject, but if fatigue shows itself, a rest should be taken at once.

Before starting to perform the movements shown in the illustrations, the following exercise must always be gone through:

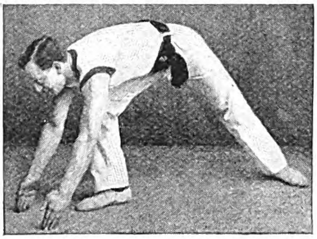
Stand erect, inflate the lungs by a slow, prolonged inhalation *through the nostrils;* at the same time raise the fully stretched arms at right angles to the shoulders. When the lungs are well inflated, retain the air in them for four seconds, then forcibly expel it *through the mouth*, at the same time lowering the arms. *Time occupied, 10 seconds.*

Any exercise illustrated as employing one side of the body must be repeated on the opposite side. The time stated allows for both movements.

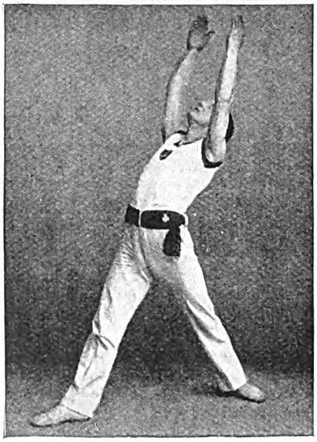
The photographs on these three pages illustrate an exercise which takes only one minute to perform. It consists of twenty movements, and each of the movements can be made in a few seconds. If you give up ten minutes of your day—and I am sure you can do that—to performing this exercise, and continue giving up those ten minutes, you will find in the course of a few months that you are a different person. I don't ask you to give up ten minutes all in a lump. Two at a time will do excellently well. Spread the ten minutes over the whole day, but make a special effort in the early morning and before you go to bed.



1. Lunge to the right, bending the forearms.



2. Bend the trunk and stretch the arms obliquely forward as far as possible.



3. Bend the trunk well backwards and stretch the arms upwards. Time occupied by these three movements, 10secs.

No appliances of any kind are needed—that's the beauty of our exercise—but concentration of the mind is needed and so is common sense. It is quite useless to go through the thing perfunctorily, with your thoughts wandering in all directions; you must fix all your heart and soul in every movement. And then don't shut all

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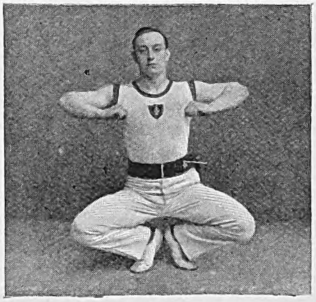
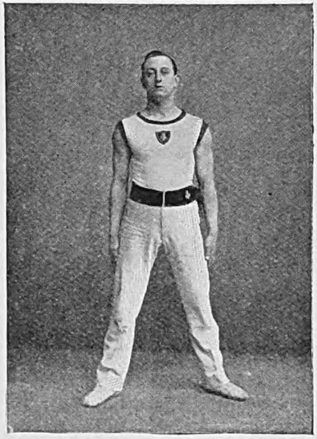
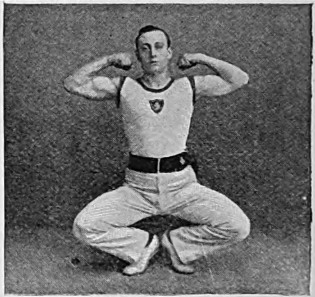


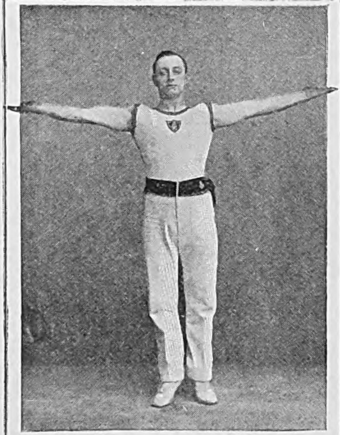
4. Bend the knees and arms, having the heels raised and pressed together, and the forearms bent towards the chest.



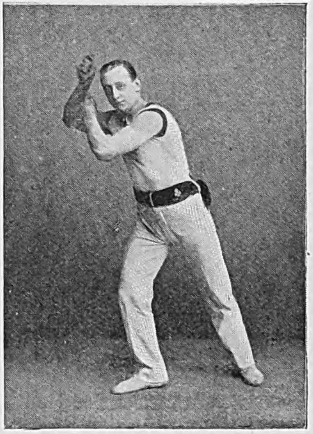
5. Straighten the knees by springing up; separate the feet and swing the arms upwards and downwards to the sides.



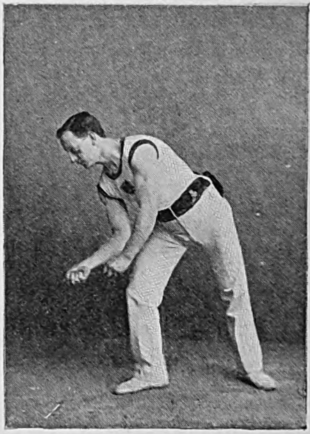
6. Bend the knees and arms, having the heels raised and pressed together, and the forearms bent towards the shoulders.



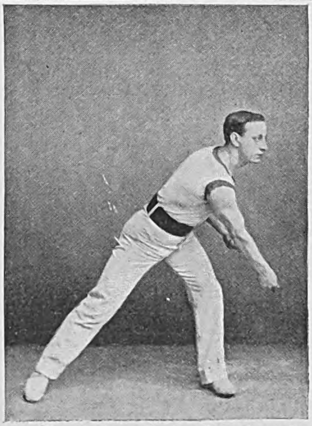
7. Rise on tiptoe and extend the forearms sideways. Time occupied by these four movements, 8secs.



8. Step obliquely forward with the right leg Raise the hands above the right shoulder as if holding a cricket bat.



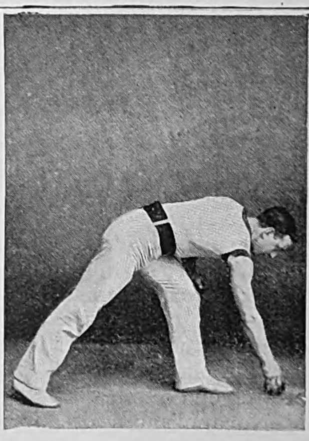
9. Strike obliquely downwards with both arms as if "cutting" a cricket ball, and incline the body well forward.



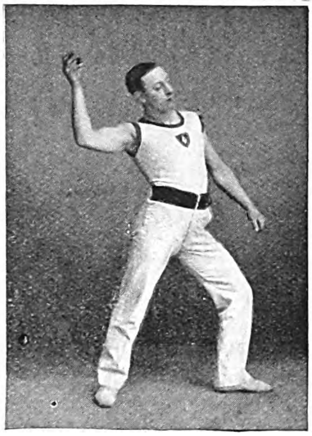
10. Sharply turn the trunk to the left, bend the left knee, straighten the right leg, and strike round to the left with both arms.

your windows during the operations; open them to their fullest extent. Furthermore, it is necessary to be as lightly clothed as possible, in order to secure perfect freedom of movement. Do the exercise, if possible, without a rag on your back. You needn't be afraid of catching cold.

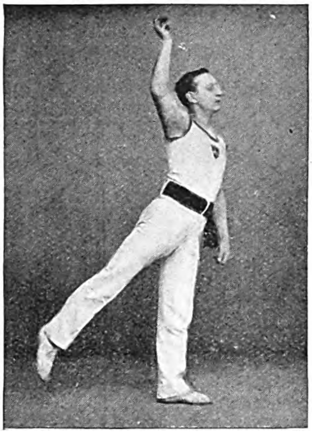
Well now, go up into your bedroom, study the photographs, make a start—and continue. You'll never regret it.



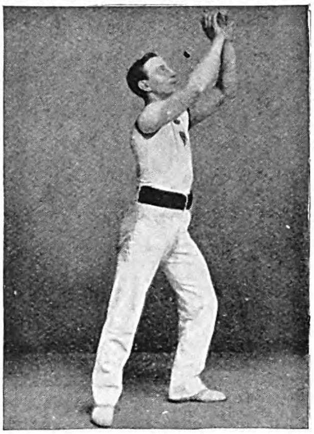
11. Stoop as if about to pick up a cricket ball.



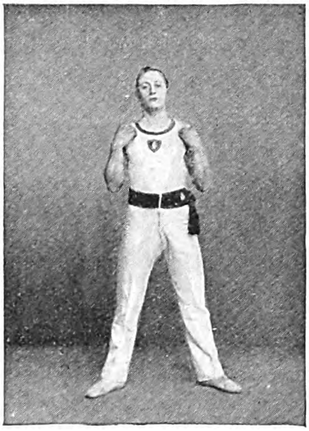
12. Imitate throwing a cricket ball. The arm in position for the throw.



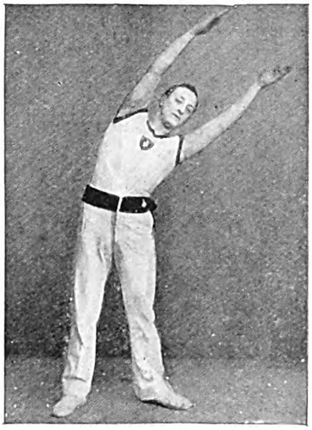
13. The ball has just left the hand.



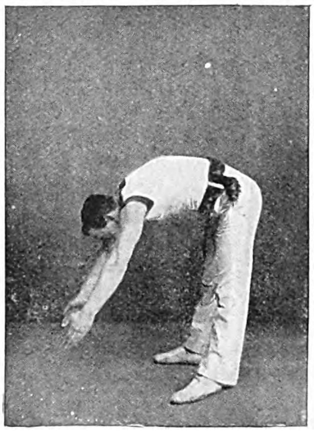
14. Hold the arms as if a ball were to be caught. Time occupied by these seven movements, 12secs.



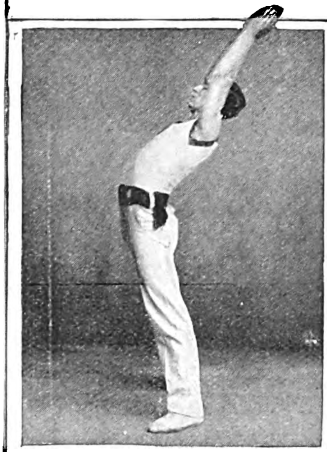
15. Bend the forearms, spring from the ground and separate the feet.



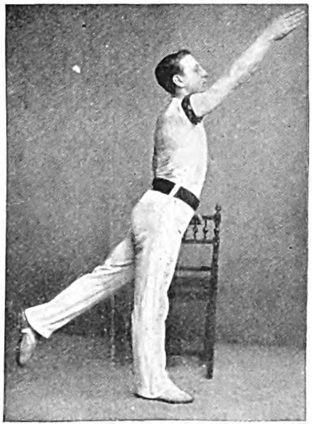
16. Stretch the arms upwards, bend the trunk to the right and then to the left.



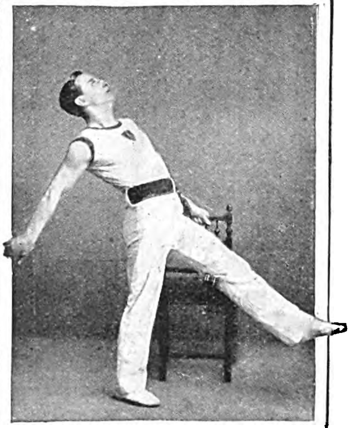
17. After straightening the trunk, bend it forwards and downwards, with the arms outstretched.



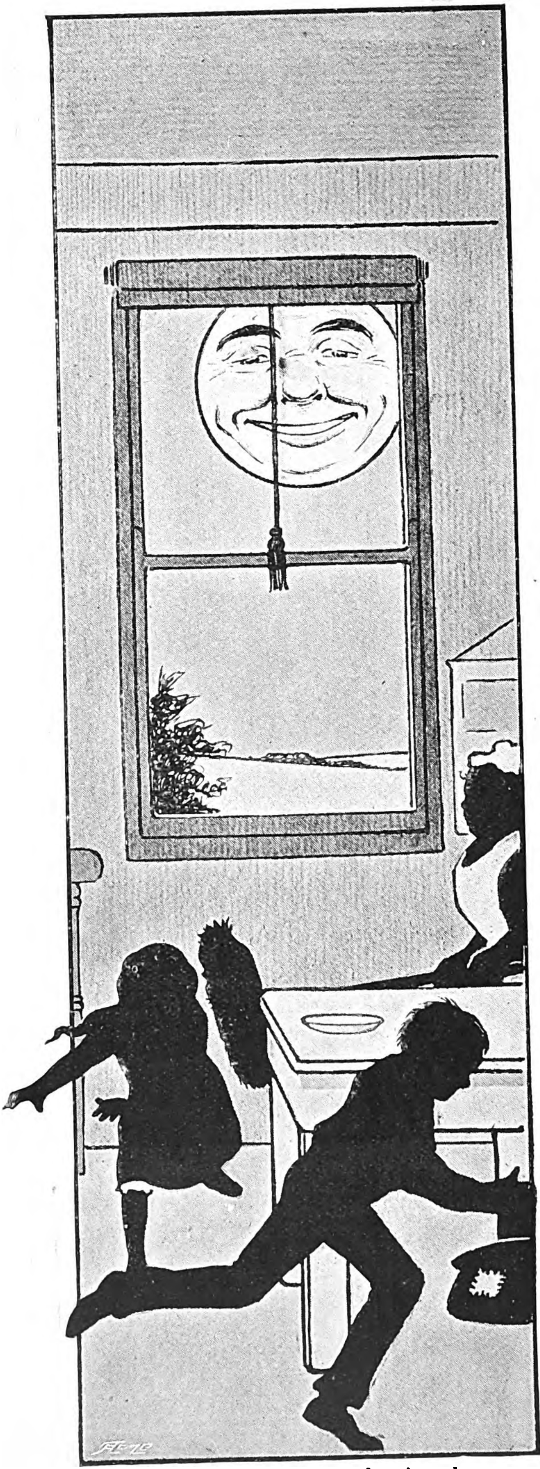
18. Backward movement of previous figure. Straighten trunk at finish. Time for the four movements, 10secs.



19. Rest the left hand on a chair and swing the left leg backwards, and the right arm forwards.



20. Swing the right arm backwards and the left leg forwards. Time occupied by the two movements, 10 secs.



I laughed to see the old cook seize a broom, and begin to chase the Pyjama Kids out of her kitchen.

How Rover Saved the Pyjama Kids.

Another Exciting Story about Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil. Told by Mother Moon.

By S. Bridge-Worth.

Very much do I love my Pyjama Kids, who live in the big house down in Essex. I am sure there could be no better children in all Mother Earth—if it were not for their love of moonlit adventures.

Now, I can hardly blame the Pyjama Kids for being so fond of moonlight, seeing, if I may say so without conceit, how beautiful it is—so much more beautiful, you know, than any other light! But I must say the Pyjama Kids are very naughty to run out of doors to enjoy my moonlight when they should be asleep in their beds! And I am sure they would be quite perfect children if they *didn't* play games by moonlight! So why I tell you these stories is really for a warning *not* to play games by moonlight! Then, perhaps, you may be perfect children.

This story that I am going to tell you now is a most particular warning. It is about an adventure the Pyjama Kids had the other day, that they are likely to remember as long as they live. Indeed, I very much doubt if they will ever play moonlit games again after this!

When I rose in the sky the other evening, I hastened to look down into Essex to see what the Pyjama Kids were doing. First, I looked into their bedroom, but they were not there; then I searched the garden, but still could see no trace of them, and it was some time before I thought of trying the kitchen. And there I found them, seated side by side on the table, swinging their legs and teasing the old cook.

"Be off to bed, ye young rascals," I heard the cook cry. "How do you expect me to get your Uncle George's supper ready if ye bother about me so, just like a couple of flies. Be off this instant now!" And I laughed to see the old cook seize a broom, and begin to chase the Pyjama Kids out of her kitchen.

But the Pyjama Kids easily dodged the cook by running in between the legs of the table.

"Give us some cake and then we'll go," I heard Desperado Bill cry as he ran. "Some

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of that new walnut cake, cook, that you made this afternoon!"

"We won't go to bed until we've had some cake," Laguna Lil cried, too, as she tore round the kitchen in front of the cook's broom.

"Not a crumb of cake shall ye have to-night," the old cook answered, puffing round the kitchen in pursuit of the Kids. "Be off, ye little rascals!"—and her sweeping broom came down within an inch of Desperado Bill's head.

But the Pyjama Kids knew two tricks to the cook's one. They made a sudden dive into a big cupboard where she kept her dessert fruit, pulled the key from the lock as they went in, and turned the key on the inside.

"Now, cook," came Desperado Bill's voice from the inside of the cupboard, "now we shall eat up all your dessert!"

"Don't you dare to touch a single thing!" cried the old cook, rattling at the door-handle. "Come out this instant."

"Not until you say you will give us cake," cried Bill. "Cook," he added, "these preserved plums are *fine!*"

"Cook," cried Laguna Lil, "what splendid cherries these are!"

"I'm going to look for the dessert sweets, now," continued Desperado Bill, rattling about among the jars and cans.

"And I've got hold of the ginger," screamed Lil's voice, high with triumph.

Then the cook gave in.

"Come out, my darlints," she cried in persuasive tones, "and you shall have some cake, so you shall, then."

The children, at this, came out so suddenly that they nearly upset the old cook as they flung open the door. They flew to drag chairs to the table, and sat down to await the cake.

"Mercy me," said the cook, "what a hurry you are in!"

"The sooner we have the cake," said Bill, "the sooner we leave you in peace."

So the cook went for the cake, and the children feasted.

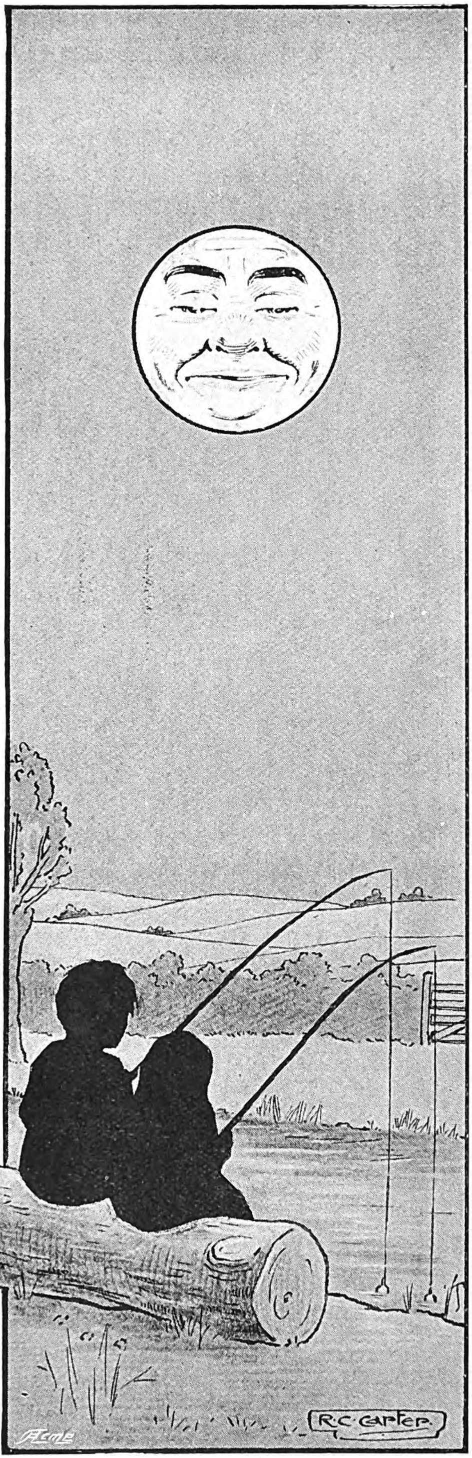
"Cook," said Bill presently, as he began his second slice of walnut cake, "what is Uncle George having for supper to-night?"

"Never you mind, Mr. Impertinent," answered the cook.

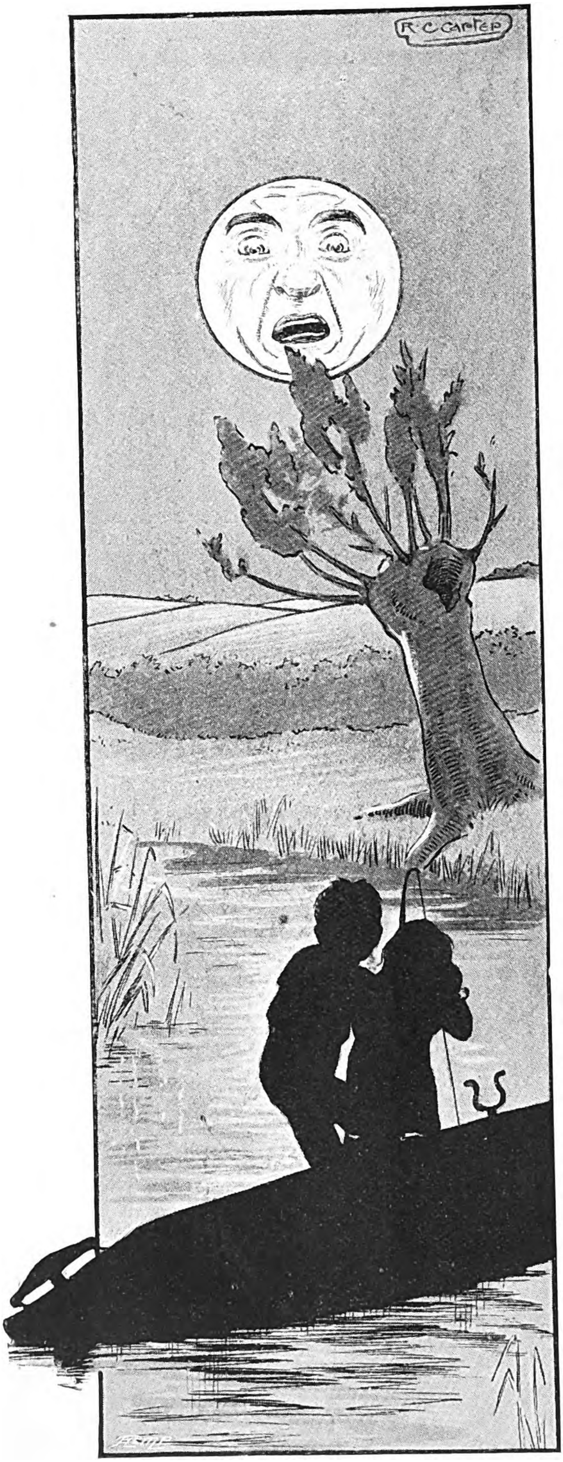
"I know," said Laguna Lil. "He's having some fish!"

"Oh, of course," said Bill. "He's so fond of fish, isn't he, cook?"

"Maybe he is," answered the cook, "and



They sat on a log beside the bank . . . watching the floats dangling from the ends of their rods, as they bobbed in the water.



The Pyjama Kids . . . tugged and tugged at the rod, never heeding the swaying of the boat.

maybe he isn't. Anyway, it's not a mouthful of fish *he'll* eat to night, for there isn't a bit of fish in the house."

"What!" cried Desperado Bill. "You mean to say you've got no fish for Uncle George? You naughty old cook!"

"You mind your own business, Master Bill, and don't interfere with mine."

The cook was growing cross again.

"You don't deserve to be cook at all," went on Desperado Bill, "if you can't remember to order the fish. There's only one thing to be done, and that's for me and Lil to go out at once and catch some."

"Well, I think you'd better," said the cook, glad of any excuse to get the Kids out of her kitchen, and never thinking what effect her words would have.

"Come, Lil," said Desperado Bill, "the rods are in the yard. We'll be back soon, cook."

"The longer you stay away the better I'll be pleased," said the cook, slamming the door behind the children, and thinking they would go straight to bed.

But Mother Moon, who had watched this scene with the greatest amusement, knew better.

* * * * *

An hour later, the Pyjama Kids' beds were still empty.

The sun had set; the stars were beginning to peep; my moonbeams flooded the country with silver light. And the Pyjama Kids were fishing.

A little stream runs across the quiet meadows at the bottom of their garden. It had taken them no time to run down the garden, across a field or two, and so to come to the water. They sat on a log beside the bank, side by side, intently watching the floats dangling from the ends of their rods, as they bobbed in the water. But no fish came to bite their bait.

"Bill," I heard Laguna Lil whisper, "I do believe the fish have gone to sleep."

"Nonsense," said Bill. "They are only frightened. They will bite soon if we keep quiet."

"Hadn't we better try somewhere else?" suggested Lil. "If we don't catch some fish soon we shall be too late for Uncle George's supper."

"I know!" cried Bill, springing to his feet in sudden excitement. "*We'll fish from the boat!*"

Next moment the Kids had pulled their lines from the water, and were rushing down the bank of the stream to where a little boat was moored to a willow tree. Mother Moon, fearing lest they should fall into the river, trembled in the sky as she watched them.

"Jump in," cried Bill, as they reached the boat. "I'll cast her loose."

Lil scrambled in, and sat on the bottom of the boat; Bill unfastened the rope, and leapt on board; and the little craft, swaying and rocking, drifted out to mid-stream.

"Hurrah!" cried Bill. "Away we sail!"

The Pyjama Kids knew quite well how to manage a boat. They had often been out with their Uncle George, who had taught Bill how to use his sculls, and Lil how to steer; and once or twice they had been out by themselves. But never before had they attempted to fish from the boat, and this was why I feared they would come to a bad end. I watched with the greatest anxiety, as Lil got her rod out, and Bill pulled the boat along.

It was very peaceful, down there by the river. When Bill stopped paddling, and let the boat drift, not a sound was to be heard, except when now and then Lil whispered that she thought she could feel a fish biting, or when Bill declared that he knew a big fish was watching them. But the minutes passed, and no fishes were caught.

Then, of a sudden, a wild scream from Laguna Lil rent the air.

"A bite! A bite!" she cried. "It's a monster fish, Bill!"

Bill threw down his oars and sprang to Lil's side.

"I do believe it's a whale," he cried, seizing the rod, and helping Lil to pull.

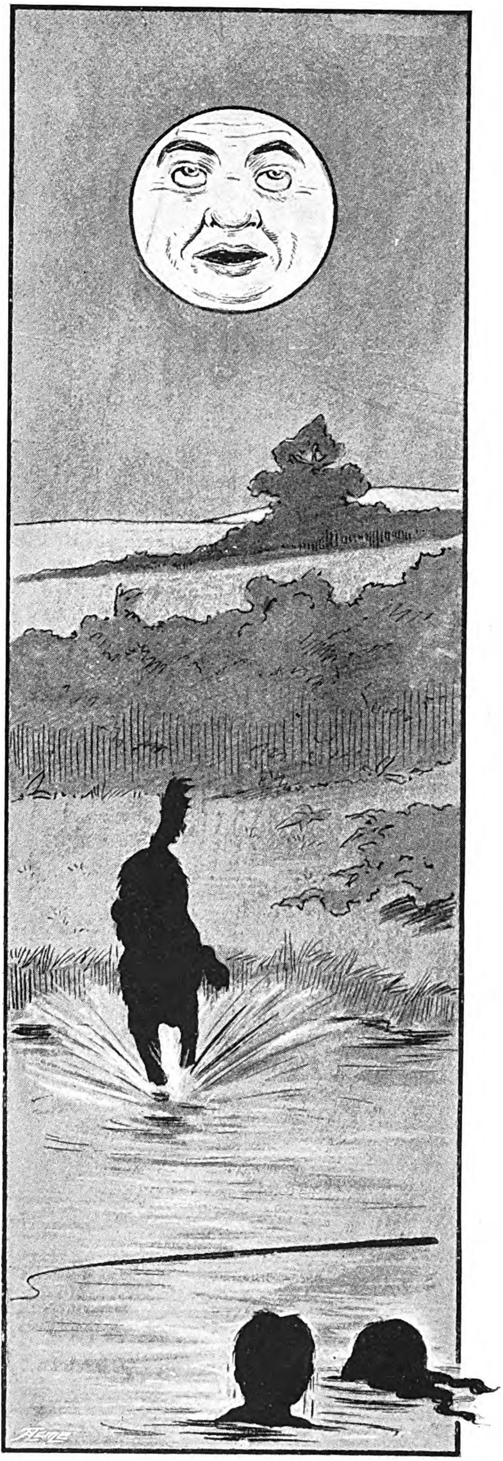
"Or a shark," said Lil, "or a sea-serpent," and pulled behind Bill with might and main.

But the hook held fast. The Pyjama Kids, standing one behind the other, tugged and tugged at the rod, never heeding the swaying of the boat. Then a terrible thing happened. Just as Bill was crying in triumph, "It *is* a whale, Lil!" the fishing line broke!

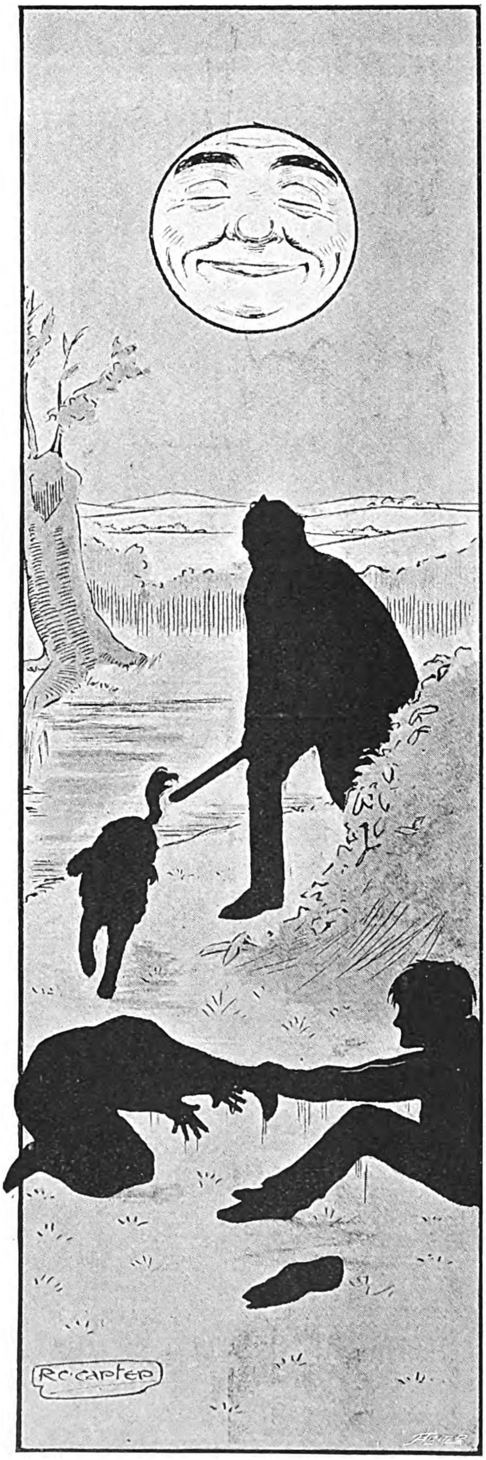
And you may imagine the feelings of Mother Moon, looking down from the sky, when she saw little Laguna Lil lose her balance as the line snapped, stumble, and fall, heels over head, over the side of the boat, into the river!

At the same moment Desperado Bill collapsed in a heap at the bottom of the boat; but he was on his feet again in an instant. He gave one great yell, stooped low, and sprang straight out from the boat after Lil.

And for a moment the Pyjama Kids were lost to my view beneath the water.



Old Rover leapt into the water, with a great splash, to the rescue.



"'Pon my word!" he exclaimed, pulling up, and puffing hard, "you've fallen into the river!"

But as they sank from my sight, I suddenly saw that help was at hand. A black, bounding form came rushing along the river bank. It was Uncle George's old retriever dog, curly-haired Rover. And old Rover leapt into the water, with a great splash, to the rescue.

Barking as though saving lives were a splendid game, Rover swam out to where the Kids were splashing and spluttering, seized Laguna Lil's dress in his mouth, and in the twinkling of an eye had swum back to the bank, and dropped Lil high and dry. Then, with another joyous bark, he returned for Desperado Bill, who threw his arm round his neck, and so was brought to land.

Then Rover, barking and shaking fountains of water from his coat, turned and bounded away, as though seeking the further help that he was unable to give.

Mother Moon smiled to herself when she saw what Rover was after.

* * * *

Uncle George was walking home at the end of a long day's rabbit-shooting. It was past nine o'clock, and he was tired and hungry. His path led him beside the stream that ran past the grounds of the Pyjama Kids' home, where he was staying. When I first noticed Uncle George that night, his old dog Rover was rushing towards him, barking as though he had gone mad. Rover leapt up at Uncle George, then danced backwards, barking more excitedly than ever.

"'Pon my word," said Uncle George, stopping to view these strange proceedings, "what's the matter, old boy?"

But Rover had no wish for Uncle George to stop. Flying for his coat-tails, he began to pull him along! then he bounded away again, his loud bark saying as clearly as words: "Hurry! hurry! I've something to show you."

"'Pon my word," said Uncle George, "Rover wants me to run!" And, tired though he was, Uncle George started running down the path beside the stream, as fast as his legs could carry him. Rover bounded before, throwing his head over his shoulder every now and then to give a bark of encouragement. "I'm coming," Uncle George would answer, running faster still; for he loved dogs and quite understood their ways.

A minute later, running round a bend of the stream hard on Rover's heels, Uncle George came upon the Pyjama Kids, as they sat facing each other on the bank of the stream, wringing out their clothes.

"'Pon my word!" he exclaimed, pulling

up and puffing hard, "you've fallen into the river!"

"Yes," cried Bill and Lil. "Yes, and Rover saved our lives!" They rushed for the old dog, and tried to throw their arms round his neck to thank him, but he was bounding and barking so excitedly that they could not catch him. So they fell upon Uncle George instead.

And Uncle George, catching them in his arms, hugged them close, laughing and scolding at the same time.

"'Pon my word!" he declared, "you children will live to be hanged!"

Then Uncle George threw off his overcoat, and wrapped it warmly round Laguna Lil's shivering little form; and next he took off his shooting jacket, and wrapped it round Desperado Bill; and then carrying Lil under one arm, and holding Bill's hand, he set off on the trot homewards—Rover bounding before.

As they ran along, Desperado Bill, looking now more like a desperado than ever, with his wet hair and his long coat, told Uncle George the whole story.

"'Pon my word," said Uncle George, at the end of the tale, "I'm sorry you didn't land the whale after all—if you are sure it *was* a whale and not a tree-stump—for I'm hungry enough to eat two whales!"

"I'm afraid," said Laguna Lil, "cook was right after all, and it's not a mouthful of fish *you* will eat to-night, Uncle George."

"Well, that's not your fault," answered Uncle George. "You've done your best for me, I'm sure!"

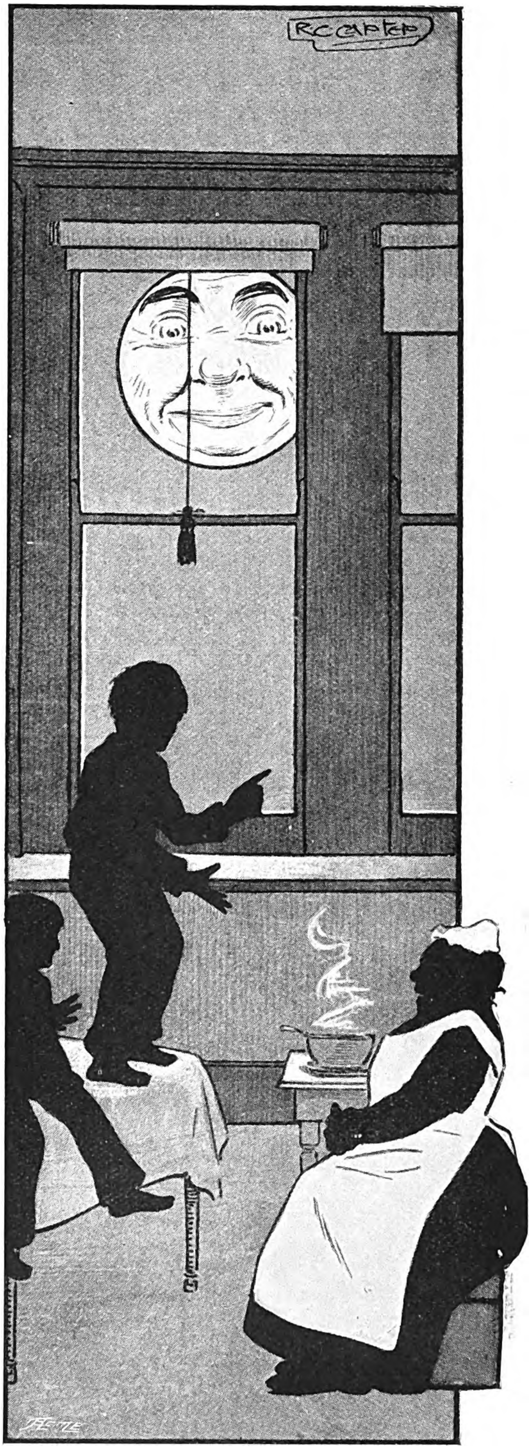
And he laughed so heartily at the joke that the Pyjama Kids felt quite pleased with themselves for having fallen into the river.

But I think they felt rather more ashamed than pleased when Uncle George led them into the house, and the time came for them to face their mother and their grandfather and their nurse—to say nothing of Batts, the butler, who opened the door to them, or of the old cook, who came up to their bedroom specially to see them, with some hot gruel and some walnut cake—and insisted on having the whole story told again for the tenth time.

"Well, my dears," the old cook said, "this will be a lesson to ye, I'm sure."

"And it will be a lesson to *you*," answered Desperado Bill, "never again to forget Uncle George's fish for supper!"

And this saying soon went round the house, and so the laugh was against the cook after all!



The old cook . . . insisted on having the whole story told again for the tenth time.

· ALL · THAT · IS · LEFT · OF · THEM ·

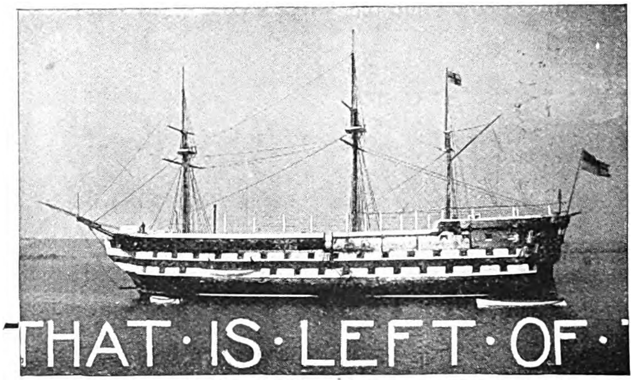


Photo *West and Son.*
H.M.S. *Asia*, which took part in the Battle of Navarino, and now lies in Portsmouth Harbour, where she is used as the Flag Ship of the Admiral Superintendent.

The only Remaining Links with the Great Fight at Navarino.

TOLD BY WALTER WOOD.

LYING peacefully at her moorings at Portsmouth is a stalwart hulk which is a fit companion of Nelson's *Victory*. This is H.M.S. *Asia*, an old ship of the line, famous because of the part she took in the battle of Navarino in 1827.

Spending his declining years in honoured repose until December 21st last year, when, by a sad coincidence, he died, not very long after narrating the story on the succeeding pages, was one of the gallant officers who fought under the orders of the *Asia*, Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney. He, like the *Asia*, was a survivor of, and actual link with, that glorious old Navy to which Britain's greatness is mostly due.

Born in 1814, Sir Erasmus entered the Royal Navy in 1826. In the following year, in H.M.S. *Albion*, he shared in the total destruction of the Turkish Fleet at Navarino, and in after years became especially famous in connection with Arctic travel and exploration.

Almost the only survivor now of the old days of wooden walls is Mr. Jonathan Henderson, of Navarino Cottage, a snug little retreat at the Coastguard's quarters at Westward Ho. The gallant old pensioner has passed his ninetieth year, but is hale and hearty still, and with a clear remembrance of the fight in Navarino Bay.

Photo *Puddicombe.*
Mr. Jonathan Henderson, who served in the *Genoa*, which was in the thickest part of the fight at Navarino.

The veteran's story is, in the main, the story of Sir Erasmus Ommanney—if anything, perhaps, even more terrible, for Mr. Henderson served in the *Genoa*, and the *Genoa* was the heaviest loser in dead of any of the allied ships—her killed numbering twenty-six, and her wounded thirty-three.

"The *Genoa*," says Mr. Henderson, "stood into Navarino Bay with a three or four-knot breeze, and anchored about a hundred yards from the enemy's ships. Our men were furling sail, and we noticed that the Turks' guns were trained on them. As a matter of fact, we did not think there would be a fight and it was only a little while before that we had cleared for action. When the *Albion* bore up for the harbour she sailed through cabin bulkheads, mess-tables, partitions, and so on, which we had thrown overboard.

"I was one of the 'powder-monkeys' that you read about; but, although my place was largely in and near the magazine, I saw a good deal of what happened in the fight. I saw the firing which killed and wounded the officer and men of the boat which was sent from the *Dartmouth* and really began the battle.

"Another boy, named Fisher, was killed by a shot which nearly carried away his head. I myself was wounded in four places, and still have a piece of shell that was taken from my thigh."

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SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

Photo Maull & Fox.

Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, K.C.B., whose story of the Battle of Navarino is given here.

In this Story — the Third of a Series of Stories of Deeds that Have Made History during the Past Three-Quarters of a Century and Related by One Who Has Survived the Incidents Described—Sir Erasmus Ommanney, K.C.B., Tells His Experiences at the Terrible Battle of Navarino in which He Was Actively Engaged.

No. III.—NAVARINO: THE LAST BATTLE BETWEEN SAILING SHIPS.

From the Narrative of Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, K.C.B.

Gleaned and Edited by Walter Wood.

The story of Navarino is told in a few words. Greece, which formed part of the Turkish Empire, had striven desperately for many years to free herself from the oppressor's yoke; but in vain. Finally England, France, and Russia agreed to liberate her, and in October, 1827, the allied squadrons concentrated in the Mediterranean under Sir Edward Codrington, who flew his flag in the Asia. *Battle was given to the Turco-Egyptian fleet in Navarino Bay, and after three or four hours' terrible struggle the allies were victorious.*

The British loss was 272, the French 187, and the Russian 198; while the Turks had more than 3000 slain and over 1000 wounded. Their fleet was almost annihilated, for out of sixty men of war only one frigate and fifteen smaller vessels were in a state ever again to put to sea.

"I was a midshipman in the *Albion*," said the Admiral, "one of the British ships of the line at Navarino. The *Albion* was commanded by my uncle, Captain Ommanney, and I was acting as his aide-de-camp. She and the *Genoa* each carried 74 guns, the *Asia* having 84. These were our three line-of-battleships. Then there were the *Dartmouth*, of 42; the *Talbot*, 28; the *Rose*, 18; and the *Mosquito*, *Brisk* and *Philomel*, of 10 guns each, and a tender or cutter called the *Hind*. In all we had a dozen British ships. There were seven French ships, including three of the line, and eight Russian—four line-of-battleships and four frigates. In all the allies had twenty-four ships.

"The enemy, who was known as the Ottoman Force, had a combined fleet of Turkish and Egyptian ships, amongst them being three line-of-battleships, seventeen frigates, thirty corvettes, and twenty-eight brigs, six fire brigs, five schooners, and forty-one transports—a total of 130. They were anchored in the port of Navarino, which was like a bottle, the neck being the entrance. I have a plan here, drawn by a British officer who was present at the action, and it shows that on the right of the entrance were the castle and batteries, and on the left more batteries and the Isle of Navarino. Besides these land guns, there were the guns of the Turkish and Egyptian ships, which were moored in the form of a crescent. It was a very strong and fine position for the enemy, being the work of a renegade Frenchman, who had been in the French navy. His idea was to leave room enough for the allies to enter the harbour, then to form his complete circle, and having surrounded his enemy to destroy him. There was a perfect semicircle of guns afloat, helped by the batteries ashore, and it was into the arms of this crescent, so to speak, that we sailed on October 20th, 1827.

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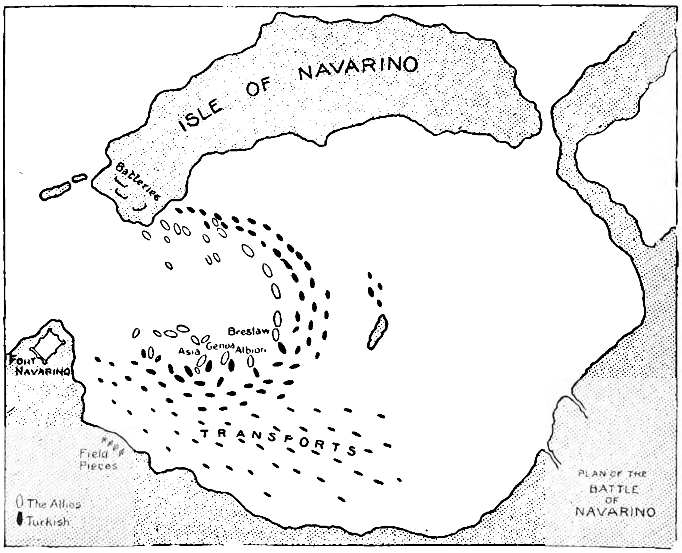
"The allies entered the harbour in two columns, the British and French forming the weather or starboard line, and the Russians the lee line. The *Asia* led the way, followed by the *Genoa* and the *Albion*. The British entered first, the French next, and then the Russians.

"The ships were all in line-of-battle, and presented a most beautiful sight. They were, of course, all under sail, because those were the days before steam was in use in the Navy. Many of the officers present, too, were men who had fought with Nelson. Sir Edward Codrington, our admiral, for instance, commanded the *Orion* at Trafalgar, and was one of the captains under Lord Howe on the 'Glorious First of June,' 1794.

"It must be borne in mind that the Turkish and Egyptian ships fought at their moorings, with bare masts and yards, and it was simply a case of going in under their very guns, and smashing away broadside to broadside, seeing who could smash the hardest, and which side could first blow the other out of the water. In that respect Navarino was a unique engagement, because by far the most of the old battles with sail were fought when the ships were under way and could be handled. It was because of this confined area of operations, this fighting in fixed positions, and the impossibility of escape for any ship, that Navarino was such a sanguinary struggle.



Plan of the Battle of Navarino, showing position of the ships.

"In the letter which I sent home two days after the fight, I gave some brief details of what we in the *Albion* did, and they are confirmed by my log. The actual fierce fighting lasted four hours. We had scarcely anchored when it began."

Codrington's orders, it should be said, were that no shot was to be fired unless the enemy fired first; and obeying this instruction the *Asia*, *Genoa*, and *Albion*, with loaded guns and men at their quarters, silently passed up the harbour to the moorings which had been most carefully chosen for them, as well as for the rest of the ships of the allies. These stately ships, indeed, were sailing into what was literally a vast gun-trap, for on the right and left were batteries ashore, and sweeping out ahead was the crescent formed by the warships of the enemy. Both in his batteries and on board his ships the enemy was seen to be on the alert and prepared for battle. The fight actually began with firing on a boat which the *Dartmouth* had sent to one of the fire vessels, and so smart was the discharge of musketry that the lieutenant and several of the boat's crew were killed or wounded. That was the signal for action, and instantly a furious struggle was in progress.

"The battle opened with this firing at the *Dartmouth*," continued the Admiral, "and immediately the signal was made to engage the enemy. The *Albion* was attacked by two sail of the line and a frigate; but in about a couple of minutes we had forced the frigate to surrender, and she was on fire. It was a sudden change from perfect quietness to deafening uproar, for there had seemed every likelihood of the enemy striking without coming to blows.

"As soon as we got into the harbour we anchored, and had just manned the rigging to furl sails when we were fired upon. 'Down, men, to your guns!' came the order, and the men tumbled below from aloft as we drifted towards the frigate, which was a double-banked Turkish ship.

"We got so closely locked together with the Turk as to make it possible to board her. The first lieutenant and the first division of

boarders scrambled on to her, and soon mastered her. But they were forced to hurry back to the *Albion*, as the frigate was found to be on fire.

"In spite, however, of their natural hurry to get clear of a ship that might blow up at any moment, three of the *Albion's* men ran up the fore-rigging, made a dash at the top, where some Turks were stationed, and seizing two of them hurled them headlong overboard.

"There were many other daring acts and displays of courage. An Irishman seized a musket, and with a roar of 'Make way there!' he swept a road through the Turks by swinging his weapon from side to side with crushing force. One of my fellow-midshipmen, named Hicks, was amongst the boarders, many of whom had forgotten to take their pistols. Hicks shouted to the first lieutenant, 'Give them cold shot, sir!' and the boarders did, for they picked up the cold shot which was lying about ready for the guns, and hurled it down upon the Turks.

"Another midshipman, named Langtrey, slashed at a slackened cable of the frigate with an axe that Boteler handed to him from the wardroom windows, at the same time encouraging him to persevere. And Langtrey did persevere, too, although he was working in one of the cutters, which was swamped and flush with the water.

"Langtrey stuck gamely to his work until the cable nearly parted and he was almost exhausted. The danger and pluck of the achievement will be best understood when it is stated that the frigate was burning fiercely and was expected to blow up every second. As a matter of fact she exploded with a terrible crash and blaze when the *Albion* was only about a hundred yards away.

"Curiously enough, the gunners of the *Albion* felt no immediate ill-effects from the explosion; but below the case was very different. There the concussion of the disaster was so great that the gunner, who was in the magazine, thought it was his own ship which was destroyed, and he and his men rushed out, but had the presence of mind to lock the door.

"As it was, the *Albion* had a wonderful escape, for adjoining the magazine was a room in which three lamps were burning, so that the men who were filling powder could see what they were doing. The explosion shook two of the panes of glass out of their sashes, but, most luckily, the panes were not on the magazine side, or the powder dust would have been ignited and the *Albion* would have been blown to fragments.

"It is astonishing, indeed, how many and narrow were the *Albion's* escapes. On two occasions she was on fire, and each time the firemen were called to extinguish the flames. One of the most zealous of the firemen was the chaplain, who, although he was himself wounded, rushed up from the gloomy cockpit when he heard the alarm, and, in addition to bearing a hand with the flames, shared in the boarding, and varied his attentions to the dying and wounded by fighting.

"The danger did not come solely from the enemy, either, for Boteler made an awful discovery while moving about at his quarters and ordering the men to fire at certain ships. The *Albion* by that time was thick with a choking yellow smoke, which was highly inflammable. On approaching his cabin he found that one of the men, a silly, stupid fellow, had taken down a valuable fowling-piece from a hook in the beam overhead. The fellow was squatting down, and actually snapping the flint-lock of the weapon over some loose powder which was scattered on the deck! Boteler naturally kicked him away, and the captain of the gun near, seeing what had happened, gave him a stunning box on the ear as he got on his legs, while the second captain followed the blow up with another that nearly floored the man again.

"The cannonade was soon heavy and furious, and those being the days of very smoky powder, the air became so thick that we seldom saw beyond the length of the ship—about 200 feet—while often enough it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe.

"For a full hour and a half the *Albion* was very hotly engaged; then the French flagship, *La Syrène*, of 60 guns, came up and took the fire off us.

"By this time we were in the very thick of the battle, and there were many grand but awful spectacles. I was, of course, a very little fellow at the time, but I saw the fight from start to finish and witnessed pretty nearly everything that went on in and about the *Albion*. But more details than I can furnish are given in letters to me, and in Boteler's privately-printed autobiography.

"In 1882 I asked Boteler to write for me his recollections of the battle, of which he had made some contemporary sketches, and of which he had a very vivid remembrance. He did so, and told me how, soon after the blowing up of the frigate we had boarded and cut adrift, he ran on deck for a moment to try to get a general view of the fight. He shook hands with the captain, who was frowning, and shaking his head, and touching his nose, where one or two drops of blood were falling.

"'Then,' said Boteler, 'there was Commander Campbell; he fought with a blood-stained handkerchief bound round his head, but not much hurt; and last, as also least, your own small self, your hands on your knees, looking with straining eyes through the spare quarter-deck port.'

"I must pause for a minute to tell of an incident that happened on board, showing how the old school of British tars behaved, and how sportsmanlike they were even in the heat of battle.

"At Boteler's quarters there was a squabble amongst the powder-boys, who were waiting for powder to take to the guns. Boteler demanded to know what the row was about, and the answer was that a big lad, named Knight, was getting all the powder.

"Knight was certainly greedy, for he had three cartridges in his box, and so Boteler pulled his ear and told him to be off. Then Boteler had to go away, but on coming back two minutes later he found Knight and another boy fighting, and most of the men of the crews of two guns standing round and encouraging them! They were even more interested in the fight between the powder-boys than with the Turks for the time being. Boteler turned to the captain of one of the guns, and angrily asked him what he could be about to abandon his weapon at a time like that?

"The man replied: 'Beg your pardon, sir; but we couldn't help it!' and with that they went back to their guns willingly enough.

"When the French flagship came up and took the fire off us matters became easier so far as the *Albion* was concerned, but the worst of the battle was by no means over. We were yet to witness its most terrible features. The ships were suffering greatly, and the surgeons were busy in the cockpits with the wounded, while the dead on board the ships of the line were numerous.

"The *Genoa* in this respect was the heaviest loser. Amongst her twenty-six killed was her brave captain, Bathurst, who was Commodore of the Fleet. He was wounded early in the action by a splinter, which struck off his hat. Then a shot carried away the tails of his coat, and a third came which mortally wounded him. It passed not only through his body, but also through the bulwarks near him.

"The Commodore lived until next morning, having received the personal thanks of the Admiral for his gallant conduct. Bathurst was a noble and unselfish fellow, and his last words were inquiries about his own wounded officers. His body was brought to England and buried at Plymouth with full honours two days after Christmas."

The *Asia*, too, was having a life-and-death encounter with the Infidels, who neither gave nor took quarter, and who perished rather than surrender. The sullen Turk refused to yield on any terms, and when the worst came to the worst he either blew up his ship and died with her, or escaped to the shore. Codrington had placed the *Asia* alongside the ship of the Capitana Bey, the Turkish Commander-in-Chief, and the *Asia* was even nearer to the flagship of the Egyptian Commander-in-Chief.

The *Asia* set herself deliberately to destroy her great and imposing enemies, and pounding steadily at them with all the zeal and skill of the gunners, she smashed the Turk on her right and the Egyptian on her left. Codrington's gunners worked, as he himself said, and he knew well what gunnery was, with a "precision which looked like mere exercise," and so devastating was the fire upon the Turkish flagship in particular, that she looked as if her sides had been tasted by the adze.

The Turkish Admiral fought with all the fatalistic valour of the Infidel, and fought until his ship was a veritable shambles, for when at last she was driven away from the *Asia's* side no fewer than 650 of her crew of 850 had been killed. It was impossible to see whether she surrendered, for her masts had been shot away, and Codrington could not even send a boat, because these little craft were so badly damaged by shot and bullet that not one of them would float.

So this furious, bloody, and destructive fight in a confined area, between ships which were anchored in one spot, and forts bellowing thunder, continued for four hours. The water was discoloured with blood, the air was dense with battle-smoke, and the crashing of the guns was ceaseless. There were the piercing cries of the combatants and the reverberation of the artillery in the neighbouring hills. The water, too, was strewn with wreckage and the slain, while to every spar and shattered boats men were clinging, making a last despairing fight for life.

Most terrible of all the struggles to witness were those of Greek slaves, who, still shackled, had somehow managed to escape from the ships in which they were cruelly held prisoners. No mercy had been shown to these hapless wretches by their conquerors and captors, and while ashore the Greeks were homeless and starving—some were actually feeding on boiled grass—matters afloat were infinitely worse, for the slaves could not even attempt to escape from certain and appalling death. Of those who were blown skywards or into the water many were helplessly manacled to floating wreckage.

"We saved no fewer than fifty of these poor slaves, and took them on board the *Albion*," said Admiral Ommanney. "We saved others, too—amongst them, I remember, was the secretary, or some such official of the Turkish admiral, whose arm was badly injured. The arm was amputated, and my uncle took the Turk to Malta in his cabin.

"As I have said, the *Albion* was very hotly engaged for an hour and a half, but the heavy firing went on until about five o'clock in the afternoon. The battle, however, did not really finish until midnight. The crews were utterly exhausted by their labours during the fight and the work of preparation which preceded it, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were kept from sleeping at their guns. They remained at their quarters, ready instantly to renew the battle, although, as a matter of fact, the firing had been so severe and continuous that the fleet had run short of powder and shot.

"When the lull in the firing came we were faced with another danger—one which was always present in the old days of wooden fighting ships, and that was the danger of fire. In this case it arose chiefly from the floating ships, which were blazing, helpless hulks, drifting where the tide carried them, and ready to set in flames anything with which they came in contact. The danger, of course, was intensified by the narrow area of battle, and was infinitely greater in the confined harbour in which we fought than would have been the case in open water. For a long time after our victory was assured these wandering masses of fire were a source of intense anxiety to us; but, as it happened, we kept free of any very serious calamity.

"The battle was full of strange and striking incidents, and many of these I witnessed personally in or from the *Albion*. We, like the other ships, had on board Greek pilots, who were stationed on the poop, and one of the most interesting features of the battle was to watch them potting at the Turks. Whenever they saw a chance of hitting a Turk they let fly at him.

"I saw a very strange thing in the *Albion* during the fight. We had a captain of marines, called Stevens, who had always a conviction that he would be killed in action. So strong was this premonition that he shook hands with Boteler on the poop, and said farewell to him, at the same time begging him to see that his few personal belongings should be sent to Canterbury, where both were then living.

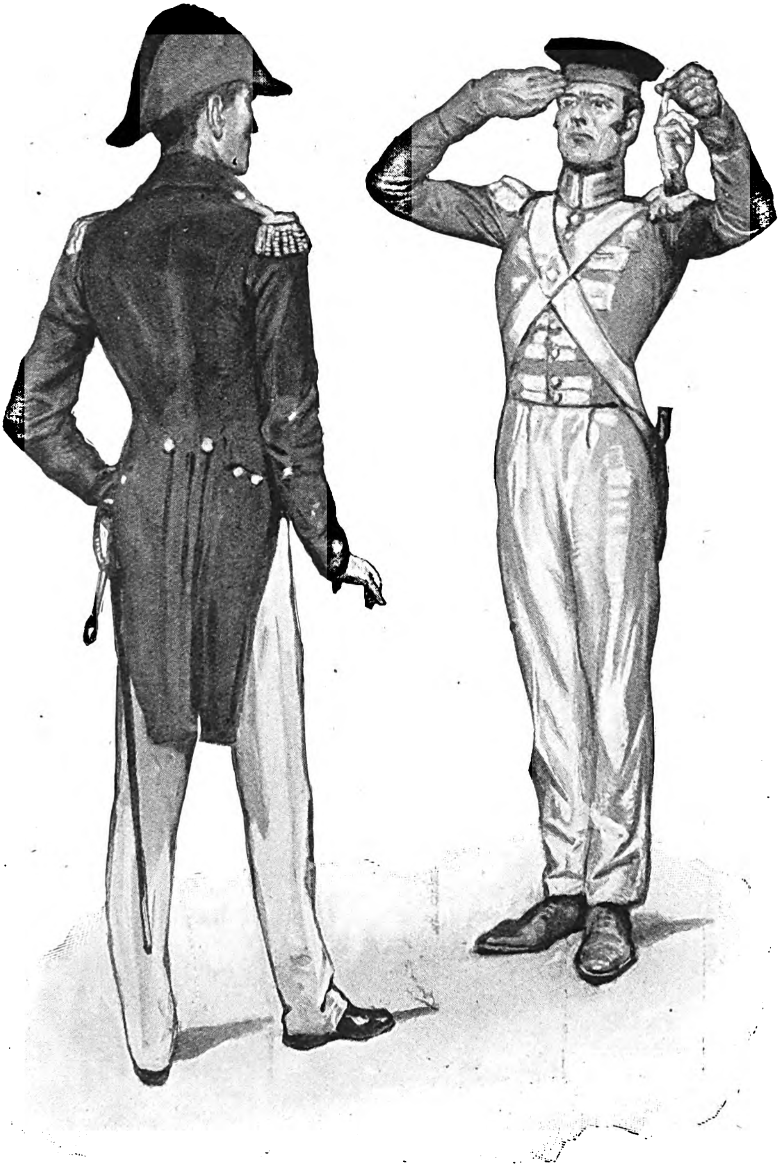
"Strangely enough, poor Stevens' fear was realised, for he was cut in two by a shot which also carried away one of his hands. The hand was picked up by a young marine, who put it in his forage cap and then replaced the cap on his head, so that he could keep his relic safe until the action ended. When the fight ceased the marine went to Lieutenant Anderson, produced the hand, and holding it up by the finger, asked what he should do with it. The answer was, of course, stern and prompt—the ghastly relic had to go overboard, where the body of the officer had gone as soon as he was killed.

"The finest and most terrible sight I ever witnessed was the blowing up of the Turkish ships during and after the battle. Ship after ship was destroyed, mostly by the Turks themselves, so that they should not fall into our hands, and having blown them up the Turks tried to escape either by swimming or rowing ashore. Some of them succeeded, and could be seen crawling up the rocky cliffs of old Navarino. It was not the custom of the Turks to strike their colours in action, but when the worst came to the worst they deserted their ships and swam ashore, when, of course, they got the chance.

"The Turks carried no surgeons in their ships, and the wounded were simply left to die. Many helpless men were abandoned in the ships which were foundering and exploding. The Greeks were used as galley slaves, not kept as prisoners of war, and many of them were deliberately deserted, in company with the dead and dying, before the whole were blown up together. Of these poor slaves many, happily, were saved by other ships as well as the *Albion*, and as soon as they were got on board their fetters were knocked off and they were free.

"In the morning after the battle I went on board one of the Turkish ships with Boteler. It was a most shocking sight. There were dead bodies all about, and the stench was so overpowering that I could hardly stay below. Boy-like, I looked about me to see if there were anything worth taking, but there was not, for the Turks had broken everything, as if with the deliberate intention of preventing us from getting their belongings. The ship, a corvette, was quite deserted, only one man having any life in him, and he was half-dead.

"Bad as this spectacle was, Boteler told me it was nothing to be compared with the Turkish admiral's ship, which he afterwards boarded. This ship was foul of another, and each had only one mast standing, besides being a pitiful wreck. These two ships between them had more than a thousand men killed and wounded. Boteler and his people got some trophies from them, including a gorgeous hanging compass of crimson and gold and many colours from the admiral's cabin. The Turks bowed and salaamed to this compass as Lieutenant Anderson carried it across the deck to the barge which was alongside."



"When the fight ceased the marine went to Lieutenant Anderson, produced the hand, and, holding it up by the finger, asked what he should do with it."

Later, however, Admiral Ommanney was presented with the Turkish captain's scimitar, and this was one of his most treasured mementoes of the famous fight. In a strange way also he received the Turkish Admiral's flag. This was surrendered to the British Admiral, Codrington, and fell to the share of the *Albion's* officers, to each of whom it was handed in seniority. Admiral Ommanney, as the last surviving officer, presented the flag to the King of Greece, who in acknowledgment, in 1890, decorated him with the Cross of Grand Commander of the Order of the Saviour.

Amongst the brilliant acts of that memorable day there was none more daring and courageous than the conduct of the cutter *Hind*, of 160 tons, which was tender to the *Asia*.

She was commanded by Lieutenant John Robb, who had a crew of thirty, and mounted eight light carronades. She became entangled with a large Turkish frigate, and the Turks repeatedly tried to board her. She defended herself in the most valiant fashion, and even the surgeon, who was getting ready for an amputation, dashed up from below on hearing the call: "All hands repel boarders!"

The Turks at last, in savage desperation, manned a large boat, and it seemed as if the doom of the *Hind* were assured; but two carronades, loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, utterly destroyed both boat and Turks. The *Hind* lost half her crew in killed and wounded, and so great was the glory with which she covered herself that she won the proud name of "His Majesty's line-of-battle cutter."

Codrington, the admiral, seemed to bear a charmed life. His escapes from death were marvellous. So that he might command a good view of the battle, he stood on the poop of the *Asia*, the most exposed part of the ship. He was talking with the master, when a shot came and killed the latter at his side. A shot killed an officer of marines who was on the quarter-deck, just below the poop. The admiral left the poop only once, to go forward to talk to the boatswain, and, while talking to him, the boatswain also was killed at his side. A bullet went through his hat, in which it made two holes, and another bullet went through his loose coat-sleeve. Another bullet smashed his gold watch. When on the poop he stooped his head under a rolled awning, and, while bent like that, a shot passed through the awning's folds. At another time he had just turned from a spot on the poop when the place where he had been standing was covered with wreckage from aloft, which would have crushed and buried him. And yet, throughout the battle, when men were being slain and wounded everywhere around him, Codrington escaped uninjured!

One of the most famous and amazing stories of this great and lurid battle was that the bitterness which still prevailed between the French and the Russians, owing to the prolonged Napoleonic wars, led to deliberate mutual attacks, although nominally the two nations were friendly allies. It must not be forgotten that only fifteen years had elapsed since Napoleon had tried to sack Moscow and destroy the power of Russia, and that Navarino was fought only a dozen years after Waterloo and twenty-two after Trafalgar.

In the whole of naval history there is no more striking instance of strange bedfellows than this of Navarino, for here, joined together against a common enemy, were British, French and Russians. Only a few years later there was to be another change of allies — in the Crimea, when British and French were banded together to fight the Russians, and, stranger still, the Turks, who had been the enemy of the combined three, had thrown in their lot with the Saxons and the Latins against the Slav.

The story then was told, and widely credited, that instead of uniting their efforts for the downfall of the common foe, the French and Russians actually turned their guns upon each other during the fight and did a great deal of mutual mischief. I questioned Admiral Ommanney particularly on this point, and he replied: "I think the proper explanation of the story will be found in the fact that the battle-smoke was so dense, enveloping everything like a thick white fog, that it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, and at times some of the ships of the allies fired into each other because they could not help it."

As a matter of fact, the *Albion* herself fired into the French ship *Breslau*, and the French returned the compliment with energy. When the fight was over some of the *Albion's* shot was found sticking in the *Breslau's* foremast, and Boteler was told by one of the French officers that they thought some of the shot came from the *Albion*. Certainly the *Breslau's* attention gained for her the friendly name of the *Albion's* "chum."

The victorious fleets left Navarino on October 25th, and reached Malta on November 3rd. The getting to sea was a period of intense anxiety, for the ships were crippled and were actually becalmed between the threatening batteries, which were still manned by the merciless Turks. But the seamen were standing grimly at their guns, and the Infidels did not fire at the bluff broadsides which had already wrought such havoc.

The conquering ships, with the help of all the boats which could be spared, slowly and majestically got clear of the harbour and sailed into a night of heavy rains and squalls, with a contrary wind, accompanied by thunder and lightning—an elemental pæan on the downfall of the Infidel and the triumph of the Christian in the Bay of Navarino.

Next month Lieut.-General Innes, V.C., will relate his impressions of the Siege of Lucknow, in which he played a conspicuous part.

THE SEA SERPENT SYNDICATE.

The Story of an Expedition and an Earthquake.

By Everard Jack Appleton.

If it wasn't for Jimmy Raines, I wouldn't try to write this story out. It ain't the kind of thing I like to think about, any more than I like to remember the name of a horse through which I have lost money; but Jimmy is a good fellow, and he asked me to do it—and what Jimmy Raines wants me to do, I do.

The reason he wants this story printed is because the people he tells it to don't believe him, and I don't know as I blame 'em; but he thinks if they see it in print they will.

The Sea Serpent Syndicate was a stroke of luck—bad or good, I don't know which. It started in a little summer garden, not far from Latonia, and it ended on an island somewhere south of Cuba. If it hadn't been for the earthquake—But I'm getting away before the flag drops.

To start right, it was a day that was hot enough to warp you—and Jimmy and I decided to absent ourselves from the Latonia races and take it easy.

We had dropped into John Porter's summer garden for a glass of beer and a cigar, and both of us tilted back in the shade, when the swing door from the street opened, and a chap that looked like the survivor of a North Pole expedition slouched in and dropped into a chair a few feet away from us.

The thermometer was somewhere at the hundred mark; but Mr. Coldfeet had on an overcoat with the collar turned up, and a muffler round his neck. Jimmy stared at him a moment, and then gave me the wink.

"I hope you ain't got your ears frosted, William," says he to me, as old John came out to get the stranger's order.

The guy had a big round package with him, and when John leant over the table to get his good ear near enough to catch the order, the stranger jerked the package away as if it had been a bunch of diamonds.

"Gimme a lemonade," said he, "and make it long and sour."

I was trying to make up my mind where I had seen him before when he looked up and straight into my eyes. The change that come over him was something remarkable. In a minute he had cleared the distance between us, and had hold of my hand, pumping it up and down like a steam engine, and saying: "Billy Martin, Billy Martin! Where did you come from?"

"I didn't come at all," says I, "I was here first. Where did you come from, Alphonse Doolan? That's the question!"

"From a mighty hot place," he answers, "and I ain't used to white man's weather yet. That's the reason I feel sorter chilly."

"We thought there must be something wrong," said I, waving my hand at Jimmy. "Mr. Doolan, shake hands with my side partner, Mr. Raines. Mr. Doolan is just back from a vacation in the middle of Africa, Jimmy."

Doolan shook his head.

"No, Billy," says he, "I left there five years ago. And I've been putting in my time in a hotter place than Africa. I've been surrounded by the equator, and glued to an island down in the Carib. And I'm nigh dead with the heat of it!"

"Won't you take off your overcoat, then?" I says. "The last I heard of you, you was sending daily reports about the temperature and barometer readings from some hole in the great American desert for the wise-guys at Washington."

Alphonse dragged up his chair and the bundle with it.

"I was," he says, "but they transferred me. I had a joke one day, and sent a lot of dispatches to them about the ice forming and the snowstorm freezing my instruments. As it was August, they thought I needed a rest for a couple of months, and after that they shipped me to my island, where for four years I have been hanging on, broiling to death. Four years of heat and thirst, and nobody to talk to! Nothing to look at but scrub and sand—Lord, the sand there is on that island! It's a wonder it don't sink with the weight of it!"

"Working for the government still, Alphonse?" I asks.

"Sure," he answers. "Taking the readings every day, and sending them back to Havana whenever they happen to think of me and scow down with grub for me. I'm nigh crazy, Billy—but I'll soon be better, because——"

He stopped a minute, looking very foxy.

"Because I've got *him!*"

"Him?" says I. "Who's him?"

"Billy. I named him after you, Billy Martin, and you've got cause to be proud."

"Baby?" says I, yawning. I'd expected something more exciting from the way Alphonse had started out.

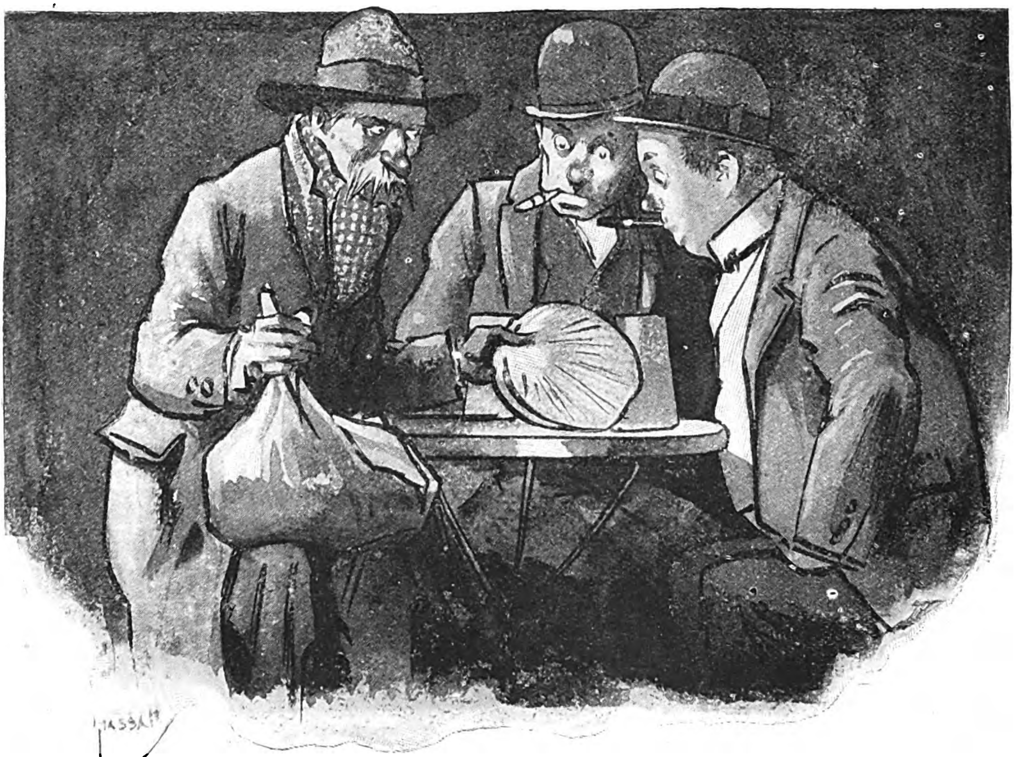
"Baby?" says he, scornful-like. "Naw! Sea serpent!"

Jimmy kicked me under the table, and I sat up. Alphonse was madder than I had thought after all.

"Oh, I am proud," I says. "I am, Alphonse. Where do you keep him?"

"On the island," he answers, sucking his lemonade through the straw, and watching me closely. "In the middle of the lake the earthquake made. He come in with the quake, and I've tamed him. He eats out of my hand, and he's a good snake, I tell you—but I can't afford him. It takes all my supplies to keep him good-tempered—and sardines, his favourite, come high."

"Yes," I says, "it must be a kind of a luxury to have a pet sea serpent, Alphonse,



"That's a scale from my sea-serpent—come off him two weeks ago, when he got upset at something and throwed it at me."

following you round the house and eating out of your hand. And as for sleeping with one——"

"Cut it out, cut it out, Billy," says Alphonse, as sensible as could be. "You and I worked together long enough for you to know that I ain't a liar. This is straight goods, and here's the evidence," and he commenced to unwrap the package. He took out something that looked like an overgrown soup plate and put it down on the table. It smelt fearful fishy, I noticed, and it appeared to be made of horn, half an inch thick, and as big as a scale from the fish you didn't catch.

"Well," I says, "don't be silly, Alphonse. Go ahead with your fairy tale. I'll listen to it if Mr. Baines will."

"There ain't going to be no fairy tale," says Alphonse bristling up. "That's a scale from my sea serpent—come off him two weeks ago, when he got upset at something and throwed it at me."

He took a letter from his pocket.

"This here letter," says he, opening it and tossing it across the table, "is from the Natural History Society secretary across the river, and you can see what he says—'The article in the possession of Mr. Alphonse Doolan appears to be, and probably is, a scale from an ocean reptile, popularly known as a sea serpent.'"

I looked at the letter, and sure enough that is what it said, and a lot more about the value of the discovery, and wishing the authorities at Washington would take the matter up with Mr. Doolan. I read it aloud, and Jimmy's eyes got bigger and bigger. When I finished and handed it back to Doolan, Jimmy spoke for the first time.

"Mr. Doolan," says he, "how much would it cost to go after that animal of yours, and bring him to the States for exhibition purposes?"

"Well," replied Alphonse, "I don't know. As soon as I get to Washington, I'm going to get the Smithsonian Institute to work it out."

"Smithsonian nothing," says Jimmy. "Can't you see something better ahead than that? If you bring that animal here, and if he is as big as that hunk of horn would seem to indicate, there's a fortune in it for three men."

Alphonse nodded his head slowly. "But it would cost all of five thousand dollars," he says, "and I'm broke."

Then Jimmy showed for the first time how sharp he had got all in a minute.

"Mr. Doolan," says he, leaning over the soup plate thing, "when I am a sport I try to be a game one. Billy Martin and I cleaned up a little more than the figure you name last month. That's why we are taking the afternoon off here in place of beating the bookies out of other people's money. Now, Mr. Martin seems interested in this story of yours, fishy as it looks to be, and I am, too. I am willing to make you a proposition. We will go back to your island, every fellow paying his own way. If that snake of yours is the real thing we'll pay for bringing him here, and split the profits on showing him. Is that fair?"

It was a long speech for Jimmy, and plain as an old shoe. Alphonse couldn't help seeing it was straight, too.

He thought a minute, looked at me, and then held out his hand to Jimmy.

"Shake," he says. I did the same, and the Doolan-Raines-Martin Sea Serpent Syndicate was formed.

* * * * *

Six days later we were aboard a little fruit boat on the Caribbean Sea, looking for Alphonse's island. It was my first experience on the raging deep, and I think it will be my last, unless I am chloroformed and dragged aboard another ship. The fourth day out, about ten o'clock in the morning, Alphonse let out a yell like an Indian, and grabbed a chart from the captain's hand.

"That's my island, cap," he says, pointing to a little black spot on the edge of the ocean. "Steer for her, and dump us off. I'm hungry to see that bunch of sand again."

In less than an hour we had drawn up alongside the hump of sand and scrub palm trees, and half an hour later we were sitting on our traps watching the fruit boat get smaller and smaller in the distance. It was hot enough to roast a pig, but Alphonse seemed really happy. He messed round and got something for us to eat out of his pack, and then we all lighted our pipes and waited for the sun to go down a bit.

"Alphonse," says I, as we stretched out under the biggest tree we could find, "I haven't asked you for any particulars since we started on this expedition. Now I want you to tell us how you came to round up that snake of yours."

Alphonse took a long draw at his pipe and clasped his hands behind his head.

"It ain't much of a story," says he, "but you've got a right to know it. My station ain't anything but a shanty, and a soap-box for furniture. It stands at the head of what

was a ravine. One night there come a 'quake, and I got up to see where I was. The moon was shining bright, and when I looked for my ravine I made sure I was off my head. There wasn't none left.

"In place of the valley was a lake, half-a-mile wide and two long, boiling and churning. And in it was the curiousest creature you ever see. He's three hundred feet long —I made him lie still once while I measured him so you can bet on the figures—and has a head on him like a skinned cow. He was bellering and flapping his fins, and smelt something fearful. That was Billy, and I soon figured out what had happened. The 'quake had opened my island from the bottom, let Billy and a lot of water in, closed up again—and left the snake and me to get acquainted.

"I didn't get much sleep the rest of the night, with his thrashing around and bawling for his folks, but by morning he'd worn himself out and was sleeping as peacefully as a lamb on top of the water. I took a fancy to him right then. I don't know what made me think of you just then, Bill Martin, but I did; and I named him after you before he could wake up and object.

"When he opened his eyes and seen me observing him, he got upset. He raised about ten feet of his neck out of the water, and cut loose, with a twist of his head and a grunt, and this very scale that brought us three together come sailing straight for me. I side-stepped and it buried itself in the sand.

"'Look a-here, Bill,' I says, 'that's no way to treat the owner of this island. I didn't invite you here, in the first place; you're unexpected company, and you oughter behave yourself polite. I'm willing for you to stay, but you've got to be good-natured.'

"I don't say he understood me, but he looked as if he might. Then he opened his mouth and yawned like he was embarrassed, so I throwed him a piece of meat. He caught it and swung around, and started for the other side of the lake. From that on he acted right, and I didn't have no cause to complain. I never realised what company a sea-serpent could be; I'm right lonesome for him now. He's an affectionate reptile, and it won't take him no time to get broke in, once we git him to the States. A few more weeks of kind treatment will make him as gentle as a kitten, and he will swim after any boat I happen to be on. You hear me?"

"But suppose he does object?" asks Jimmy.

"Mr. Raines," says Alphonse, "I ain't teaching my snake politeness through a correspondence school. If he is impertinent ain't I there to administer the proper chastisement—and stop giving him fish? You leave that to me. And now, as the sun is subsiding, let's be off."

At the end of two hours' hard walking over sand heaps we came to a low hill, from which we could see a little lake with a few scrub trees on the banks and a shanty at one end.

"There," says Alphonse, proud as a peacock, "there is Doolanville. Pleasant prospect, ain't it? I am thinking of cutting it up into lots and selling it to desirable parties only.

"Welcome to the Hotel de Doolan," says he, opening the door and peering into the shanty. "But mebbe you'd rather have the lizards out before you go in. They ain't very partial to strangers."

He steps inside, and raises a racket, and a menagerie of half-a-dozen scaly critters, not counting the land crabs and house snakes, ran out. "Now," says he, appearing once more, "your apartments are ready, gentlemen. Step inside and register. Sorry all our rooms with baths attached are took; but the lake is convenient and free."

By the time we had packed our things away and fixed our bunks the sun had almost set, and Alphonse was rustling around with his pots and pans on the outside, singing to himself. Jimmy and I watched him for a few minutes, and then Jimmy says to me, sorter quietlike: "Is this real or am I dreaming?"

"Don't ask me," says I. "Feels like I ought to wake up myself before long."

Jimmy shook his head. "The worst of it is that we are here, and we can't get our money back at the gate. Looks to me as if we'd have to see it through. But where's the snake?"

Just as he spoke, I looked out across the lake, and my hat raised two inches off my head. Of course, I had some faith in all that Alphonse had told us, but I wasn't prepared to have it all come true so sudden and unexpected.

Before I could kick myself to see if I really was awake, the snake was almost on us. He come sailing across that lake looking very wicked. He was as big as a water-tower, and I could have sworn that he was long enough to go round Latonia race-track twice, and a lap or so over. He slid across the water, a giant, greased fishing-worm, the last rays of the sun shining on his scales and turning them as white as silver.

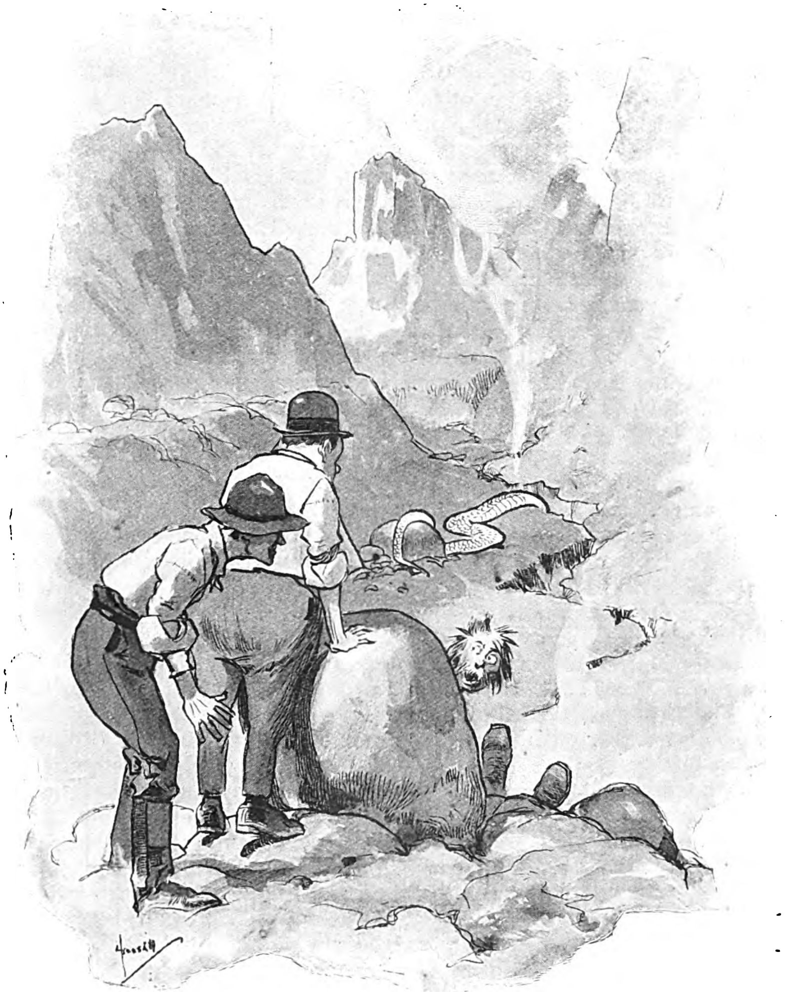
When he caught sight of us, I held my breath. He raised his head out of the water twenty feet or more and back-pedaled, churning up the lake till it frothed. His eyes was bigger than a barrel, and when he opened his mouth, showing a row of teeth resembling a whitewashed fence, it was too much for Jimmy. He gave a sort of grunt, and went off into a dead faint.

As for me, I was fast getting seasick myself and wondering how I could hit the trail back to the coast again, leaving Jimmy and his faint to themselves, when Alphonse stuck his head out of the shanty.

"Ah, ha!" he cries, stepping out with his frying-pan in one hand and a box of sardines in the other. "Billy has come! Now, I guess you fellows know whether your Uncle Alphonse was toying with the truth or not. Ain't he a beaut., William—and ain't you proud he's your namesake?"

I was trying to get enough breath back to express my thoughts on that and other subjects, when the snake struck the beach, stopped short, and let out a roar that blowed me over against Jimmy. Alphonse seemed to think it a good joke, and snapped his fingers at the critter.

"Here, Billy; here, Billy boy!" he calls. "Come and say howdy to your proud old boss and his friends. You mustn't forgit your manners."



"But he ain't dead yet," says a weak voice from the other side of the boulder.

The snake ducked down for a foot or two, looked us over suspiciously for a minute, and then brought his head to a level with Alphonse. It wasn't a head that you'd want a picture of in the parlour, with his big eyes, one green, and the other blue, and long white whiskers. But Alphonse seemed tickled to have him so close, and shoved the open box of sardines at him; and Billy smiled.

You have never seen a sea-serpent smile, of course, so you can't imagine what it is. You haven't missed very much, though, so don't lose any sleep over it. The inside of a mammoth cave, painted red—that was Billy's smile. I was glad when he closed it up again, on the box of sardines, for he seemed so tickled with them that he kept his mouth shut and laid his head down on the sand beside Alphonse, like a sick kitten waiting to be petted. Alphonse scratched him with the frying-pan, and the snake lay there purring his gratitude and pleasure for five minutes.

It was the noise he made—you'd 'a' thought an engine was getting up steam—that brought Jimmy round. He came to, facing the snake, and when he clapped eyes on him, Jimmy let out a terrific yell. The snake didn't like it, and before Alphonse could speak to him, he had reared up, the scales standing out on his neck like bristles on a bulldog. The next minute he gave his head a short, sharp bob, and one of those horn wash basins broke loose from its moorings, and shot by Jimmy's ear, close enough to cut his hair.

"Wow! Take him away, take him away!" howls Jimmy, making for the shanty, followed by another little sea serpent souvenir. Alphonse waved his frying-pan at Billy, and called: "Behave yourself, Bill! Shame on you!"

But Billy was scared, too, and he kept firing scales at Jimmy until he reached the shanty and got hid under the boxes and barrels inside. Then the snake's short ears laid back, showing he didn't mean anything vicious; he lowered his head again, crawled up a few feet on the beach and butted his nose in the sand at Alphonse's feet, asking forgiveness for his behaviour as plain as any dog ever did.

Alphonse sat down and began to talk to his pet, and, not wishing to disturb a little family conversation like that, I sneaked away to find Jimmy, who was having a bunch of assorted fits in the furthest corner of the Hotel de Doolan.

And that was our introduction to Doolan's sea serpent.

It is hard to believe, I know, but inside a week I got so used to have that snake about that I didn't pay any more attention to him that I would to a big dog. We got to be good friends, too, although I never could find much enjoyment in his sea breath, which was strong and noticeable, him being so affectionate. Every morning when I went for a swim in the lake, he'd see me coming, and he'd cavort and do water gymnastics until I got out. He'd come to my call, just as he did to Alphonse's, and seemed to try his best to make me feel at home.

But he never did like Jimmy, I'm sorry to say. That yell he heard Jimmy give sort of prejudiced him, I guess. He didn't shy any more soup plates, but he just didn't take any more interest in him, and Jimmy seemed to rather enjoy the slight. It was a mutual dislike, too. If Jimmy could have handed Billy a dynamite sandwich, he'd have done it I reckon; but he never let on to Alphonse that the snake's vagaries hurt his feelings.

Even the night that Billy took Alphonse for a ride, Jimmy didn't look jealous. The snake was laying up on the beach, as usual, and Alphonse was scraping his head with a piece of board, when Billy seemed took with an idea. He slipped his head under Alphonse, raised his back, and started for the lake again, with Alphonse sitting astride his neck, same as a bareback rider in the circus. Billy took him fast across the lake and back, and Alphonse was so tickled with the experience that he made me try it the next night.

Every night after that Alphonse and I would have a ride or two, and all Billy asked was a box of sardines and a three-minutes' scratch of the head. I don't believe there ever lived a kinder-hearted sea serpent than Billy.

But, of course, this couldn't last. The end was bound to come, and it came sudden enough when it did. Alphonse had just announced to us, about two weeks after we had landed, that he thought Billy was ready for his trip.

"He won't try to play hookey," said he, answering my question on that subject. "When we get him to the coast, he'll be afraid to leave me. I think we'll start to-morrow, and then—across the water for us, and, fortune waiting on the other side! We'll have Billy the talk of the world inside of——"

And that was as far as Alphonse got. Something broke loose under the island just then, and the lake commenced to tear about as if there were a cyclone at the bottom of it.

Billy looked back at his happy home, slid up on the bank, shoved his head between Alphonse's legs, and whirled out into the middle of that boiling, roaring sheet of water like he had been sent for. Alphonse at once grabbed him by the ears and yelled for him to go back, but it wasn't any use.

As they reached the middle of the lake, there come a noise like Niagara and a dynamite factory let loose at once, and the ground under Jimmy and me began to buckle and crawl.

I closed my eyes a minute and hung on to Jimmy, trying to think of something fitting to say, and when I opened them again, the lake was gone! In its place was the long ravine

Alphonse had told us about, and a big, ugly-looking crack, into which the last of the lake was pouring. Out of the crack stuck a few yards of poor old Billy's tail. Before I could say a word, that had disappeared, and Jimmy and I were alone!

The lake was gone, the snake was gone, the earthquake had come and gone, and Alphonse——

"Come on!" I yelled. "That snake has kidnapped Alphonse, Jimmy Raines!"

Jimmy made some sort of answer, but I didn't hear him. I was running down the wet, slippery bed of the lake towards the hole Billy had gone into. It never come to me that Alphonse couldn't live in the water like Billy could; they had been so friendly and together so much I had forgotten they were different. But when I stumbled over a big boulder and fell flat, the jar brought me to my senses.

"You are right," I says, when Jimmy came panting up; "it ain't no use to hunt Alphonse. He's gone, and nothing left to show it."

Jimmy buried his face in his hands. "Ain't it terrible?" says he. "Not even a thing to bury!"

"He bragged too much," says I, "and he didn't have his fingers crossed!"

"But he ain't dead yet," says a weak voice from the other side of the boulder, and there was Alphonse, sound and well, though wet and weak.

"When I'd seen what was happening," he explained, "I knowed Billy was trying to take me with him back to his home. When we got here I jumped, and hung on to this rock, while the water whirled around me and sucked him down. I skun my knees and knuckles, but I ain't lost nothing but my snake."

We all looked at the little crack that had swallowed our fortunes, but we felt too bad to talk much.

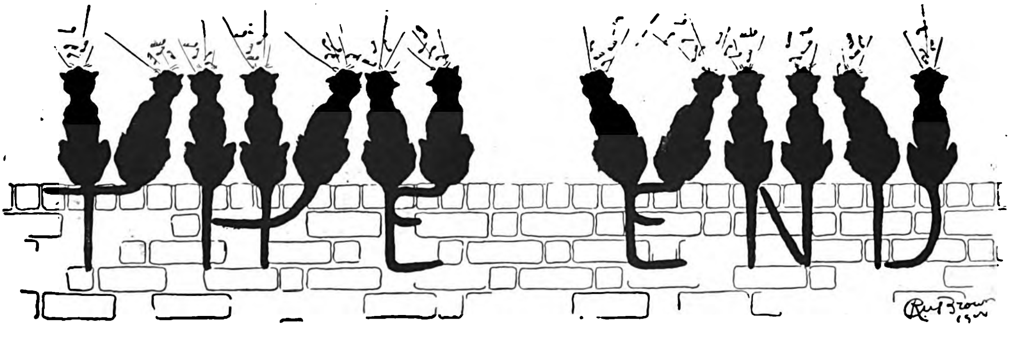
"I reckon," says Jimmy, after a while, "that it won't pay to cry over spilt sea serpents. Let's make the best of it. We played Billy off the boards, and we lost. It's back to the States for me!"

"I guess you are right," says Alphonse, "and the 'quake seems to have wound up the affairs of the Sea Serpent Syndicate. Well, gentlemen, I'm sorry, but I hope you'll hold me blameless. I could tame a sea serpent, but I ain't much on taming earthquakes."

The next day we drilled back to the coast. Alphonse wouldn't hear of us taking him along, though. "My work is here," says he, "and here I stay." Then he added very wistful, and the tears pretty close, I tell you: "And if Billy ever should come back, I wouldn't want him to think I had deserted him."

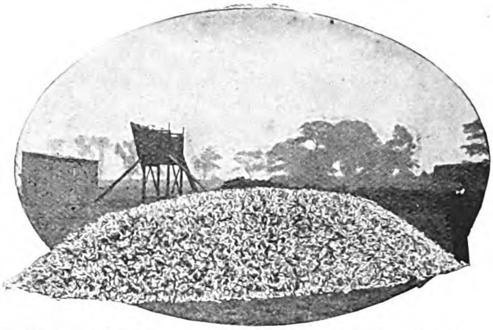
As luck would have it, we sighted a vessel two hours after we reached the coast, and the captain sent a small boat to take us aboard. Jimmy and I shook hands hard with Alphonse, and when we had got aboard the steamer, we watched him until we couldn't see no more.

That was five years ago—and we have never heard from Alphonse. So I guess the Sea Serpent Syndicate was dissolved for good and all the day Billy went out with the earthquake.



PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

The Editor Hopes that Readers will Send him any Photographs which they Think are Suitable for Reproduction in these Pages.



A heap of over 2,000,000 cartridges shot off at the London Sporting Park, Hendon.

CARTRIDGES BY THE MILLION.

One of the most popular of the Metropolitan shooting clubs has its headquarters at the London Sporting Park, Hendon.

When a big shoot takes place it is no uncommon thing for some thousands of cartridges to be shot off in a single day, and when the meeting is concluded, the part of the ground from which the sportsmen fired presents an appearance of great disorder, owing to the enormous quantities of empty cartridge cases left lying there.

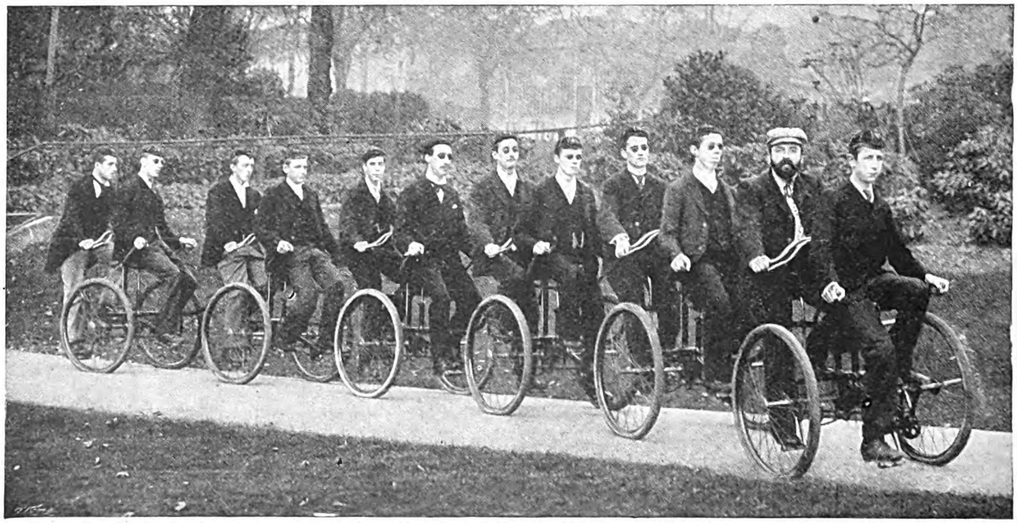
At the close of each day's firing, when the club members have gone home, it is the duty of the man in charge of the range to make the ground neat and tidy preparatory to the next shoot. He collects the empty cases and piles them up into a big heap, the one shown in the picture containing more than two million cases—the remains of many days' sport as can be imagined.

BLIND CYCLISTS.

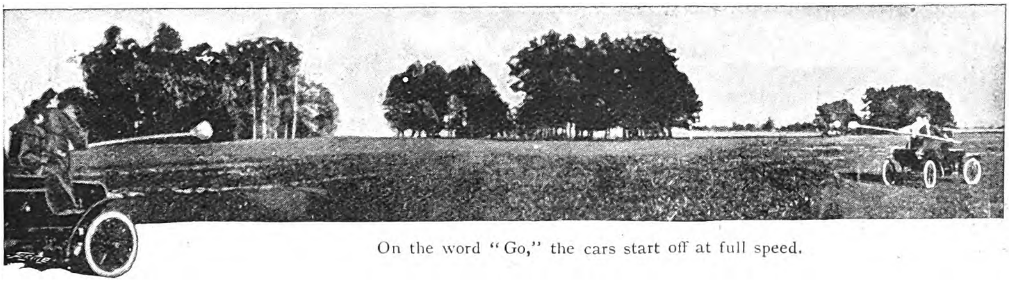
Sightless people are cut off from so many of the amusements which those who are able to make use of their eyes enjoy, that one learns almost with surprise that some of them are accomplished cyclists.

At the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Norwood, the pupils have a multicycle on which it is possible for twelve persons to ride. This multicycle is twenty-eight feet in length, and is steered, of course, by a sighted person, who sits on the second seat of the machine. The blind pupils thoroughly enjoy their rides, and think nothing of doing from fifty to one hundred miles in a day. The College also possesses other cycles of less seating capacity.

When concerts and gymnastic displays are to be given by the pupils they cycle long distances, such as to Brighton, Derby, and Birmingham.



This team of blind cyclists rode on a multicycle from London to Brighton and back (100 miles) in 10 hours 45 minutes. There were eighty candidates for the eleven places.



On the word "Go," the cars start off at full speed.

MODERN LANCE TILTING.

A New Game for the Present-Day Crœsus.

The American Society girl has wearied of the amusements to which she has so long been accustomed, such as lawn-tennis, golf, and hockey, and has invented an entirely new pastime wherewith to distract her during hours of leisure. It is a modern form of tilting the lance, motor-cars being used instead of horses.

There are generally two participators in the contest, though, provided the number on each side is the same, there need be no limit. The sport is better, however, with only two.

Each girl provides herself with a motor-car—lightly built, if possible—and a friend to drive it. In her hand the contestant carries a long, light pole, or lance, to the end of which is attached a large, loose pad, having in its centre a strong spring.

The object of the game is to disable the adversary by means of the lance. In doing this serious injuries sometimes result, as may be imagined when it is remembered that the cars approach each other at a high speed.

In one case a girl was rendered unconscious, while several others have received bruises which served to remind them of the battles for some weeks.

At a recent tournament one of the combatants received the end of her opponent's lance under her chin, and was thrown by the force of the blow right over the back of her seat, falling heavily to the ground.

The girls do not seem to be discouraged by these mishaps, but take fresh heart and come up smiling, ready to receive the next blow, or to get in a telling one themselves.

A skilful driver for the car is very necessary to success, for a great deal of the effectiveness of the blows depends upon the way in which a car is manœuvred round that containing the opponent.

The cars are stationed some way apart, and at a given signal they start off at full speed. The combatants level their lances ready for action as they approach within striking distance, and as the cars slow down each tries to get her blow in first.

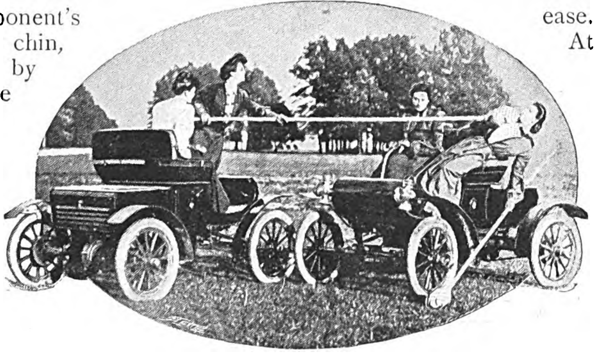
The blows are aimed at the head or upper part of the body, and one or other of the contestants is often precipitated to the ground as a result of being struck by her opponent's lance.

It is rather a bad look out for a girl if she decides to charge standing and then fails to get her blow in, for she is almost certain to have a nasty fall, occasioned either by her overbalancing herself, or by receiving a blow from her adversary.

Many of the girls prefer not to charge violently, but to have the cars drawn up within striking distance, and then to pummel and poke each other with their lances until one of them has had enough.

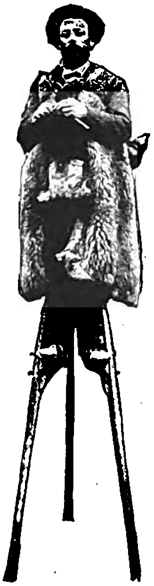
Skill and quickness tell much more than strength in these contests, though a girl must be well developed physically to be able to wield a lance with ease.

At Detroit, in Michigan, U.S.A., an Automobile Lance Tournament Club has recently been formed. It already boasts of a large membership, and the meetings, which are held at short intervals, are well attended.



At close quarters—one of the fair duellists receiving a knock-out blow.

LIVING ON STILTS.



A French shepherd who spends all his day on stilts, and is an accomplished knitter.

In the Landes district of France there are large areas where the ground is so marshy that easy walking is almost out of the question. To the majority of the inhabitants this is not of great consequence, but the shepherds who must of necessity wander all over the countryside while tending their flocks are much inconvenienced.

In order to prevent this, to a certain extent, they have taken to wearing stilts, which raise them some three feet from the ground, and the ease and rapidity with which they get about are little short of marvellous.

It is difficult to find a really dry spot of ground anywhere, so the shepherds spend the whole of the day on their stilts, never getting off them from the time they leave home in the morning until their return at night.

To gain still more ease in walking, the men secure their feet to the stilts and take with them a long pole, which they use as a walking-stick. This pole serves a double purpose, for when the shepherd wishes to rest, he sets the pole in the ground behind him—it has a stout cross-piece attached to the top—and leans against it.

Clothes are scarce, and expensive when obtainable, so coats of sheep and goatskin, which are worn during the cold weather, are made by the men themselves.

In those parts of France—such as the Landes—which are situated at a great distance from a town, the peasants naturally have very few opportunities of gaining education of any kind. The consequence is that the majority of them are most illiterate.

Instead of employing their time while tending sheep in reading, the Landes shepherds occupy themselves with knitting garments for their own use and that of their families.

CROWD OF RICKSHAWS.

Very few of the well-to-do natives of India, and certainly no Britisher resident in that country, unless compelled by necessity to do so, will walk when going from one place to another. Instead, they charter a rickshaw, which for more or less short distances, answers the purpose of a hansom in London.

The Indian rickshaw is somewhat similar in appearance to a bath chair, with the exception that it has two wheels only, and is fitted with a pair of shafts. It is drawn by a coolie running in between the shafts, one of which he holds in each hand.

During the intense heat all the British residents who are able leave the towns and resort to the Himalayas. A favourite place is Simla, at which the Viceroy and his Court generally stay. Here, among the snow-capped mountains, the air is breathable.

When His Majesty King Edward was lying so dangerously ill from appendicitis at the time that his Coronation was fixed to take place, services of prayer for his recovery were held in every part of the Empire. At Simla a service of intercession took place at Christ Church, and was attended by all the notabilities in the district. They were brought to the church in rickshaws, which, in the picture, may be seen waiting outside until the conclusion of the service. Such a large number of these conveyances assembled together formed a sight not easily forgotten. In the background is seen the Town Hall, a splendid pile of buildings.

A coolie can draw a passenger a great distance and at a good speed, too, apparently without feeling tired. Rickshaws are built for one person only, and afford a very comfortable means of travelling. The cover protects the rider from the rays of the sun.

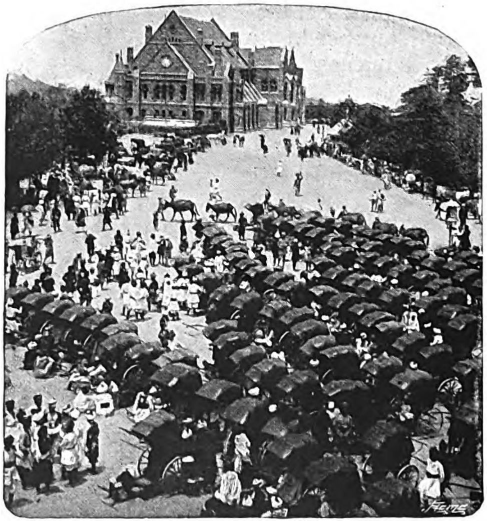


Photo *Underwood & Underwood.*

Rickshaws before Christ Church, Simla, during service of prayer for the recovery of His Majesty King Edward VII.

OSTRICH-DRAWN CARRIAGE.

The ostrich is quite one of the most difficult creatures to tame, and even when long years have been spent trying to induce him to be amenable to discipline, his keeper can never be certain that, though the personification of docileness one day, he will not change his mind and be just as wild as it is possible to be on the morrow.

In the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris — a beautiful spot where specimens of living creatures, flowers, trees, and shrubs from tropical countries live to delight the eyes of residents and visitors to the French capital — is an ostrich which, with great patience, has been trained to draw a wagonette in which children love to have rides, just as they do on the back of a camel or elephant at the London Zoological Gardens.

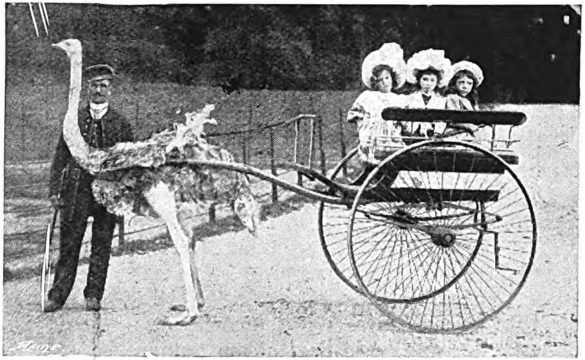


Photo L. Bayly.

Children can have rides in this ostrich carriage at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris.

Time and again the trainer tried to persuade the ostrich to allow a bit to be put into its mouth, but entirely without success. The bird would open its mouth readily enough, but as the trainer was just about to insert the bar of steel between its jaws, they would come together with a tantalising snap. After repeated attempts all further efforts in this direction were abandoned.

The harness of the ostrich is a very simple affair, consisting as it does solely of a leather band, serving the same purpose as a girth on a horse. This girth is attached to a wagonette, specially built for the bird to draw, and capable of holding six child passengers.

The trainer walks alongside the bird, guiding him more by words of command than by means of the harness.

BIG HAUL OF WHALES.

Beyond an occasional wreck, or a very violent storm, the excitements that fall to the lot of the inhabitants of the lonely Shetland Islands are very few and far between, so it was indeed an event in the lives of the dwellers at Whiteness, a tiny hamlet on an inlet in the rugged coast, when they discovered, lying stranded on the shore, a large shoal of whales, which had evidently been washed up by the waves during a storm.

The big, unwieldy mammals floundered about for some time on the beach in their endeavours to get back to their native ocean, but all the villagers were summoned down to the shore and eventually dispatched the whole shoal, though not without having considerable trouble with some of the more active monsters before they were able to finally render them motionless.

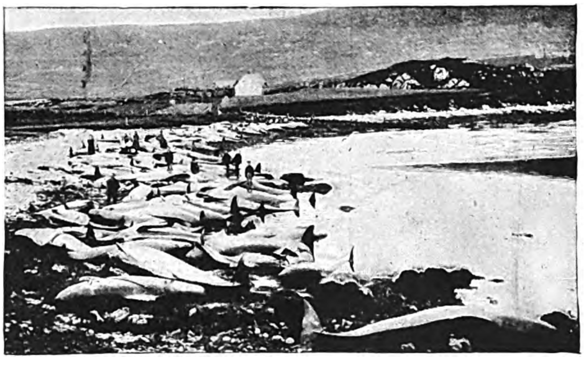


Photo R. H. Ramsay.

A big shoal of whales captured off the Shetland Islands.

A whale cannot move easily when out of water, but he can inflict a nasty blow with his tail, and with so many of the creatures lying together in such close proximity, the killers had to be very much on the alert in order to protect themselves from injury.

As soon as the whales were killed, the islanders roped them together, securing the ropes to piles driven into the beach; otherwise the probability was that they might be washed out to sea with the rising tide, and then the valuable haul would have been totally lost.

The next process was to cut up the mammals, an operation which occupied some days; nearly every part of a whale's anatomy can be made use of in one way or another.

THE MILKMAID CUP.

THE GREATEST TREASURE BELONGING TO THE VINTNERS' COMPANY.

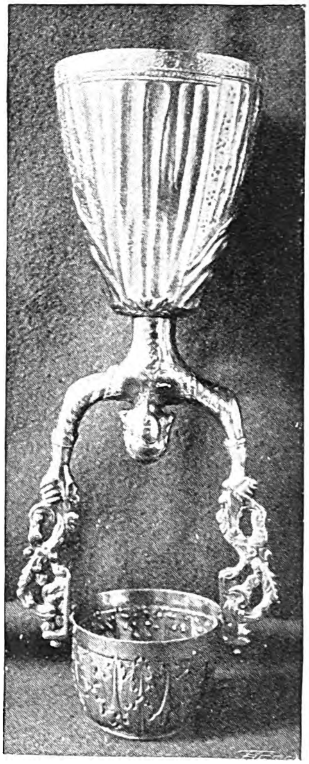
ALL the great Companies of the City of London own special treasures, which are on view, and sometimes in use on great occasions. Though the Vintners possess a silver-gilt salt-cellar which is valued at more than one thousand guineas, that is not their most prized piece of plate.

In the seventeenth century a cup was constructed for the Company in the form of a milkmaid. Others like it may have been made at the same time, but no records of their existence are extant.

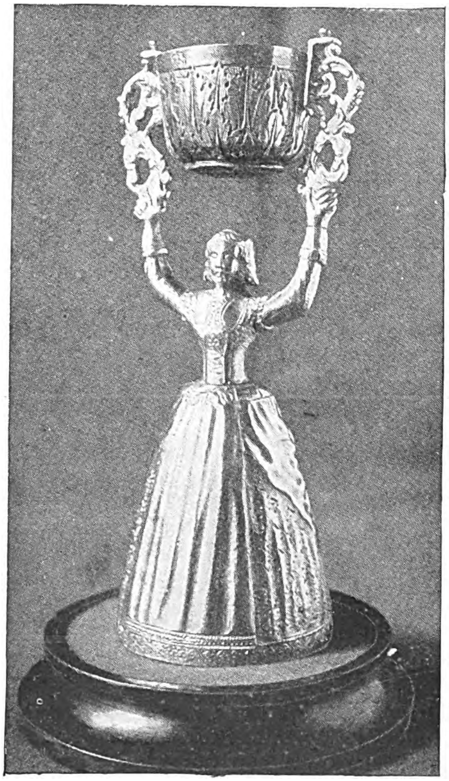
The cup really consists of two separate vessels—one a small wine cup, held over the head of the milkmaid in the form of a pail hanging on pivots supported by the hands of the figure; the other is the petticoat of the milkmaid which, when reversed, affords a receptacle for a considerable quantity of liquor.

The whole of this very valuable vessel, which is made of silver-gilt, forms a double cup, for on the figure being inverted, both the cups are filled with wine, and unless he is an experienced hand at it, the Vintner when drinking the contents of the petticoat, or larger vessel, is very apt to spill some of the wine contained in the smaller one.

When new members of the Company are present at a dinner, the older liverymen derive a good deal of amusement from watching the efforts of a newly-inducted Vintner to drink from the vessel without spilling any of its contents. This is a feat which is seldom accomplished. Even with practice the greatest care has to be taken, otherwise the contents of the swinging pail may be precipitated on to the floor or on to the clothes of the drinker. A very steady hand is required. The Milkmaid Cup is used as a loving cup, so everyone in turn must drink from it at a banquet.



Milkmaid Cup reversed. In this position it forms two cups, and it is customary for new liverymen to endeavour to drink from the large cup without spilling any of the contents of the smaller.



The famous Milkmaid Cup of the Vintners which dates back to the seventeenth century.

In the days when this cup was made the competition to turn out quantities of beautiful articles in the least possible time was of course nothing like what it is now, the consequence being that a workman could put his very best work into whatever he had in hand. The Milkmaid Cup is a very fine specimen of the skill of the seventeenth century.

The Fishmongers value two particular trophies. One is an exquisite model of a French frigate which was built at the beginning of last century by French naval prisoners of war, then confined in the prison at Lewes. The frames, decks, planking, masts, and yards are all manufactured from the mutton bones they saved from their rations. The other trophy is the dagger with which Sir William Walworth slew Wat Tyler.

A CHANGE OF NAME

The Story of how a Plot to Win a Proposal Came very near to Failure.

BY CHARLES W. WESTRON.

ROSE O'BRIEN was twenty-six, decidedly pretty, and unmarried. Moreover, she had never received a proposal.

It annoyed little Mrs. Spillsbury. She said it showed the black wickedness of the world and the brutal ingratitude of mankind.

"I don't mind, Kate, if you don't mind," laughed Rose.

"Now don't be irritating, Rose," said Mrs. Spillsbury, trying vainly to pucker her plump face into a frown. "You know you have only just arrived with the sole idea of cheering me up for six weeks until my devoted husband comes home. Don't begin by being irritating."

Rose took a cake and ate it meditatively; then she drank another cup of tea.

"I hate men," she said.

"So do I," agreed Mrs. Spillsbury, "all except Jack, that is."

"But I think on the whole I *should* like a proposal."

"Oh, you darling!" cried Mrs. Spillsbury, jumping up and embracing Rose effusively. "I can't imagine why you haven't had lots. With all that hair, and those big brown eyes—not to mention other things, I should have thought half the men you have met would have been at your feet. Oh, but I'm forgetting! You hate them, you know, Rose. You detest them. You have just said so."

"I shouldn't marry," Rose explained calmly. "I should like a proposal just for the pleasure of refusing it."

Mrs. Spillsbury understood. Rose would refuse it curtly—brutally.

"You would show him up, whoever he was, in his true colours."

"And send him home, wherever it happened to be, with his tail between—I mean a sadder and a wiser man," laughed Rose.

She took another cake. Disappointment had not yet spoilt her appetite.

"Delightful!" gurgled Mrs. Spillsbury. "I do wish we could arrange it. It would be lovely. But the fact is you are too superior, Rose; too reserved, too stand-offish."

"I suppose I am," said Rose dubiously.

"Of course you are. Now I never was stand-offish. I'm six months younger than you, and I've been married three years—and Jack will be home from South Africa in six weeks—not that that has anything to do with it," she added with a slight blush.

"We all love Jack," murmured Rose under her breath.

"Don't be sarcastic, Rose; I quite agree with you that all the others are brutes. But all the same you *are* too stand-offish. I don't quite know what we're to do. Oh——!"

Mrs. Spillsbury gave a shriek and ran from the room as fast as a figure rather unsuited for such exercise allowed, leaving Rose somewhat astonished at her sudden exit.

"It's an idea," she explained on her return, "a great, glorious idea."

"It looks more like a book," said Rose, alluding to a red object which Mrs. Spills-

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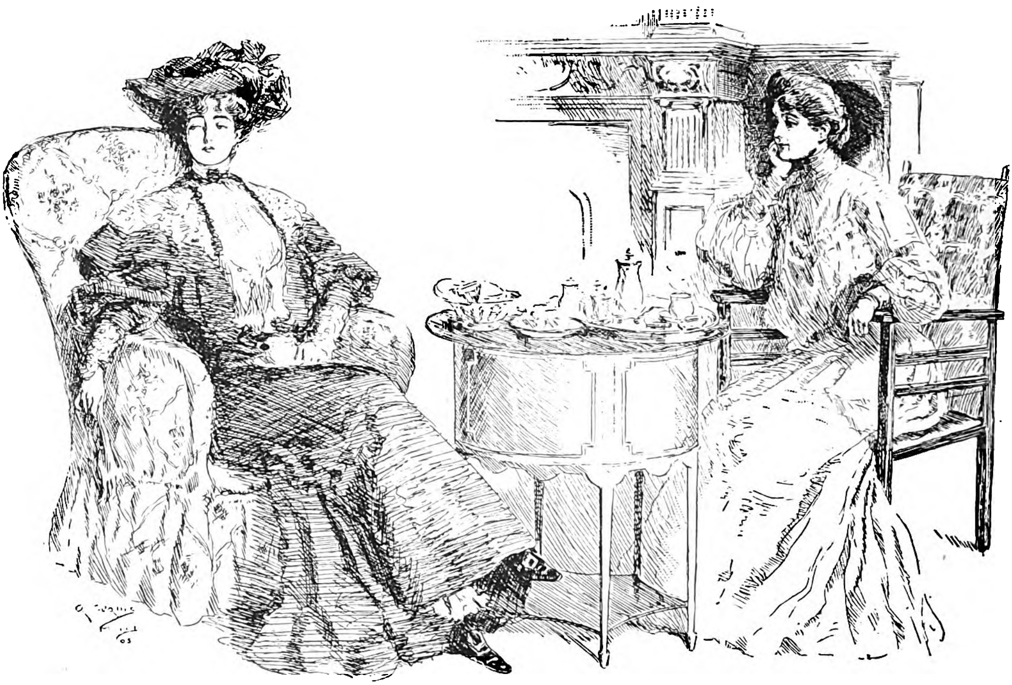


"I hate men," she said. "So do I," agreed Mrs. Spillsbury, "all except Jack, that is."

bury was waving in triumph. "It looks just like one of Dicken's."

It was. Mrs. Spillsbury admitted it freely. Then she sat down and began whipping over the pages in great excitement, whilst Rose watched her with resigned interest.

"Here it is!" cried Mrs. Spillsbury. "I've found it. I knew it was here. I was sure of it. 'Pickwick Papers,' Rose."

"'Pickwick Papers,'" said Rose with astonishment.

"Why not?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Chapter 55, Rose. Listen to this!"

"'More widders is married than single wimin,' gruffly remarked Mr. Weller."

Rose stared at her volatile companion in hopeless amazement.

Mrs. Spillsbury rose and pointed at her with a portentous forefinger.

"Mr. Weller was right, Rose—quite right. Be a widow, and you shall have your proposal within a month. I'll guarantee it."

Rose sank back in helpless laughter, but Mrs. Spillsbury was not to be denied. Rose must be a widow. The fact of her being a widow would counteract the effect of her unfortunate stand-offishness. Widows proverbially were not stand-offish; and if they seemed to be, it must be a mistake. That's the way suitors would argue.

"But I'm not a widow," weakly protested Rose.

"Now don't be tantalising, Rose. Think of what a glorious opportunity it is. You're alone in the world; Jack's away; you're staying with me for six weeks; and, to crown all, nobody—not even the maids—knows your name yet. Why, it's lovely! Don't spoil sport. You must, shall, and will be a widow. You shall have your proposal, and then—revenge!" and Mrs. Spillsbury struck an attitude appropriate to the idea.

"But——" began Rose.

She got no further. Just then the door was thrown open. Mr. Eversfield was announced.

"Oh, Laurence," said Mrs. Spillsbury to the newcomer, in a rather shaky voice. "So glad you called. It gives me an opportunity of introducing you to my friend, Mrs.—er—Brown. Rose—Mr. Eversfield."

Laurence Eversfield, who was a tall, dark, rather good-looking man, bowed.

Rose stood for a moment with compressed lips and heightened colour; then, with a slight inclination of her head, she swept from the room.

"Poor darling," explained Mrs. Spillsbury in a voice trembling with pathos. "Husband lost at sea, Laurence, and we have been talking about it."

That is how, at one fell swoop, Rose O'Brien was rushed into matrimony and out of it again. The process naturally upset her a good bit; and it was not for some considerable time after the visitor's departure that she made her reappearance.

"How could you be so foolish, Kate?" she asked in some indignation.

"My dear girl, I absolutely couldn't resist it," explained Mrs. Spillsbury. "Besides, it was an inspiration, a stroke of genius. And oh, Rose, how lucky it was you are wearing a black frock with only a touch or two of white in it."

"Anyhow you might have given me a more distinguished name than Brown," grumbled Rose, half appeased.

Mrs. Spillsbury explained that Brown was the first name that occurred to her. "I hadn't much time to think," she pointed out.

"Very well," said Rose, "I forgive you—only don't do it again."

"Not do it again!" gasped Mrs. Spillsbury. "Why, Rose, what *do* you mean?"

"You surely don't think I'm going on with this ridiculous deception?"

"Not going on with it? Of course you are. You must. I've told Laurence Eversfield, for one. Mrs. Crampton called just now. She's a conversationalist, and I've told her. I've told the maids—by the way, what a bit of luck you didn't bring yours. Yes, there's no help for it, Rose, you must go on with it—and, oh, how ripping it will be!" cried Mrs. Spillsbury, with a sigh of anticipation.

Rose sank back into her chair in genuine consternation.

"Do you really mean that I've got to be a widow for six weeks?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Spillsbury cheerfully. "That's exactly what I do mean. It will be sublime. And, Rose, you may laugh and jeer, but I feel sure that Laurence Eversfield—well, if you had only seen his face when I told him you were a widow. A look passed over it which spoke volumes."

"Don't be absurd."

"I'm not absurd. It's merely another inspiration. I've a sort of premonition or presentiment, or whatever you call it, that Laurence Eversfield will be the man. You smile. Well, wait and see. Mark my words, he will propose within six weeks. I'm morally sure of it. I'll bet you a dozen pairs of gloves on it, Rose."

"Done," said Rose.

"But you must play fair. You must give the poor man a chance. And then, when he does propose (as he must and shall), then comes revenge. I can picture the scene. Laurence Eversfield kneeling on the hearthrug with his trousers slightly hitched up to save the knees—he's very well dressed, Rose—trembling, cowed, penitent. You, standing very erect, with your chin even more in the air than usual, and——"

"Don't be so absurd," protested Rose again.

"But, honestly, Rose, I should like you to spurn—spurn is the right word, isn't it?—Laurence Eversfield. I'm almost sure I don't like him. I hate men that look at you as if you were the only funny thing they had seen in their lives, but that they couldn't quite summon up pluck to smile at you. Laurence is that kind of man. He is a great friend of Jack's, too. I don't think husbands ought to have great friends, do you? I say, do you think he is good-looking, Rose?"

Three weeks passed, and with every week Mrs. Spillsbury became more elated. She began to assume an air of omniscience which would have done credit to a lady-palmist.

Laurence Eversfield had called again and again; and before Rose's advent he had not been a frequent caller. Besides, he had sent flowers, and he had left theatre-tickets.

"You're doing it beautifully," said Mrs. Spillsbury one day. "You're leading him on."

"I'm not," said Rose indignantly.

"Well, if you are not leading, he is following, and it comes to much the same thing," said Mrs. Spillsbury, with a ripple of laughter at her own humour. "He is a follower, Rose. There isn't a doubt of it. Don't look too disgusted, dear."

"By the way," said Rose, ignoring the sally, "I don't like to be inquisitive, but who *was* my husband? His name was Brown, I know, and that's about all I do know. It isn't much to know about one's own husband."

It certainly wasn't; but Mrs. Spillsbury could (as she put it) refresh her memory. Rose's husband was one—James Brown. He was interested in South American mining. The ship he was on foundered in the Pacific. The passengers and crew took to the boats and were rescued by a passing ship. But not all were saved. Among the missing was poor James Brown. "All this happened two years ago," concluded Mrs. Spillsbury. "Haven't I settled it all beautifully? By the way, James Brown had a rooted objection to heavy mourning, that's why you don't wear it."

It was soon after this that Mrs. Spillsbury began to notice a change in her friend. Rose seemed to be abandoning the attitude of amused indifference which she had been accustomed to present to society in general.

"I do wish," she said one day, "that you hadn't given me that horrid name—Brown."

"Why not? It's a perfectly inoffensive name, and it is only for a short time. I'm looking forward to my gloves, Rose, I am indeed. I want them badly."

"I hate the name," said Rose, with a strange petulance.

Mrs. Spillsbury, with that quickness of insight on which she was wont to plume herself, diagnosed Rose's complaint at once. She was evidently becoming harassed and exasperated by the pressing nature of Laurence Eversfield's attentions. It was a development for which Mrs. Spillsbury was not altogether unprepared. It was, after all, only natural that Rose should get a little bit tired of the business. At the same time, one couldn't make omelets without breaking eggs. Rose, even as a widow, couldn't expect a man to propose to her without making love to her first. And the *dénouement* was well worth a little trouble. It was to be so delightfully dramatic; and it was coming so soon, too. Mrs. Spillsbury was sure of it. Her wild anticipations were about to be verified to the letter. She became more certain as to that every day.

"The horrid man"—Mrs. Spillsbury had now quite convinced herself that he was a horrid man—"the horrid man is desperately in love with you."

"Oh, don't!" said Rose.

"A little more rope, my dear! Give him just a wee bit more rope, and the thing's done."

"Oh, *don't!*" said Rose again rather pitifully. Then she got up and walked out of the room, leaving Mrs. Spillsbury sagely nodding her head in silent self-communion.

It was just three days after this that Mrs. Spillsbury on her return from paying a round of calls, was informed that Mr. Eversfield was in the library with Rose. Mrs. Spillsbury, whose mind, stimulated by successful prophecy, was now peculiarly liable to the influence of presentiments, immediately became possessed of the conviction that the great proposal was then and there taking place.

On entering the room, however, she had to admit that in this particular case she had been a trifle premature. Laurence was not kneeling on the hearthrug; Rose was not standing over him in an attitude of disdain. At the same time, Mrs. Spillsbury felt certain that something unusual was happening. There was an atmosphere of constraint in the room which she associated with a scene. Rose, was seated on a lounge, looking wofully pale, while Laurence was apparently staring at her in disconsolate silence. Mrs. Spillsbury murmured something about taking off her hat, and was about to make a hurried exit, when:

"Don't go," said Rose; "something's happened."

"What is it, dear?"

"Mr. Eversfield has found my husband," faltered Rose.

For a moment, Mrs. Spillsbury stared uncomprehendingly at her friend; then, with a shriek, she subsided—flop—into a chair.

"Found your husband!" she gasped. "Why, there isn't—I mean, he doesn't—I mean——" and she took refuge in a non-committing silence.

Then Laurence Eversfield explained.

"It's quite true," he said, "I have been the happy means of discovering that Mrs. Brown's husband is still alive. To describe how I met him, or to relate the strange adventures which befel him after the time of his supposed death, would be for the moment superfluous."

"Quite," interrupted Mrs. Spillsbury, truth for once getting the better of civility. "How did all come out, Rose, dear?"

"Laurence—Mr. Eversfield asked me what his name was, and I said it was James," wailed the unhappy Rose. "Oh, Kate, you know it was James."

"Yes, yes, it was James, right enough," said Mrs. Spillsbury, glancing uneasily at Eversfield. "Of course, it was."

"And he asked me when he was drowned, and where, and I said it was two years ago in the Pacific. Oh, Kate, you know you said so yourself."

"A little overwrought," whispered Mrs. Spillsbury to Eversfield. "Yes, yes, darling."

"And—and then he asked me if he was lost in the *Memphis*, and I said 'yes' to that, too. What could I say? And, oh, Kate, he is a short, fat, red-haired man, and he is coming here to see me to-morrow. It's too much," she groaned.

It proved altogether too much for Mrs. Spillsbury. She lay back in her chair and laughed until she could laugh no longer. Neither Rose's woe-begone looks, nor Eversfield's solemn face could restrain her. She had her laugh out. Then she rose, somewhat shamefacedly, and taking him to the further end of the room:

"I'm afraid we are rather hysterical," she explained. "But such sudden, such unexpected news! Is it really so, Laurence?"

"I think so," said Eversfield. "It would be too extraordinary a coincidence, if two men, both having the same surname and the same Christian name, should have been lost on the same boat."

"Did you ask him his wife's name?"

"Well, no; I didn't want to raise false hopes. You see, when I met him, I never dreamt that Mrs. Brown's husband could possibly be alive. Ah well, sorrow and joy are sometimes strangely intertwined in this world of ours. Good-bye!" and hurriedly gripping her hand, he rushed from the room.

All this time Rose had not moved. Her chin upon her hands, she was apparently lost in thought.

"Here's a pretty mess," cried Mrs. Spillsbury. "You were quite right about the name being undistinguished, Rose. When one comes to think of it, I daresay dozens of James Browns have been drowned in the Pacific. It's very annoying, though, that this particular one should have come to life again, isn't it?"

There was no answer.

"But it was that horrid *Memphis* that did it," continued Mrs. Spillsbury. "If you hadn't admitted that he sailed in the *Memphis*, it would have been all right. An extinct James Brown on any other vessel wouldn't have mattered at all. A real, live, short, fat, red-haired James Brown from a real wrecked *Memphis* is rather a nuisance, isn't he? Especially as he is coming to see you to-morrow," she added with a slight giggle.

Still no answer.

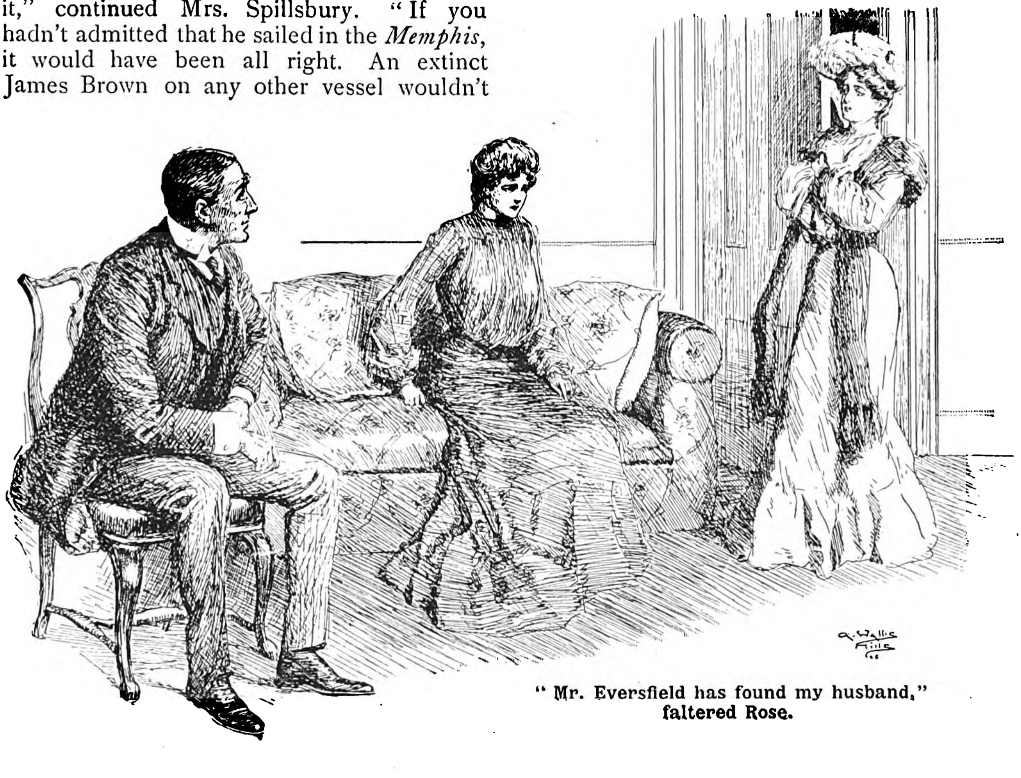
"But, oh, Rose," rattled on Mrs. Spillsbury, "can't you see how funny it all is, how excruciatingly funny? Haven't you any sense of humour? And, after all, it doesn't matter. You certainly haven't had the pleasure of refusing Laurence Eversfield, but it comes to much the same thing, except that I lose my gloves. I'm sure he would have proposed, and very soon, too. He was on the verge, my dear, on the verge."

Then Rose O'Brien hid her face in her hands.

"But I love him," she said.

There was silence for a while, broken only by Rose's convulsive sobs. Mrs. Spillsbury said nothing. Indeed she could think of nothing to say which was at all likely to improve the situation, and presently she slipped away.

Rose, left alone, abandoned herself to her grief. Here was Nemesis indeed! Why had she been inveigled into this abominable campaign? Why had she entered on a path which was bound to bring mortification to



"Mr. Eversfield has found my husband," faltered Rose.

somebody? And, above all, why had she allowed herself to fall in love with Laurence Eversfield? Shame, if nothing else, should have prevented her. But if only things were different—if only she could eliminate from her past this ridiculous fantasy? Over and over and over again she traversed the ground, but there was no escaping from the conclusion. By her own act she had destroyed her own happiness.

She was roused from her sombre reverie by Mrs. Spillsbury's voice. "Rose," she was calling excitedly; and a moment afterwards, bustling in, she took her hands, energetically pulled her to her feet, and kissed her.

"It's all right, darling."

"How can it be?"

"But it is. I've seen Laurence."

"Seen him?" faltered Rose.

"Yes, and I've explained, like a naughty child, how it was all my fault, and how you are the sweetest girl in the world, and, Rose, he didn't seem to want much convincing."

"What did he say?" asked Rose. "He couldn't forgive it, I'm sure. It was such a petty, mean, despicable trick to play."

"He laughed."

"Laughed?" asked Rose, somewhat disconcerted.

"Uproariously."

"Well, thank you very much," said Rose, in a somewhat injured voice. "You always were a darling, Kate, but I think it must have been rather a bitter laugh you heard."

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Spillsbury briskly.

"I'm glad I'm going away. I'm glad I shall never see him again."

Mrs. Spillsbury felt (as she afterwards explained) that it was a moment for deeds not words. Taking Rose's arm with a firm grasp, she led her downstairs, opened a door, and gave her a gentle push. Then she withdrew beaming. Half an hour afterwards, Rose fetched her. Rose was beaming, too. They both entered the room, where, curiously enough, was Laurence Eversfield, also beaming.

"Laurence wants to tell us something," whispered Rose.

"It's only this," said Laurence. "There never was any short, fat, red-haired man. I invented him. As far as I am concerned, there never was any James, or any Brown, or any *Memphis*, or any Pacific, or anything. I invented them all."

"Invented them!" they cried.

"Yes, the man is merely the product of an ingenious imagination. You see, I couldn't leave all the imagination to you, Mrs. Spillsbury. Do you remember the first occasion on which I met Rose? Well, the door was a trifle open as I approached your drawing-room, and I happened to hear you make a very interesting remark. 'You must, shall, and will be a widow!' you cried. I didn't forget that. Besides, I had an idea from the first that your tale was a trifle thin. Well, I made it a little thicker for you, that's all! Now, don't resent it, Rose. We are all of us in the same boat—all petty, all mean, all despicable! It's not the least good resenting it. Besides, I won't have it. Say you don't resent it, or I'll kiss you before Mrs. Spillsbury."

"I don't resent it," said Rose, "but I'll never, never change my name again."

"What, never?" cried Mrs. Spillsbury archly.

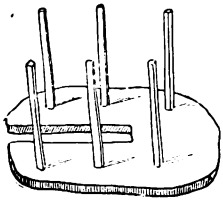
Rose blushed.

"I think I've won my gloves," said Mrs. Spillsbury, "and I think I deserve them."

MR. —HIS PAGES.

"Mr. X" has just opened a letter addressed to Mr. Y Z. He says that it was obviously intended for him. I asked him Y. "Y Z equals Wise Head," said "Mr. X," "and who has a wiser head than I?" What do you say?

MATCH AND POTATO PUZZLE



Here is a sketch which is supposed to represent a slice off a potato with six matches sticking in it.

The puzzle is to lay it flat on the table, and with a knife make two straight cuts, parting the potato in six pieces, having a match sticking up in each piece.

* * *

THE QUESTION.

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite's eye
Can better descry
Than can you or can I
On how many toes a pussy cat goes?

THE ANSWER.

Well, a man of deceit
Can best counterfeit (count her feet),
And, therefore, I s'pose,
Can best count her toes.

* * *

POOR MOTHER!

SON: "I say, mother, do you know I've only half a shirt to my back?"

MOTHER: "Oh, my poor boy, why didn't you tell me before? I must really get you a dozen in town to-morrow."

SON: "Thanks awfully, mother, but you really needn't bother, as the other half is in front, and I've got eleven upstairs in a drawer."

* * *

DOVER TO CALAIS.

HORSHAM: "You know those Channel steamers?"

CORSHAM: "Yes. What about them?"

HORSHAM: "Well, isn't it wonderful how quickly you can be Calais Dover (carried over) by them?" [*Death of Corsham.*]

TRICKY TALK.

JACK: "I once knew a lady who was turned into wood."

FRED: "How was that?"

JACK: "Well, she went on to a vessel."

FRED: "Yes."

JACK: "And, of course, she was then aboard."

FRED: "Dear me! I once knew a man who had been deaf and dumb for twenty years, but last week he regained speech in one minute."

JACK: "How was that?"

FRED: "Well, you see, he went into a bicycle shop, picked up a wheel and—spoke."

* * *

Q. Why is a cow's tail like a very old woman?
A. Because they are both infirm. (in firm).

* * *

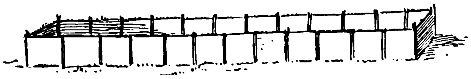
A MATTER OF ARRANGEMENT.

Place four pennies and four shillings alternately in a row. The puzzle is, in four moves, and moving two side-by-side coins at a time, to place the shillings together and the pennies together. The solution is shown in the diagram. First move 2 and 3 to 9 and 10, then 5 and 6 to 2 and 3, next 8 and 9 to 5 and 6, finally 1 and 2 to 9 and 10—and there you are!

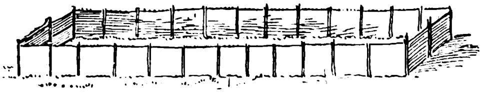
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
○	●	○	●	○	●	○	●		
○			●	○	●	○	●	●	○
○	○	●	●			○	●	●	○
○	○	●	●	●	●	○			○
		●	●	●	●	○	○	○	○

THE FARMER, THE SHEEP, AND THE HURDLES.

Now, Farmer Hodge was in a bit of a fix. He had fifty sheep, you must understand, which he kept in a fold composed of twenty-six hurdles, and built like this: Twelve hurdles along each side, one hurdle at each end. Well, on a certain market day he purchased fifty more sheep, brought them home, and found he had forgotten to get any more hurdles. And the sheep must go into a fold, because he didn't want them out among his turnips. Thought he to himself, "If they six-and-twenty hurdles will only just hold they fifty sheep, I must get another six-and-twenty hurdles to hold this fresh lot, and where on earth am I to get 'em?" "Why," said the village idiot, who happened to overhear him, "you only want two more. Use those two lying over there." And, strangely enough, that was all Farmer Hodge did want, because the first fold was built like this:—



And its holding capacity was exactly doubled by putting an extra hurdle at each end, like this:—



* * *

UNIVERSAL.

What is that that man loves more than life,
Fears more than death or mortal strife,
What the contented man desires,
The poor possess, the rich requires,
The miser spends, the spendthrifts save,
And all men carry to the grave?

ANSWER: Nothing.

* * *

OF COURSE IT CAN'T.

GREGORY: "What is the animal that has two eyes and cannot see; two ears and cannot hear; four legs and cannot walk, yet can jump as high as the Eiffel Tower?"

GEOFFREY: "Impossible. I give it up."

GREGORY: "Why, a dead donkey, of course."

GEOFFREY: "But a dead donkey can't jump at all."

GREGORY: "Quite so. Nor can the Eiffel Tower."

LEARNING YOUR FIGURES.

Ask a friend to write down on a piece of paper the figures from 1 to 9, omitting the figure 8. Thus:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9

You now ask him which figure he thinks he has formed the worst. Whichever he says, you multiply by nine and ask him to multiply his 12345679 by 18, 27, 36, or whatever the figure he picked out multiplied by nine makes.

Thus, say he considers 4 the worst formed. You at once make him multiply the figures by 36:

$$\begin{array}{r} 12345679 \\ 36 \\ \hline 74074074 \\ 37037037 \\ \hline 444444444 \end{array}$$

When he has done: "That's all," you say.

"Well, what's the joke?" he asks.

"No joke at all, only you ought now to be able to make 4's properly."

Because the curious part of this little game is that whatever figure is selected, of that figure alone will the answer be composed.

* * *

ASK A JAP!

ALGY: "I say, Chawley, which place in the world would be the easiest to take?"

CHAWLEY: "Don't know, deah boy, I'm not a general."

ALGY: "Why 'Port Said,' of course, because when you have said 'port,' you have 'Port Said.'" (Collapse of Chawley.)

* * *

A BORROWER.

FITZSMART: "How many letters does 'excellent' possess?"

FITZNOODLE: "Why, nine, of course."

FITZSMART: "No, two."

FITZNOODLE: "How do you make that out?"

FITZSMART: "Why, X L, and the rest are lent."

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 7.

TOASTS.

Some excellent toasts were sent in by readers. So good were they that "Mr. X" has decided to give two prizes, of 5s. each, to Miss Maimie Capper, Fairfield, Ashley Park, Belfast, and Mr. A. J. Hall, 97, Courtland Avenue, Cranbrook Park, Ilford, respectively.

On the next page will be found the prize winners' results, together with the best submitted by many other readers,

TOASTS AND TOASTS.

Here are some of the Best Toasts Submitted in the Competition recently held by "Mr. X":—

Ladies and Gentlemen: May you live as long as you want, and never want as long as you live.

♡ ♡

The Ladies! bless them. They are the best work of the Creation. There is a large edition, and every man should possess a copy.

♡ ♡

Here's to home, the place where we are treated best and grumble most.

♡ ♡

May we never want bread to make a toast or a good cook to prepare it.

♡ ♡

Here's to Sweethearts and Wives. May the Sweetheart soon become the Wife, and the Wife always remain the Sweetheart.

♡ ♡

Here's to God's first thought—Adam;
Here's to His second thought—Eve
Second thoughts are always best;
Here's to His second thought—Woman.

♡ ♡

Good health! to those present and every dear friend!
May the friendship that binds us now, hold to the end!
May we be to-morrow more blest than to-day;
May the shadow of sorrow ne'er darken our way!
Then let us join hands while the free-flowing bowl,
Pours out its balm upon each kindred soul.

♡ ♡

I wish you health, a little wealth,
And a happy home with freedom;
And may you always have true friends,
But never cause to need 'em.

♡ ♡

We met to be merry, now let us part wise,
Nor suffer the bottle to blind reason's eyes.

♡ ♡

Here's to everybody. May no one now feel that he has been omitted.

♡

Here's a health to our fathers and mothers!
Here's a health to our sisters and brothers!
Here's a health to all others—
The fathers and mothers,
And sisters and brothers of others!

Here's real pain to our sham friends, and champagne to our real friends.

♡ ♡

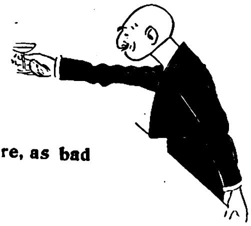
Here's a health to all those that I love,
And a health to all those that love me;
And a health to all those that love them that love those
That love those that love them that love me.

♡ ♡

In ascending the hill of prosperity may we never meet a friend.

♡ ♡

Here's to you as good as you are,
Here's to me, as bad as I am;
But as bad as I am, and as good as you are,
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.



♡ ♡

All dear, far and near, especially here.

♡ ♡

Faith! now, here's till we meet again, *unless we meet in the meanwhile.*

♡ ♡

To Woman—she needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself.

♡ ♡

Here's to the hope that the best day we have seen may be worse than the worst that is to come.

♡ ♡

May the hinges of friendship never grow rusty

♡ ♡

May we never lose our bait when we fish for compliments.

♡ ♡

May we live to learn well and learn to live well.

♡ ♡

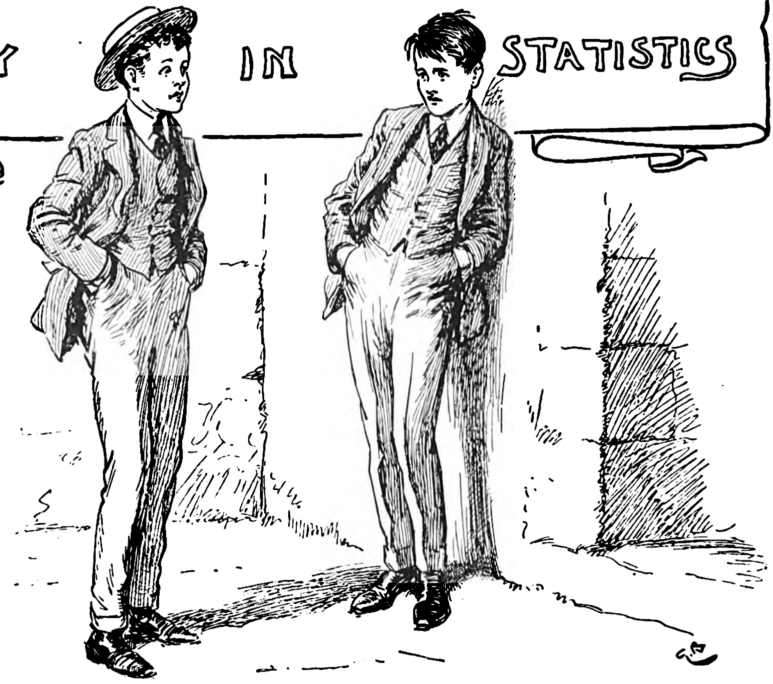
Why not toast ourselves and praise ourselves since we have the best means of knowing all the good in ourselves.

♡ ♡

May the saints protect ye,
An' sorrows neglect ye;
An' bad luck to the one
That doesn't respect ye.
The top o' the morn
To all that belong to ye,
An' long life to yer honour,
That's the end o' my song to ye,

The Fright Of Briggs Major

A Study in Statistics



The Story of a Schoolboy's Scheme.

♠ ♠

By

Walter Dexter.

Philanthropic motives were the cause of it all! It is strange that philanthropy should spell disaster, but in this case it did—or very nearly so.

Briggs major was always great at something or other the whole time he was at St. Barnard's, and when he took on with a thing, he went in for it heart and soul, just, of course, as any healthy-minded boy should.

It began in this way. It was just after Lord Glenalton had left us for Oxford—or some other place I am not certain where—that I came upon Briggs major leaning against the wall of the "gym," looking utterly disconsolate.

"What's the matter, Briggs?" I asked.

"What's the matter!" he echoed, "why, everything, I should think. Look here; there's that silly little fool Dobson—Lord Glenalton, I should say—dropped into those thousands and thousands, whilst I——"

"Well, what about me?" I put in.

"Yes, you, and all of us, every one of us"—and he waxed eloquent at this juncture—"should have nothing more than a bob a week pocket-money, and no chance of getting any more, either!"

It did seem a little hard, certainly, and I was obliged to admit it.

"Why," he went on, "just think what a lot of good you could do with money by giving it to the poor. If I had a couple of millions, as they say young Dobson has, I could very well give away half a million, and feel no poorer for it."

"That's what you say when you haven't got more than sixpence in your pocket. I daresay you would sing a different song if you were suddenly to become as rich as Lord Glenalton," I replied.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't," asserted Briggs major.

"Well, then," I answered, "begin now with your small stock of money!"

"It's only sevenpence-halfpenny," replied Briggs. "That won't do much; and, besides I want——"

"Oh, yes, you want it all yourself, of course you do," I answered, "so you would if you had two millions of money. But, do you know, I've heard that a man should give away a tenth of his income in charity?"

"That would mean over a penny a week for me," said Briggs, doing a mental calcula-

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tion, "but what could I do with a penny a week?"

"Save it and buy stamps with it."

"Stamps!" cried Briggs major. "Why I've heard that a million stamps——"

Then the Head called to me to take a note to Mr. Barker's room, so I never heard what it was that a million stamps had to do with a penny a week, until that evening when I had a chance of speaking to Briggs again just before Prep.

He came up to me excitedly, and said in hurried tones:

"I'm going to do it!"

"Do what?" I asked, wondering what on on earth he was driving at.

"Why, a million stamps, you know."

"Yes," I answered, "cost a million pence, or four thousand pounds."

"No, not penny stamps—used ones, I mean, that won't cost anything!"

"Well?" I inquired.

"Why, get a child in a hospital, or a home, or something."

"What, a million stamps will do that?"

"Yes; didn't you know it?"

I had to confess that I had heard something to that effect,

"And you're going to collect a million stamps?" I asked. "It will take you a long time. Why, ten a day would take you, let me see—ten a day, 3650 a year; why, it would mean nearly 300 years before you had collected a million, and you're not going to live quite so long as that!"

"Oh, I've thought it all out, and I am going to collect a million stamps in a much shorter space of time. Of course, I shan't collect all. I'm going to write to a lot of people I know, and ask them to save for me. Do you see?"

I did see.

"But you'll have to write a lot of letters, I'm afraid, and it will cost you all your pocket-money in postage stamps. Far better send the money straight to a poor children's fund."

"But I've a better plan than that. An easy way, as you will agree when you understand what I have done."

And so saying he took out of his pocket a rough piece of exercise paper with some writing on it.

"Look here, I've written five letters like that, and if they do not help to bring me in a million stamps I don't know what will. I can write another five in a week or two, and so on."

This was a copy of the letter:—

DEAR ———, I am anxious to do some good in **this world, and understand that a million used postage stamps will get a poor child into a home. I want you to help me in my plan by sending to Master Briggs major, St. Barnard's School, Levenhurst, Kent, ten or more used postage stamps. I am writing this letter to five of my friends, and I want you to copy it and do just the same, that is, to write five letters exactly like this one to five of your friends asking them to send ten or more stamps to the above.**

I read it through twice in order to thoroughly grasp its meaning, then I gave a long, low whistle.

"That ought to do," I said, as soon as the whistle was over.

"Of course it will," Briggs major replied. "Mind, I don't pretend that the plan is all my own, you know. I got the idea from an advertisement I once saw, which offered people a pound a week if they would write ten such letters a day to their friends asking them to purchase a certain fountain pen. It was lucky I thought of it, wasn't it?"

There was no time for me to give more than a brief answer, because just then the bell rang for Prep., and we had to run down the long corridor, get our books, and be off to the hall immediately.

This plan of Briggs major somewhat fascinated me. Throughout Prep. I was busy figuring it out on the inside of the cover of my exercise book. How many years would it take Briggs major to collect a million stamps? That was the question which I was intent upon solving. All at once a light broke in upon me.

"Whew—w—w—w!" I said, as I quickly foresaw that if Briggs major's plan should be successful Saint Barnard's would see such a sight as it had never seen before. The attention it would claim would outdo even that which was bestowed upon the advent of Dobson to the peerage.

There was not much "preparation" done by me that evening. Briggs major, who was seated away to the back of the class, appeared most busy. He was near the door, too, and when Prep. was over, he darted out before I could even so much as catch his eye, and when he returned his face was radiant.

"I've done it!" he said, just as excited as he could be.

"What?" I asked.

"Sent off those five letters, you know; just caught the post with them. No time like the present, that's my motto."

I knew not what to say. Did he fully realise what he had set in motion? I thought not; and I decided to wait till the morrow before I questioned him on the subject; indeed, there was but little time to do so now, as the supper bell had already gone, and after that came bed.

I do not sleep in the same dormitory as Briggs major, but nevertheless his name haunted me the whole night long, and I could not get to sleep for some long time for thinking of his plan for the benefit of some poor orphan child.

* * * * *

One of the first fellows I met downstairs on the following morning was Briggs major.

"They'll be getting those letters this morning," were the first words he said to me.

"Yes," I answered, "and your million stamps will soon be on the way."

"Stow it; not quite so fast as that," he answered. "It will take me months to get them all."

"Don't be so certain," I replied. "You'll get them quicker than you think. Have you worked it out?"

"No; but didn't you say the other day that to collect a million stamps at the rate of ten a day would take something near 300 years; well, I shall be collecting much more than ten a day, and so naturally it won't take me so long. You see, if each of the five people to whom I have written send me only ten stamps, even that will be fifty stamps, and then they are to ask five of their friends to send me at least ten stamps also, and that will be 250 stamps more, and so on, so I shan't be long in getting 1000, and then 10,000, and in time the whole million will be collected, and I shan't have any trouble either, except writing a few more letters now and again."

"I'm afraid you don't seem to have thought the thing out," I said as sternly as I could, taking him by the shoulder. "Now look here, do you expect that everyone to whom you have written will send you ten stamps, and write to five of their friends to do the same."

"Of course," answered Briggs major. "You see it is for a charitable cause; it does not mean very much to each one—only ten stamps and five letters—so I don't see how they can refuse, seeing what a good thing they are helping to do."

"Not so fast," I said. "You'll live to regret what you did last night."

"Whatever do you mean?" he asked, staring hard at me in something like amazement.

"Look here," I replied, taking out a pencil and a piece of paper, "this is what's going to happen. I have put it down in the form of a table of the number of letters you will receive:—

1st day ...	5	letters.
2nd day ...	25	„
3rd day ...	125	„
4th day ...	625	„
5th day ...	3,125	„
6th day ...	15,625	„
7th day ...	78,125	„
8th day ...	390,625	„
9th day ...	1,953,125	„
	2,441,405	„

On the ninth day, 1,953,125 letters will be written, and if all these people send you ten stamps you will have over nineteen million stamps arrive at this school in no fewer than 1,953,125 separate letters. It will take you all your life to open them!"

I shall never forget the look on Briggs major's face as I showed him this proof of what he had done.

"But you don't mean it," he said.

"I can't help meaning it. The facts can't be disputed: it is too plain. You've set the ball rolling, and you'll have to take the consequences. I'm very sorry for you, that's all. You will be able to get all the orphan children in the land into orphanages, and will have to spend the rest of your days in opening envelopes and counting stamps."

Poor Briggs major saw there was no getting out of it. He had commenced the "snow-ball system," and must now wait patiently for the end.

"But do you really think they will all write?" he asked, whenever we met.

"You can only wait and see," was always my answer. I had my doubts; but, nevertheless, such a thing might happen, and I was looking forward to the fun that would ensue in the very near future.

I fear there was not much sleep for Briggs major that night!

"The first five letters will be in to-morrow morning, no doubt," said he to me just before supper, "and we shall be able to tell from them how the matter will be likely to be taken up; for, if all five of the people to whom I have written each write five letters to five other people, it is pretty sure that of the twenty-five people thus written to at least twenty will write five letters apiece."

"That is so," I answered. "It's lucky for you that you have a few days' respite, for, you see, the letters won't be coming in in their thousands before a few days have passed, and then—oh, Briggs! what then?"

Poor Briggs winced. I am afraid I was a little too hard on the fellow, but he took it all calmly—that is to say, as calmly as could be expected under the circumstances. Other chaps would have knocked me down—I am not nearly so big as Briggs. But not so Briggs major. Other fellows would not have dared to face the sure and certain outcome of this piece of—well, I won't call it folly, or madness, let me say impetuosity. But not so Briggs major; he stuck to the affair right through to the end.

"Then," I continued—"then after you have been receiving thousands of letters of a morning, then tens of thousands, the day will come when from the little post office in the village a million letters will issue forth all subscribed 'Master Briggs major, St. Barnard's School, Levenhurst, Kent,' a million of letters borne in a thousand sacks, carried by as many postmen, who for seventeen hours would be delivering them at the school gate at the rate of one a minute. Think of it, Briggs major! Think of it!"

"Don't be a fool," he replied, losing his temper for the first time. "Isn't it bad enough to *know* what it is likely to lead to without having it dinned into your ears a dozen times during the day?"

"Very well," I replied, "I'll leave you to go your own sweet way; but, mind, don't expect me to help you to sort out the stamps!"

I was sorry for this neat little thrust the moment I had uttered it, but Briggs had turned away and gone into the dining-room before I could add anything else.

I was down early next morning. Briggs major was there before me. He had evidently forgotten the occurrence of last night, or had decided to take no notice of it, for he came up to me and said:

"There are no letters this morning, so far; but there's another post in at ten o'clock."

"They don't seem very keen on it, do they?" I said.

"It's difficult to say," he answered. "You see, it was only the night before last that the letters were posted; it doesn't give them much time."

Another day passed—an uneventful one for Briggs major.

The very sight of a postman made him start, and the mention of the word letter caused him to grow pale and uneasy.

I, too, was highly strung, knowing that now the ball had been set in motion, and the impending calamity was soon to fall on us—or, at least, on Briggs major.

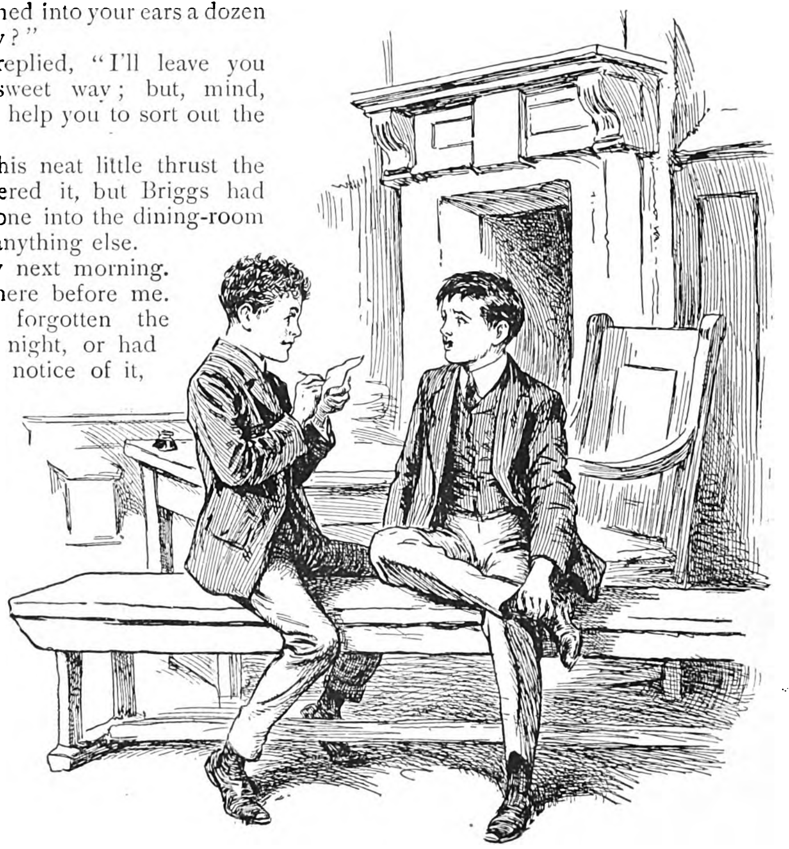
As the day grew on and no letters arrived, Briggs grew more and more dejected; he avoided me as much as possible, and I, in return, was glad, because for the life of me I did not know what I could say to console him.

The following morning I was down earlier than usual. So was Briggs major. His face wore a scared and haunted look.

"Well, old chap!" I said, "fearing the worst?"

"No, they haven't come yet; but they'll be here by the later post. The postman tells me that letters not posted until late in the evening in London are not delivered until the second post in the morning."

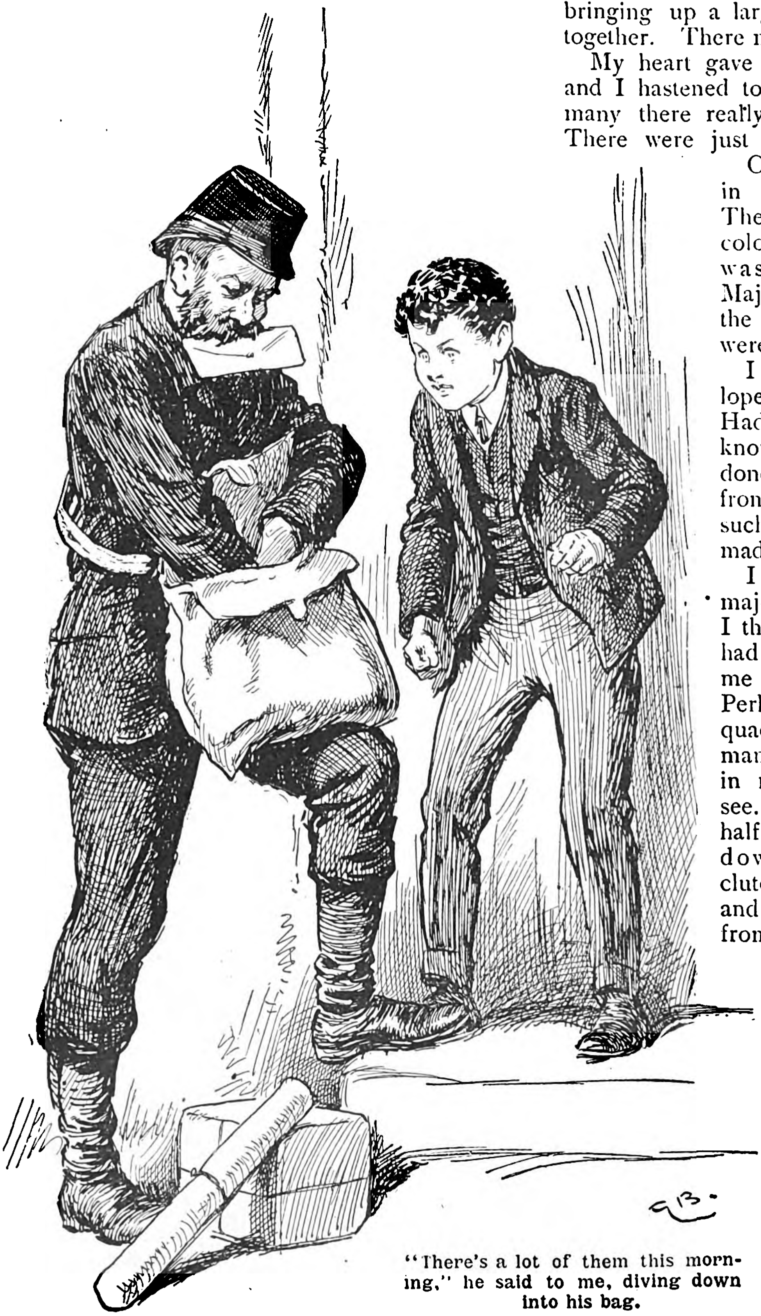
I didn't know what to answer. I was on



"I shall never forget the look on Briggs major's face."

the point of saying that he looked worried; but I thought it would only worry him the more, so I said nothing, but changed the conversation to another topic. Even then it was difficult to keep away from the all-absorbing letter question.

The day passed—and no letters came. Then followed another night. I don't know how Briggs major slept. I hardly had a wink. The letters must come in the morning, and I was specially anxious to see if they did arrive. I was downstairs long before the postman came, bearing an extra large number of letters.



"There's a lot of them this morning," he said to me, diving down into his bag.

"There's a lot of them this morning," he said to me, diving down into his bag and bringing up a large parcel, all neatly tied together. There must have been a hundred!

My heart gave a jump as he said this, and I hastened to cut the string to see how many there really were for Briggs major. There were just two!

One I recognised as being in his father's handwriting. The other was in a buff-coloured envelope, on which was printed: "On His Majesty's Service," and in the left hand bottom corner were the words "Post-office."

I stood staring at the envelope. What did it mean? Had the post-office got to know what Briggs major had done, and was this a letter from them protesting against such an extensive use being made of the system?

I looked around for Briggs major. He was not yet down. I thought this peculiar, as he had always been down before me on the previous morning. Perhaps he was still in the quad., waiting for the postman! I took the two letters in my hand and ran out to see. He was not there, but half a minute later he came down the staircase. He clutched the letters eagerly, and then opened the one from his father first.

"Here, read this," he said, after he had read it through at least twice. I took the letter and read as follows:

MY DEAR BOY,

I was glad to receive your letter, and whilst commending you for the idea which prompted you to send it, would point out the utter waste of time your scheme would necessitate. I do not believe that even a hundred million stamps would enable

> you to get a child into a charitable institution. It is an erroneous idea held by many people. The cause of it is that many years ago an eccentric person offered a certain sum of money, sufficient to place a child in an orphanage, in return for a million postage stamps; but there the matter ended.
>
> I sincerely hope you have not gone further in this "snowball system" of letter-writing, which is one of the great pests of latter-day advertising. If you have, I don't think the people to whom you have written will be foolish enough to take up with your scheme. For your sake I hope they will not.
>
> You did not put a stamp on your letter, and I had to pay twopence in order to receive it. I would have refused it, but I recognised the writing.

By the time I had finished reading this letter, Briggs major had opened and read the second letter, too—the one from the post-office.

It contained his own letter and envelope, the letter bearing many impressions of india-rubber stamps, among which was a big "T," and "2d.," and the word "Refused."

We looked at one another and laughed. It was the first time Briggs major had laughed for two days.

"Didn't you put a stamp on any of the letters?" I asked.

"I don't believe I did," he answered. "I'm sure I didn't, because I've still got that sevenpence-halfpenny in my pocket now, and I remember I hurried off to the post in order to be in time, and never thought about putting stamps on the envelopes."

So that was the end of the fright of Briggs major.

"'Twas a rare bit of fun," he said to me some time after, "and the best of it was that it didn't cost me anything—not even the stamps!"

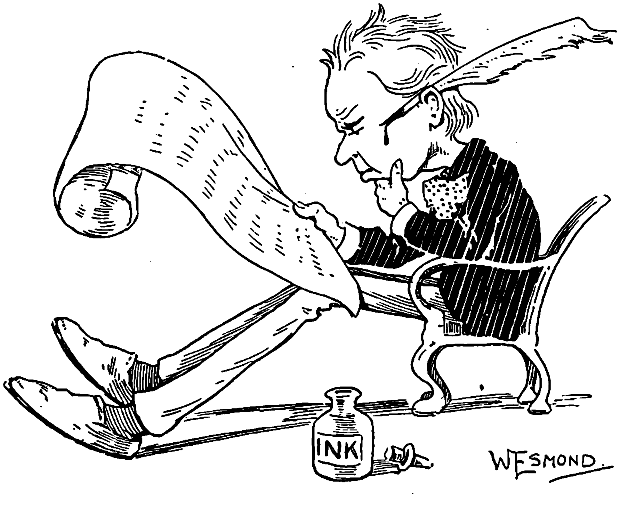
* * * * * *

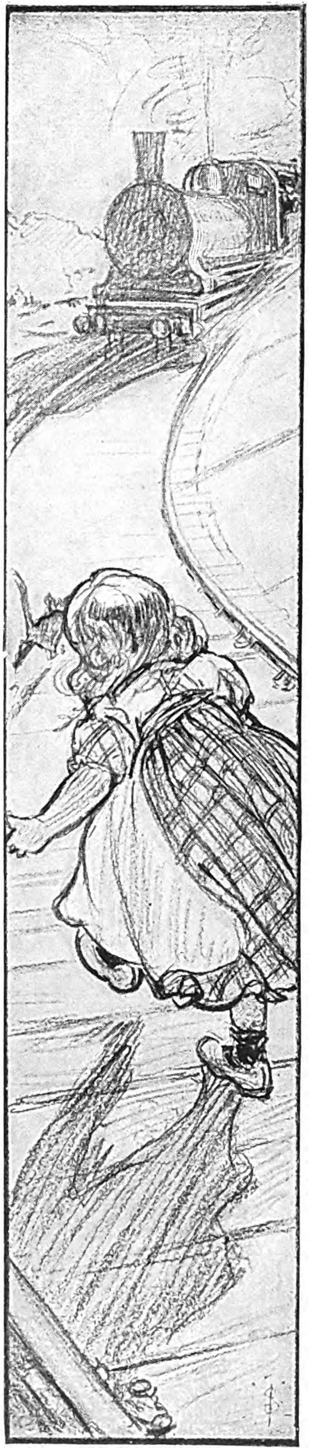
THE MINOR POET—HIS AMBITION

I have nothing to write,
So I've turned out a verse,
The kind known as "light"—
I have nothing to write.
It is shockingly trite—
And what could be worse?—
But I've nothing to write,
So I've turned out a verse.

They may have run short
And be feeling perplexed,
Then, perchance, 'twill be bought
(They *may* have run short)
Just to fit—happy thought!—
'Twixt one tale and the next.
They may have run short
And be feeling perplexed.

KILDA KILROY.





Nearer and nearer came the snorting monster.

Real Life Romances.

Readers are Invited to Contribute Stories of a Similar Nature to the Following. Those Accepted will be liberally Paid for.

A Race with a Train.

THE STORY OF A CHILD'S NARROW ESCAPE.

It was Tuesday, the busiest day in the week in many cottage homes.

Mrs. Thomas was bending over the wash-tub, hard at work, cleansing the various garments.

Playing with her doll in the kitchen was Rosie, the little three-year-old daughter of the house.

"Muvver," she lisped, "me wants 'oo to p'ay horses."

"Mother's busy, darling," was the reply. "Play with dolly a little longer."

Rosie took Mrs. Thomas's advice, and continued to play with her doll for a time; then, when mother's back was turned, she toddled into the garden behind the house.

Along the foot of the garden ran a branch line of the London and North Western Railway, the two being separated by only a very poor hedge full of gaps.

With her dollie under her arm, Rosie wended her way down the garden path until she came to the hedge.

Looking through this, she espied a kitten basking in the sun on the railway bank.

"Titty," called Rosie; "Titty, tum here."

Kitty took no notice, so Rosie toddled through a hole in the hedge, dropping her doll in the process, and was just going to stroke the kitten when it woke up and strolled off.

Rosie followed it along the bank. Then the kitten wandered on to the line.

Still Rosie followed, all unconscious of danger.

Mrs. Thomas had now looked up from her work and missed her little one.

"Rosie! Rosie!" she called. But there was no answer.

Remembering the railway, she rushed out into the garden, and there by the hedge she saw the doll.

Rosie must have strayed on to the line; and now, to make matters worse, she could hear a train coming.

She wasted no time in crawling through the hedge; and then, to her horror, saw Rosie some distance ahead, walking calmly towards the approaching train.

In anguish the mother started at a run, waving her apron the while in order to attract the attention of the engine driver. But was it possible to stop the train in time?

Nearer and nearer came the snorting monster, but still Rosie pursued the kitten.

At last the terror-stricken mother heard the brake applied, and the train began to move more slowly. Rosie had been seen, but she was not out of danger yet.

Then from the footplate there leapt the fireman.

At top speed he ran, and, racing the engine, snatched the little one from the line just in time.

A moment later the train passed over the spot, and came to a standstill, crushing the kitten beneath its ponderous wheels. Rosie was restored to her mother unhurt.

On Treacherous Ground.

A SHOOTING ADVENTURE WHICH OCCURRED LAST YEAR.

"YOU must be careful of your ground," my host warned, as, gun in hand, I was about to set out for a few hours' shooting over the bog land near the east coast of Norfolk. I laughed.

With a glorious afternoon before me I felt my spirits rise. There was a crispness in the air that boded well for sport. Beneath my feet the ground heaved and squirmed as when one treads upon a sponge. But I cared not, for where the grass grew short and thickest there I knew the ground would bear.

Presently a sharp screech sent an exultant thrill through me, and twenty yards ahead two snipe rose, darting off in zig-zag flight at a tremendous pace. Having vainly expended two cartridges upon them, I decided to make a long circuit, which, according to my calculations, would bring me home by dusk.

Tired, but satisfied with my sport, I had arrived within a quarter of a mile of the bog's edge, when from a clump of rushes a loud quacking told me that ducks were near. By their splashing I judged that there were several, so crouching I approached stealthily.

Whether the birds saw me or not I cannot say, but of a sudden they rose. Thinking to get a better view of them, I moved some yards to the right, and gave them the contents of both barrels. As I did so my right foot sank into the ground. In a flash it passed through my mind what had occurred. I wrenched it free. The mud gurgled, and the effort sunk my left leg to the knee. Again I struggled. This time I found it impossible to raise either leg above the ground.

In the first horror of my plight I had not noticed that the mud was slowly drawing me down. Now I was submerged to the waist.

This bog was going to be my grave!

The mud soon reached my elbows. I tried to collect my thoughts. My eyes fell on my gun. Better far to end my sufferings quickly than to feel the cold mud oozing about my neck, then creeping up, icy as a serpent, towards my mouth, and then——

I loaded my gun.

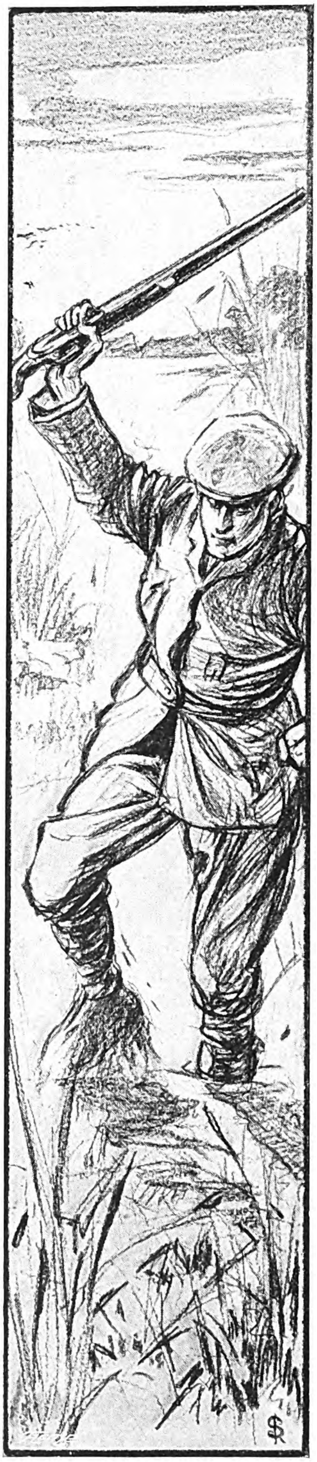
Across the bog the lights from my friend's house gleamed. I recalled his promise to meet me. Perhaps even now he was on his way.

The horrible sensation of sinking had ceased. Under my feet it seemed to be solid ground.

By this time the sun had long set. My limbs ached with cold, and my nerveless fingers could scarce retain their hold upon the gun.

Was it a shout that I heard, or was it some wild freak of fancy? It came from behind me. With an effort I looked over my shoulder. I saw a light—a bright yellow light.

I fired my gun. A score of startled ducks rose from the sedges, and vanished noisily into the darkness. The light drew nearer, and a few minutes later, to my joy, I heard my friend's cheery voice. With the help of ropes and planks I was soon rescued from my perilous position, half-frozen with cold.



The effort sunk my left leg to the knee.

A Russian Hero.

THE TALE OF A LION-TAMER.

A CROWD of hostlers, white-faced and trembling, burst unceremoniously into the chief tamer's room.

"The lion has broken loose," one blurted.

"And the three lionesses as well," chorused half a dozen others in a breath, glancing furtively down the passage, as if fearing that the animals were on their track.

In disjointed and startled sentences they poured their story into the bewildered tamer's ears. They had been working in the stables when the lion burst suddenly into their midst, followed closely by three lionesses. Terrified at the sight, they had all fled to the far end of the stable. and there had seen the lion attack Roberto.

Roberto! The tamer paled as he heard the name, for it belonged to the most valuable and accomplished horse that the Devigne Circus of Odessa possessed.

More he did not wait to hear. Seizing his heavy-thonged whip, he rushed from the room. A few yards down the passage he met the manager of the circus, who, having heard of the animal's escape, had armed himself with a double-barreled gun and a pocketful of blank cartridges.

Together the two men hastened to the stable. There a terrible sight met their eyes. The fierce and hungry animals had borne Roberto to the ground. The air was filled with the screams of half a hundred terrified horses, who seemed conscious of the danger near them.

Raising his gun the manager fired two shots in the face of the nearest lioness. She cowered, then, with a howl, fled from the stable, followed by the other two.

Only the lion remained.

Again the manager fired. A roar of rage shook the stable, and the infuriated animal, forsaking the horse, sprang towards him. But the manager was ready, and firing both barrels in quick succession, he checked the threatened rush.

By this time the assistant tamer had arrived, and, together with the chief tamer, stood awaiting the moment when the lion should be sufficiently cowed for them to drive him to his cage.

The manager ceased firing. The lion crouched instantly. As long as firing had continued it had stood motionless, but for the great tail that lashed ominously up and down.

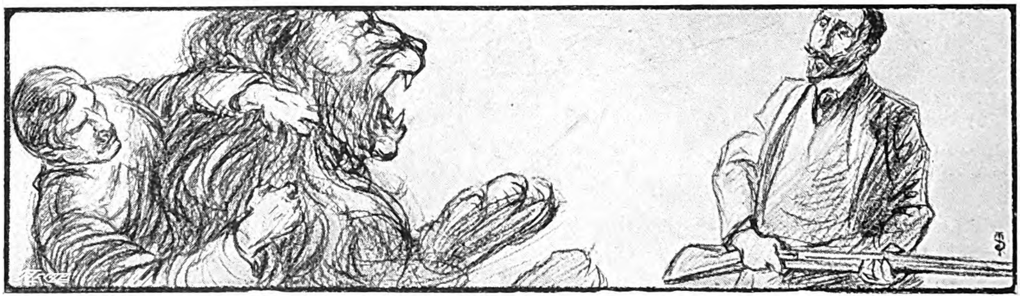
Bang! bang! Both barrels spoke as one, and the lion leapt backwards with another loud roar.

The manager clubbed his rifle. A thrill of horror passed over both tamers.

"What is wrong?" they cried.

"I have fired my last cartridge!"

As if knowing that victory was within its grasp, the lion advanced. Step by step, as a cat stealing upon a bird, it drew within five yards, then crouched, its long, shaggy mane bristling with fury.



Back, half-dragging, half-lifting, the tamer drew the struggling animal.

Pale, but determined to fight hard for his life, the manager awaited the onslaught. He could see the muscles quivering beneath the long fawn back. The spring was near.

Suddenly the assistant tamer leapt forward. As he did so the lion sprang. But the tamer had already seized the thick mane. And the lion fell heavily to the ground.

Back, half-dragging, half-lifting, the tamer drew the struggling animal.

Then followed a scene that in circus life has never had its equal. The man bent down and picked the lion up as if it had been a lamb. In vain the savage creature snarled and struck furiously with its paws. The tamer held it in a vice-like grip. Right across the courtyard into the arena he bore the lion, and then, gathering his muscles together, he hurled the animal through the door back into the cage.

The Fisherman's Niece.

HOW A GIRL WAS INFLUENCED BY A MUSIC-HALL TURN.

NELLIE BRIGHT was the belle of the little fishing village in Cornwall, in which she lived with her uncle.

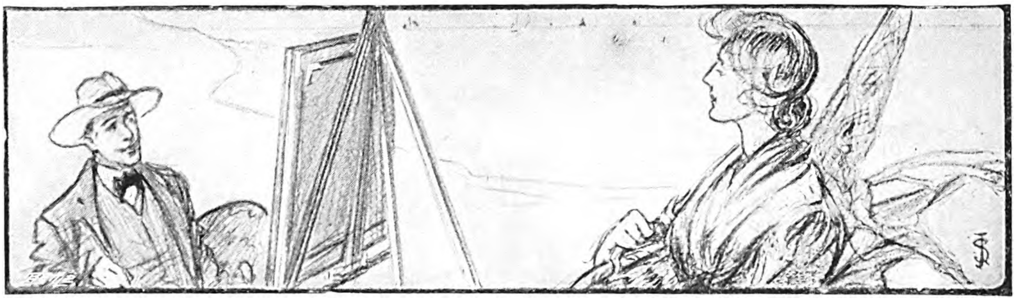
For a year she had kept company with Harry Friend, and he had her promise to marry him in the spring.

Among the visitors to the village in the summer came an artist, with a very fascinating manner, Gerald Street by name. Seeing Nellie in her fisher dress, he persuaded her to sit as model for a picture he was painting.

When one picture was finished another was started, always with Nellie as model, so that Harry used to complain that he never saw anything of his sweetheart.

The artist while painting used to tell Nellie of the wonderful London from which he came, and what a lot of money a good artist's model, such as she herself was, could make in a short time.

Nellie thought what a splendid idea it would be for her to go to this London until the spring. She could make such a lot of money towards housekeeping.



He persuaded her to sit as model for a picture he was painting.

When she mentioned the matter to Harry, who was a fisherman, and had heard other stories of London, he begged her not to think of such a thing, but eventually the fascinating artist over-persuaded her, and she made up her mind that she would go.

In vain her uncle and Harry expostulated. "It's only for a few months," said Nellie; "and just think what a help my money will be towards setting up housekeeping."

"I shall have plenty saved by the spring. The fishing season will be a good one. I'd rather you didn't go," said Harry. "You remember Cissie Greene, who went and never came back. She was run over by a cab when crossing a road, and killed."

"But I've more sense than two Cissie Greenes, and should look where I was going," replied Nellie. "I'm quite capable of taking care of myself."

"Still, there are other dangers, and—besides—I'd rather you didn't go."

"I've promised Mr. Street, so I can't draw back, even if I wished to, which I don't. Give me a kiss, Harry, to show that you don't really mind. I'll be back at Christmas."

* * * * *

Christmas came and went, but no sign of Nellie.

For a month or two after she had left the village she wrote regularly to Harry and her uncle.

Then the time came when no letters arrived, and Harry resolved to go to London. He went, but could find no trace of Nellie, and he returned home heart-broken.

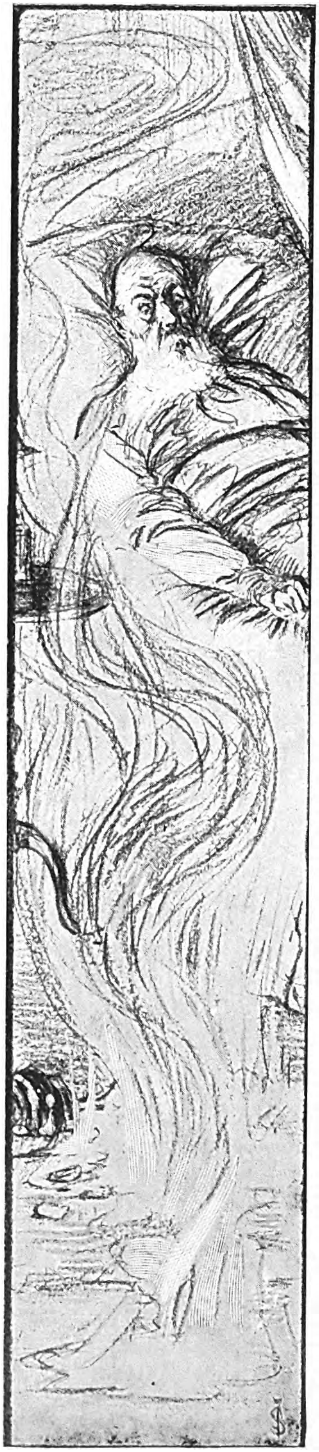
* * * * *

One evening Mr. Bransby Williams, the well-known character actor and mimic, was impersonating Dan'l Peggotty from "David Copperfield," at the Tivoli. His presentation of the grief and agony of Peggotty when he learns of the flight of Little Em'ly was so realistic that the next day he received the following unsigned letter:—

"Sir,—I have no doubt you never think of yourself as a preacher. I was at the Tivoli Wednesday evening. Since then I have decided to go home to my uncle. He is a fisherman, and I was brought up by him. I left home as a lot of others do, but am going back, and by the time you get this I shall be with him. He is good. You must be good to act in the way you do. I shall try, now I am going back to him, to be a comfort and help to him, and shall always remember and pray for you."

* * * * *

There were great rejoicings in the little fishing village when Nellie Bright returned, and the wedding bells are soon to ring out.



He saw the lamp lying overturned and ablaze upon the floor.

Cured by Fire.

THE STORY OF A PARALYSED MAN.

LYING in bed, helpless and paralysed, in a little room above a hairdresser's shop, was an old man. At a glance it was plain to see that something was amiss with him; yet only a few hours back he had never known what it was to suffer illness.

But now the blow had come, and come, too, without the least warning. Only yesterday—it seemed an age since then—he had awakened, feeling as well as one not half his years. And then strange things happened all around him, and a thick veil hid the sunlight from his eyes.

When consciousness returned, the old man was still in bed. Beside him, gazing with anxious and tearstained face, sat his daughter.

He tried to move. A cold horror came upon him—all strength had left his limbs. Strive as he would, he could not move a limb. He would have cried aloud, but the cruel illness that had stricken him had also taken his voice.

A tap came at the door, and the doctor entered.

"Hopeless!" he heard him murmur. "He will never regain his voice."

It was eight o'clock on the second evening. Dusk had begun to fall. The light from the lamp fell on the face of the old man. His eyes were closed, and he was evidently asleep.

Suddenly a loud crash resounded through the room. The helpless man awoke.

Aghast with horror, he saw the lamp lying overturned and ablaze upon the floor. He tried to shout for help, to scream; but all in vain.

By now the scorching flames had seized upon the curtains. Soon all would be over. Powerless to move or stir to save himself, he could see the fire licking up the spilt oil, and creeping slowly nearer to his bed.

A sudden commotion arose in the shop below. A gleam of hope came to the helpless old man. He listened intently. The half-shrieked words of "Fire!" mingled with a cry of horror from his daughter reached his ears. Help was at hand.

Footsteps bounded up the stairs, excited hands threw open the door, and he saw his son-in-law rush into the room.

One glance at the horror-marked face of the old man told him that he had not come too late. Seizing the water-jug, he threw the contents upon the curtains, then, stamping furiously, succeeded in stifling the flames.

And, now the danger was past, he turned to the white-faced man.

"Thank goodness, you are safe!" he gasped.

The old man smiled. Now the terrible danger was past, he felt that something had changed within him.

"You only just came in time," he answered, in words so clear that all could understand.

The shock had restored to him his voice.

Such is the romance of Thomas Herring, who lives in Kingsland Road, Hackney. Since his terrible experience, his power of speech has completely returned.

FROM FRESHER TO BLUE

Photo W. A. Rouch.

Cambridge out for a spin.

The Life of a University Oarsman from the Time He Enters his College until the Finish of the Great Race between the Rival Universities.

By A. S. M. Hutchinson.

After all, there is no Blue which carries quite the same amount of distinction as the rowing Blue. A man who rows for his university is for the time being a public hero, and the honour stays with him all his life. In any mention of his achievements and titles, earned in later years, the great fact of his being a rowing Blue is never omitted—it is one of the most important. Thousands of people know nothing of and care less for cricket, football, or athletic Blues, but who will not turn again to see "So-and-so—he was in the Oxford boat this year"?

And as it is the most notable, so it is the hardest earned; no other kind of Blue goes through a course of training so long, so vigorous, and so systematic, as does the rowing Blue, and no athletic training has for the outsider quite the same interest.

Let us start from the beginning, and follow the life of a rowing man from the day when he comes up to the 'Varsity, keen and chock full of hope and ambition, to the moment when he is panting over the loom of his oar immediately after the winning-post at Mortlake is passed.

Our oarsman comes up, then, we'll say, to Cambridge, in October, and hardly has he had time to look round when he receives a visit from an energetic young gentleman, notebook in hand, and very smooth and persuasive of tongue (not so later on!), who is engaged in inveigling into the boat-club all the Freshers he can get hold of. He is the captain of the college boat-club, and, in this particular instance, of course, finds no difficulty in securing his man. He notes with satisfaction that he is long in the arms, deep in the chest, big, and keen withal, puts him down for "tubbing" on the morrow, and departs well satisfied.

"Tubbing" is simply rowing-practice in a small boat, with a coach sitting in the stern and saying hard things to you. His first acquaintance with it our Fresher makes on the following afternoon when, having donned his flannels, he proceeds to the river, is placed into a pair-oar with another Fresher, and puts forth under the watchful eye of some tried oarsman.

Every day this performance is repeated; the half-hearted and weedy men begin to shirk after a time, and the boat captain promptly drops them; the keen but quite hopeless he marks down also, his trained eye unerringly picking out those showing promise and form worth cultivating, however small.

So, at the end of a few weeks, having got out a list of his rough (very, very rough) diamonds, our friend prominent amongst them, the boat captain, with the aid of the secretary, sizes up their respective abilities and suitable positions in a boat, and announces, much to their delight, that he will now try them in an eight.

Our Freshman's first eight has fixed seats, and he gets in light-heartedly with seven others of his year, who splash along with fine vigour, what time their boat captain informs them in no over-gentle tones that they are the worst lot of cooks he ever set eyes on.

And now the end of the term is coming along, and the Fresher's trials are at hand. The number of boats entered by each college in these trials depends on its size. Some colleges can muster four, or even five; some have immense difficulty in raising two only.

Anyway, our young oarsman gets a place.

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In common with the others he subscribes two shillings, which go towards purchasing "pots" for the winning crew, and we will suppose that his eight *is* the winning crew, and so that he gets his first pot, much to his glee, for he is dead keen, this young man, and means to make it the nucleus of a brave collection.

The next step on his journey is the Lent races. He comes up again early in January, and starts training for them immediately. And now a further weeding out has taken place; many of the men who rowed with him in the Fresher Trials he parts company with, and is placed instead in a boat in which are some second and third year men. A good deal of chopping and changing takes place, but our man keeps his seat steadily; his college first Lent boat is made up, and he is in it.

Photo *W. A. Rouch.*

Waiting to man the boat.

Tubbing, tubbing, tubbing, eight practice, and lots of it, and at last the Lent races come off.

These are "bump" races—far greater sport, regarded as mere fun, than any side by side racing can ever give.

Each college puts in at least one eight, and the boats start 175 ft. apart. Bang! goes the pistol, and off they all go, hammer and tongs, each striving to "bump" the boat immediately in front of it.

The races extend over nearly a week, and every time one boat bumps another, it starts ahead of it on the following night.

But the great races of Cambridge are the Mays (so-called because they are rowed in June)—and they are the most important. The Fresher who gets into his college first May boat has a chance—a distinct chance, be it never so small—of getting into the trial University eights.

Immediately after the Lent races, then, training for the Mays commences. Our friend's college puts out two trial boats for these, and in one of them he gets his place.

Up till now he has rowed on fixed seats only. With the May trials he makes his first acquaintance with sliding-seats; and, after the first awkwardness has worn off, blesses the man who invented them, so much do they add to an oarsman's physical comfort.

Well, he gets into his May boat, eschews all the gaieties of the brilliant May week, rows like a Trojan—and like a skilled Trojan at that—and goes down for the Long Vacation a marked man.

With the commencement of his second year, the boat captains of each college send in to the president of the University Rowing Club the names of men whom they consider worthy of a place in the University Trial Eights. A solemn meeting is held, and the president duly selects sixteen men for the two boats in these all-important trials.

And now our oarsman, being picked, is right in the straight road for his Blue; there are at least eight others than whom he must prove himself better during the next few weeks, and then——!

One boat is taken in hand by the president, the other by the secretary, and the men are trained hard. No Blue rows in either of these boats unless he is held to be a rather weak man, who wants watching. Both crews receive

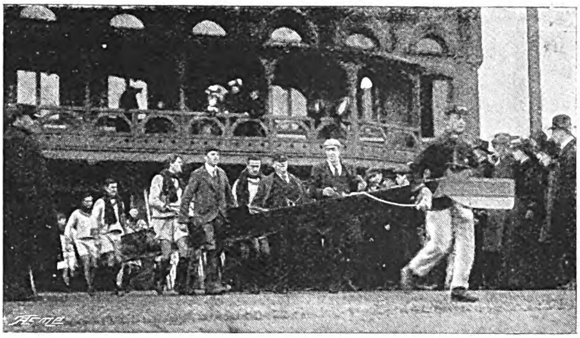


Photo W. A. Rouch.

Bringing out the Oxford boat

the best coaching; ten days are spent at Ely, and then comes the race over what is known as the Adelaide course. This is decidedly shorter than the Putney to Mortlake course, the average time taken over it being about eighteen and a half minutes, whereas the average for the Boat-race works out at something like twenty-two minutes.

At the commencement of the Lent term there is held a very solemn meeting of the important Blues, and out of the sixteen men who rowed in the Trial Eights, and the old Blues in residence, twelve are selected for trial in the University boat. Invariably four of these twelve are certainties; for the other eight it remains to prove which are the best four among them.

These are found by a process of exclusion. A, who is rowing wretchedly weak at 6 one day, gives place to B on the next. And B is worse, so A is tried again, still to be found wanting, which brings C in. C pulls his blade right through, uses his legs, and generally rows like a good 'un, and there you are! And so on with the remainder, till at length the boat is to all intents and purposes fixed.

About a month is spent on the waters of the Cam, and then a move is made to Ely for three weeks' of real, hard, slogging work. No going up by train either! Ely is twenty miles away, and every inch of it is done in the boat. The work got through there is really the hardest of the whole course of training. Superfluous flesh is sweated off, and the men put into that condition which every following day on the Thames should develop into muscle and weight in the right places.

Now follows a week—a most enjoyable week—up Thames as the guest of some notable and wealthy old rowing man. The Cambridge crew have for many years past been entertained by either Colonel Ricardo or Mr. Moss at Bourne End or Henley.

The work done here is very hard, but the life is far from being Spartan. Men are not starved when in training nowadays; on the contrary, they are fed, and fed well. A gay house-party is made up by the invitation of several ladies; dancing, bridge, billiards, and so forth, are freely indulged in, and altogether this week is invariably looked back upon with pleasurable regret.

No other dress is worn by the crew than "flannels"—flannels being not, however, an

Photo W. A. Rouch.

Cambridge after a strong paddle.

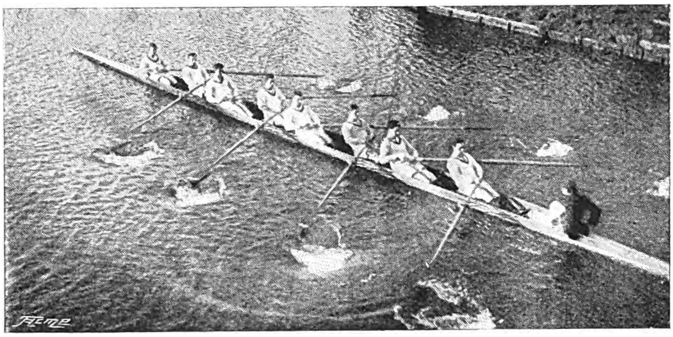


Photo F. G. Calcott.
Oxford crew, from Cookham Bridge. The end of a stroke.

exactly appropriate word, as the trousers worn are made of identically the same material as thick, coarse blankets—very rough and very uncomfortable at first, but an eminently necessary protection against the winter cold.

Dinner-tables, as a rule, are brightened only by the dresses of the ladies present; but with a 'Varsity crew up-river, the men also lend their share—their dinner-dress being white flannel trousers, white flannel waistcoat edged with blue, blue tie, and blue blazer; which things, by the way, are "infernally expensive."

Here is a day's time-table at Bourne End:

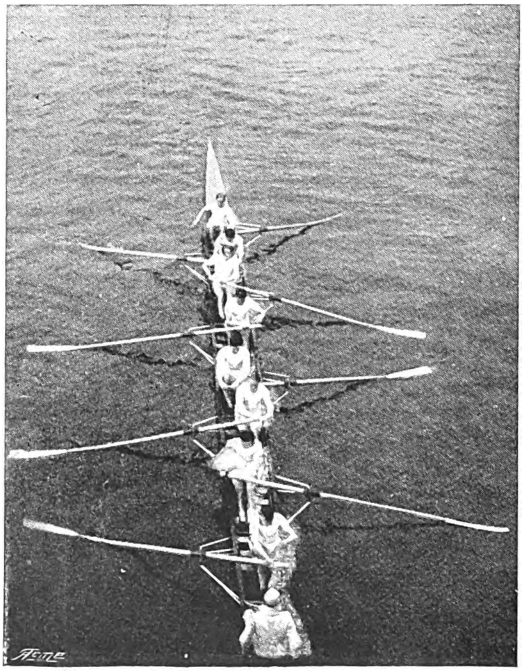


Photo F. G. Calcott.
The Cambridge crew preparing to start.

Turn out, seven o'clock.

Sharp walk in flannels.

Bath and dress.

Next comes breakfast — a big breakfast, for the day's work requires a solid foundation, and gets it. Here is the menu: Porridge, fish, chops, steaks, toast (not bread), tea (not coffee), butter, and marmalade. You start at one end and eat steadily through to the other.

Breakfast is followed by a slack hour, and then the crews go out in pair-oars and are coached from the bank. The pairs are usually made up as follows: Stroke and seven, six and five, four and three, two and bow.

After "pairs," tubbing for those who require it, and then the eight is got out and coached from a launch for thirty or forty minutes.

Lunch. Menu: Cold meat, beer, claret, toast, and marmalade.

After lunch, tubbing for those not put through the process in the morning, though any that require it twice get it again, and "get it hot." Then a further spin in the eight, and rowing is over for the day.

Tea suffers by comparison with the liberality of the other meals; one cup of tea and one biscuit being all that is allowed.

Bridge, billiards, reading, or anything you like, and then dinner.

Dinner is a gay meal and a good. Soup, fish, *entrée*, joint, stewed fruit, claret and port.

An hour's "slack," and to bed at ten sharp.

And so the time goes on. The men are weighed carefully every day, and so soon as a man shows the least signs of staleness, of being off his feed, he is given champagne with his dinner, and his work cut down until he picks up again.

And now to Putney — the serious work is over; Putney for polish and knowledge of the stream.

Here a furnished house is hired (always on the hill, as men after rowing a full course know to their cost), and the day's work, save that it is less arduous, differs not enough from that at Bourne End to require detailment. At Putney, of course, two or three full courses are

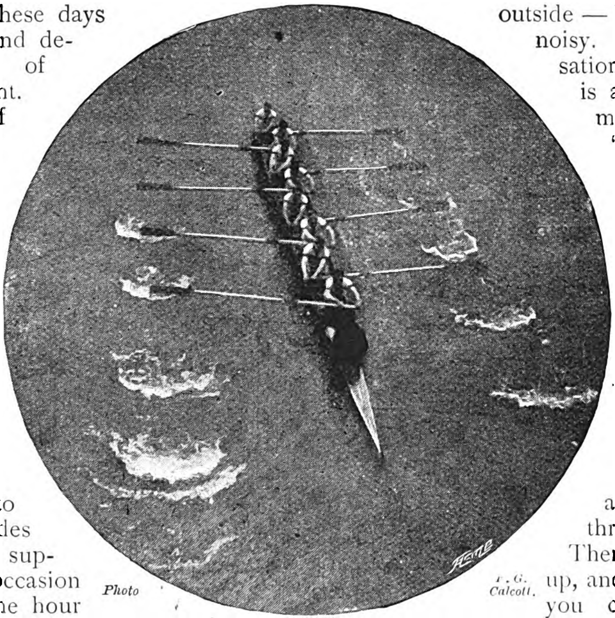


Photo F. G. Calcott.

The Oxford crew in full swing.

rowed, and on these days each man gets (and deserves) a pint of champagne at night. On Sundays half an hour longer in bed is allowed, whilst the afternoon is devoted to a long walk, almost invariably to Richmond and back.

And now, at last, the great day arrives. The race is always fixed as near to midday as the tides will admit; let us suppose that on this occasion one o'clock is the hour arranged.

The crew get down to their boathouse at about eleven, see the crowd, see their boat, see the water, a deadly, awful "funk" sets in, and each man, ready to row for his life the day before, feels thin at the knees, weak and helpless.

However, they change somehow, and at about half-past eleven get into their boat and out into the stream. Here for perhaps a quarter of an hour they get the feel of things, ascertain that their stretchers are all right, and so forth. Then comes a final practice-start from a skiff, and then a burst of rowing for one minute—*hard*.

In they come again and muffle up, and there is an hour—a whole, long, interminable hour—to wait!

It is, perhaps, the worst part of the whole ordeal. "Funk" isn't the word for it—it is sheer terror; your nerves all on edge, and everything jarring on them. There is a huge crowd outside — big, black, and noisy. Scraps of conversation float up, and it is always the wrong man you hear.

"What, Cambridge! *Cambridge!* Why they're not in it." . . "If you'd seen 'em yesterday you'd ha' thought they'd never been in a boat afore." . . . "Look here, I'll lay you three to one against them, three——"

Then old Blues come up, and, trying to make you cheerful, succeed, instead, in reducing your misery to yet lower depths: "Well, old man, how do you feel? Nervous, eh? My dear chap, it's nothing to what you'll feel when you get out; I remember I could hardly hold my oar my year."

One of the crew steps out on to the verandah and a great yell goes up; he jumps back and apologises, and someone else makes a joke, oh, so feeble! and everybody laughs, silly, tittering, maddening laughter; and then at last a voice: "Well, come on you chaps!"

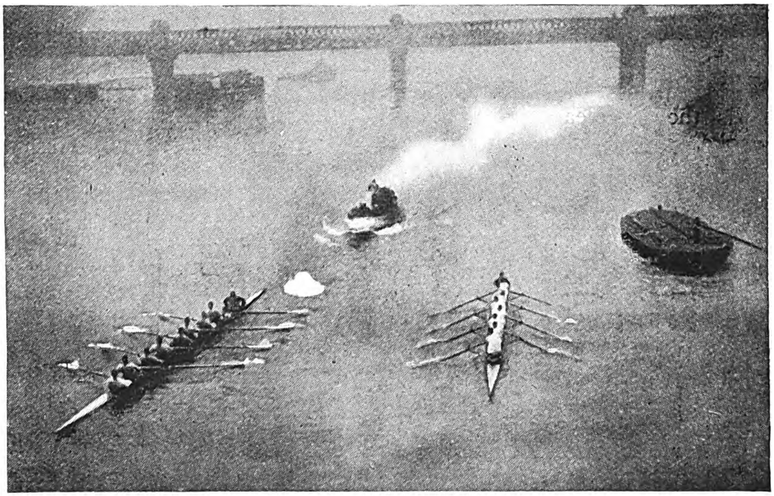


Photo *F. G. Calcott.*

A trial between Cambridge and a scratch crew at Putney.

But let us follow the thoughts of our one-time Fresher.

Oxford lost last year, so go out first this. He watches them miserably, then turns, gets his oar, and steps forth with his mates. Some men—policemen probably—clear a way, and he walks down a lane hedged by white, peering faces which call out his name and frighten him worse than ever.

Gingerly he steps into his seat, takes his oar, settles down, and feels, concurrently, his nervousness lifted from him. The day seems to brighten up, this is his oar, his oar with the loom all rough, and he is fit—fit—fit! This is going to be a great race!

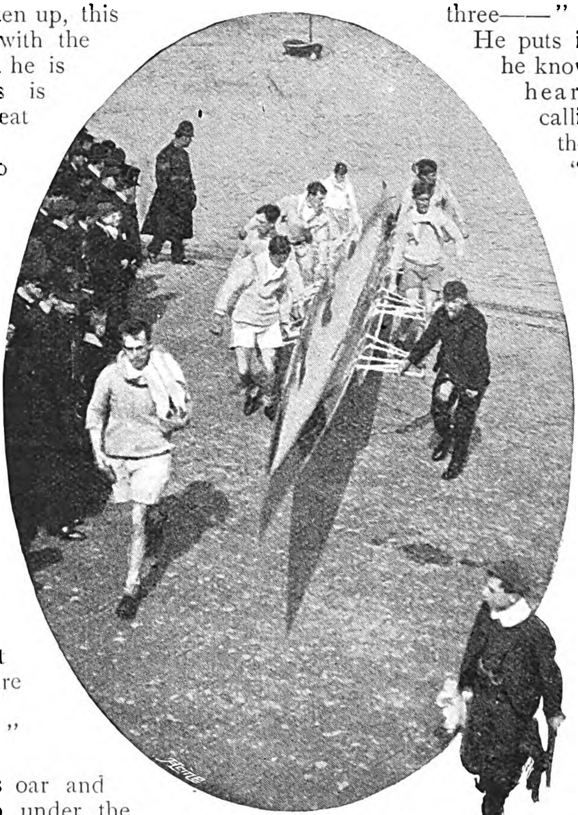


Photo *W. A. Rouch.*
Cambridge carrying up their boat.

They paddle up to the starting boats, he peels off his sweater and scarf, takes a look round, then gets his eyes in the boat, and swings forward over his oar.

The roar of the crowd drops and dies away to a silence that can almost be felt, then comes the starter's voice:

"I shall say, 'are you ready?' once, and if I don't get an answer will fire the pistol."

"Are you ready?"

"Bang!"

He slogs in his oar and feels the boat leap under the stroke, again and again and again; the pace is terrific, and faster than anything he has ever done before in his life. It gets him all up the throat and head, and his thoughts fall into line with his strokes: "One—thing—is—cer—tain—I—can't—stick—out—two—min—utes—of—this." And just when he feels—two minutes after the start—at absolutely breaking point, there comes a roar from his cox, which finishes the matter:

"Now, then, ten thick'uns! One—two—three—four——"

Stroke quickens up to an appalling speed, and our Fresher's thoughts go, quicker than ever this time: "Oh—goo'—Heav—ens—what—on—earth's—that—chap—do—ing?"

But he has been at it nearly five minutes now, and all that long training comes back to his assistance; the pain leaves his head, and he swings mechanically, perfectly, and allows his eyes to leave the boat. Good Heavens! the other boat is not in sight, squint as he may. Is he beaten already? Ah, there goes the cox again: "Now, then, ten thick 'uns! One—two—three——"

He puts into it every ounce he knows how. Ahead he hears another voice calling the same order; then bow sings out, "Up!" and someone else calls "Up!" That means that they are up to the stern of the other boat, and presently he himself sees the thin canvas line slowly getting further down from him.

It is a ding-dong struggle now, neck and neck, with both coxes shouting for those awful "ten thick'uns," which take the heart right out of you.

Ah, there's Harrod's, then Hammersmith Bridge, and his boat is ahead! "Not—ve—ry—much—more—if—I—can—on—ly—stick—it—a—bit—long—er. Oh—I—can—not—I—can—not—go—on—but—I—must—the—strain—is aw—ful."

The cheering that has swept up the river with him on either side is suddenly eclipsed by the tremendous roar immediately behind; for an instant it ceases, then breaks out anew—they have shot Barnes Bridge, and it is nearly over—"near—ly—o—ver—near—ly—o—ver."

Mortlake at last! His boat has won.

HOW A CHILD SEES THE WORLD

Being the Fourteenth Article in "The World Through Other Eyes" Series.

By Joseph A. Redman.

At the outset we are greeted with the query: Have children a peculiar point of view? We answer: Undoubtedly. The child's point of view, in a nutshell, is that of Gulliver in Brobdingnag; with this difference, that Gulliver, having clear recollections of his existence amongst normal human beings, was able to appreciate a strangeness in the abnormal conditions of the giants' country. The child is born there, so to speak, and having no other experience to go upon, finds nothing unusual or singular in his surroundings.

Certain it is that we all lived in Brobdingnag once. Who has not experienced the shock of surprise—often of disappointment—at finding, when he revisits, after long absence, the scenes of his childhood, how exaggerated have been his notions of size and space. He looks at the paddock at the end of the avenue, and wonders however he came to think of it, in his day-dreams, as a wide expanse of meadow land—a prairie almost; he takes a walk, and marvels to find the broad turnpike to the big woods shrunk to a rough and narrow country lane that brings him to a copse.

Impossible, therefore, to put oneself *exactly* in the child's place. But it is not a little fascinating to put oneself in the child's place while retaining full possession of one's "grown-up" faculties—to learn, that is, in the light of mature intelligence, what is the child's unconscious point of view. Thus we shall discover how extraordinary things *would* appear to a child if he were *not* a child.

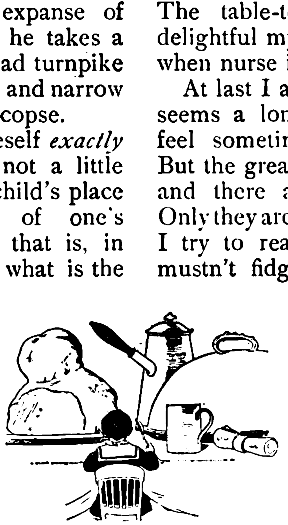
Imagine my sensations during the morning bath!

The tub seems a very small thing to you, good reader, as you squat inside, and splash the water liberally over the floor. But to me it is as deep and roomy as would be the cistern at the top of the house were you in the habit of making your matutinal ablutions in the attic. To me the bath is a very formidable affair, which must be climbed into carefully, and is not to be vacated with the single step which is all you find necessary.

You wonder why I try sometimes to shirk my bath. But if you could realise what it means to be a captive in a watery prison until the strong arms of your warder—that is, your nurse—lift you out, you would be more sympathetic.

Then breakfast—what a time of surprises that is! The table is so high, standing on its great pillars, that I cannot see what lies on its flat top. Every now and then Mary comes in with plates, or knives, or dishes with big shining covers on them and puts them down. The table-top becomes invested with a delightful mystery, which is all to be revealed when nurse is ready to begin.

At last I am lifted up on to my chair. It seems a long way from the ground, and I feel sometimes rather afraid of falling off. But the great big table-top is all before me, and there are lots of funny things on it. Only they are all such a long way off, and when I try to reach any of them I am told I mustn't fidget. All the plates and spoons seem so big, and when I have not got my own, but have to use the grown-up ones, they are so clumsy and awkward to handle that it isn't my fault if I spill things on my bib.



How the breakfast things appear to me.

Grown-up people seem to eat such *large* bits all at once, and they always eat what they like. They don't have to eat first what they are told to, and

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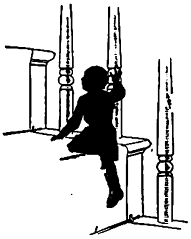
when they want more of anything they simply take it, and nobody says a word to them. That seems to me like taking an unfair advantage.

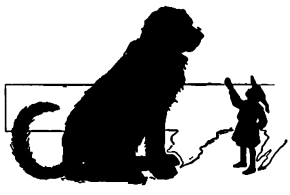
When I'm dressed for a walk and go downstairs, I have to hold on very tight to the banisters. I wish I could run down quickly as the grown-up people do. But it's even worse to have to go *up*. Each stair is so high, and I have to climb them one at a time. I like best getting to the little landing where the banisters twist round, because then there are generally only two or three more before we get to the nursery. Going upstairs to me is like climbing the Great Pyramid is to a grown-up.



It's an effort to climb upstairs.

I like going out for a walk, because there is always such a lot to see, and every time I am sure to have something quite new shown to me, or see a man or a horse doing something I have never seen either do before. The people next door have a big St. Bernard dog which comes up every morning when I go out. I used to be afraid of it at first; it was so big, and nearly pushed me over when I stroked it.

It seemed so strong, and so *firm* that I felt I couldn't do anything if it wanted to hurt me, and I was afraid. Soon I found it was so gentle and was never rough when I tried to play with it, and I don't feel in the least frightened now. Besides, it's got such a nice, kind face.



How the dog next door looks to me.

When we want to cross the street, nurse takes me by the hand, and tells me I must look out carefully. There always seem to be a lot of horses and carts going each way, and often I wonder however the men manage to drive about without running into each other. I always feel frightened when we cross the street where the shops are. The pavement on the other side seems such a long way across, and when there's nothing coming one way and you start to run over, by the time you've got halfway there's something coming along in the opposite direction.

Sometimes, when nurse smiles at him, the policeman comes and helps us across. I like that (and I think nurse and the policeman like it too), because then everything stops until we've got safely across. I like policemen; they are all very tall and big, and their faces seem to be a long way up in the air when they look down at me, but they are generally very kind.

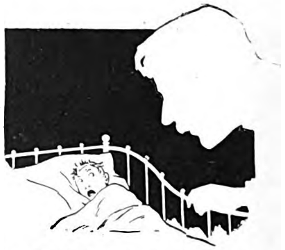
Posting letters is great fun. The letter-box is like the table-top at breakfast—one is always wondering what it contains. It seems such a queer sort of thing—like a fat red lamp-post, only not so high—with a big wide mouth to drop the letters through when nurse lifts me up.

And the lamp-post is very funny too. I wonder why it is made so very tall, beause it would be much easier for a lamp-lighter if he didn't have to carry that long pole with the brass bit at the end in order to turn the tap.

The time I like best in the day is when I go down to the dining-room, just before nurse takes me off to bed, to see father and mother. The dining-room seems very large and wide then, much larger and wider than it does in the daytime; and father, when I get on his knee, seems bigger than even the policeman. I suppose that's because there's such a lot of his shirt-front showing. And the table looks very, very long, and there seems to be such a lot of things on it — much more than father and mother can possibly use between them.

And sometimes father carries me upstairs on his shoulder. That seems very high up indeed, and I almost touch the ceiling. If it wasn't father I think I should be afraid, because he feels so hard, and firm, and strong, like the St. Bernard next door before I got used to it.

And when I'm in bed, and mother comes in to kiss me good-night, her face looks large and round as she bends over me. It makes me feel quite small and tiny when strange people try to kiss me in bed; it almost makes me scream. It's like one of those nightmares when you think something BIG is coming right down on top of you.

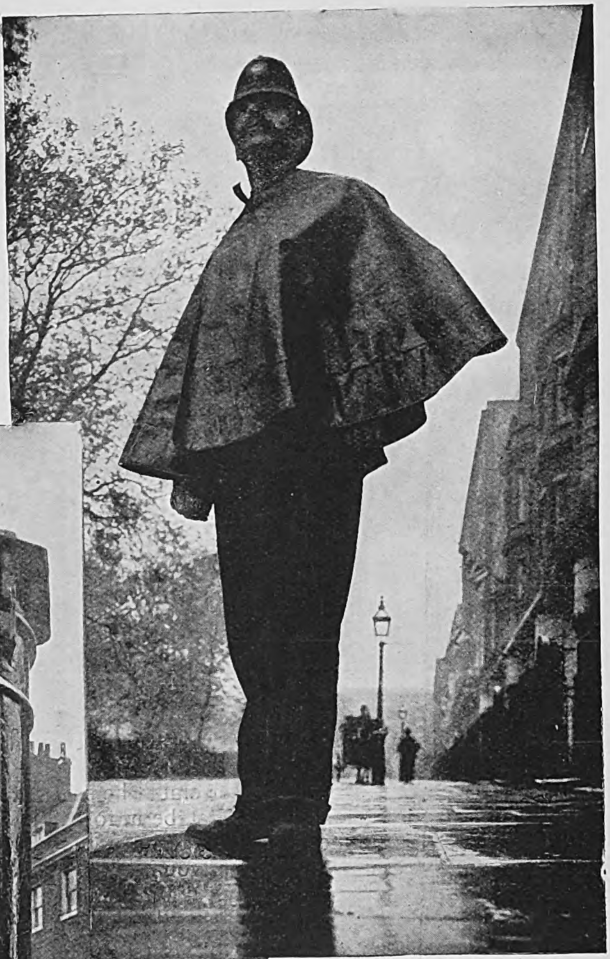


The sight of a stranger frightens me.

* * * *

It is no easy task, good reader, however careful may have been your study of the childish mind, to set down childish impressions of things which to us are everyday occurrences, but to the child are often new and strange. Especially difficult is it to set forth the child's point of view in the phraseology of the "grown-up." The two things are incompatible—they don't dovetail.

In the present short article some attempt has been made to *suggest* the curiosities of the childish standpoint. The reader must supplement the suggestions by explorations into his own recollections of the days of infancy.



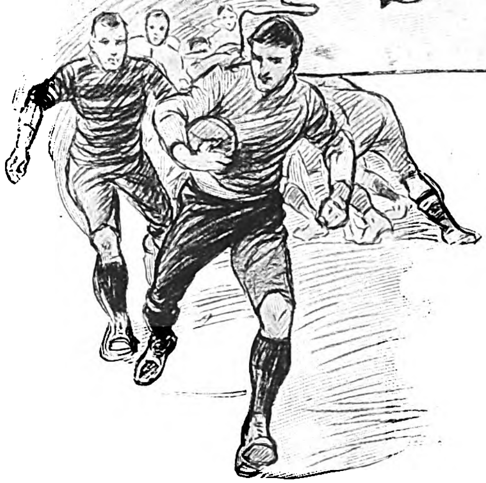
To the child's eyes a policeman appears to be a real giant—his cape a huge umbrella.

This is only an ordinary pillar-box, but to the child gazing at it everything else seems quite dwarfed by comparison.

It is an amusing pastime to imagine how the commonplaces of our present existence would strike us were we—like Mr. Bultitude, in that delightful romance, *Vice Versâ*—to step back for the nonce into the nursery, and live over again those happy days of childhood which we unfortunately do not appreciate until they have gone.

It is an easy way, at all events, of retaining our fast-failing youth.

FOR ST BRIDGET'S



How a Father was Induced to Change his Mind.

By F. L. Morgan.

I.

THE ULTIMATUM.

"Good-bye, Morton! Good-bye, Lockwood—good luck! Remember, you're both going to play for us at Easter—good-bye! Morton, don't forget your tackling—so long!"

The waving caps and cheery shouts faded away as the London train steamed out of Dubirton Station, bearing Dick Morton and Jimmy Lockwood, of the Sixth, away from St. Bridget's—for good. Dick Morton shied his cap on the rack opposite, settled himself in his corner, and sighed regretfully.

"Glad our people both hang out in town."

Lockwood nodded.

"And I know of a first-rate footer club," he said. "We'll join."

"Rather," replied Dick; "we must be in form to play for the school at Easter."

"I shouldn't have minded another term at the old place," remarked Lockwood, staring out of the carriage window; "should you?"

"No," replied Dick thoughtfully. "I'm going into the office, you know."

"I know. And it's the governor's bally bank for me."

Dick laughed, for "it was his nature to."

"It'll be all right," he said. "I don't mind office if I have footer; and the pater's keen on it—office I mean—not footer."

* * * * * *

The offices of Morton & Morton, shipowners, were tall and grey, and the senior partner's private residence was tall and grey, at the end of a long street, in a respectable, grey suburb. The senior partner, John Morton, was tall, grey, and methodical, and had high hopes of seeing his son grow into a business-like replica of himself. A day or two after Dick's home-coming there had been a few words on the subject of football—a brutal and senseless amusement as viewed by Mr. Morton; but he thought that he had nipped the idea in the bud, and given the boy some sense of his manhood and consequent responsibility.

After a fortnight of methodical, grey monotony, however, Dick Morton came down to breakfast, resolved to broach once more the subject uppermost in his mind. He stood at the breakfast-room window, staring at the small square of dingy lawn, where a few drab sparrows meditatively returned his scrutiny, speculating on the possibility of crumbs.

With strong feelings of "school sickness" gnawing at his heart, Dick turned as his mother and father entered the room. Oh, for the healthful atmosphere of St. Bridget's! The house-run before brekker—the sprint along the paveless roads—the smell of the damp, yielding fields—the glorious energy of footer—the heartfelt yells of enthusiasm!

Dick clenched his teeth, and drew his chair up to the table with something like a smart under his eyelids, so keen for the moment was the longing for his old school.

Mr. Morton took up the daily paper and scanned the money-market and the shipping

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intelligence, reading extracts to his wife and son; and eating toast and marmalade varied by occasional sips of coffee. Mrs. Morton, a small, delicate woman of the "white mouse" type, busied herself with her letters and a boiled egg. Presently Dick spoke.

"Pater," he commenced; "I want to join that footer club I was talking to you about the other day."

His father frowned, and laid down the paper.

"I thought we closed that subject," he said. "I told you, every time you came home from St. Bridget's, that your schooldays would be the easiest of your life. You are turned eighteen now, and it is time you learnt to work—as I had to."

"I know," answered Dick without temper; "but a fellow must have some recreation."

"Certainly—after business hours."

There was a short silence. Mr. Morton, looking impatient and annoyed, passed his cup to be refilled, as his wife, whose glances of support and sympathy had been equally divided between husband and son, suggested gently:

"Of course, dear, you must have amusement; but football is such a *dangerous* game."

No answer was vouchsafed to this remark, save for a twinkle in Dick's eye, and a monotonous tapping of Dick's teaspoon against his plate.

"Don't do that!" said Mr. Morton irritably.

Dick ceased tapping, and commenced to whistle "Sammy" under his breath, conscious of the fact that his behaviour resembled that of a naughty schoolboy. His father looked at him for a moment in silence. Then he said deliberately:

"Look here, young man, if you think that, because you have a rich father, you are going to spend your life playing fools' games, you make a very great mistake. I expect you to give up school ways and games now, and to show some interest in the business. You must come down to a level some day—why not now?"

"You don't understand, sir," said Dick hotly; "footer is not only for kids and fools. And as for the business, I'm quite willing to work—you know that. My head is always clearer after footer—and it would only mean Saturday afternoons off, and an extra 'half' now and then, perhaps. I don't call that much to ask, do you, mater?"

"Say no more about it, boy," put in Mr. Morton hastily, seeing that his wife looked inclined to side with her son; "forget football, and make a man of yourself. Games are all very well for children and loungers; but they are no good to a man of brains and business, such as I am—and such as I want you to be."

Dick pushed back his chair, and left the room with an impatient sigh. The office work was not particularly interesting; but he felt some pride in the long-established firm, and he knew that as time wore on, and his understanding grew in the business, the work would become more congenial to him, and he should be content.

It was not convenient for the Mortons, father and son, to go home in the middle of the day to the grey suburb for lunch; and as Jimmy Lockwood also lunched out, he and Dick Morton were in the habit of meeting at a restaurant in the City. On this particular day, Dick confided to his chum the football sentiments of Morton senior. Lockwood was dumfounded. The youngest son of a large family of sporting bankers, with healthy bodies and open minds, the concentrated principles of Dick's parent came as a revelation to him.

"Jove!" he said.

"I shall bust," continued Dick, after giving a generous order for roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, Brussels sprouts, and potatoes, for two, "if I don't have more exercise. I believe I've put on half a stone already—and I know I'm getting as soft as jelly."

Jimmy Lockwood surveyed Dick's healthy countenance in consternation.

"But we've promised to play for the School against Ardington at Easter."

"I know!" And the two fellows dwelt for one miserable moment on the thought of Ardington College romping over the old school, because Morton—St. Bridget's idol on the field, and the best back ever known to the School—would be as soft as jelly!

During this and many other lunch-times the two discussed ways and means of altering the sporting views of Morton senior. This last, however, remaining obdurate, Lockwood finally convinced his chum that, for the sake of St. Bridget's, strategy must be resorted to.

II.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

A week later Mr. and Mrs. Morton sat in their dining-room in an atmosphere of unwonted disturbance.

"This is the fourth time this week," the lady was saying, "that Dick has been late at the office. It is too much for a boy of his age."

"My dear, how often am I tell you that it is not at my instigation?" replied her husband, throwing an unfinished cigar into the fire. "I would much prefer Dick to leave work at the same time as the others, and to come home at the proper time. But he has so thrown himself into the business, and shows such a keen interest in all concerning it, that——"

"That he is over-working himself, and ruining his health!" interrupted Mrs. Morton with asperity—all her motherly feelings aroused.

"Well, I, too, am afraid that he will overdo it, if he goes on like this," admitted the shipowner; "but I don't like to check his enthusiasm. It is what I wanted and——"

"Yes, but not at the expense of his health. The dear boy is losing all his merry ways—and, John, his appetite has decreased so alarmingly that I really think you *ought* to put a stop to those long hours of work, and *insist* on rest and recreation for him."

"Well, my dear, I have told you that I do not wish him to—but, hark!—here comes the boy."

Dick entered the room, and threw himself on the old-fashioned couch, with all the appearance of extreme fatigue.

"I have had some dinner kept hot for you, Dick, dear," said Mrs. Morton, noticing her son's jaded looks with deep concern.

"Thanks, mater, but I shan't want any," came from the limp figure on the couch; "I've been doing some of the monthly accounts. Over half are ticked off, and I've brought the rest home. I shall finish them to-night."

"Nonsense, boy!" said the senior partner; "there is no need for that. Your Uncle Richard and Martin want you to go round for a game of billiards this evening."

Dick's drooping eyelids quivered, but he said at once:

"Impossible, pater. I must get on with those accounts. Perhaps you'll join me in the library presently; there are one or two things I don't quite understand."

Thus speaking, Dick rose wearily to his feet and left the dining-room.

He had refused to eat any dinner, and had declined an invitation to play billiards with Uncle Richard and Cousin Martin—an unparalleled state of affairs in Dick's hitherto healthy existence!

Mrs. Morton, almost in tears, hurried after her son; and the shipowner, with unconscious extravagance, threw into the fire another half-smoked cigar.

The next day was Sunday. Jimmy Lockwood, seeking Dick, and carrying a small and innocent-looking parcel, came upon Morton senior in the front garden.

"Good-morning, sir," he said with diffidence; "I've come to see if Dick is game for a walk."

"Come in, my lad," returned the shipowner sombrely; "Dick isn't very well this morning."

"Not well!" ejaculated Jimmy with a suppressed chuckle; "why, what's the matter with him?"

"I don't know, but I'm afraid he's been a little over-worked. The boy has never been ill before, and his mother is very anxious. But there, go up and see him, my lad; perhaps you'll do him good."

Lockwood tip-toed up to his chum's room, and after knocking at the door, entered. There was a broad grin on his face, and the light of admiration shone in his eyes.

"Jove, Dick!" he exclaimed; "you *are* going it A1."

The inert figure under the bedclothes, hearing this remark, sat up suddenly, and surveyed Lockwood with hungry eyes.

"Shut the door, Jimmy. Got anything eatable on you? Don't stand there grinning, you ass; I'm too bad to get up, and I've had no breakfast. I'm *starving*."

Shaking with laughter, Jimmy displayed a cough lozenge between his finger and thumb.

"Don't act the fool," said the hungry Dick, "or I'll get out and throttle you. Didn't you bring anything to eat? I asked you to."

"Yes, old feller, here's some grub. Tuck in, and tell me how things are progressing," replied Jimmy, producing a German sausage and half a loaf of bread from the innocent-looking parcel.

There was a short silence, broken only by Dick's strong young teeth. At length he lay back on his pillows with a sigh of content.

"Can't keep it up much longer," he said; "this irregular feeding upsets me; and I'm sick of running round our six-foot-square garden, in the middle of the night, for exercise."

"Think of St. Bridget's," exhorted Jimmy, brushing the crumbs from Dick's bed on to the floor.

"Well, haven't I thought of it?"

"Rather, old man. How does it work? Any signs of victory?"

"I don't know," replied Dick slowly.

"Sometimes I think—but anyhow, if this doesn't do it, we must find some other way. I don't like bothering the mater."

"Does she think you're passing away?" asked Jimmy, with an ecstatic gurgle.

Dick grinned and pointed to the door.

"Git!" he said; "I'm too ill to stand much conversation—especially your yap! If you see anyone, tell them I'll have a little milk pudding for dinner; and, oh, Jimmy, you might leave the rest of that sausage!"

Lockwood went downstairs, his face pink with suppressed amusement. Once more he encountered Mr. Morton, still in the garden.

"Well, young fellow, how did you find Dick?"

"He—he's queer, sir—very queer," returned Jimmy, gazing at the chimney-pots opposite.

"Yes, I feared so. We must alter things as soon as he is better. No more late nights at the office. More amusement."

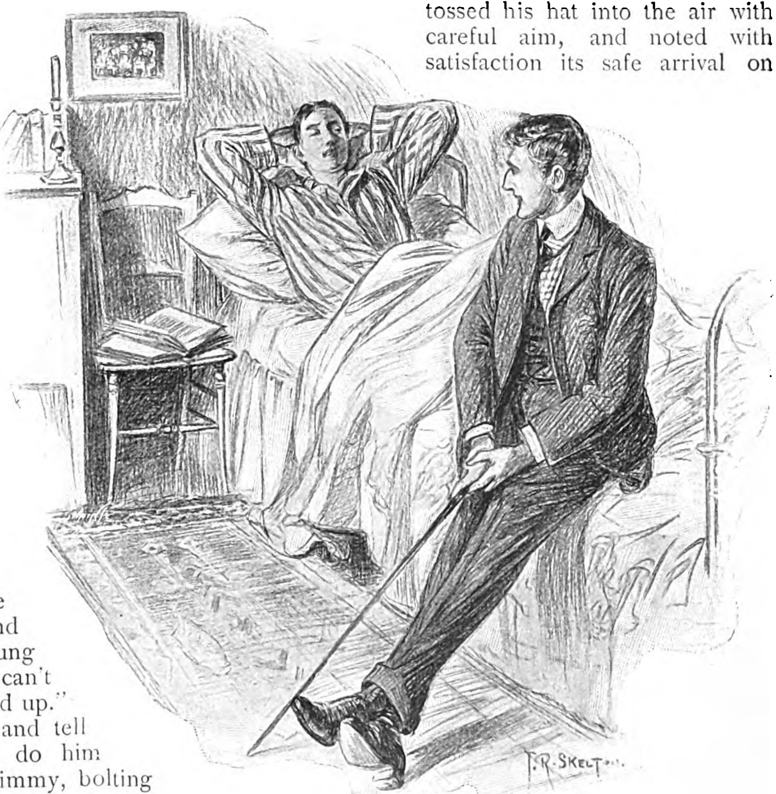
"I—I think he wants a little more exercise," suggested Jimmy.

"Yes, my lad, I think you're right. He was speaking of a football club some time ago. Perhaps, if he hasn't changed his mind, he would like to join that, when he is well enough."

"Do you—do you really mean that, sir—about the footer club?" asked Lockwood, keeping back his excitement with difficulty.

"Mean it, boy? Of course I mean it. If it's exercise he needs, exercise he shall have. And he must take an hour off now and then for rest. We mustn't expect to find old heads on young shoulders; and I can't have the boy knocked up."

"I think I'll go and tell him; it—it might do him good," spluttered Jimmy, bolting back into the house, and up the stairs.



"Does she think you're passing away?" asked Jimmy.

III.

VICTORY.

The next day, Mr. John Morton, the senior partner, left the office at one o'clock for lunch, and returned precisely at half-past two. He glanced round, then asked:

"Hasn't Mr. Dick come back from lunch yet?"

"No, sir," replied the head clerk; "he said he shouldn't return until three o'clock."

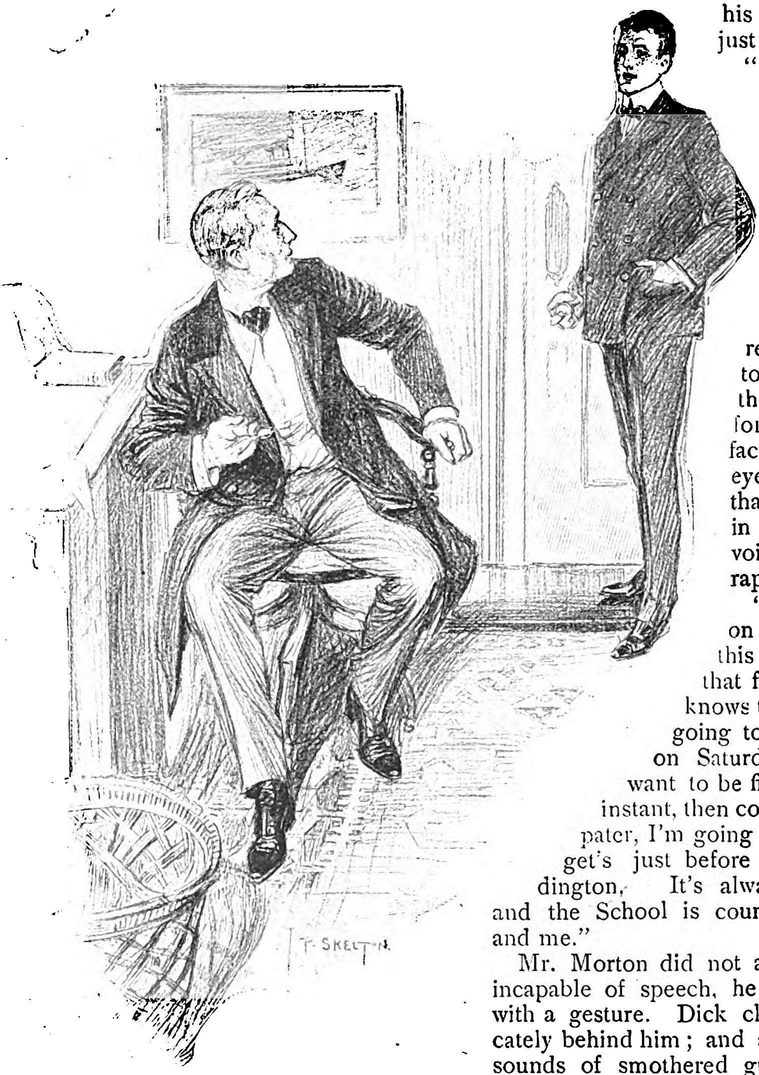
"The boy ought not to have come to business to-day; he couldn't be feeling well after having been so bad yesterday," reflected Mr. Morton. Aloud he said:

"Did he leave word where he was going?"

"No, sir; but young Mr. Lockwood called here for him."

The senior partner glanced sharply at the clerk; then, with a thoughtful expression on his face, he walked into his private room, leaving the door open so that he could see all that went on in the outer office.

As the clock struck three, Dick strode in. With bright eyes, ruddy countenance, and hair inclined to dampness, he tossed his hat into the air with careful aim, and noted with satisfaction its safe arrival on



"I'm glad you're feeling so much better."

one of the pegs on the opposite wall. Then he caught his father's eye, and smiled apologetically.

Mr. Morton beckoned him into his room, and motioned him to shut the door.

" Where have you been, boy ? "

"I—er—you said I was to have an hour's rest now and then, pater."

" Um. Where have you been resting ? " The shipowner's voice was dry, and his eyes dwelt sternly on his son's healthy countenance.

Dick blushed rosily.

" Well, I—we—that is, Lockwood and I went for a run. My running togs were up at his place, and I had just time to change."

" I see," remarked Mr. Morton, with a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth; "I'm glad you're feeling so much better."

Dick blushed again, and squared his shoulders before replying. It seemed to the shipowner that this stalwart young form, with the flushed face, and honest blue eyes, was the sight that pleased him most in the world. Dick's voice rang clear and rapid.

"I just popped in on my way to the office this morning, and joined that footer club. Jimmy knows the sec., and they're going to try me in a match on Saturday, so of course, I want to be fit." He paused an instant, then continued : " You see, pater, I'm going to play for St. Bridget's just before Easter against Ardington. It's always a tough match, and the School is counting on Lockwood and me."

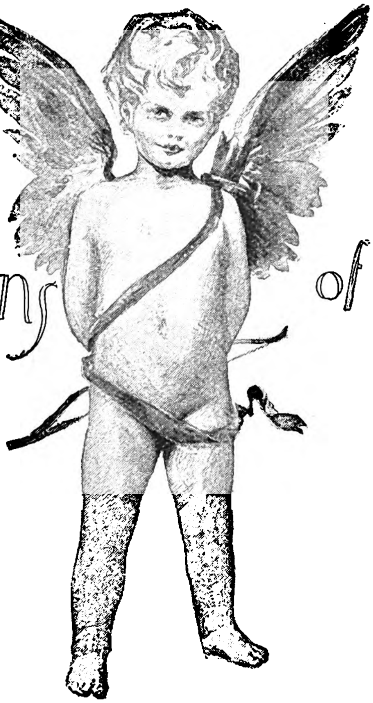
Mr. Morton did not answer. Apparently incapable of speech, he dismissed his son with a gesture. Dick closed the door delicately behind him ; and as the unmistakable sounds of smothered guffaws which came from the senior partner's private room smote his ear, he returned to his desk with a cheerful heart, and a grin of absolute contentment.

* * * *

Extract from the *Dubirton Echo* :—

"The return match between Ardington College and St. Bridget's School was played yesterday, and resulted in a victory for the school by three goals to one. St. Bridget's was in good form, but particular mention must be made of Lockwood and Morton, two old boys, who have left a name in the school annals for good work in the field. The last-named, who seemed very fit, was the lift of his team, his tackling being the neatest we have seen this season."

The Confessions of Cupid



IV.—LINKED ON THE LINKS.

The God of Love Tells the Story of How Two Misunderstandings Caused the Wedding Bells to Ring.

BY GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES.

I HAD been hanging round Lengrove for nearly a fortnight without finding anything to do; so, fearing that I might be getting a little out of form, I decided to have a morning's practice with my bow and arrow.

Where should I go? Where could I find a nice clear, open space in this tree-grown rural haven?

Of *course*, the golf links! An ideal practising ground, and an ideal morning—clear, cloudless, and sunny!

With a thorough determination to spend a good industrious day, I spread out my wings, and after a brisk half hour's fly, landed my invisible self behind a high grassy ridge just on the top of a steep chalk bunker.

A first-rate situation, and the red flag marking the next hole would make a splendid target.

"Ping!—Ping!—Ping!—Ping!"

Arrow after arrow I sent whizzing through the air (ah! yes, I was getting into form again! It would be quite safe to aim at men and maidens once more, without fear of accident!) till I had sent no fewer than ten consecutive darts right into the centre of the flag.

"That's good!" I said to myself as I sat down on the dry, springy turf and dipped my barbs into the bitter-sweet poison, so that they should be ready for immediate use as soon as required.

When this job was finished, and I was just re-packing my quiver, a merry, girlish voice—a voice I knew—rose up from the hollow.

"Ah! you're not only bunkered, but *badly* bunkered!"

A good-humoured, manly laugh was the only response.

Peeping from behind a tuft of yellow-brown gorse I saw that my recognition of the voice had been right.

It was Ynette Standish, who had been staying for the last ten days at the Magpie Hotel, in company with a deaf, genial, half-pay father. . . . And her present companion?—Well, I could only see the top of his tweed cap, but as I knew the somewhat uniquely-

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patterned check by heart, I had no doubt that Miss Standish was accompanied (according to very frequent custom) by Laurence Grey, a particularly worthy chartered accountant.

Suddenly an idea struck me—one of my impish ideas that do so much harm in this world—and I looked at Ynette again.

How really pretty she was, with her delicious copper-gleaming hair, mischievous mouth (as scarlet as the impudent quill stuck into her brown tam o' shanter!), mysterious dark eyes, and enslaving tan-clad feet revealing themselves to distraction beneath a short, smartly-cut brown serge skirt.

And, besides being irresistible, she had turned twenty-four!

Twenty-four is too old for an irresistible girl to continue without my interference, so I made up my mind to take her in hand at once.

(Why hadn't I done so before? Oh! because, for one reason, I had been having a holiday; and, for another, because I had heard whispers concerning her flirting propensities. I don't like flirts!)

"*Shall* I shoot, or shall I not?"

Again I wavered, because I must confess that the worthy acccuntant didn't entirely appeal to my sense of romance.

Ah! a new idea! I would shoot and leave it to chance if my arrows effected any good —or harm!

I would take aim with my eyes shut!

Always keen on fresh experiments, I lay down on my chest, leant over the edge of the grassy ridge, and then, with tightly-closed lids, sent a couple of random shots down into the bunker.

"Ping!—Ping!"

Eagerly I opened my eyes and looked over to learn the result of my careless aim, and then—oh! dark horrors of Erebus! Oh! grim laws of Pluto!—what *had* I done!

Both the bitter-sweet tipped darts had pierced the golf-players—one on the slender brown wrist of Ynette, and the other on the the throat of—of—not Laurence Grey (the blameless accountant), but of Hugo Creele, whom, with a thrill of unspeakable consternation, I had suddenly recognised from out the pictures of the past, only the day before.

Hugo Creele, that big, bronzed man who occupied the best room at the Magpie (he had evidently put on the accountant's cap by mistake) and who—oh! the tragedy of it all!

Knowing what I knew (had I not frequently seen and watched him in the old days when I was busy with a pair of self-willed sweethearts at Stanwell?), I shuddered to think how I had wrecked two lives. Oh! it was terrible! Ah! That great grey building that I remembered so well!

"Come," he murmured in the low-dropped voice of a man who has just learnt his heart, "try *my* brassie."

"Thank you," she answered softly, just for a second meeting the revelations in his eyes with the revelations in her own.

He passed her the absurd walking-stick-turned-upside-down, and in doing so, their hands touched and clung—only for a moment because of the inexorable caddie, but that moment was the beginning of their lives.

All through that morning I followed them (it was no good to fly away now that the mischief was finished), wondering if there were any way by which I could undo this terrible thing I had done, and cursing my own folly for, after having recognised Hugo Creele, not taking more stringent precautions against accidents.

Finding that there wasn't anything to be done, I became vicious and went for the caddie (I always dislike caddies because they look like clothed wingless caricatures of myself, with those ridiculous bags of clubs slung on in just the same way that I carry my quiver), but as his years were tender and only twelve, I couldn't relieve my feelings by doing *him* any harm.

Oh! dear, dear, when she learnt what I knew!—when, with her heart full of love's completeness, she discovered the hideous, impossible truth! Suppose she never found out until it was too late!

Oh, Mamma Venus, grant that it might not be so!

At last, when the eighteen holes were completed, they returned to the clubhouse, Ynette going into the tea-room to rest, while Hugo strolled round to the professional's workshop.

The tea-room was unoccupied, save for a couple of lemon-squash drinkers seated at the further end, but to my poor little victim, glad with the new, sad glamour I had cast about her, they were merely unrecognised nobodies —until, as Hugo Creele passed by the low window, the man gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Great Scott!" he cried, "there's a fellow I used to know—poor chap!"

"Really? What's his name?"

"Creele—Hugo Creele. Where do you think he was when I saw him last?"

"I don't know. In—er—prison?"

"No, worse than that." (The speaker

drained his squash.) "He was at—" (the speaker rose) "at *Stanwell Lunatic Asylum!* It was the homicidal mania that par—" (the speaker left the room, and his sentence was finished on the other side of the door.)

So my prayer had been answered! Ynette knew the terrible truth before it was too late—that terrible truth which *I* had known ever since those long-ago days when I was temporarily located at Stanwell! I shall never forget, even then, how it had filled me with pity to see this handsome, bronzed young fellow as he entered and left the gloomy asylum gates, and how when I watched him wandering round the grounds deep in thought, I used to think:

"Ah, my poor friend, you and I must keep apart! Never may my bitter-sweet poison enter *your* veins and fire you with love. Love and a lunatic must be strangers for ever and ever!"

And now, just because one man had worn another man's tweed cap, and because a careless little god had not made sufficient investigation before taking his aim, the bitter-sweet poison *had* entered his veins—*the veins of a madman!*

Oh, how my carelessness was making them suffer, poor young things! Poor young things!

"Oh, but I love him—I love him!" cried Ynette, rocking to and fro in her anguish. "I have been *nearly* loving him ever since I came here, but to-day—to-day—oh! it's *quite!*—MAD! I love a madman—a homicidal maniac! A——"

"Now, shall we be going back?"

Ah! he had returned, and was standing by the door gazing down at her with a look in his eyes that seemed so pitifully incongruous with the bygone glare of lunacy.

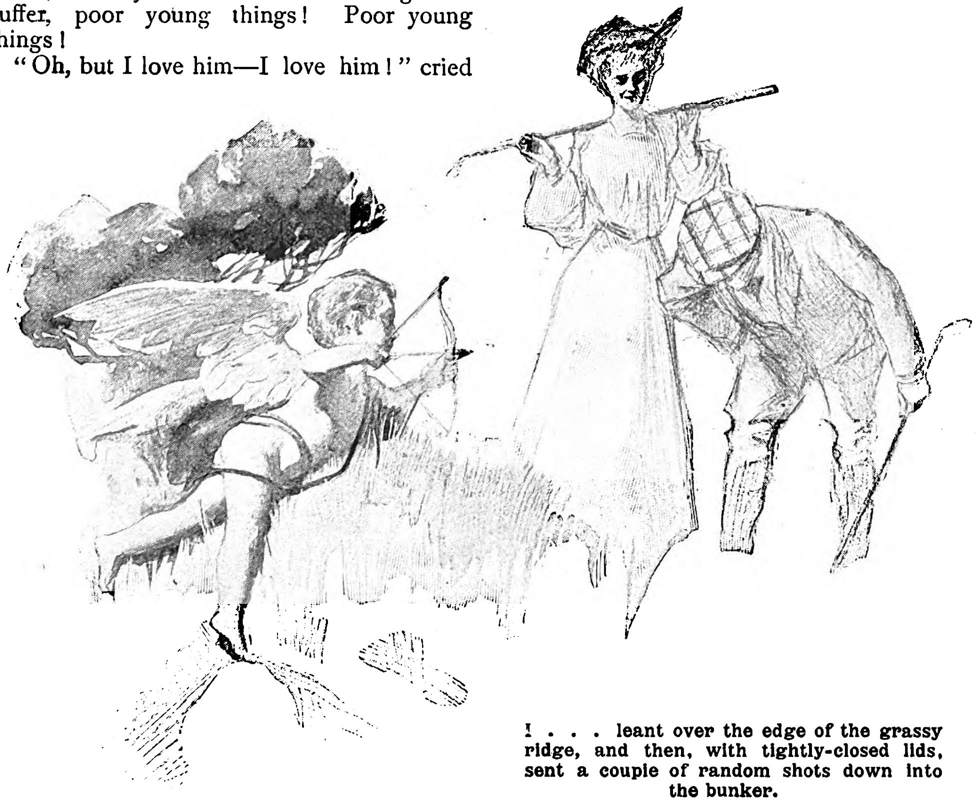
Slowly she rose, and together they passed out into the sunlight, across the fields, and back to the Magpie, with my penitent little fat self flying along in the rear. (Now that I had done this terrible harm to Ynette, I, unlike mortals of my sex, was determined to stick to her.)

Almost in silence they walked—a beautiful yet terrible silence, full of love's delirium and grief's agony—till at last they reached the rose-grown porch of the little country hotel.

Here Hugo paused a moment.

"Will you—will you—I—er—may I tell you something this afternoon?" he asked with that schoolboy hesitation which is part of the nice big man who loves.

Ynette only nodded (poor little soul! no



I . . . leant over the edge of the grassy ridge, and then, with tightly-closed lids, sent a couple of random shots down into the bunker.

amount of prudent resolves could have made her shake her head just then) and hurried up the shallow oak stairs.

All through lunch, and afterwards, I followed her about until my wings ached. It seemed that she could not rest in one spot.

From hall to garden, from garden to bedroom, from bedroom to field we wandered, till at last my pretty, bronzed-haired victim halted at the stables.

She loved animals, and for some women there is always subtle comfort in sympathy and affection that is not human.

"No confidants are safe but the beasts," someone has said somewhere, and I, being a peculiarly far-sighted little boy, am inclined to agree with someone.

"Oh! Tannie, dear, I'm *so* unhappy," whispered Ynette, leaning her soft cheek against the glossy neck of a motherly bay mare.

But before Tannie had time to show any equine commiseration, the voice of the man she loved, followed by the shrill tones of a stable-boy, became audible from the harness loft.

"Now, Robert, be brave, it's got to come to it," said Hugo Creele in still, almost stealthy, accents.

A pause—a yell of "Oh, sir, the knife! The knife!" and the stable-boy, evidently in a state of frantic terror, dashed past the door!

So, on this day of all others, Hugo's homicidal tendencies had reasserted themselves—broken out again after ten years!

As though haunted by the spectre of her own misery, Ynette rushed back to the hotel, and up into a tiny writing-room on the third floor, where, in a stupor of mute misery, she threw herself into a low basket-chair, and closed her eyes as if she would shut out the grim realities of life.

For some moments she sat so still that I (invisibly perched on the window-sill) began to get alarmed.

Had she fainted? Had she———

The door clicked, the door opened, and then, with a start of agitation Ynette rose to her feet and faced the madman. I knew that she was conscious—all too cruelly conscious—of the fact that Hugo had entered the room, closed the door behind him, and—that—(yes, there was no mistake) that from one of his jacket side-pockets flashed the "glint of steel"—as they say in novelettes, where I am so wickedly maligned!

"I—I—was just going downstairs," stammered Ynette, trying to slip behind the man she loved in order to reach the door.

"Then for my sake you will stop here for a few moments longer," he replied with a determination that would have been perfect on the part of a sane lover.

Directly she realised that she was trapped alone, and powerless with a homicidal maniac, from whose pocket shone a knife-blade, Ynette's dauntless presence of mind reasserted itself.

I could see by her quick glance towards a high, old-fashioned cupboard that happened to be built into one of the recesses, that she had formed a daring plan.

"Of course I will stay a few moments if you will satisfy my curiosity on a small matter that has been puzzling me," she answered with wonderful calmness. "Can you tell me if that insect crawling up the back of the cupboard is a centipede or a caterpillar—no, right at the back—you must step inside to see properly." . . .

"Click!"

The ruse had succeeded, and Ynette Standish had locked the man she loved in a dark cupboard.

"No, I say—let me out—let me out," he cried in amused, genial accents that grew less cordial and jocular as the seconds slipped away without any sign of release.

With one last despairing look at the improvised prison, Ynette was just about to leave the room in order to secure assistance, when there was a faltering knock at the door.

"*Come* in. Come *in*. Who is it?"

"Please m'm—it's *me*."

"Me"—alias Robert, the stable-boy, whose left hand was bandaged and held in an improvised sling—shuffled into the room.

"Please, miss, beg pardon, but—but—but—oh! 'e *ain't* 'ere, then."

"Who, Robert?"

"Mr. Creele, please, miss; or, as we calls 'im, Doctor Creele, as was going to *glance* this 'ere whitlow on my thumb for me; only when I see'd the knife, I was in that bloomin' funk—saving yer presence, miss—as I runned away. But 'e's a clever gent, is Doctor Creele! My mother knowed 'im ten years ago, afore his uncle, wot left him 'is money, died—when 'e was 'ouse physicianer at Stanwell Lunatic 'sylum for folks which is off their chumps—saving yer presence, miss—and when my h'aunt h'Anne (as thought she was Queen of Bethnal Green and tried to make away with herself according) got took bad, Doctor Creele was the only one as could quiet 'er. 'E was special in *'omny-sidling* cases, yer know, miss."

"Ah!"

"But I beg parding for intrupting, miss, only I come to tell 'im that if e'd chip the knife in for me, I wouldn't funk it no more—and Toms, the coachman, sez as I was most like to find 'im along of you—saving yer presence, miss. Thank you, miss. I'll go and 'unt for 'im down at the styes—'e's mighty fond of pigs is Dr. Creele—saving yer presence, miss. Thank you."

Just one second after the exit of Robert, Ynette hesitated—then, with that desperate feminine sort of courage that daren't allow itself time to think, she crossed towards the cupboard.

"Click!"

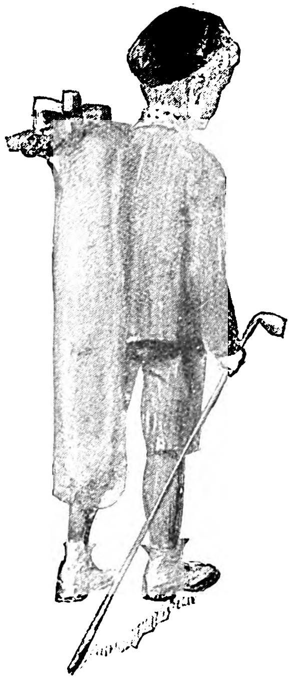
The prison gates were opened, and Hugo Creele, ex-lunacy doctor, was released from a somewhat prolonged period of solitary confinement in a dark cell—freely and generously pardoned for what he hadn't done (as per custom).

As far as a big man stepping out of a little cupboard *could* appear dignified, Hugo admirably contrived to convey that impression, while Ynette looked smaller than any little girl has ever looked before, and so pale, poor child! So frightened.

There was a grim silence for a few moments.

Then bravely, yet with infinite and most becoming humility, Ynette made her confession—full, complete, and contrite. She spoke in a low voice, hurriedly, breathlessly, her eyes scarcely once leaving Hugo's face.

When she had finished speaking there was a long pause, and as I watched Hugo Creele, standing so alarmingly tall and square-shouldered, I wondered if bruised love had healed the arrow-wounds which I had inflicted but a few hours ago.



"I—I—do beg your pardon. I am so s—s—sorry you aren't ma—I mean I'm so sorry that I thought you *were* mad and—and—*oh!*"

In a well-timed sob the sentence ended, and on to a moth-eaten sofa cushion Ynette was crying with all the abandon of heart-sore youth.

"Would another dart help to put matters right?" I thought, feeling for the tin of bitter-sweet poison.

I glanced again at Hugo! Ah! there was no need to use a second arrow! He had left off looking dignified, and he was crossing towards the sofa!

"And you were right," he said slowly, "quite, quite right! I *am* mad—mad with the madness of loving you, my sweet, my one dearest! Ynette, Ynette, speak to me."

And Ynette spoke to him! Of *course* she did!

(No, I didn't stay to hear what she said. Coat-lappels have rather a deadening effect on the voice, so I knew I shouldn't be much the wiser if I *did* wait—besides there were several things to be seen to after my holiday.)

But though there was no need for longer tarrying, I *did* just *look* back once as I reached the window and spread out my wings. What did I see?

Oh! only what I have seen a million million times before, and what I *shall* see as long as the world lasts and I am its ruler—a man and maid lost in the universe of each other's arms!

Yes, the success of those random shots sent over the bunker was complete; and though I was very rash to have jumped so definitely at conclusions (because a man wanders about the grounds of a lunatic asylum, he needn't necessarily be a madman, any more than it is imperative that anyone strolling round Windsor Castle should have Royal blood in his veins!) I couldn't really help congratulating myself on the most satisfactory results of my careless shooting.

Certainly it was a pity that the lemon-squash drinker at the golf club didn't finish his sentence on *this* side of the door (of course, he was going to say: "It was the homicidal mania that particularly interested him!"); but, still, "all's well that ends well," and this episode of the golf links had ended very well—to judge from appearances!

A SHEAF OF AUTOGRAPHS.

An Account of How Mr. A. Boriani Obtained Some of the Most Notable Contributions to his Unique Album, which Contains so Many Autographs and Mementoes of Celebrities.

Mr. A. Boriani.

BY BERNARD NUSSEY.

A GOOD collection of autographs nowadays has a considerable market value, but it was not with the idea of obtaining money for his that Mr. A. Boriani—the late superintendent of the grill-room at the Carlton Hotel, and now co-proprietor of the Pall Mall Restaurant in the Haymarket—started to collect, but more for the sake of having souvenirs of his more famous patrons.

Mr. Boriani has some interesting stories to tell as to the way in which he obtained many of the autographs. The first page of the album was originally intended to bear Madame Patti's signature, but owing to a misunderstanding, Sir Charles Wyndham wrote his name there, under a quotation from the play *Rosemary*. Madame Patti's autograph appears upon the last page of the volume.

When Signor Paolo Tosti, the eminent composer, was handed the book that he might write his name in it, he said, "I wish to sign under the name of a beautiful woman," and of the many beautiful women whose names were written there, he paid tribute to the beauty of Miss Constance Collier, by choosing the page on which her signature appeared for his entry.

One hot day the artist, R. Caton Woodville, entered the Carlton grill-room.

"Morning, Boriani," he said, "I've got a mighty thirst. Let me have something to drink."

Mr. Boriani sent an assistant for some bitter beer, and at the same time asked Mr. Woodville to make a sketch in his album for remembrance sake. The beer came, the artist drained the tankard, and then drew his picture—reproduced here—of Napoleon after Waterloo in the act of drinking from a tankard, aptly titling it "A Bitter Draught."

During the year 1894, Ras Makonnen, Envoy of the Emperor Menelek of Ethiopia, stayed at the Hotel Quirinal, Rome, and was for twenty days attended personally by Mr. Boriani, who was at that time head waiter there.

When Ras Makonnen came to England to represent his master at the Coronation of King Edward VII. he was a guest at the Carlton. He was accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Harrington, now Envoy Plenipotentiary to the Court of Ethiopia, whom Mr. Boriani knew very well. One evening Ras Makonnen gave a dinner party, and during the progress of the feast Sir John Harrington pointed to Mr. Boriani, at the same time asking the Ras whether he remembered having seen the man before.

"Why, certainly!" replied Ras Makonnen. "He attended me when I stayed at the Hotel Quirinal in Rome ten years ago;" and forthwith, in response to Mr. Boriani's request, he autographed a menu card, which he handed to the late waiter as a souvenir.

One evening the Emperor Jacques of the Sahara was dining at the Carlton with his aide-de-camp, Colonel Gourand. Mr. Boriani was most anxious that the "Emperor" should contribute to the volume, so he handed it first to the aide-de-camp, hoping thereby to catch "his majesty." Colonel Gourand willingly complied with the request, but nothing would induce the "Emperor" to part with one of his precious signatures.

When Mr. Charles Frohman is in London he always sits at the same table in the grill-room at the Carlton, adjoining the one which Lord Esher considers his special property.

One night the great theatrical Napoleon

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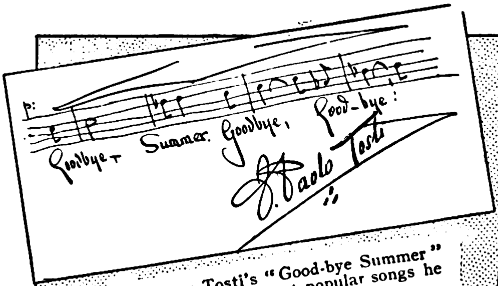
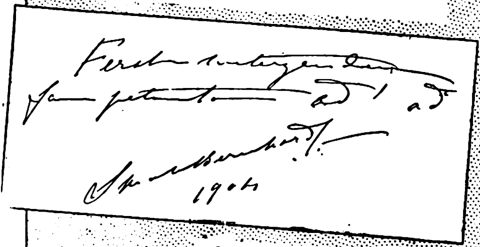

Goodbye – Summer. Goodbye, Good-bye!

F. Paolo Tosti

Signor Tosti's "Good-bye Summer" was one of the most popular songs he ever wrote.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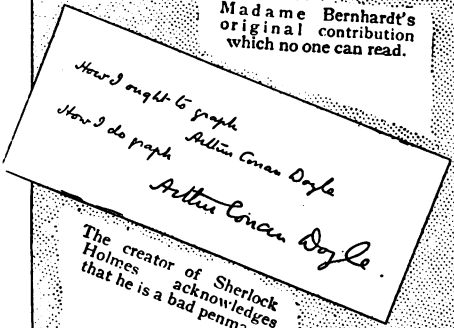
1904

Madame Bernhardt's original contribution which no one can read.

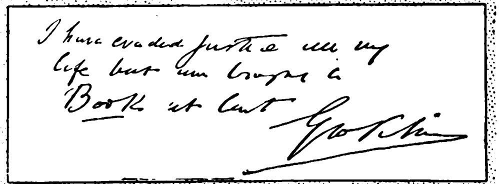

How I ought to graph

Arthur Conan Doyle

How I do graph

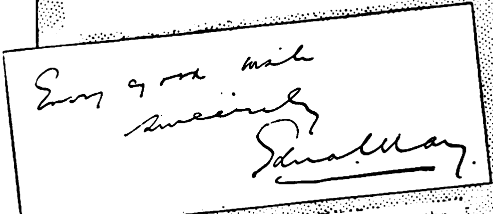
Arthur Conan Doyle.

The creator of Sherlock Holmes acknowledges that he is a bad penman.


I have evaded justice all my life but am brought to Book at last

Geo R Sims

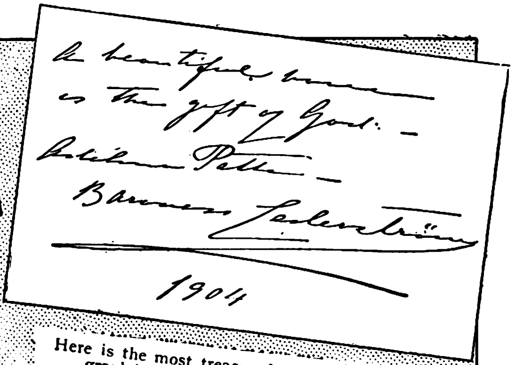
Mr. G. R. Sims' play on words is indeed worthy of "Dagonet."


Every good wish

sincerely

Edna May.

Edna May is a frequent visitor to the Carlton when in London.

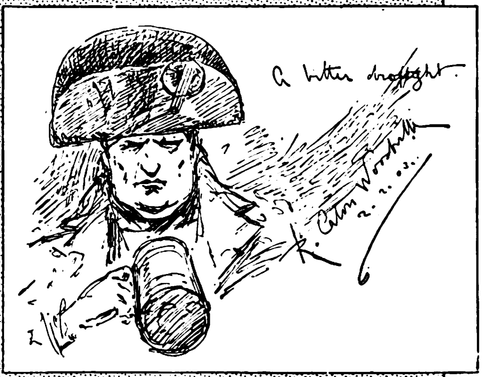

A beautiful voice is the gift of God. –

Adelina Patti –

Baroness Cederström

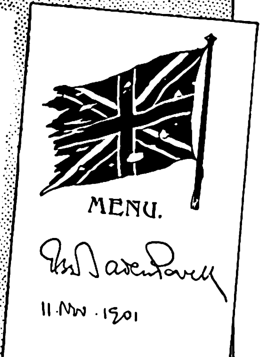
1904

Here is the most treasured autograph in the whole album.



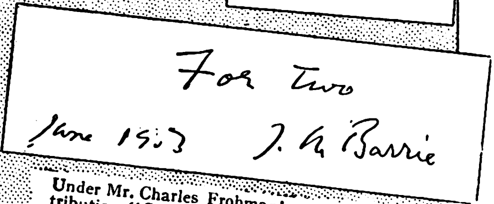
Caton Woodville made this sketch on a very hot and dusty day.

"B.-P" autographed a menu card of the first private dinner party at which he was present on his return to England from Mafeking. The dinner took place at the Carlton, and was served by Mr. Boriani.


MENU.

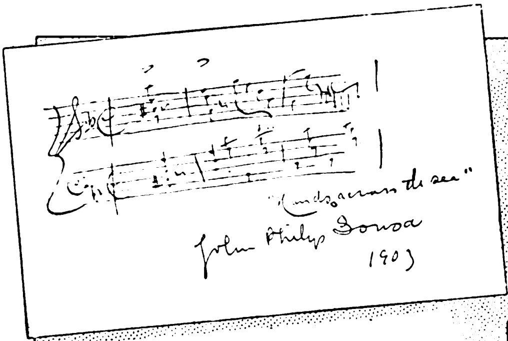
R S S Baden Powell

11 Nov. 1901


For Two

June 1903 J. M. Barrie

Under Mr. Charles Frohman's contribution "Save the same table," Mr. Barrie writes as above.

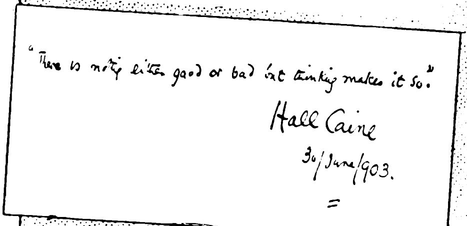


"Hands across the sea"

John Philip Sousa

1903

"Hands Across the Sea" is one of Sousa's own compositions. Mr. Boriani prizes this contribution to his album very much.

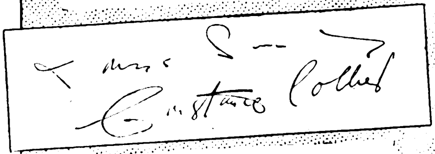


"There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

Hall Caine

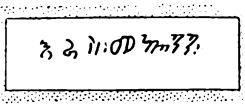
30/June/1903.

The popular novelist is a great believer in the power of thought.

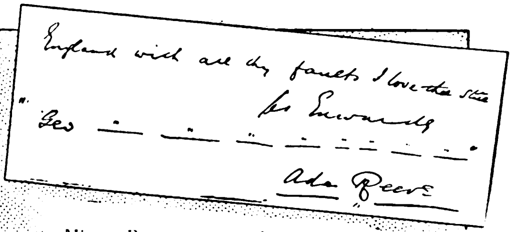


To Miss Constance Collier

Signor Tosti considered Miss Collier the most beautiful woman whose name was written in the album.



This signature of Ras Makonnen, Envoy of the Emperor Menelek, took him half-an-hour to write.

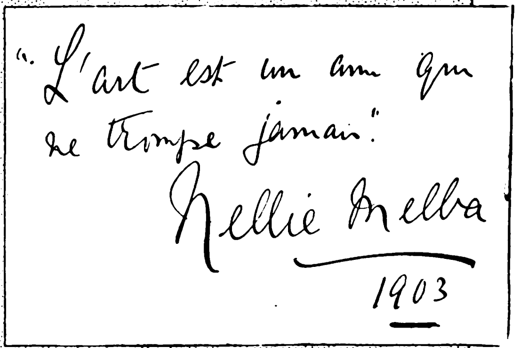


England with all thy faults I love thee still

"Geo — — — — — — — — —

Ada Reeve

Miss Reeve once bested Mr. Edwardes in a lawsuit. They contributed as above to the album the day the verdict was given.

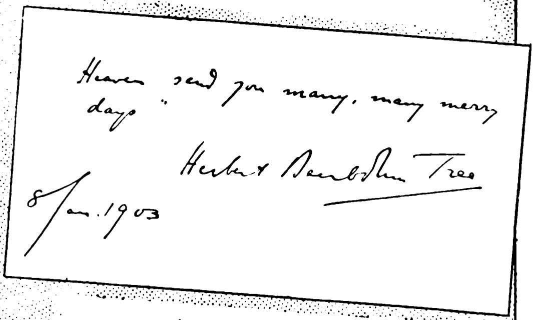


"L'art est un ami qui ne trompe jamais."

Nellie Melba

1903

Madame Melba says here that Art is the one friend always to be trusted.



Heaven send you many, many merry days.

Herbert Beerbohm Tree

8 Jan. 1903

Mr. Tree wishes happiness to anyone he calls friend.

wrote as his souvenir in Mr. Boriani's book the words "Save the same table." Several months later Mr. J. M. Barrie was invited to add to the collection, and wrote under Mr. Frohman's phrase the words "For two." Madame Fred Grèsac, the brilliant French authoress of "La Passerelle"—from which the "Marriage of Kitty" was adapted—completed the page by adding the words "For two, but with me." The result of this has been the formation of a friendship between herself and Mr. Frohman, which has led to an arrangement for the talented authoress to write a play that will shortly be produced at Daly's Theatre.

The "Divine Sarah" is refreshingly original. On being handed the book, she wrote something in it to which she appended her name. Then, giving the album to Mr. Boriani, she said: "I have been writing my own language, no one can read it." This is certainly the case, for Mr. Boriani cannot decipher her writing, nor has he been able to get anyone else to do so, the consequence being that he does not to this day know what sentiments Madame Bernhardt expressed.

CAP AND BELLS

HAIR AT A PRICE.

BINKS: "Is hair expensive?"

JINKS: "It depends on whether a man has it or not."

BINKS: "I don't understand."

JINKS: "Well, if a man has no hair he can buy a wig very cheap. If he has hair he spends a good deal of money in the course of a lifetime in having it cut."

* * * * *

KITTY, THE COOK.

Who says Kitty cannot make
Dearest mother's birthday cake?
Butter, sugar, flavourings,
Raisins, nutmeg, lots of things;
Mix up well, bake half an hour—
Gracious! She's forgotten flour!

* * * * *

HER REVENGE.

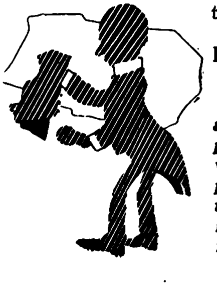
"Why were you so cross to your husband at breakfast?"

"I couldn't help it. I felt as if I must scold somebody or burst. Just physical irritability, you know—and then everything went wrong. Breakfast was late, the bacon burnt, the coffee thin, and the bread stale."

"Then why didn't you scold the cook?"

"Oh, I daren't. She'd leave."

* * *



Scrupulous Valet (on finding a five-shilling piece in the pocket of his master's new waistcoat): "It's a thousand pities for the waistcoat, but there's nothing else for it. I must make a hole large enough for the money to slip through."

SENSIBLE FOWL.

COCKEREL: "Don't you know you are sitting on china eggs?"

HEN: "Hush! Don't mention it. As long as I sit like this I shall get my food brought to me, and I won't have to grub about for a living."

* * * * *

MEAN MAN!

ALICE: "I believe Grace's *fiancé* is stingy."

KATE: "What makes you think so?"

ALICE: "He is going to give her an engagement ring for a birthday present."

* * * * *

THE PERIODICAL GIRL.

Her sleeves are 1830,
Her skirt is '61,
Her tresses in the manner
Of Louis Quinze are done.
Her hat is quite Colonial,
Her brooch is pure antique,
Her belt is 1850.
But when you hear her speak,
What year the maid belongs to
You can easily decide,
Her dress is many periods,
But her slang is 1905.

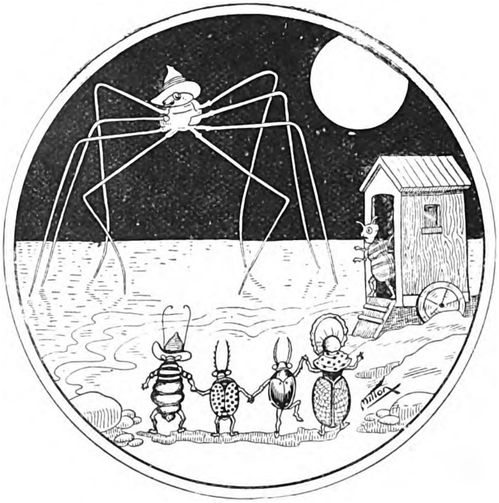
* * * * *

WOMAN—THE QUEEN.

A Government inspector entered a rural post-office and seeing a woman at the delivery counter, said:

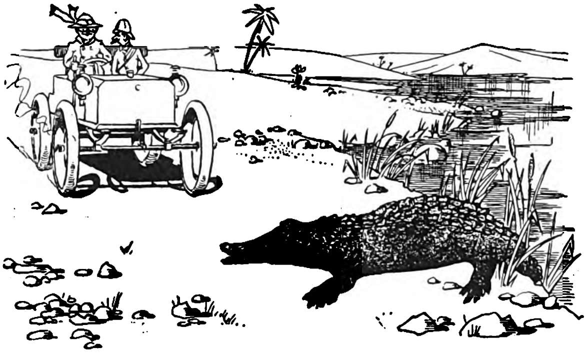
"I was under the impression that a man was in charge of this office."

"And so he was," replied the woman sharply; "but I married him."

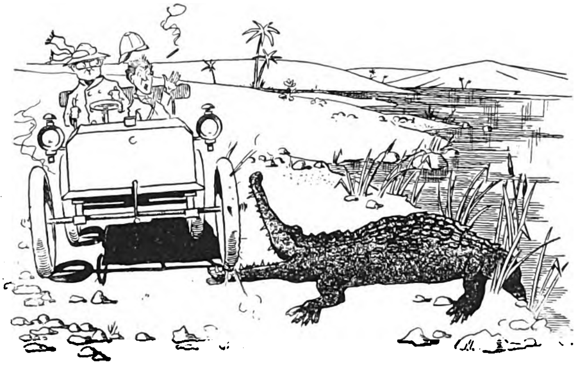


Daddy Longlegs: "Come on, youngsters! Don't be little cowards! You see the water isn't nearly up to my knees yet!"

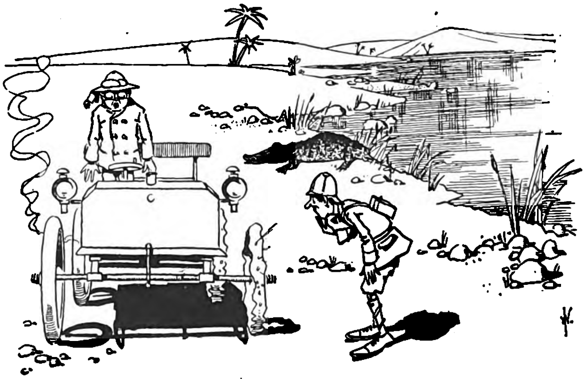
WHO LAUGHS LAST LAUGHS LONGEST: THE PUNCTURE, OR THE JOKE THAT FAILED.



The alligator was asleep, and these giddy explorers thought it would be quite a wheeze to drive over the tip of his nose and wake him up.



But just at that moment the sleepy alligator yawned rather widely, and the wheels went over his lower jaw instead of the tip of his nose.



Well, yes, there was really quite a considerable number of punctures, but that did not worry the alligator; he just smiled and went to sleep again!

MY LADY'S SHOE.

Phyllis—that's my lady-love—
Wears a five three-quarter glove ;
And you'd laugh
At her foolish little shoe ;
(Patent-leather, smart and new),
For it's only number two
And a half.

With the owner of that glove,
I'm o'er head and heels in love ;
And I'd quaff
(As I've heard they used to do)
Toasts from out that tiny shoe,
From that precious little two
And a half.

For the shyest of her looks,
I would barter all the books
Bound in calf.
And I vow I'll keep me true
(Till the sole is worn quite through)
To that darling little two
And a half.

A. L. HARRIS.

* * * *

LUCKY ESCAPE.

Spanner: "I say, didn't we run over somebody just now?"

Nutt: "I believe so. Luckily we didn't puncture a tyre."

* * * *

A BIG PRICE ON HER HEAD.

There was a price upon her head.

She was very calm. A smile played about her lips.

"'Tis well!"

She paused a moment in thought.

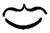
"'Tis well! I will take it."

Then she removed the price from her head. There was a trifle of lace and a flower or two, of course, but the hat was mostly price.

* * * *

A LAY OF TWO LOVERS.

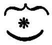
No poet I, I only know
Her mouth was like a Cupid's bow :



He said, "We're in a quiet spot,
I really think—just one, why not?"
* ?

I understand she showed surprise,
Fierce indignation in her eyes :
* !

Yet, all the same ('tis ever so),
He placed a kiss upon that bow :



Alas! her father saw him court her,
And unkind questions asked his daughter:
? ? ? ? ? ?

And next upon the man he turns,
And him with savage words he spurns :
! ! ! ! ! !

And now the man is left alone,
And just one single word does groan :
—— !

FIRST ARGUMENT.

YOUNG Simpkins took his wife North on their wedding trip, so that by the third day after their departure the nights were cool.

"Darling," said Simpkins, as they reached their bedroom, "shall I shut the window? It's pretty cold out."

"Open it," said Mrs. Simpkins. "The fresh air will feel nice. Here, I'll manage it."

She opened one of the windows about twelve inches.

Simpkins shivered.

"Aren't you afraid we'll catch our death of cold?" he observed.

"Nonsense! It's splendid for us."

Simpkins went over and moved the window down a little.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'll close up a little of that."

Simpkins was a crank about fresh air; so was his wife. She liked it. He didn't.

"You closed up that window a little too much," said Mrs. Simpkins in a few moments. "It is suffocating here."

She got up and opened it.

Simpkins got up, too.

"My dear," he said, gently but firmly, "we are a long way from home, and I can't afford to get pneumonia. I'll have to insist upon closing that window."

"But don't you know that it's the bad air, and not the fresh air, that is injurious?"

"Yes, I have heard it said so, but I don't believe it. Nothing can convince me that a draught blowing on a man's head at night is a good thing."

He went over and closed the window.

Mrs. Simpkins went over and opened it.

They faced each other in the gloom.

"I didn't suppose you were such a crank."

"Well, I certainly didn't think you were. If I had I wouldn't have married you."

"Nor I you."

"You cruel, horrid thing."

With this Mrs. Simpkins burst into tears. "It's bad enough," she sobbed, "to be away from home and to have that homesick feeling, which makes me utterly wretched anyway, but to have you treat me like this is——"

Simpkins, unable to stand it any longer, strode over to the wardrobe and, hastily flinging on his overcoat over his nightrobe, went once more to the window, which he opened wide.

"Darling," he said, overcome with contrition, "forgive me. I did not mean to make you unhappy. There. You shall have the window open as much as you want. I'll risk pneumonia or anything else rather than make you unhappy."

Mrs. Simpkins, suddenly returned to a semblance of her normal self by this generous act on her husband's part, got up and went over to the window, which she closed.

"No, dear," she said, "you haven't been used to it and you might take cold. Besides, I can stand it. It was only the idea, after all."

But Simpkins, who now felt as gallant as any knight of old, was just as determined as ever.

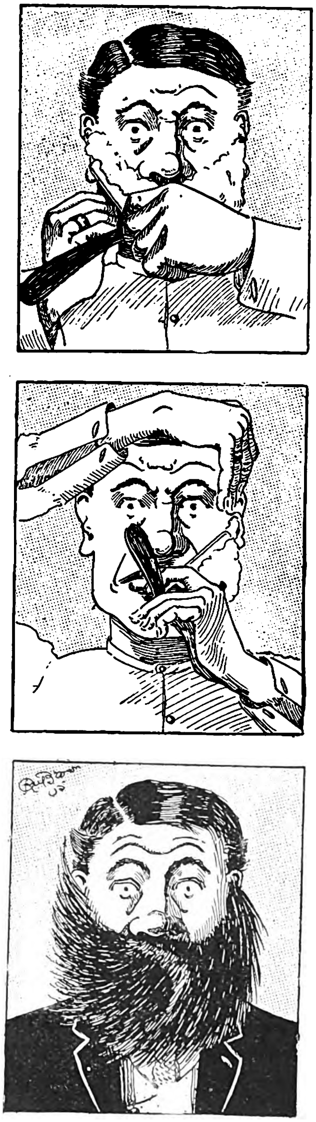
"No, darling," he said finally. "If you are used to this, why, you must have it. You wouldn't sleep a wink. That window must remain open."

So saying, he strode manfully over to the window and opened it once again at the top and the bottom.

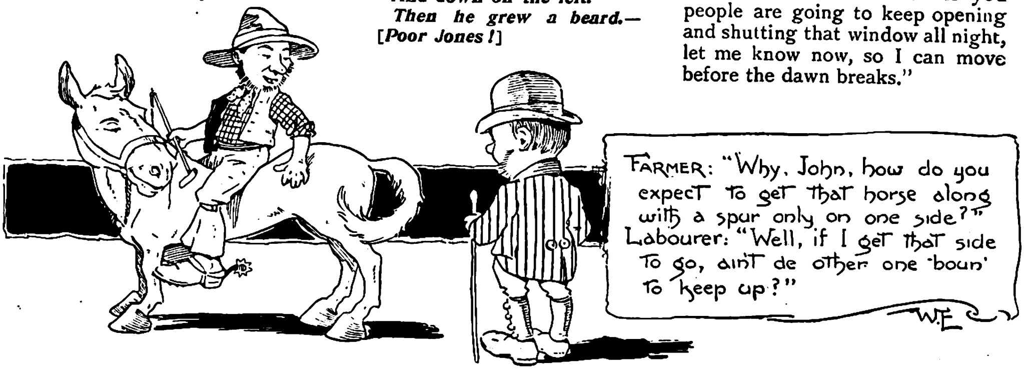
At this moment there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" asked Simpkins through the crack.

And the voice outside replied: "I say, I'm the man in the next room. I've been travelling all day and I'm tired to death. If you people are going to keep opening and shutting that window all night, let me know now, so I can move before the dawn breaks."



Jones used to shave up on the right-hand side—
And down on the left.
Then he grew a beard.—
[Poor Jones!]



FARMER: "Why, John, how do you expect to get that horse along with a spur only on one side?"
Labourer: "Well, if I get that side to go, ain't de other one 'boun' to keep up?"

MR. EDITOR—HIS PAGES.

A NOVEL IDEA.

Great News! The Royal is to have a little sister—or is it a little brother? On March 31st will appear the first number of The Novel Magazine, and it will be the only other Magazine besides The Royal to be published at Fourpence. It will contain nothing but stories. The Editor has a splendid idea for advertising the first issue; everybody who buys a copy will have his fourpence returned if he applies for it. But let the Editor speak for himself.

"I think I have hit upon an absolutely novel idea for advertising, and it comes very appropriately into use in advertising the first issue of The Novel Magazine. If you buy the first number your fourpence will be returned to you.

"I have made this offer with due thought of the money it may cost; it will run into thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of pounds, but I do not mind. The more the merrier! For I know that for every fourpence that I return, I have gained a reader of The Novel Magazine, and I am willing all the time to buy readers at fourpence each. They are cheap at the price.

"*To get readers* is the main difficulty in starting a new periodical. You may spend £20,000 in advertising on the hoardings, and in other ways, but you are never quite sure how many new readers you will get by so doing. But if I have to spend £20,000 on this present scheme, I shall know for a certainty that *over a million persons* have bought the first number of The Novel Magazine.

"And now having explained to you how I am advertising this Magazine, I must tell you its salient features. Needless to say, I should not be prepared to risk £20,000 unless I were quite certain that I had something to offer you which I am convinced you want.

"What is The Novel Magazine?

"Briefly, it is *a Magazine entirely devoted to stories*. Fiction is the backbone of most Magazines; The Novel Magazine is all backbone. For fourpence you will be able in future to obtain a Magazine containing the best stories that money can buy, or that my staff of half a dozen sub-editors can unearth from the thousand and one sources at their disposal.

"To give variety to the contents, you will find some half a dozen entirely novel features: 'Books in Brief,' 'Half Minute Stories,' 'A Story in Verse,' 'Cupid in Fiction,' 'Pinafore Pages'—all of which I hope you will like.

"I want you to read The Novel Magazine carefully through from beginning to end—it will take you longer than you think, but it is all good, easy reading—and then I want you to like it; and I want you to be unselfish too, and instead of keeping a good thing to yourself, tell all your friends about it.

"The Novel Magazine is the biggest magazine for its price, and contains more, and I hope better, stories than any other. It isn't illustrated, as you will see; the money we have saved in this direction has been put into the letterpress, so that you will have better stories and more of them."

I can only add to the Editor's announcement that if you do not get No. 1 of The Novel Magazine, you will make the mistake of a lifetime!

SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY.

It was some time before his death that Sir Erasmus Ommanney, whose deeply interesting description of Navarino starts on p. 523, granted Mr. Walter Wood the special interview he asked in order to get first hand impressions of a battle which seems almost as far away as Vittoria and Waterloo—a battle between sailing ships built of wood! It seems incredibly ancient history!

"I went," says Mr. Wood, "to Sir Erasmus's house in Connaught Square, and had a most interesting talk with him. In spite of his advanced age, he was extraordinarily active both in mind and body, and had the most vivid recollection of the events at Navarino. He produced his log, kept as a midshipman on the *Albion*, and refreshed his memory on certain points by reference to it.

"I particularly remember the breezy way in which he spoke of the fight and the severed hand incident—a picture of which appears on p. 529—also his appreciation of the way in which the Greek pilots, when they got the chance, shot at the Turks.

"The old Admiral was very proud of his presence at the engagement; and proud, too, of the fact that he was the first discoverer of the winter quarters of Franklin's ships in the Arctic. He showed me many remarkable relics of that disastrous expedition, and other relics relating to his service afloat."

"THEY'RE CHRONIC!"

Mr. Walter Wood, by the way, who is looking after these "Survivors' Tales" for me, is not only an expert in naval and military matters—he has edited the Duke of Wellington's dispatches and dedicated the volume to Lord Kitchener—but perhaps the best living authority on the North Sea and those who earn a livelihood on its stormy breast. Some of the best of his North Sea yarns, by the way, are now appearing in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

It was shortly after the Baltic Fleet outrage that Mr. Wood went to Hull in order to talk with some of the men who had actually been eye-witnesses of the affair.

"Nothing," he told me, "illustrates better the stolid, unemotional character of these sturdy Britons than the interview I had with one of them. I asked him for his opinion of the Russians and their conduct. I fully expected a torrent of briny invective. He pondered for a moment, then leisurely withdrew his pipe from his mouth, and said firmly: "Well, sir, they're chronic!"

That was all.

ADDRESS NOT KNOWN.

It was while attempting to trace the whereabouts of a survivor of a great national event of the past, that Mr. Wood applied to one of our Government bodies for assistance. Could they give him any information concerning Mr. Z., or suggest any method by which he might discover that gentleman's present address? After the lapse of several weary weeks, the reply came into his hands. Here it is:—

"*Dear Sir,*

"*In reply to your letter of* ———, *we beg to inform you that Mr. Z. died six months ago at* ————. *We are therefore unable to give you his present address.—Yours faithfully, &c., &c.*"

Many fussy people accuse our governing bodies of serious shortcomings, but after this we must freely acquit them of any lack of unconscious humour.

THE RUSSIAN CENSOR AND *THE ROYAL.*

You remember an article appeared in THE ROYAL a few months ago entitled "The Little Father," in which the Tsar's life was pretty frankly discussed. Just to find out what the Russians would do with the Magazine in which this article appeared, I sent it to a friend in Moscow, and wrote to ask him to let me hear of its fate. At least six weeks afterwards I received the following reply:—

"THE ROYAL MAGAZINE has just arrived *minus* the article on the Tsar. All the pages of this article have been torn out except the last one, which is on a right-hand page. This the unusually thoughtful and considerate censor merely obliterated, so as not to spoil a quite innocent yarn, the opening paragraphs of which appear on the back of the page."

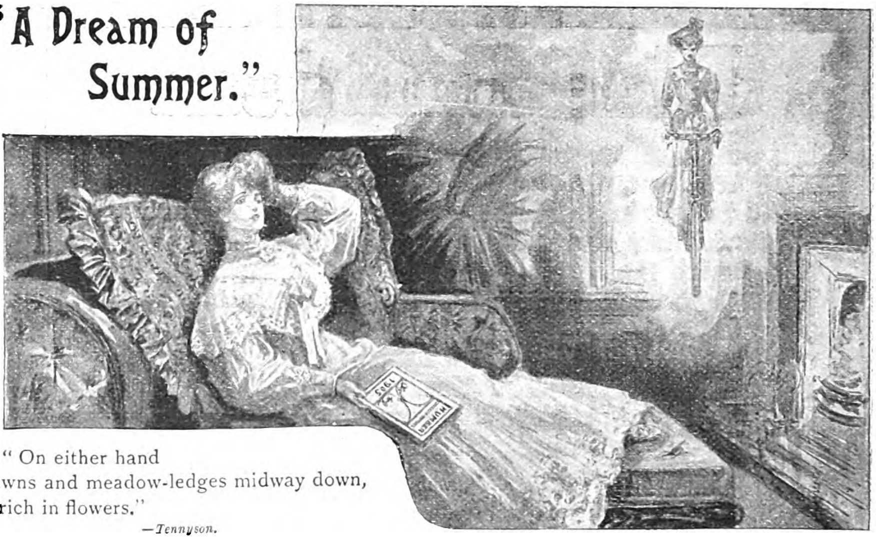
I have asked my friend to send me that ROYAL as a curiosity. I wonder whether the censor will ever allow it to return home to tell its pathetic story. I fear not. Poor old ROYAL! If the pitiless official does not condemn it to a fiery death, he may possibly send it to Siberia. And then its fate is sealed. Our Ambassador will not stir a finger to help it. He is there to look after British subjects and British interests, and THE ROYAL is only an object of interest to the British, and therefore not important enough to raise diplomatic protest.

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

Are You Fond of Music?

"MY SWEET WILD ROSE" *is a New Song by H. Trotère and Clifton Bingham, who collaborated some years ago in that most popular of songs, "IN OLD MADRID."*

This new song is published in two keys, so that it suits all voices. It is on sale everywhere, and costs only **6d.** *net., or send Seven Stamps to THE PUBLISHER, 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.*



"A Dream of Summer."

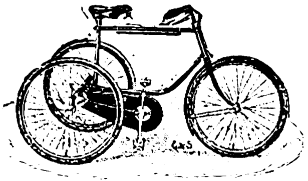
"On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down,
Hang rich in flowers."
—*Tennyson.*

THE MODERN BICYCLE.

In this article the writer, a cyclist of twenty years' experience, and a well-known authority on the subject, compares the lot of the cyclist of to-day with that of his predecessor of the eighties, and indicates the points of difference between a good and trashy bicycle.

WHAT a curious world it would be without a bicycle! Have you ever thought of it? Imagine our roads with no other form of traffic than the horse-drawn vehicle or a stray pedestrian! Yet that was practically their condition twenty years ago. There were cyclists then, true, but the present writer remembers how the clubmen were wont to ride together as a form of protection against the assaults, if not the insults of the rural population.

For assaults upon solitary cyclists were not unknown twenty years ago, although sometimes the cyclists got, as the saying goes, "some of their own back." As instance of this I remember one never-to-be-forgotten afternoon of the summer of 1888. Some twenty of us were upon a club-run in the North of England, and a few miles before reaching the destination of the afternoon two men were sent ahead to order tea. These were the days of the high bicycle, and a mile or two further, as we swept round the corner, we came upon a scene that raised yells of execration from our band. One of our club mates was lying in the road, while the other was carrying on an unequal fight against two peculiarly disreputable-looking colliers.

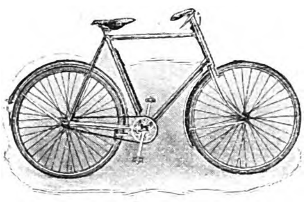


THE KING'S CYCLE.
This is the Beeston Humber Tricycle ridden by His Majesty King Edward VII.

We were wild young spirits in those days, and without a word being said in discussion the law was taken into our own hands. I don't wish to glorify our conduct, but there was need for stern measures of self-defence amongst cyclists in those days.

Further instance of the comparative youth of the sport is that it is still less than forty years since the first "velocipede" was introduced from France into England. The premier cycle manufacturing firm, the Humber Company, is only thirty-seven years old, for it was in 1868 that Mr. Thomas Humber began to make bicycles at Nottingham, afterwards removing to Beeston, and combining thus two names that have become world-famous.

I chanced to be in the district of the Nottinghamshire town some time ago, and it occurred to me then that some notes on the manufacture of the bicycle which has for many years been accepted as the standard of the highest grade, would prove acceptable to readers of the *Royal.*

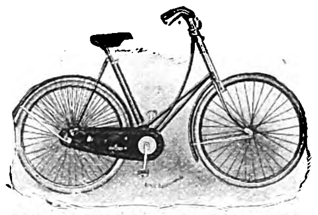


THE PRINCE'S BICYCLE.
The Beeston Humber Featherweight Aluminium Bicycle, ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

Beeston itself is a quiet little town which is dominated by the great works of the Humber Company. They stand to the east of the village, and around them has grown a town of itself. It is a huge factory, and here only the Beeston Humbers are made. I am not sure whether this is not the largest cycle factory in the kingdom, but at any rate it is by far the largest devoted to the manufacture of high-grade bicycles. It is an important point, which cyclists should note, that no other grade of bicycle than the Beeston Humber is made at the huge Beeston works. There every appliance is provided for assuring that nothing but the very best shall be used. The steel makers, tyre makers, and others who supply material are bound down under the most rigid contracts to supply nothing but the very best material; merely "good" is not good enough to use in the Beeston Humber. Not only is none but the best material used, but only the most skilled labour is employed.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and the premier position held by the Humber Company for no less than thirty-seven years is an asset too valuable to be trifled with, and the knowledge of this fact justifies the policy of the management to permit nothing that is not of the highest quality to leave the works.

The advantages obtained by a rider of a machine so constructed are not confined to its ease of running, but its lasting qualities are extraordinary. Take the case of Mr. Harold Freeman, of Worcester; this gentleman has ridden Beeston Humbers for the almost incredible distance of 120,000 miles—equal to five times round this globe of ours!



PRINCESS VICTORIA'S BICYCLE.
The Beeston Humber Lady's Light Roadster Bicycle, ridden by H.R.H. Princess Victoria.

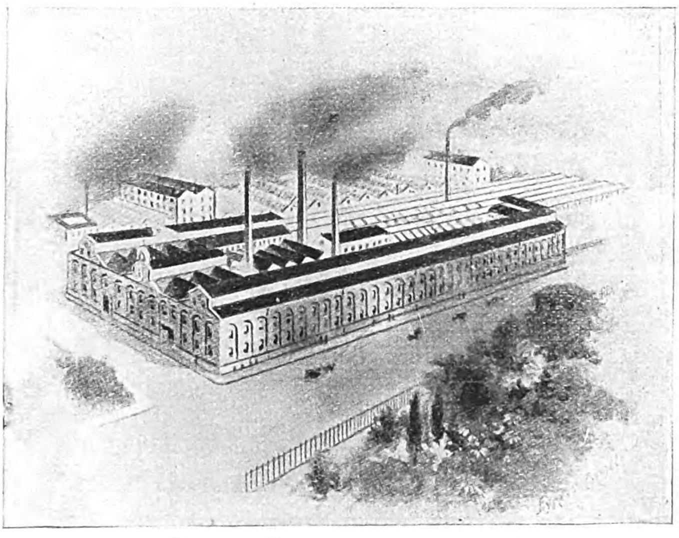
Amongst the cycling fraternity one is constantly coming across instances of men who have been riding the same Beeston Humber bicycle for ten or twelve years, and the machine is still running as perfectly as ever.

My personal recollections of this famous machine go back many years, and each Beeston that has fallen to my lot has proved better than its predecessor.

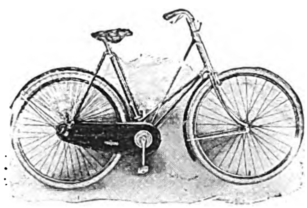
The Beeston Humber is essentially the aristocrat of bicycles, and it is natural that it should be the favourite mount of the aristocracy. The King has been a tricyclist for years. I am able to present a picture of the machine ridden by His Gracious Majesty. It is a Beeston tricycle, light, but as steady and perfect to the smallest detail as every Humber production.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are both patrons of this famous bicycle, and each of the King's daughters, Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Charles of Denmark, also ride Beeston Humbers. Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife are also Beeston Humber riders, and almost without exception the British aristocracy, wherever they are cyclists, will be found amongst the big list of Humber patrons.

A notable feature this year is that the price of the Beeston Humber bicycle has been reduced to sixteen guineas—the most sweeping reduction in a year of price-cutting in bicycles. This reduced price was announced last October, long before other firms had made public their



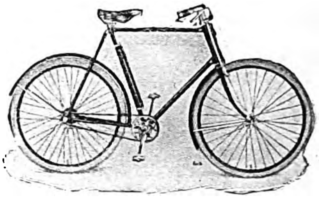
The Beeston Works of the Humber Company.



PRINCESS CHARLES' BICYCLE.
The Beeston Humber Lady's Featherweight Bicycle, ridden by H.R.H. Princess Charles of Denmark.

reduced prices, and there is no doubt that this was the cause of the reduction in other prices, since, as one journal expressed it, "no one will pay more than sixteen guineas for a bicycle when a Beeston Humber can be obtained for that sum." Indeed, other firms were compelled to reduce their prices in recognition of the fact that their only opportunity of competing with the first bicycle of the day is by offering their productions at a considerably lower price. The Beeston Humber, of course, includes every recognised improvement, such as two-speed gear, free wheel, wireless rim brakes, etc., it being a point of Humber manufacture that the purchaser shall not be subjected to annoying "extras." The first payment for a Humber bicycle is the last, both in the bicycle itself and in the complete subsequent absence of repair charges.

The Beeston Humber, however, is by no means the only bicycle made by the leading firm. Everybody cannot afford to pay sixteen guineas for a bicycle. Yet there is no reason why a mere shortage in the purse should condemn the would-be cyclist to an inferior machine. Three other grades at £12 12*s.*, £10 10*s.*, and £8 8*s.*, are made at the great Coventry works of the Company.

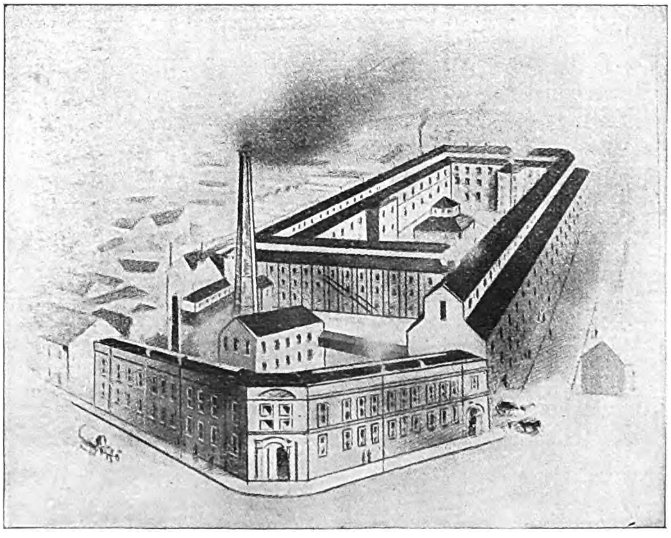


THE PREMIER'S BICYCLE.
The Beeston Humber Light Roadster, ridden by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

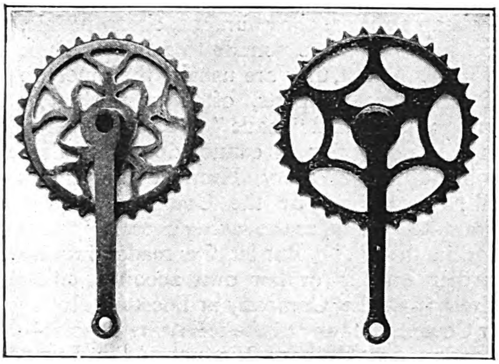
What is the difference between, let us say, the £8 8*s.* Coventry Humber, the £16 16*s.*, Beeston Humber, and the much-advertised cheap bicycles offered at five or six pounds, is a question that will be readily asked. The difference between the £8 8*s.* bicycle and the £16 16*s.* may be best illustrated by an analogy common to all sport. The gamekeeper, or the farmer who occasionally shoots over his own land is well satisfied with a gun at the cost of a few pounds — a gun that will shoot straight and be a sound article. But the sportsman wants something better; he wants a gun as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can make it. Place the two guns side by side, and to the uninitiated there will appear to be little difference, yet one may have cost six and the other sixty pounds! Where is the difference? Simply that one gun is made by automatic machinery by the thousand, while the other is practically hand-made by the most skilled workmen under expert supervision. That is exactly the difference between a low or a high priced bicycle of good make.

I often hear people in a good position say: "Oh, a cheap bicycle is good enough for me; I don't use it very much." The same person would be horrified at the idea of buying a cheap straw hat, or any other article at a less price than they could afford, simply because they "don't use it very often." Whether it be eight, or ten, or twelve, or sixteen guineas that one pays to such a firm as Humbers', one may depend upon receiving the fullest value for it. The higher the price the better the bicycle, the better the equipment, the easier the running, and the nearer to perfection. It is a striking fact that old cyclists, who really know something about quality in a bicycle, invariably buy the very best they can afford.

To turn to the other comparison; the difference between the £8 8*s.* Humber and the "deal-



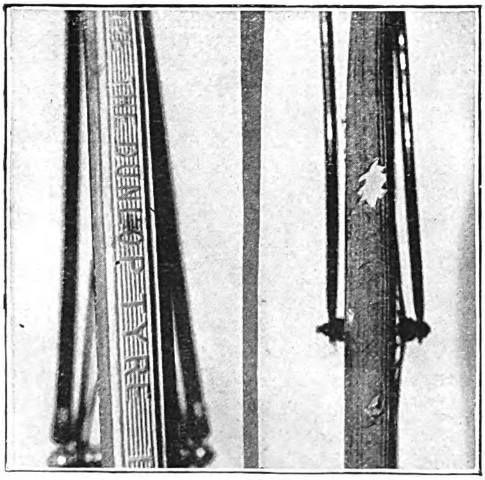
The Coventry Works of the Humber Company.



HOW A CHAIN WHEEL WEARS.

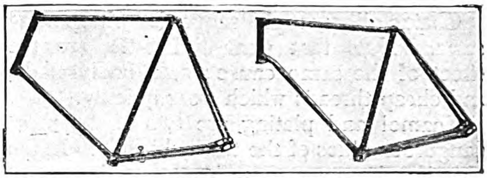
Note the Humber chain wheel (on left) and the worn teeth of the chain wheel of a "cheap" bicycle after the same wear.

direct-with-the-makers" trash. Compare such with an eight-guinea Humber after, say, only three months' wear! The wheels have begun to go out of truth, the tyres are wearing rapidly, the chain is not running as sweetly as before, nuts here and there no longer fit, there is a rattle in various parts, the plating has gone and given place to rust, and the enamel has chipped; meantime the Humber is running as steadily and as sweetly as when new. Taking these items only, I will show wherein the difference lies.



TYRE WEAR.

These photographs show the condition of the tyre fitted to Humbers and that fitted to a "cheap" bicycle, after the same wear.



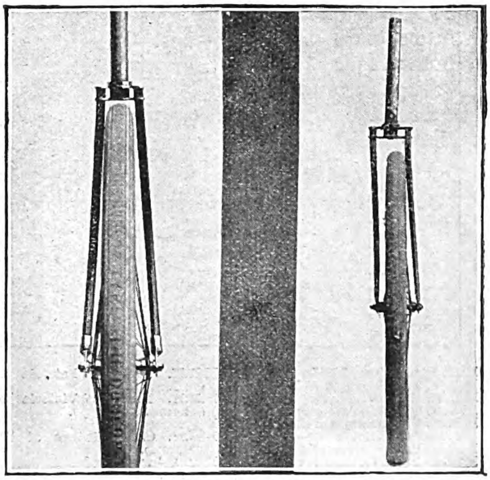
AFTER A COLLISION.

The Humber frame remains uninjured in a collison, while that of an inferior bicycle "crumbles up" under the same shock, in the manner shown.

If the bicycle be carefully built on proper "jigs," each tube in the frame will be in its proper position and the wheels will fall naturally into line. In the garret "factories" there are either no such appliances or they are of the most inferior kind; consequently, the frame is "forced" into temporary truth. Thus, after very little riding, the frame not being mathematically correct, the wheels get out of line, and the work of cycling becomes much heavier, while the wear on the tyres and all working parts is enormously increased. In the huge Humber factories, with their vast output, every modern appliance for the proper building of the bicycle is included, and therefore every frame is "true" and perfectly built.

As to the tyres, I cannot do better than record a conversation I had a little while ago with the English traveller of a foreign rubber firm. He had just told me that he was supplying "tyres" for a much-advertised cheap bicycle at a few shillings per pair! "But do you guarantee them?" I asked. "Of course not," he replied. "They are made out of redeemed rubber—that is, all the used-up, worn-out rubber we can buy is melted down and re-made into tyres. All I say is, they look like tyres."

On the other hand, the Humber tyre fitted to the eight-guinea Humber is specially made for the Company by one of the greatest British tyre-making firms, who have not only a great reputation to sustain, but are bound down under heavy penalties to supply only a sound and satisfactory article.



A COMMON DEFECT OF CHEAP BICYCLES.

Forks and other parts of the frame quickly get out of line if the bicycle be not most carefully built. This photograph shows the front forks of a "cheap" bicycle and those of a Humber as they appear after some months' use.

Chains allow ample scope for cheapening costs. Nuts that wear and rattle are the effect of the same cause; soft, badly-made, and cheap threads which wear quickly.

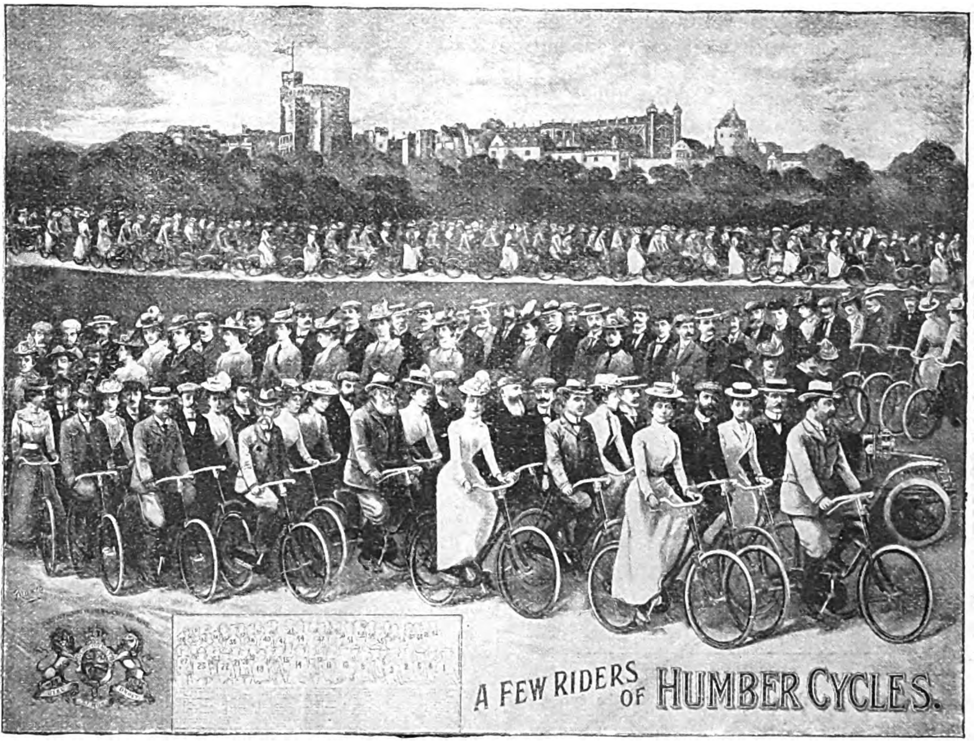
Enamel and plating are two of the most dangerous allies of the trashy bicycle. In the Humber, however, there is a heavy deposit of plating, after hours spent in preparation of the surface by hand. This means that the plating will wear well, and, with reasonable care, never tarnish. In the cheap bicycle there is no preparatory hand finish, and the plating deposits are of the thinnest possible kind. It is the same with enamel. This may be of the cheapest quality or it may be good, it may be one coat, or it may be six coats, as in the Humber, and thoroughly and properly stoved, and so made permanent.

There are many other directions in which the vendor of a cheap bicycle can save costs—cheap saddles, cheap brakes, cheap pedals, and so on, all items "made to sell" and not to wear. In fact, they are usually the outcome of job lines of parts, often of the worst foreign make, and "made" to come together. In this connexion, I cannot do better than point out that every Humber bicycle is fully guaranteed by the Company, with a guarantee which, as the saying goes, is "worth 20*s.* in the £." But let the reader inquire further on his or her own account, either direct from the Company at Beeston (Notts.) or Coventry, or any of the following depots:—London—32 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.; Liverpool—73 Bold-street; Birmingham—4 Victoria-square; Southampton—27 London-road; Manchester—5 Deansgate; Nottingham—Grey Friargate, or of any Humber agents.

A CYCLIST OF TWENTY YEARS.

A SUGGESTION BY A WELL-KNOWN CYCLING ARTIST.

The following are the leading personages depicted, all of whom are Humber riders.


A FEW RIDERS OF HUMBER CYCLES.

H.M. King Edward VII.
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught.
H.R.H. The Duchess of Fife.
The Duke of Fife.
H.R.H. Princess Victoria.
H.R.H. Prince Charles of Denmark.
H.M. King of Italy.
H.M. King of the Belgians.
H.R.H. Princess Charles of Denmark.
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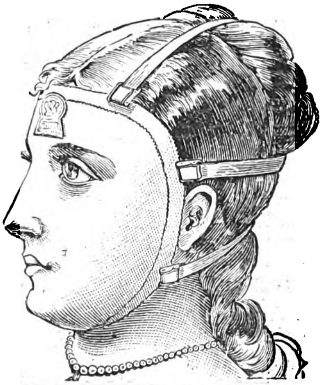

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